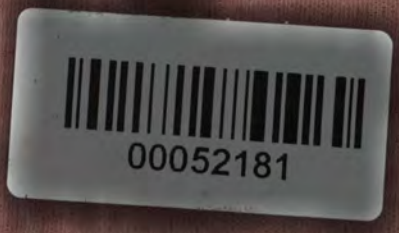
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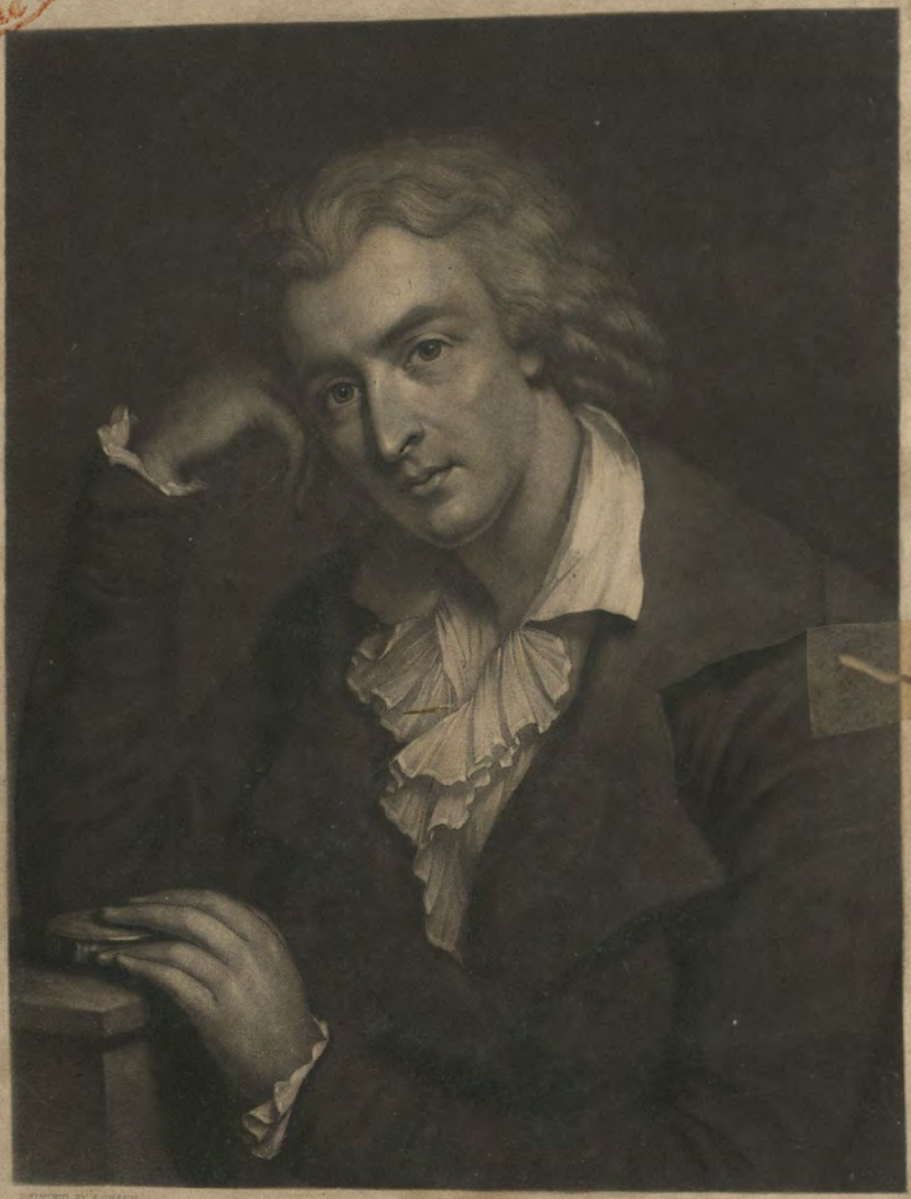

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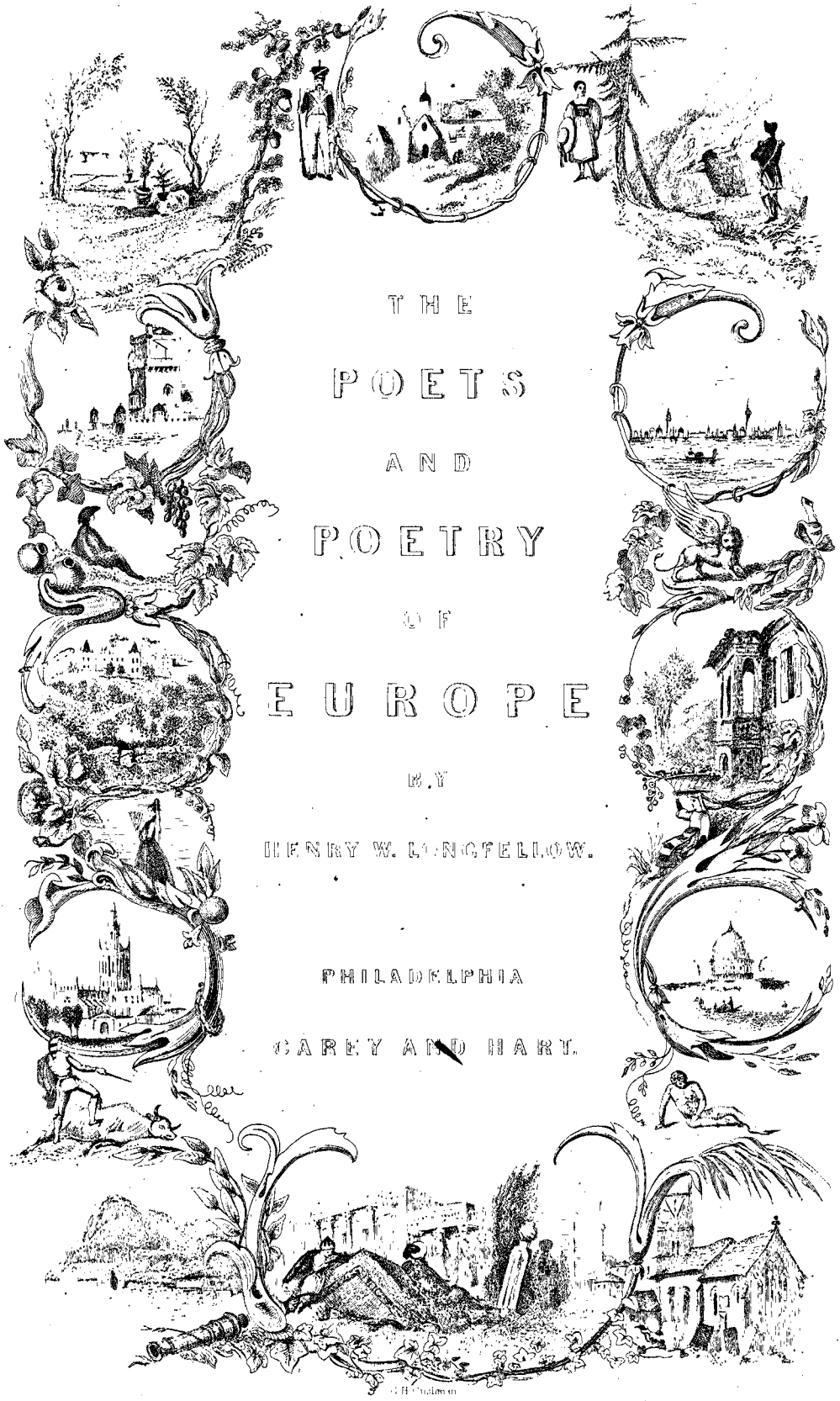

THE POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

PHILADELPHIA

CAREY AND HART.

G H Cushman
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THE

POETS AND POETRY

OF

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EUROPE.

WITH

INTRODUCTIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FROM HELICON'S HARMONIOUS SPRINGS
A THOUSAND RILLS THEIR MAZY PROGRESS TAKE.
GRAY.

IX - i - 27

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE.

"THE art of poetry," says the old Spanish Jew, Alfonso de Baena, "the gay science, is a most subtle and most delightful sort of writing or composition. It is sweet and pleasurable to those who propound and to those who reply; to utterers and to hearers. This science, or the wisdom or knowledge dependent on it, can only be possessed, received, and acquired by the inspired spirit of the Lord God; who communicates it, sends it, and influences by it, those alone, who well and wisely, and discreetly and correctly, can create and arrange, and compose and polish, and scan and measure feet, and pauses, and rhymes, and syllables, and accents, by dextrous art, by varied and by novel arrangement of words. And even then, so sublime is the understanding of this art, and so difficult its attainment, that it can only be learned, possessed, reached, and known to the man who is of noble and of ready invention, elevated and pure discretion, sound and steady judgment; who has seen, and heard, and read many and divers books and writings; who understands all languages; who has, moreover, dwelt in the courts of kings and nobles; and who has witnessed and practised many heroic feats. Finally, he must be of high birth, courteous, calm, chivalric, gracious; he must be polite and graceful; he must possess honey, and sugar, and salt, and facility and gayety in his discourse."

Tried by this standard, many of the poets in this volume would occupy a smaller space than has been allotted to them; and others would have been rejected altogether, as being neither "of ready invention, elevated and pure discretion, nor sound and steady judgment." But it has not been my purpose to illustrate any poetic definition, or establish any theory of art. I have attempted only to bring together, into a compact and convenient form, as large an amount as possible of those English translations which are scattered through many volumes, and are not easily accessible to the general reader. In doing this, it has been thought advisable to treat the subject historically, rather than critically. The materials have in consequence been arranged according to their dates; and in order to render the literary history of the various countries as complete as these materials and the limits of a single volume would allow, an author of no great note has sometimes been admitted, or a poem which a severer taste would have excluded. The work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than as a selection; and in judging any author, it must be borne in mind that translations do not always preserve the

rhythm and melody of the original, but often resemble soldiers moving onward when the music has ceased and the time is marked only by the tap of the drum.

The languages from which translations are here presented are ten. They are the six Gothic languages of the North of Europe, — Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, and Dutch; and the four Latin languages of the South of Europe, — French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. In order to make the work fulfil entirely the promise of its title, the Celtic and Sclavonic, as likewise the Turkish and Romaic, should have been introduced; but with these I am not acquainted, and I therefore leave them to some other hand, hoping that ere long a volume may be added to this which shall embrace all the remaining European tongues.

The authors upon whom I have chiefly relied, and to whom I am indebted for the greatest number of translations, are BOWRING, HERBERT, COSTELLO, TAYLOR, JAMIESON, BROOKS, ADAMSON, and THORPE.* Some of these are already beyond the reach of praise or thanks. To the rest, and to all the translators by whose labors I have profited, I wish to express my sincere acknowledgments. I need not repeat their names; they will, for the most part, be found in the Table of Contents, and in the list entitled "Translators and Sources."

In the preparation of this work I have been assisted by Mr. C. C. FELTON, who has furnished me with a large portion of the biographical sketches prefixed to the translations. I have also received much valuable aid from the critical taste and judgment of Mr. GEORGE NICHOLS, during the progress of the work through the press.

CAMBRIDGE, May, 1845.

* Since the Anglo-Saxon portion of this book was printed, a copy of the "Codex Exoniensis," spoken of on pages 6, 7, as "the Exeter Manuscript," has been received. The work has been published by Mr. Thorpe, with the following title: "CODEX EXONIENSIS; a Collection of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, from a Manuscript in the Library of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, with an English Translation and Notes, by BENJAMIN THORPE, F. S. A." London. 1842. 8vo.

The following translations may also be mentioned: "MASTER WACE HIS CHRONICLE OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST, from the ROMAN DU ROU," by EDGAR TAYLOR, London, 8vo.; and "REYNARD THE FOX, a renowned Apologue of the Middle Age, reproduced in Rhyme," by S. NAYLOR, London, 1845, 8vo.

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POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE.

ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

We read in history, that the beauty of an ancient manuscript tempted King Alfred, when a boy at his mother's knee, to learn the letters of the Saxon tongue. A volume, which that monarch minstrel wrote in after years, now lies before me, so beautifully printed, that it might tempt any one to learn not only the letters of the Saxon language, but the language also. The monarch himself is looking from the ornamented initial letter of the first chapter. He is crowned and careworn; having a beard, and long, flowing locks, and a face of majesty. He seems to have just uttered those remarkable words, with which his Preface closes: "And now he prays, and for God's name implores, every one of those whom it lists to read this book, that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it than he could; for every man must, according to the measure of his understanding, and according to his leisure, speak that which he speaks, and do that which he does."

I would fain hope, that the beauty of this and other Anglo-Saxon books may lead many to the study of that venerable language. Through such gateways will they pass, it is true, into no gay palace of song; but among the dark chambers and mouldering walls of an old national literature, all weather-stained and in ruins. They will find, however, venerable names recorded on those walls; and inscriptions, worth the trouble of deciphering. To point out the most curious and important of these is my present purpose; and according to the measure of my understanding, and according to my leisure, I speak that which I speak.

The Anglo-Saxon language was the language of our Saxon forefathers in England, though they never gave it that name. They called it English. Thus King Alfred speaks of translating "from book-latin into English" (*of bec Ledene on Englise*); Abbot Ælfric was requested by Æthelward "to translate the book of Genesis from Latin into English" (*awendan of Ledene on Englisc tha boc Genesis*); and Bishop Leofric, speaking of the manuscript he gave to the Exeter Cathedral, calls it "a great English book" (*mycel Englisc boc*). In other words, it is the old Saxon, a Gothic tongue, as spoken and developed in England. That it was spoken and written uniformly throughout the land is not to be imagined, when we know that Jutes and Angles were in the country as well as Saxons. But that it was essentially the same language everywhere is not to be doubted, when we compare pure West Saxon texts with Northumbrian glosses and books of Durham. Hickes speaks of a *Dano-Saxon Period* in the history of the language. The Saxon kings reigned six hundred years; the Danish dynasty, twenty only. And neither the Danish boors, who were earthlings (*yrthlingas*) in the country, nor the Danish soldiers, who were dandies at the court of King Canute, could, in the brief space of twenty years, have so overlaid or interlarded the pure Anglo-Saxon with their provincialisms, as to give it a new character, and thus form a new *period* in its history, as was afterwards done by the Normans.

The Dano-Saxon is a dialect of the language, not a period which was passed through in its history. Down to the time of the Norman Conquest, it existed in the form of two principal dialects; namely, the Anglo-Saxon in the South; and the Dano-Saxon, or Northumbrian, in the North. After the Norman Conquest, the language assumed a new form, which has been called, properly enough, Norman-Saxon and Semi-Saxon.

This form of the language, ever flowing and filtering through the roots of national feeling, custom, and prejudice, prevailed about two hundred years; that is, from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century, when it became English. It is impossible to fix the landmarks of a language with any great precision; but only floating beacons, here and there. Perhaps, however, it may be well, while upon this subject, to say more than I have yet said. I therefore subjoin, in a note, a very lucid and brief account of the language; perhaps the clearest and briefest that can be given. It is by Mr. Cardale.*

* "Notes on the Saxon Dialects.

"Hickes, in c. 19 of the Anglo-Saxon Grammar in his *Thesaurus*, states, that there are three dialects of the Saxon language, distinguishable from the pure and regular language of which he has already treated, namely, that found in the authors who flourished in the southern and western parts of Britain. These dialects he arranges, according to certain periods of history, as follows: 1. The *Britanno-Saxon*, which, he says, was spoken by our ancestors, from their original invasion of Britain till the entrance of the Danes, being about 337 years.—2. The *Dano-Saxon*, which, he says, was used from the entrance of the Danes till the Norman invasion, being 274 years, and more especially in the northern parts of England and the south of Scotland.—3. The *Normanno-Dano-Saxon*, spoken from the invasion by the Normans till the time of Hen. II., which towards the end of that time, he says, might be termed *Semi-Saxon*.—Writers of considerable eminence appear to have considered this arrangement of the dialects as a complete history of the language, without adverting to the circumstance of Hickes's distinguishing them all

It is oftentimes curious to consider the far-off beginnings of great events, and to study the aspect of the cloud no bigger than one's hand. The British peasant looked seaward from his harvest-field, and saw, with wondering eyes, the piratical schooner of a Saxon Viking making for the mouth of the Thames. A few years — only a few years — afterward, while the same peasant, driven from his homestead north or west, still lives to tell the story to his grandchildren, another race *lords it* over the land, speaking a different language and living under different laws. This important event in his history is more important in the world's history. Thus began the reign of the Saxons in England; and the downfall of one nation, and the rise of another, seem to us at this distance only the catastrophe of a stage-play.

The Saxons came into England about the middle of the fifth century. They were pagans; they were a wild and warlike people; brave, rejoicing in sea-storms, and beautiful in person, with blue eyes, and long, flowing hair. Their warriors wore their shields suspended from their necks by chains. Their horsemen were armed with iron sledge-hammers. Their priests rode upon mares, and carried into the battle-field an image of the god Irminsula; in figure like an armed man; his helmet crested with a cock; in his right hand a banner, emblazoned with a red rose; a bear carved upon his breast; and, hanging from his shoulders, a shield, on which was a lion in a field of flowers.

Not two centuries elapsed before this whole people was converted to Christianity. Ælfric, in his homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, informs us, that this conversion was accomplished by the holy wishes of that good man, and the holy works of St. Augustine and other monks. St. Gregory beholding one day certain slaves set for sale in the market-place of Rome, who were "men of fair countenance and nobly-

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from 'the pure and regular language,' which is the primary subject of his work. From this partial view, a notion has become current, that the Dano-Saxon dialect, previously to or during the reigns of the Canutes, became the general language of this country, and that our present language was formed by gradual alterations superinduced upon the Dano-Saxon. This being taken for granted, it has appeared easy to decide upon the antiquity of some of the existing remains. Poems written in Dano-Saxon have been of course ascribed to 'the Dano-Saxon period'; and 'Beowulf,' and the poems of Cædmon, have been deprived of that high antiquity which a perusal of the writings themselves inclines us to attribute to them, and referred to a comparatively modern era.

"With all due respect for the learning of the author of the *Thesaurus*, it may be said, that he has introduced an unnecessary degree of complexity on the subject of the dialects. His first dialect, the Britanno-Saxon, may be fairly laid out of the question. The only indisputable specimen of it, according to his account, is what he calls 'a fragment of the true Cædmon,' preserved in Alfred's version of Bede, — a poem which has nothing in language or style to distinguish it from the admitted productions of Alfred. Dismissing the supposed Britanno-Saxon as unworthy of consideration, the principal remains of the Saxon language may be arranged in two classes, viz., those which are written in *pure Anglo-Saxon*, and those which are written in *Dano-Saxon*. These, in fact, were the two great dialects of the language. The former was used (as Hickes observes) in the southern and western parts of England; and the latter in the northern parts of England and the south of Scotland. It is entirely a gratuitous supposition, to imagine that either of these dialects commenced at a much later period than the other. Each was probably as old as the beginning of the heptarchy. We know, that, among the various nations which composed it, the Saxons became predominant in the southern and western parts, and the Angles in the northern. As these nations were distinct in their original seats on the continent, so they arrived at different times, and brought with them different dialects. This variety of speech continued till the Norman conquest, and even afterwards. It is not affirmed, that the dialects were absolutely invariable. Each would be more or less changed by time, and by intercourse with foreigners. The mutual connexion, also, which subsisted between the different nations of the heptarchy would necessarily lead to some intermixture. But we may with safety assert, that the two great dialects of the Saxon language continued substantially distinct as long as the language itself was in use, — that the Dano-Saxon, in short, never superseded the Anglo-Saxon. In a formal dissertation on this subject, citations might be made from the 'Saxon Laws' from Ethelbert to Canute, from the 'Saxon Chronicle,' from charters, and from works confessedly written after the Norman conquest, to show, that, whatever changes took place in the dialect of the southern and western parts of Britain, it never lost its distinctive character, or became what can with any propriety be termed Dano-Saxon. After the Norman conquest, both the dialects were gradually corrupted, till they terminated in modern English. During this period of the declension of the Saxon language, nothing was permanent; and whether we call the mixed and changeable language 'Normanno-Dano-Saxon,' or 'Semi-Saxon,' or leave it without any particular appellation, is not very important. — An additional proof that the two great dialects were not consecutive, but contemporary, might be drawn from early writings in *English*, and even from such as were composed long after the establishment of the Normans. We find traces of the pure Anglo-Saxon dialect in Robert of Gloucester, who wrote in the time of Edward the First, and whose works are now understood almost without the aid of a glossary; whereas the language of Robert Langland, who wrote nearly a century later, is more closely connected with the Dano-Saxon, and so different from modern English as to be sometimes almost unintelligible. — Though these differences have been gradually wearing away, our provincial glossaries afford evidence, that, even at the present day, they are not entirely obliterated.

"Alfred's language is esteemed pure Anglo-Saxon; yet we find in his poetical compositions some words, which, according to Hickes, belong to the Dano-Saxon dialect. This may be readily accounted for. It is extremely probable that the works of the poets who flourished in the north of England and the adjoining parts of Scotland, and who composed their poems in Dano-Saxon, were circulated, if not in writing, at least by itinerant recitors, in all the nations of the heptarchy; that they were imitated by the southern poets; and that some particular words and phrases were at length considered as a sort of poetical language, and indispensable to that species of composition. Some words which occur in the poems of Alfred, as well as in 'Beowulf,' Cædmon, &c., are seldom or never met with in prose. Of Alfred's early attention to poetical recitations we have a remarkable testimony in Asser: '*Saxonica poemata die noctuque solers auditor relatu aliorum sæpissime audiens, docibilis memoriter retinebat.*' Wise's *Asser*, p. 16." — King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of Boëthius; with an English Translation and Notes. By T. S. CARDALE. London: 1829. 8vo.

haired," and learning that they were heathens, and called Angles, heaved a long sigh, and said: "Well-away! that men of so fair a hue should be subjected to the swarthy devil! Rightly are they called Angles, for they have angels' beauty; and therefore it is fit that they in heaven should be companions of angels." As soon, therefore, as he undertook the popehood (*papanhad underfeng*), the monks were sent to their beloved work. In the *Witena Gemot*, or Assembly of the Wise, convened by King Edwin of Northumbria to consider the propriety of receiving the Christian faith, a Saxon Ealdorman arose, and spoke these noble words: "Thus seemeth to me, O king, this present life of man upon earth, compared with the time which is unknown to us; even as if you were sitting at a feast, amid your Ealdormen and Thegns in winter time. And the fire is lighted, and the hall warmed, and it rains, and snows, and storms without. Then cometh a sparrow, and flieth about the hall. It cometh in at one door, and goeth out at another. While it is within, it is not touched by the winter's storm; but that is only for a moment, only for the least space. Out of the winter it cometh, to return again into the winter eftsoon. So also this life of man endureth for a little space. What goeth before it and what followeth after, we know not. Wherefore, if this new lore bring aught more certain and more advantageous, then is it worthy that we should follow it."

Thus the Anglo-Saxons became Christians. For the good of their souls they built monasteries and went on pilgrimages to Rome. The whole country, to use Malmesbury's phrase, was "glorious and refulgent with relics." The priests sang psalms night and day; and so great was the piety of St. Cuthbert, that, according to Bede, he forgot to take off his shoes for months together, — sometimes the whole year round; — from which Mr. Turner infers, that he had no stockings.* They also copied the Evangelists, and illustrated them with illuminations; in one of which St. John is represented in a pea-green dress with red stripes. They also drank ale out of buffalo horns and wooden-knobbed goblets. A Mercian king gave to the Monastery of Croyland his great drinking-horn, that the elder monks might drink therefrom at festivals, and "in their benedictions remember sometimes the soul of the donor, Witlaf." They drank his health, with that of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and other saints. Malmesbury says, that excessive drinking was the common vice of all ranks of people. We know that King Hardicanute died in a revel; and King Edmund, in a drunken brawl at Pucklechurch, being, with all his court, much overtaken by liquor, at the festival of St. Augustine. Thus did mankind go reeling through the Dark Ages; quarrelling, drinking, hunting, hawking, singing psalms, wearing breeches,† grinding in mills, eating hot bread, rocked in cradles, buried in coffins, — weak, suffering, sublime. Well might King Alfred exclaim, "Maker of all creatures! help now thy miserable mankind."

A national literature is a subject which should always be approached with reverence. It is difficult to comprehend fully the mind of a nation; even when that nation still lives, and we can visit it, and its present history, and the lives of men we know, help us to a comment on the written text. But here the dead alone speak. Voices, half understood; fragments of song, ending abruptly, as if the poet had sung no farther, but died with these last words upon his lips; homilies, preached to congregations that have been asleep for many centuries; lives of saints, who went to their reward long before the world began to scoff at sainthood; and wonderful legends, once believed by men, and now, in this age of wise children, hardly credible enough for a nurse's tale; nothing entire, nothing wholly understood, and no farther comment or illustration than may be drawn from an isolated fact found in an old chronicle, or perchance a rude illumination in an old manuscript! Such is the literature we have now to consider. Such fragments, and mutilated remains, has the human mind left of itself, coming down through the times of old, step by step, and every step a century. Old men and venerable accompany us through the Past; and, pausing at the threshold of the Present, they put into our hands, at parting, such written records of themselves as they have. We should receive these things with reverence. We should respect old age.

> "This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind?
> Woe to it for its fate!
> Alas! it is old."

What an Anglo-Saxon glee-man was, we know from such commentaries as are mentioned above. King Edgar forbade the monks to be ale-poets (*ealu-scopas*); and one of his accusations against the clergy of his day was, that they entertained glee-men in their monasteries, where they had dicing, dancing, and singing, till midnight. The illumination of an old manuscript shows how a glee-man looked. It is a frontispiece to the Psalms of David. The great psalmist sits upon his throne, with a harp in his hand, and his masters of sacred song around him. Below stands the glee-man; throwing three balls and three knives alternately into the air, and catching them as they fall, like a modern juggler. But all the Anglo-Saxon poets were not glee-men. All the harpers were not *hoppesteres*, or dancers. The *sceop*, the creator, the poet, rose, at times, to higher things. He sang the deeds of heroes, victorious odes, death-songs, epic poems; or sitting in cloisters, and afar from these things, converted holy writ into Saxon chimes.

The first thing which strikes the reader of

* History of the Anglo-Saxons, Vol. II. p. 61.

† In an old Anglo-Saxon dialogue, a shoemaker says, that he makes "slippers, shoes, and leather breeches" (*swyftleras, sceos, and lether-hose*).

Anglo-Saxon poetry is the structure of the verse; the short exclamatory lines, whose rhythm depends on alliteration in the emphatic syllables, and to which the general omission of the particles gives great energy and vivacity. Though alliteration predominates in all Anglo-Saxon poetry, rhyme is not wholly wanting. It had line-rhymes and final rhymes; which, being added to the alliteration, and brought so near together in the short, emphatic lines, produce a singular effect upon the ear. They ring like blows of hammers on an anvil. For example:

"*F*lah mah *f*liteth,	The strong dart flitteth,
*F*lan man hwiteth,	The spear man whetteth,
*B*urg sorg *b*iteth,	Care the city biteth,
*B*ald ald thwiteth,	Age the bold quelleth,
*Wr*æc-fæc *wr*itheth,	Vengeance prevaileth,
*Wr*ath ath smiteth."	Wrath a city assaileth.

Other peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon poetry, which cannot escape the reader's attention, are its frequent inversions, its bold transitions, and abundant metaphors. These are the things which render Anglo-Saxon poetry so much more difficult than Anglo-Saxon prose. But upon these points I need not enlarge. It is enough to have thus alluded to them.

One of the oldest and most important remains of Anglo-Saxon literature is the epic poem of "Beowulf." Its age is unknown; but it comes from a very distant and hoar antiquity; somewhere between the seventh and tenth centuries. It is like a piece of ancient armor; rusty and battered, and yet strong. From within comes a voice sepulchral, as if the ancient armor spoke, telling a simple, straight-forward narrative; with here and there the boastful speech of a rough old Dane, reminding one of those made by the heroes of Homer. The style, likewise, is simple,—perhaps one should say, austere. The bold metaphors, which characterize nearly all the Anglo-Saxon poems we have read, are for the most part wanting in this. The author seems mainly bent upon telling us, how his Sea-Goth slew the Grendel and the Fire-drake. He is too much in earnest to multiply epithets and gorgeous figures. At times he is tedious; at times obscure; and he who undertakes to read the original will find it no easy task.

The poem begins with a description of King Hrothgar the Scylding, in his great hall of Heort, which reëchoed with the sound of harp and song. But not far off, in the fens and marshes of Jutland, dwelt a grim and monstrous giant, called Grendel, a descendant of Cain. This troublesome individual was in the habit of occasionally visiting the Scylding's palace by night, to see, as the author rather quaintly says, "how the doughty Danes found themselves after their beer-carouse." On his first visit, he destroyed some thirty inmates, all asleep, with beer in their brains; and ever afterwards kept the whole land in fear of death. At length the fame of these evil deeds reached the ears of Beowulf, the Thane of Higelac, a famous Viking in those days, who had slain sea-monsters, and wore a wild-boar for his crest. Straightway he sailed with fifteen followers for the court of Heort; unarmed, in the great mead-hall, and at midnight, fought the Grendel, tore off one of his arms, and hung it up on the palace wall as a curiosity; the fiend's fingers being armed with long nails, which the author calls the hand-spurs of the heathen hero (*hæthenes hond-sporu hilde-rinces*). Retreating to his cave, the grim ghost (*grima, gast*) departed this life; whereat there was great carousing at Heort. But at night came the Grendel's mother, and carried away one of the beer-drunken heroes of the ale-wassail (*beore druncne ofer eol-wæge*). Beowulf, with a great escort, pursued her to the fen-lands of the Grendel; plunged, all armed, into a dark-rolling and dreary river, that flowed from the monster's cavern; slew worms and dragons manifold; was dragged to the bottom by the old-wife; and seizing a magic sword, which lay among the treasures of that realm of wonders, with one fell blow, let her heathen soul out of its bone-house (*ban-hus.*) Having thus freed the land from the giants, Beowulf, laden with gifts and treasures, departed homeward, as if nothing special had happened; and, after the death of King Higelac, ascended the throne of the Scylfings. Here the poem should end, and, we doubt not, did originally end. But, as it has come down to us, eleven more cantos follow, containing a new series of adventures. Beowulf has grown old. He has reigned fifty years; and now, in his gray old age, is troubled by the devastations of a monstrous Fire-drake, so that his metropolis is beleaguered, and he can no longer fly his hawks and merles in the open country. He resolves, at length, to fight with this Fire-drake; and, with the help of his attendant, Wiglaf, overcomes him. The land is made rich by the treasures found in the dragon's cave; but Beowulf dies of his wounds.

Thus departs Beowulf, the Sea-Goth, of the world-kings the mildest to men, the strongest of hand, the most clement to his people, the most desirous of glory. And thus closes the oldest epic in any modern language; written in forty-three cantos and some six thousand lines. The outline, here given, is filled up with abundant episodes and warlike details. We have ale-revels, and giving of bracelets, and presents of mares, and songs of bards. The battles with the Grendel and the Fire-drake are minutely described; as likewise are the dwellings and rich treasure-houses of these monsters. The fire-stream flows with lurid light; the dragon breathes out flame and pestilential breath; the gigantic sword, forged by the Jutes of old, dissolves and thaws like an icicle in the hero's grasp; and the swart raven tells the eagle how he fared with the fell wolf at the death-feast. Such is, in brief, the machinery of the poem. It possesses great epic merit, and in parts is strikingly graphic in its descriptions. As we

read, we can almost smell the brine, and hear the sea-breeze blow, and see the main-land stretch out its jutting promontories, those sea-noses (*sæ-næssas*), as the poet calls them, into the blue waters of the solemn main.

In the words of Mr. Kemble, I exhort the reader "to judge this poem not by the measure of our times and creeds, but by those of the times which it describes; as a rude, but very faithful picture of an age, wanting indeed in scientific knowledge, in mechanical expertness, even in refinement; but brave, generous, and right-principled; assuring him of what I well know, that these echoes from the deserted temples of the past, if listened to in a sober and understanding spirit, bring with them matter both strengthening and purifying the heart." *

The next work to which I would call the attention of my readers is very remarkable, both in a philological and in a poetical point of view; being written in a more ambitious style than "Beowulf." It is Cædmon's "Paraphrase of Portions of Holy Writ." Cædmon was a monk in the Minster of Whitby. He died in the year 680. The only account we have of his life is that given by the Venerable Bede in his "Ecclesiastical History."

By some he is called the Father of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, because his name stands first in the history of Saxon song-craft; by others, the Milton of our Forefathers; because he sang of Lucifer and the Loss of Paradise.

The poem is divided into two books. The first is nearly complete, and contains a paraphrase of parts of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. The second is so mutilated as to be only a series of unconnected fragments. It contains scenes from the New Testament, and is chiefly occupied with Christ's descent into the lower regions; a favorite theme in old times, and well known in the history of miracle-plays, as the "Harrowing of Hell." The author is a pious, prayerful monk; "an awful, reverend, and religious man." He has all the simplicity of a child. He calls his Creator the Blithe-heart King; the patriarchs, Earls; and their children, Noblemen. Abraham is a wise-heedy man, a guardian of bracelets, a mighty earl; and his wife Sarah, a woman of elfin-beauty. The sons of Reuben are called Sea-Pirates. A laugher is a laughter-smith (*hleahtor-smith*); the Ethiopians, a people brown with the hot coals of heaven (*brune leode hatum keofon-colum*).

Striking poetic epithets and passages are not, however, wanting. They are sprinkled here and there throughout the narrative. The sky is called the roof of nations, the roof adorned with stars: After the overthrow of Pharaoh and his folk, he says, the blue air was with corruption tainted, and *the bursting ocean whooped a bloody storm*. Nebuchadnezzar is described as *a naked, unwilling wanderer, a wondrous wretch and weedless*. Horrid ghosts, swart and sinful,

> "Wide through windy halls
> Wail woful."

And, in the sack of Sodom, we are told how many a fearful, pale-faced damsel *must trembling go into a stranger's embrace;* and how fell the defenders of brides and bracelets, *sick with wounds*. Indeed, whenever the author has a battle to describe, and hosts of arm-bearing and war-faring men draw from their sheaths the ring-hilted sword of edges doughty (*hring-mæled sweord ecgum dihtig*), he enters into the matter with so much spirit, that one almost imagines he sees, looking from under that monkish cowl, the visage of no parish priest, but of a grim war-wolf, as the brave were called, in the days when Cædmon wrote.

The genuineness of these remains has been called in question, or, perhaps I should say, denied, by Hickes and others. They suppose the work to belong to as late a period as the tenth century, on account of its similarity in style and dialect to other poems of that age. Besides, the fragment of the ancient Cædmon, given by Bede, describing the Creation, does not correspond exactly with the passage on the same subject in the Junian or Pseudo Cædmon; and, moreover, Hickes says he has detected so many Dano-Saxon words and phrases in it, that he "cannot but think it was written by some Northymbrian (in the Saxon sense of the word), after the Danes had corrupted their language." Mr. Thorpe * replies very conclusively to all this; that the language of the poem is as pure Anglo-Saxon as that of Alfred himself; that the Danisms exist only in the "imagination of the learned author of the *Thesaurus*"; and that, if they were really to be found in the work under consideration, it would prove no more than that the manuscript was a copy made by a Northumbrian scribe, at a period when the language had become corrupted. As to the passage in Bede, the original of Cædmon was not given; only a Latin translation by Bede, which Alfred, in his version of the venerable historian, has retranslated into Anglo-Saxon. Hence the difference between these lines and the opening lines of the poem. In its themes the poem corresponds exactly with that which Bede informs us Cædmon wrote; and its claim to genuineness can hardly be destroyed by such objections as have been brought against it.

Such are the two great narrative poems of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Of a third, a short fragment remains. It is a mutilated thing; a mere *torso*. Judith of the Apocrypha is the he-

* The Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beowulf, the Traveller's Song, and the Battle of Finnesburgh, edited, together with a Glossary of the more Difficult Words, and an Historical Preface, by JOHN M. KEMBLE, Esq., M. A. London: 1833. 12mo.

A Translation of the Anglo-Saxon Poem of Beowulf. By JOHN M. KEMBLE, Esq., M. A. London: 1837. 12mo.

* Cædmon's Metrical Paraphrase of Parts of the Holy Scriptures in Anglo-Saxon; with an English Translation, Notes, and a Verbal Index, by BENJAMIN THORPE, F. S. A. London: 1832. 8vo.

roine. The part preserved describes the death of Holofernes in a fine, brilliant style, delighting the hearts of all Anglo-Saxon scholars. The original will be found in Mr. Thorpe's *Analecta**; and translations of some passages in Turner's "History." But a more important fragment is that on the "Death of Byrhtnoth" at the battle of Maldon. This, likewise, is in Thorpe; and a prose translation is given by Conybeare in his "Illustrations."† It savors of rust and of antiquity, like "Old Hildebrand" in German. What a fine passage is this, spoken by an aged vassal over the dead body of the hero, in the thickest of the fight!

"Byrhtwold spoke; he was an aged vassal; he raised his shield; he brandished his ashen spear; he full boldly exhorted the warriors. 'Our spirit shall be the hardier, our heart shall be the keener, our soul shall be the greater, the more our forces diminish. Here lieth our chief all mangled; the brave one in the dust; ever may he lament his shame that thinketh to fly from this play of weapons! Old am I in life, yet will I not stir hence; but I think to lie by the side of my lord, by that much loved man!'"

Shorter than either of these fragments is a third on the "Fight of Finsborough." Its chief value seems to be, that it relates to the same action which formed the theme of one of Hrothgar's bards in "Beowulf." Mr. Conybeare has given it a place in his work. In addition to these narrative poems and fragments, two others, founded on Lives of Saints, are mentioned, though they have never been published. They are the "Life and Passion of St. Juliana"; and the "Visions of the Hermit Guthlac."

There is another narrative poem, which I must mention here on account of its subject, though of a much later date than the foregoing. It is the "Chronicle of King Lear and his Daughters," in Norman-Saxon; not rhymed throughout, but with rhymes too often recurring to be accidental. As a poem, it has no merit, but shows that the story of Lear is very old; for, in speaking of the old King's death and burial, it refers to a previous account, "as the book telleth" (*asc the bocℓ telleth*). Cordelia is married to Aganippus, king of France; and, after his death, reigns over England, though Maglaudus, king of Scotland, declares, that it is a "muckle shame, that a *queen* should be *king* over the land."‡

Besides these long, elaborate poems, the Anglo-Saxons had their odes and ballads. Thus, when King Canute was sailing by the abbey of Ely, he heard the voices of the monks chanting their vesper hymn. Whereupon he sang, in the best Anglo-Saxon he was master of, the following rhyme:

"Merry sang the monks in Ely,
As King Canute was steering by;
Row, ye knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song."*

The best, and, properly speaking, perhaps the only, Anglo-Saxon odes we have, are those preserved in the "Saxon Chronicle," in recording the events they celebrate. They are five in number. "Æthelstan's Victory at Brunanburh," A. D. 938; the "Victories of Edmund Æthelling," A. D. 942; the "Coronation of King Edgar," A. D. 973; the "Death of King Edgar," A. D. 975; and the "Death of King Edward," A. D. 1065. The "Battle of Brunanburh" is already pretty well known by the numerous English versions, and attempts thereat, which have been given of it. This ode is one of the most characteristic specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry. What a striking picture is that of the lad with flaxen hair, mangled with wounds; and of the seven earls of Anlaf, and the five young kings, lying on the battle-field, lulled asleep by the sword! Indeed, the whole ode is striking, bold, graphic. The furious onslaught; the cleaving of the wall of shields; the hewing down of banners; the din of the fight; the hard hand-play; the retreat of the Northmen, in nailed ships, over the stormy sea; and the deserted dead, on the battle-ground, left to the swart raven, the war-hawk, and the wolf;—all these images appeal strongly to the imagination. The bard has nobly described this victory of the illustrious war-smiths (*wlance wigsmithas*), the most signal victory since the coming of the Saxons into England; so say the books of the old wise men.

And here I would make due and honorable mention of the "Poetic Calendar," and of King Alfred's "Version of the Metres of Boëthius." The "Poetic Calendar" is a chronicle of great events in the lives of saints, martyrs, and apostles, referred to the days on which they took place. At the end is a strange poem, consisting of a series of aphorisms, not unlike those that adorn a modern almanac.

In addition to these narratives and odes and didactic poems there is a vast number of minor poems on various subjects, some of which have been published, though for the most part they still lie asleep in manuscripts,—hymns, allegories, doxologies, proverbs, enigmas, paraphrases of the Lord's Prayer, poems on Death and the Day of Judgment, and the like. A great quantity of them is contained in the celebrated Exeter Manuscript; a folio given by Bishop Leofric to the Cathedral of Exeter in the eleventh century, and called by the donor, a "*mycel Englisc boc be gehwylcum thingum on leothwisan geworht*," a great English book about every

* *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica.* A Selection, in Prose and Verse, from Anglo-Saxon Authors of Various Ages, with a Glossary. Designed chiefly as a First Book for Students. By BENJAMIN THORPE. London: 1834. 8vo.

† Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry. By JOHN JOSIAS CONYBEARE. London: 1826. 8vo.

‡ For hit was swithe mochel same,
and eke hit was mochel grame,
that a cwene solde
be king in thisse land.

* Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reuther by;
Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches sang.

thing, composed in verse. A minute account of the contents of this manuscript, with numerous extracts, is given by Conybeare in his "Illustrations." Among these is the beginning of a very singular and striking poem, entitled, "The Soul's Complaint against the Body." But perhaps the most curious poem in the Exeter Manuscript is the Rhyming Poem, to which I have before alluded.

I will close this introduction with a few remarks on Anglo-Saxon Prose. At the very boundary stand two great works, like landmarks. These are the "Saxon Laws," promulgated by the various kings that ruled the land; and the "Saxon Chronicle," * in which all great historic events, from the middle of the fifth to the middle of the twelfth century, are recorded by contemporary writers, mainly, it would seem, the monks of Winchester, Peterborough, and Canterbury. Setting these aside, doubtless the most important remains of Anglo-Saxon prose are the writings of King Alfred the Great.

What a sublime old character was King Alfred! Alfred, the Truth-teller! Thus the ancient historian surnamed him, as others were surnamed the Unready, Ironside, Harefoot. The principal events of his life are known to all men; — the nine battles fought in the first year of his reign; his flight to the marshes and forests of Somersetshire; his poverty and suffering, wherein was fulfilled the prophecy of St. Neot, that he should "be bruised like the ears of wheat"; his life with the swineherd, whose wife bade him turn the cakes, that they might not be burnt, for she saw daily that he was a great eater; † his successful rally; his victories, and his future glorious reign; these things are known to all men. And not only these, which are events in his life, but also many more, which are traits in his character, and controlled events; as, for example, that he was a wise and virtuous man, a religious man, a learned man for that age. Perhaps they know, even, how he measured time with his six horn lanterns; also, that he was an author and wrote many books. But of these books how few persons have read even a single line! And yet it is well worth one's while, if he wish to see all the calm dignity of that great man's character, and how in him the scholar and the man outshone the king. For example, do we not know him better, and honor him more, when we hear from his own lips, as it were, such sentiments as these? "God has made all men equally noble in their original nature. True nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh. I wished to live honorably whilst I lived, and, after my life, to leave to the men who were after me my memory in good works!"

The chief writings of this Royal Author are his translations of Gregory's "Pastoralis," Boëthius's "Consolations of Philosophy," Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," and the "History of Orosius," known in manuscripts by the mysterious title of "Hormesta." Of these works the most remarkable is the Boëthius; so much of his own mind has Alfred infused into it. Properly speaking, it is not so much a translation as a gloss or paraphrase; for the Saxon King, upon his throne, had a soul which was near akin to that of the last of the Roman philosophers in his prison. He had suffered, and could sympathize with suffering humanity. He adorned and carried out still farther the reflections of Boëthius. He begins his task, however, with an apology, saying, "Alfred, king, was translator of this book, and turned it from book-latin into English, as he most plainly and clearly could, amid the various and manifold worldly occupations which often busied him in mind and body"; and ends with a prayer, beseeching God, "by the sign of the holy cross, and by the virginity of the blessed Mary, and by the obedience of the blessed Michael, and by the love of all the saints and their merits," that his mind might be made steadfast to the divine will and his own soul's need.

Other remains of Anglo-Saxon prose exist in the tale of "Apollonius of Tyre"; the "Bible-translations" and "Colloquies" of Abbot Ælfric; "Glosses of the Gospels," at the close of one of which, the conscientious scribe has written, "Aldred, an unworthy and miserable priest, with the help of God and St. Cuthbert, overglossed it in English"; and, finally, various miscellaneous treatises, among which the most curious is a "Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon."

Hardly less curious, and infinitely more valuable, is a "Colloquy" of Ælfric, composed for the purpose of teaching boys to speak Latin. The Saxon is an interlinear translation of the Latin. In this "Colloquy" various laborers and handicraftsmen are introduced, — ploughmen, herdsmen, huntsmen, shoemakers, and others; and each has his say, even to the blacksmith, who dwells in his smithy amid iron fire-sparks and the sound of beating sledge-hammers and blowing bellows (*isenne fýr-spearcan, and swegincga beatendra slecgea, and blawendra byliga*).

To speak farther of Anglo-Saxon prose would lead me beyond my plan. I have only to remark, that, in the selections from Anglo-Saxon poetry which follow, I have, for the most part, selected simple prose translations, as best calculated to convey a clear idea of the rhythmic but unrhymed originals.

* The style of this Chronicle rises at times far above that of most monkish historians. For instance, in recording the death of William the Conqueror, the writer says: "Sharp death, that passes by neither rich men nor poor, seized him also. Alas! how false and how uncertain is this world's weal! He that was before a rich king, and lord of many lands, had not then of all his land more than a space of seven feet! and he that was whilom enshrouded in gold and gems lay there covered with mould." A. D. 1087.

† "Wend thu thao hlafes, tha he ne forbeornen, fortham ic geseo deighamlice tha thu mycel ete eart." — Asser, "Life of Alfred." See Turner.

POEM OF BEOWULF.

BEOWULF THE SHYLD.

Then dwelt in the cities
Beowulf the Shyld,
A king dear to the people:
Long did he live
His country's father.
To him was born
Healfden the high;
He, while he lived,
Reigned and grew old,
The delight of the Shylds.
To him four children
Grew up in the world,
Leaders of hosts,
Weorgar and Rothgar,
And Halga the good.
And I have heard
That Helen his queen
Was born of the Shefings.
Then was to Rothgar
Speedily given
The command of the army;
Him his friends
Heard most willingly.
When to the youth
Was grown up a family,
It came to his mind
He would build them a hall.
Much was there to earn,
And men wrought at it,
And brought it to bear.
And there within
He dealt out ale
To young and to old,
As God sent them;
Without stood the people
And sported afar.
And, as I have inquired,
The work was praised
In many a place
Amid the earth.
To found a folkstead
He first contrived
Among his liegemen;
And when this was finished,
The first of halls,
Earth gave him a name,
So that his words
Had power afar.
He received guests,
And gave bracelets
To the friends of the feast;
And the ceilings echoed
To the sound of the horn;
And healths were given
In strong drink.

THE SAILING OF BEOWULF.

Famous was Beowulf;
Wide sprang the blood
Which the heir of the Shylds
Shed on the lands.
So shall the bracelets
Purchase endeavour,
Freely presented,
As by thy fathers;
And all the young men,
As is their custom,
Cling round their leader
Soon as the war comes.
Lastly thy people
The deeds shall bepraise
Which their men have performed.
When the Shyld had awaited
The time he should stay,
Came many to fare
On the billows so free.
His ship they bore out
To the brim of the ocean,
And his comrades sat down
At their oars as he bade:
A word could control
His good fellows, the Shylds.
There, at the Hythe,
Stood his old father
Long to look after him.
The band of his comrades,
Eager for outfit,
Forward the Atheling.
Then all the people
Cheered their loved lord,
The giver of bracelets.
On the deck of the ship
He stood by the mast.
There was treasure
Won from afar
Laden on board.
Ne'er did I hear
Of a vessel appointed
Better for battle,
With weapons of war,
And waistcoats of wool,
And axes and swords.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT.

Thus then, much care-worn,
The son of Healfden
Sorrowed evermore,
Nor might the prudent hero
His woes avert.

The war was too hard,
Too loath and longsome,
That on the people came,
Dire wrath and grim,
Of night-woes the worst.
This from home heard
Higelac's Thane,
Good among the Goths,
Grendel's deeds.
He was of mankind
In might the strongest,
At that day
Of this life,
Noble and stalwart.
He bade him a sea-ship,
A goodly one, prepare.
Quoth he, the war-king,
Over the swan's road,
Seek he would
The mighty monarch,
Since he wanted men.
For him that journey
His prudent fellows
Straight made ready,
Those that loved him.
They excited their souls,
The omen they beheld.
Had the good-man
Of the Gothic people
Champions chosen,
Of those that keenest
He might find,
Some fifteen men.
The sea-wood sought he.
The warrior showed,
Sea-crafty man!
The land-marks,
And first went forth.
The ship was on the waves,
Boat under the cliffs.
The barons ready
To the prow mounted.
The streams they whirled
The sea against the sands.
The chieftains bore
On the naked breast
Bright ornaments,
War-gear, Goth-like.
The men shoved off,
Men on their willing way,
The bounden wood.
Then went over the sea-waves,
Hurried by the wind,
The ship with foamy neck,
Most like a sea-fowl;
Till about one hour
Of the second day
The curved prow
Had passed onward
So that the sailors
The land saw,
The shore-cliffs shining,
Mountains steep,
And broad sea-noses.
Then was the sea-sailing
Of the Earl at an end.
Then up speedily
The Weather people
On the land went,
The sea-bark moored,
Their mail-sarks shook,
Their war-weeds.
God thanked they,
That to them the sea-journey
Easy had been.
Then from the wall beheld
The warden of the Scyldings,
He who the sea-cliffs
Had in his keeping,
Bear o'er the balks
The bright shields,
The war-weapons speedily.
Him the doubt disturbed
In his mind's thought,
What these men might be.
Went then to the shore,
On his steed riding,
The Thane of Hrothgar.
Before the host he shook
His warden's-staff in hand,
In measured words demanded:
"What men are ye
War-gear wearing,
Host in harness,
Who thus the brown keel
Over the water-street
Leading come
Hither over the sea?
I these boundaries
As shore-warden hold;
That in the Land of the Danes
Nothing loathsome
With a ship-crew
Scathe us might. . . .
Ne'er saw I mightier
Earl upon earth
Than is your own,
Hero in harness.
Not seldom this warrior
Is in weapons distinguished;
Never his beauty belies him,
His peerless countenance!
Now would I fain
Your origin know,
Ere ye forth
As false spies
Into the Land of the Danes
Farther fare.
Now, ye dwellers afar-off!
Ye sailors of the sea!
Listen to my
One-fold thought.
Quickest is best
To make known
Whence your coming may be."

AN OLD MAN'S SORROW.

Careful, sorrowing,
He seeth in his son's bower
The wine-hall deserted,
The resort of the wind noiseless;
The Knight sleepeth,
The Warrior, in darkness;
There is not there
Noise of the harp,
Joy in the dwellings,
As there was before;
Then departeth he into songs,
Singeth a lay of sorrow,
One after one;
All seemed to him too wide,
The plains and the dwelling-place.

GOOD NIGHT.

The night-helm grew dusky,
Dark over the vassals;
The court all rose,
The mingled-haired
Old Scylding
Would visit his bed;
The Geát wished the
Renowned Warrior to rest
Immeasurably well.
Soon him the foreigner,
Weary of his journey,
The hall-thane guided forth,
Who, after a fitting manner,
Provided all that
The thane needed,
Whatsoever that day
The sailers over the deep
Should have.
The magnanimous warrior rested;
The house rose aloft
Curved and variegated with gold
The stranger slept therein,
Until the pale raven,
Blithe of heart,
Announced the joy of heaven,
The bright sun, to be come

CÆDMON.

THE FIRST DAY.

There had not here as yet,
Save cavern-shade,
Aught been;
But this wide abyss
Stood deep and dim,
Strange to its Lord,
Idle and useless;
On which looked with his eyes
The King firm of mind,
And beheld those places
Void of joys;
Saw the dark cloud
Lower in eternal night,
Swart under heaven,
Dark and waste,
Until this worldly creation
Through the word existed
Of the Glory-King.
Here first shaped
The Lord eternal,
Chief of all creatures,
Heaven and earth;
The firmament upreared,
And this spacious land
Established,
By his strong powers,
The Lord almighty.
The earth as yet was
Not green with grass;
Ocean covered,
Swart in eternal night,
Far and wide,
The dusky ways.
Then was the glory-bright
Spirit of heaven's Guardian
Borne over the deep
With utmost speed:
The Creator of angels bade,
The Lord of life,
Light to come forth
Over the spacious deep.
Quickly was fulfilled
The high King's behest;
For him was holy light
Over the waste,
As the Maker bade.
Then sundered
The Lord of triumphs
Over the ocean-flood
Light from darkness,
Shade from brightness,
Then gave names to both
The Lord of life.
Light was first
Through the Lord's word
Named day;
Beauteous, bright creation!
Well pleased

The Lord at the beginning
The procreative time.
The first day saw
The dark shade
Swart prevailing
Over the wide abyss.

THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

The All-powerful had
Angel-tribes,
Through might of hand,
The holy Lord,
Ten established,
In whom he trusted well
That they his service
Would follow,
Work his will;
Therefore gave he them wit,
And shaped them with his hands,
The holy Lord.
He had placed them so happily,
One he had made so powerful,
So mighty in his mind's thought,
He let him sway over so much,
Highest after himself in heaven's kingdom.
He had made him so fair,
So beauteous was his form in heaven,
That came to him from the Lord of hosts,
He was like to the light stars.
It was his to work the praise of the Lord,
It was his to hold dear his joys in heaven,
And to thank his Lord
For the reward that he had bestowed on him in that light;
Then had he let him long possess it;
But he turned it for himself to a worse thing,
Began to raise war upon him,
Against the highest Ruler of heaven,
Who sitteth in the holy seat.
Dear was he to our Lord,
But it might not be hidden from him
That his angel began
To be presumptuous,
Raised himself against his Master,
Sought speech of hate,
Words of pride towards him,
Would not serve God,
Said that his body was
Light and beauteous,
Fair and bright of hue:
He might not find in his mind
That he would God
In subjection,
His Lord, serve:
Seemed to himself
That he a power and force
Had greater
Than the holy God
Could have
Of adherents.
Many words spake
The angel of presumption:
Thought, through his own power,
How he for himself a stronger
Seat might make,
Higher in heaven:
Said that him his mind impelled,
That he west and north
Would begin to work,
Would prepare structures:
Said it to him seemed doubtful
That he to God would
Be a vassal.
"Why shall I toil?" said he;
"To me it is no whit needful
To have a superior;
I can with my hands as many
Wonders work;
I have great power
To form
A diviner throne,
A higher in heaven.
Why shall I for his favor serve,
Bend to him in such vassalage?
I may be a god as he.
Stand by me strong associates,
Who will not fail me in the strife.
Heroes stern of mood,
They have chosen me for chief,
Renowned warriors!
With such may one devise counsel,
With such capture his adherents;
They are my zealous friends,
Faithful in their thoughts;
I may be their chieftain,
Sway in this realm:
Thus to me it seemeth not right
That I in aught
Need cringe
To God for any good;
I will no longer be his vassal."
When the All-powerful it
All had heard,
That his angel devised
Great presumption
To raise up against his Master,
And spake proud words
Foolishly against his Lord,
Then must he expiate the deed,
Share the work of war,
And for his punishment must have
Of all deadly ills the greatest.
So doth every man
Who against his Lord
Deviseth to war,
With crime against the great Ruler.
Then was the Mighty angry,
The highest Ruler of heaven,
Hurled him from the lofty seat;
Hate had he gained at his Lord,
His favor he had lost,
Incensed with him was the Good in his mind,
Therefore must he seek the gulf
Of hard hell-torment,

For that he had warred with heaven's Ruler.
He rejected him then from his favor,
And cast him into hell,
Into the deep parts,
Where he became a devil:
The fiend with all his comrades
Fell then from heaven above,
Through as long as three nights and days,
The angels from heaven into hell;
And them all the Lord transformed to devils,
Because they his deed and word
Would not revere;
Therefore them in a worse light,
Under the earth beneath,
Almighty God
Had placed triumphless
In the swart hell;
There they have at even,
Immeasurably long,
Each of all the fiends,
A renewal of fire;
Then cometh ere dawn
The eastern wind,
Frost bitter-cold,
Ever fire or dart;
Some hard torment
They must have,
It was wrought for them in punishment,
Their world (life) was changed:
For their sinful course
He filled hell
With the apostates.
The angels continued to hold
The heights of heaven's kingdom,
Those who ere God's pleasure executed;
The others lay fiends in the fire,
Who ere had had so much
Strife with their Ruler;
Torment they suffer,
Burning heat intense,
In midst of hell,
Fire and broad flames;
So also the bitter reeks
Smoke and darkness;
For that they the service
Of God neglected,
Them their folly deceived,
The angel's pride,
They would not the All-powerful's
Word revere,
They had great torment;
Then were they fallen
To the fiery abyss,
Into the hot hell,
Through frenzy
And through pride;
They sought another land,
That was void of light,
And was full of flame,
A great receptacle of fire.

SATAN'S SPEECH.

Satan harangued,
Sorrowing spake,
He who hell henceforth
Should rule,
Govern the abyss.
He was erst God's angel,
Fair in heaven,
Until him his mind urged,
And his pride
Most of all,
That he would not
The Lord of hosts'
Word revere;
Boiled within him
His thought about his heart,
Hot was without him
His dire punishment.
Then spake he the words:
"This narrow place is most unlike
That other that we ere knew,
High in heaven's kingdom,
Which my Master bestowed on me,
Though we it, for the All-powerful,
May not possess,
Must cede our realm;
Yet hath he not done rightly,
That he hath struck us down
To the fiery abyss
Of the hot hell,
Bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
Hath it decreed
With mankind
To people.
That of sorrows is to me the greatest,
That Adam shall,
Who of earth was wrought,
My strong
Seat possess,
Be to him in delight,
And we endure this torment,
Misery in this hell.
Oh, had I power of my hands,
And might one season
Be without,
Be one winter's space,
Then with this host I ——
But around me lie
Iron bonds,
Presseth this cord of chain:
I am powerless!
Me have so hard
The clasps of hell,
So firmly grasped!
Here is a vast fire
Above and underneath,
Never did I see
A loathlier landskip;
The flame abateth not,
Hot over hell.
Me hath the clasping of these rings,
This hard-polished band,
Impeded in my course,
Debarred me from my way;

My feet are bound,
My hands manacled,
Of these hell-doors are
The ways obstructed,
So that with aught I cannot
From these limb-bonds escape:
About me lie
Of hard iron
Forged with heat
Huge gratings,
With which me God
Hath fastened by the neck.
Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind,
And that knew also
The Lord of hosts,
That should us through Adam
Evil befall,
About the realm of heaven,
Where I had power of my hands.
But we now suffer chastisement in hell,
Which is darkness and heat,
Grim, bottomless;
God hath us himself
Swept into these swart mists;
Thus he cannot us accuse of any sin,
That we against him in the land framed evil:
Yet hath he deprived us of the light,
Cast us into the greatest of all torments:
We may not for this execute vengeance,
Reward him with aught of hostility,
Because he hath bereft us of the light.
He hath now devised a world
Where he hath wrought man
After his own likeness,
With whom he will repeople
The kingdom of heaven, with pure souls;
Therefore must we strive zealously,
That we on Adam, if we ever may,
And likewise on his offspring, our wrongs repair,
Corrupt him there in his will,
If we may it in any way devise.
Now I have no confidence further in this bright state,
That which he seems long destined to enjoy,
That bliss with his angels' power.
We cannot that ever obtain,
That we the mighty God's mind weaken;
Let us avert it now from the children of men,
That heavenly kingdom now we may not have it;
Let us so do that they forfeit his favor,
That they pervert that which he with his word commanded;
Then with them will he be wroth in mind,
Will cast them from his favor;
Then shall they seek this hell,
And these grim depths;
Then may we them have to ourselves as vassals,
The children of men, in this fast durance.
Begin we now about the warfare to consult: —
If to any follower I
Princely treasures
Gave of old,
While we in that good realm
Happy sat
And in our seats had sway,
Then me he never, at time more precious,
Could with recompense
My gift repay,
If in return for it he would
(Any of my followers)
Be my supporter;
So that up from hence he
Forth might
Pass through these barriers,
And had power with him,
That he with wings
Might fly,
Revolve in cloud,
To where stand wrought
Adam and Eve,
On earth's kingdom,
With weal encircled,
And we are hither cast
Into this deep den. —
Now with the Lord are they
Far higher in esteem,
And may for themselves that weal possess
That we in heaven's kingdom
Should have,
Our realm by right:
This counsel is decreed
For mankind.
That to me is in my mind so painful,
Rueth in my thought,
That they heaven's kingdom
For ever shall possess.
If any of you may
With aught so turn it,
That they God's word
Through guile forsake,
Soon shall they be the more hateful to him:
If they break his commandment,
Then will he be incensed against them;
Afterwards will the weal be turned from them,
And for them punishment will be prepared,
Some hard lot of evil."

THE TEMPTATION OF EVE.

Began then himself equip
The apostate from God,
Prompt in arms;
He had a crafty soul.
On his head the chief his helmet set,
And it full strongly bound,
Braced it with clasps:
He many speeches knew
Of guileful words:

Wheeled up from thence,
Departed through the doors of hell:
(He had a strong mind)
Lion-like in air,
In hostile mood,
Dashed the fire aside
With a fiend's power:
Would secretly
The subjects of the Lord,
With wicked deeds,
Men deceive,
Mislead and pervert,
That they might become hateful to God.
He journeyed then,
Through his fiend's might,
Until he Adam,
On earth's kingdom,
The creature of God's hand,
Found ready,
Wisely wrought,
And his wife also,
Fairest woman;
Just as they knew many things
Of good to frame,
Which to them, his disciples,
The Creator of mankind
Had himself pointed out;
And by them two
Trees stood,
That were without
Laden with fruit,
With produce covered,
As them the powerful God,
High King of heaven,
With his hands had set,
That there the child of man
Might choose
Of good and evil,
Every man,
Of weal and woe.
The fruit was not alike:...
The one so pleasant was,
Fair and beautiful,
Soft and delicate;
That was life's tree:
He might for ever
After live,
Be in the world,
Who of this fruit tasted,
So that him after that
Age might not impair,
Nor grievous sickness;
But he might ever be
Forthwith in joys,
And his life hold;
The favor of heaven's King
Here in the world have,
To him should be decreed
Honors in the high heaven
When he goeth hence:
Then was the other
Utterly black,
Dim and dark;
That was death's tree,
Which much of bitter bare:
Both must know
Every mortal,
Evil and good:
Wanod in this world,
He in pain must ever,
With sweat and with sorrows,
After live,
Whoe'er should taste
Of what on this tree grew;
Age should from him take
Of bold deeds
The joys and of dominion,
And death be him allotted:
A little while he should
His life enjoy,
Then seek of lands
With fire the swartest,
To fiends should minister,
Where of all perils is the greatest
To people for a long season.
That the foe well knew,
The devil's dark messenger,
Who warred with God.
Cast him then into a worm's body,
And then twined about
The tree of death;
Through devil's craft:
There took of the fruit,
And again turned him thence
To where he knew the handiwork
Of heaven's King to be.
Began then ask him,
With his first word,
The enemy with lies:
"Cravest thou aught,
Adam, up with God?
I on his errand hither have
Journeyed from far,
Nor was it now long since
That with himself I sat,
When he me bade to travel on this journey;
Bade that of this fruit thou eat,
Said that thy power and strength
And thine understanding
Would become greater,
And thy body
Brighter far,
Thy form more beauteous:
Said that to thee of any treasure need
Would not be in the world,
Now thou hast willingly
Wrought the favor
Of heaven's King,
Gratefully served
Thy Master,
Hast made thee dear with thy Lord.
I heard him thy deeds and words
Praise in his brightness,
And speak about thy life:
So must thou execute
What hither, into this land,
His angels bring.
In the world are broad
Green places,

And God ruleth
In the highest
Realm of heaven. —
The All-powerful above
Will not the trouble
Have himself,
That on this journey he should come,
The Lord of men;
But he his vassal sendeth
To thy speech:
Now biddeth he thee, by messages,
Science to learn: —
Perform thou zealously
His message.
Take thee this fruit in hand;
Bite it, and taste;
In thy breast thou shalt be expanded,
Thy form the fairer;
To thee hath sent the powerful God,
Thy Lord, this help
From heaven's kingdom."
Adam spake,
Where on earth he stood,
A self-created man:
"When I the Lord of triumph,
The mighty God,
Heard speak
With strong voice;
And he me here standing bade
Hold his commandments,
And me gave this bride,
This wife of beauteous mien;
And me bade beware
That in the tree of death
I were not deceived,
Too much seduced:
He said that the swart hell
Should inhabit
He who in his heart aught
Should admit of sin.
I know not (for thou mayest come with lies,
Through dark design)
That thou art the Lord's
Messenger from heaven.
Nay, I cannot of thy orders,
Of thy words, nor courses,
Aught understand,
Of thy journey, nor of thy sayings.
I know what he himself commanded me,
Our Preserver,
When him last I saw:
He bade me his words revere
And well observe,
Execute his instructions.
Thou art not like
To any of his angels
That I before have seen,
Nor showest thou me
Any token
Which he to me in pledge
Hath sent,
My Lord, through favor;
Therefore I thee cannot obey:
But thou mayest take thee hence.
I have firm trust
On the almighty God above,
Who wrought me with his arms,
Here with his hands:
He can me, from his high realm,
Gift with each good,
Though he send not his vassal."
He turned him, wroth of mood,
To where he saw the woman,
On earth's realm,
Eve standing,
Beautifully formed;
Said that the greatest ills
To all their offspring
From thenceforth
In the world would be. —
"I know the supreme God with you
Will be incensed,
As I to him this message
Myself relate,
When I from this journey come
Over a long way:
That ye will not well execute
Whatsoever errand he
From the east hither
At this time sendeth.
Now must he come himself
For your answer,
His errand may not
His messenger command;
Therefore know I that he with you will be angry,
The Mighty, in his mind.
If thou nathless wilt,
A willing woman,
My words obey,
Then for this mayest thou amply
Counsel devise:
Consider in thy breast,
That from you both thou mayest
Ward off punishment,
As I shall show thee.
Eat of this fruit;
Then will thine eyes become so clear,
That thou mayest so widely
Over all the world
See afterwards,
And the throne of himself
Thy Lord, and have
His grace henceforward.
Thou mightest Adam
Afterwards rule,
If thou his affection have,
And he trust in thy words;
If thou soothly say to him
What monitions thou thyself
Hast in thy breast,
Wherefore thou God's mandate
By persuasion hast performed, —
He the hateful strife,
The evil answer,
Will abandon
In his breast's recess;
So we both to him
One purpose speak:

Urge thou him zealously,
That he may follow thy instruction;
Lest ye hateful to God
Your Lord
Should become.
If thou perfect this attempt,
Best of women,
I will conceal from your Lord
That to me so much calumny
Adam spake,
Evil words,
Accuseth me of untruths,
Sayeth that I am anxious for mischiefs,
A servant to the malignant,
Not God's angel:
But I so readily know all
The angels' origins,
The roofs of the high heavens,
So long was the while
That I diligently
Served God,
Through faithful mind,
My Master,
The Lord himself—
I am not like a devil."
He led her thus with lies,
And with wiles instigated
The woman to that evil,
Until began within her
The serpent's counsel boil:
(To her a weaker mind had
The Creator assigned)
So that she her mood
Began relax, after those allurements;
Therefore she of the enemy received,
Against the Lord's word,
Of death's tree
The noxious fruit. . . .
Then to her spouse she spake:
"Adam, my lord,
This fruit is so sweet,
Mild in the breast,
And this bright messenger
God's angel good;
I by his habit see
That he is the envoy
Of our Lord,
Heaven's King.
His favor it is for us
Better to gain
Than his aversion.
If thou to him this day
Spake aught of harm,
Yet will he it forgive,
If we to him obedience
Will show.
What shall profit thee such hateful strife
With thy Lord's messenger?
To us is his favor needful;
He may bear our errands
To the all-powerful
Heavenly King.
I can see from hence
Where he himself sitteth,
That is south-east,
With bliss encircled,
Him who formed this world.
I see his angels
Encompass him
With feathery wings,
Of all folks greatest,
Of bands most joyous.
Who could to me
Such perception give,
If now it
God did not send,
Heaven's Ruler?
I can hear from far,
And so widely see,
Through the whole world,
Over the broad creation;
I can the joy of the firmament
Hear in heaven;
It became light to me in mind,
From without and within,
After the fruit I tasted:
I now have of it
Here in my hand,
My good lord,
I will fain give it thee;
I believe that it
Came from God,
Brought by his command,
From what this messenger told me
With cautious words.
It is not like to aught
Else on earth;
But, so this messenger sayeth,
That it directly
Came from God."
She spake to him oft,
And all day urged him
To that dark deed,
That they their Lord's
Will break.
The fell envoy stood by,
Excited his desires,
And with wiles urged him,
Dangerously followed him:
The foe was full near
Who on that dire journey
Had fared
Over a long way;
Nations he studied,
Into that great perdition
Men to cast,
To corrupt and to mislead,
That they God's loan,
The Almighty's gift,
Might forfeit,
The power of heaven's kingdom;
For the hell-miscreant
Well knew
That they God's ire
Must have
And hell-torment,
The torturing punishment
Needs receive,
Since they God's command
Had broken,

What time he (the fiend) seduced
With lying words
To that evil counsel
The beauteous woman,
Of females fairest,
That she after his will spake,
Was as a help to him
To seduce God's handiwork.
Then she to Adam spake,
Fairest of women,
Full oft,
Till in the man began
His mind to turn;
So that he trusted to the promise
Which to him the woman
Said in words:
Yet did she it through faithful mind,
Knew not that hence so many ills,
Sinful woes,
Must follow
To mankind,
Because she took in mind
That she the hostile envoy's
Suggestions would obey;
But weened that she the favor
Of heaven's King
Wrought with the words
Which she to the man
Revealed, as it were a token,
And vowed them true,
Till that to Adam
Within his breast
His mind was changed,
And his heart began
Turn to her will.
He from the woman took
Hell and death,
Though it was not so called,
But it the name of fruit
Must have:
Yet was it death's dream,
And the devil's artifice,
Hell and death,
And men's perdition,
The destruction of human kind,
That they made for food
Unholy fruit!
Thus it came within him,
Touched at his heart.
Laughed then and played
The bitter-purposed messenger.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ISRAELITES.

Loud was the shout of the host,
The heavenly beacon rose
Each evening.
Another stupendous wonder! —
After the sun's
Setting course, they beheld
Over the people
A flame to shine,
A burning pillar;
Pale stood
Over the archers
The clear beams,
The bucklers shone.
The shades prevailed;
Yet the falling nightly shadows
Might not near
Shroud the gloom.
The heavenly candle burnt,
The new night-ward
Must by compulsion
Rest over the hosts,
Lest them horror of the waste,
The hoar heath
With its raging storms,
Should overwhelm,
Their souls fail.
Had their harbinger
Fiery locks,
Pale beams;
A cry of dread resounded
In the martial host,
At the hot flame,
That it in the waste
Would burn up the host,
Unless they zealously
Moses obeyed.
Shone the bright host,
The shields gleamed;
The bucklered warriors saw
In a straight course
The sign over the bands,
Till that the sea-barrier,
At the land's end,
The people's force withstood,
Suddenly, on their onward way.
A camp arose; —
They cast them weary down;
Approached with sustenance
The bold sewers;
They their strength repaired,
Spread themselves about,
After the trumpet sang,
The sailors in the tents.
Then was the fourth station,
The shielded warriors' rest,
By the Red Sea. . . .
Then of his men the mind
Became despondent,
After that they saw,
From the south ways,
The host of Pharaoh
Coming forth,
Moving over the holt,
The band glittering.
They prepared their arms,
The war advanced,
Bucklers glittered,
Trumpets sang,
Standards rattled,
They trod the nation's frontier.
Around them screamed
The fowls of war,
Greedy of battle,
Dewy-feathered;

Over the bodies of the host
(The dark chooser of the slain)
The wolves sung
Their horrid evensong,
In hopes of food,
The reckless beasts,
Threatening death to the valiant:
On the foes' track flew
The army-fowl.
The march-wards cried
At midnight;
Flew the spirit of death;
The people were hemmed in.
At length of that host
The proud thanes
Met 'mid the paths,
In bendings of the boundaries;
To them there the banner-king
Marched with the standard,
The prince of men
Rode the marches with his band;
The warlike guardian of the people
Clasped his grim helm,
The king, his visor.
The banners glittered
In hopes of battle;
Slaughter shook the proud.
He bade his warlike band
Bear them boldly,
The firm body.
The enemy saw
With hostile eyes
The coming of the natives:
About him moved
Fearless warriors.
The hoar army wolves
The battle hailed,
Thirsty for the brunt of war.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH.

The folk was affrighted,
The flood-dread seized on
Their sad souls;
Ocean wailed with death,
The mountain heights were
With blood besteamed,
The sea foamed gore,
Crying was in the waves,
The water full of weapons,
A death-mist rose;
The Egyptians were
Turned back;
Trembling they fled,
They felt fear:
Would that host gladly
Find their homes;
Their vaunt grew sadder:
Against them, as a cloud, rose
The fell rolling of the waves;
There came not any
Of that host to home,
But from behind inclosed them
Fate with the wave.
Where ways ere lay,
Sea raged.
Their might was merged,
The stream stood,
The storm rose
High to heaven;
The loudest army-cry
The hostile uttered;
The air above was thickened
With dying voices;
Blood pervaded the flood,
The shield-walls were riven,
Shook the firmament
That greatest of sea-deaths:
The proud died,
Kings in a body;
The return prevailed
Of the sea at length;
Their bucklers shone
High over the soldiers;
The sea-wall rose,
The proud ocean-stream,
Their might in death was
Fastly fettered.
The tide's neap,
With the war-enginery obstructed,
Laid bare the sand
To the fated host,
When the wandering stream,
The ever cold sea,
With its ever salt waves,
Its eternal stations,
A naked, involuntary messenger,
Came to visit.
Hostile was the spirit of death
Who the foes overwhelmed;
The blue air was
With corruption tainted;
The bursting ocean
Whooped a bloody storm,
The seamen's way;
Till that the true God,
Through Moses' hand,
Enlarged its force,
Widely drove it,
It swept death in its embrace;
The flood foamed,
The fated died,
Water deluged the land,
The air was agitated,
Yielded the rampart holds,
The waves burst over them,
The sea-towers melted.
When the Mighty struck,
With holy hand,
The Guardian of heaven's kingdom,
The lofty warriors,
The proud nation:
They might not have
A safer path,
For the sea-stream's force,
But it o'er many shed
Yelling horror.

Ocean raged,
Drew itself up on high,
The storms rose,
The corpses rolled;
Fated fell
High from heaven
The hand-work of God:
Of the foamy gulfs
The Guardian of the flood struck
The unsheltering wave
With an ancient falchion,
That in the swoon of death
Those armies slept,
Those bands of sinful
Sunk with their souls
Fast encompassed,
The flood-pale host,
After that them in its gulfs
The brown expanse,
Of proud waves greatest,
All their power o'erthrew;
When was drowned
The flower of Egypt,
Pharaoh with his folk.

HISTORIC ODES.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.
A. D. 938.

Here Athelstan king,
Of earls the lord,
Rewarder of heroes,
And his brother eke,
Edmund atheling,
Elder of ancient race,
Slew in the fight,
With the edge of their swords,
The foe at Brumby!
The sons of Edward
Their board-walls clove,
And hewed their banners,
With the wrecks of their hammers.
So were they taught
By kindred zeal,
That they at camp oft
'Gainst any robber
Their land should defend,
Their hoards and homes.
Pursuing fell
The Scottish clans;
The men of the fleet
In numbers fell;
'Midst the din of the field
The warrior swate.
Since the sun was up
In morning-tide,
Gigantic light!
Glad over grounds,
God's candle bright,
Eternal Lord!—
Till the noble creature
Set in the western main:
There lay many
Of the Northern heroes
Under a shower of arrows,
Shot over shields;
And Scotland's boast,
A Scythian race,
The mighty seed of Mars!
With chosen troops,
Throughout the day,
The West-Saxons fierce
Pressed on the loathed bands;
Hewed down the fugitives,
And scattered the rear,
With strong mill-sharpened blades.
The Mercians, too,
The hard hand-play
Spared not to any
Of those that with Anlaf
Over the briny deep,
In the ship's bosom,
Sought this land
For the hardy fight.
Five kings lay
On the field of battle,
In bloom of youth,
Pierced with swords;
So seven eke
Of the earls of Anlaf;
And of the ship's crew
Unnumbered crowds.
There was dispersed
The little band
Of hardy Scots,
The dread of Northern hordes;
Urged to the noisy deep
By unrelenting fate!
The king of the fleet,
With his slender craft,
Escaped with his life
On the felon flood;—
And so, too, Constantine,
The valiant chief,
Returned to the North
In hasty flight.
The hoary Hildrinc
Cared not to boast
Among his kindred.
Here was his remnant
Of relations and friends

Slain with the sword
In the crowded fight.
His son, too, he left
On the field of battle,
Mangled with wounds,
Young at the fight.
The fair-haired youth
Had no reason to boast
Of the slaughtering strife.
Nor old Inwood
And Anlaf the more,
With the wrecks of their army,
Could laugh and say,
That they on the field
Of stern command
Better workmen were,
In the conflict of banners,
The clash of spears,
The meeting of heroes,
And the rustling of weapons,
Which they on the field
Of slaughter played
With the sons of Edward.
The Northmen sailed
In their nailed ships,
A dreary remnant,
On the roaring sea;
Over deep water
Dublin they sought,
And Ireland's shores,
In great disgrace.
Such then the brothers,
Both together,
King and atheling,
Sought their country,
West-Saxon land,
In fight triumphant.
They left behind them,
Raw to devour,
The sallow kite,
The swarthy raven
With horny nib,
And the hoarse vulture,
With the eagle swift
To consume his prey;
The greedy geshawk,
And that gray beast,
The wolf of the weald.
No slaughter yet
Was greater made
E'er in this island,
Of people slain,
Before this same,
With the edge of the sword;
As the books inform us
Of the old historians;
Since hither came
From the eastern shores
The Angles and Saxons,
Over the broad sea,
And Britain sought, —
Fierce battle-smiths,
O'ercame the Welsh,
Most valiant earls,
And gained the land.

THE DEATH OF KING EDGAR.
A. D. 975.

Here ended
His earthly dreams
Edgar, of Angles king;
Chose him other light,
Serene and lovely,
Spurning this frail abode,
A life that mortals
Here call lean
He quitted with disdain.
July the month,
By all agreed
In this our land,
Whoever were
In chronic lore
Correctly taught;
The day the eighth,
When Edgar young,
Rewarder of heroes,
His life — his throne — resigned.
Edward his son,
Unwaxen child,
Of earls the prince,
Succeeded then
To England's throne.
Of royal race,
Ten nights before,
Departed hence
Cyneward the good, —
Prelate of manners mild.
Well known to me
In Mercia then,
How low on earth
God's glory fell
On every side:
Chased from the land,
His servants fled, —
Their wisdom scorned;
Much grief to *him*
Whose bosom glowed
With fervent love
Of great Creation's Lord!
Neglected then
The God of wonders,
Victor of victors,
Monarch of heaven, —
His laws by man transgressed!
Then, too, was driven
Oslac beloved
An exile far
From his native land
Over the rolling waves, —
Over the gannet-bath,
Over the water-throng,
The abode of the whale, —
Fair-haired hero,
Wise and eloquent,
Of home bereft!
Then, too, was seen,
High in the heavens,
The star on his station,
That far and wide
Wise men call —

Lovers of truth
And heavenly lore —
Cometa by name.
Widely was spread
God's vengeance then
Throughout the land,
And famine scoured the hills.
May heaven's Guardian,
The glory of angels,
Avert these ills,
And give us bliss again;
That bliss to all
Abundance yields
From earth's choice fruits,
Throughout this happy isle.

THE DEATH OF KING EDWARD.

A. D. 1065.

Here Edward king,
Of Angles lord,
Sent his steadfast
Soul to Christ.
In the kingdom of God
A holy spirit!
He in the world here
Abode awhile,
In the kingly throng
Of counsel sage.
Four and twenty
Winters wielding
The sceptre freely,
Wealth he dispensed.
In the tide of health,
The youthful monarch,
Offspring of Ethelred!
Ruled well his subjects;
The Welsh and the Scots,
And the Britons also,
Angles and Saxons, —
Relations of old.
So apprehend
The first in rank,
That to Edward all,
The noble king,
Were firmly held
High-seated men.
Blithe-minded aye
Was the harmless king;
Though he long ere,
Of land bereft,
Abode in exile
Wide on the earth;
When Knute o'ercame
The kin of Ethelred,
And the Danes wielded
The dear kingdom
Of Engle-land.
Eight and twenty
Winters' rounds
They wealth dispensed.
Then came forth
Free in his chambers,
In royal array,
Good, pure, and mild,
Edward the noble;
By his country defended, —
By land and people.
Until suddenly came
The bitter Death,
And this king so dear
Snatched from the earth.
Angels carried
His soul sincere
Into the light of heaven.
But the prudent king
Had settled the realm
On high-born men, —
On *Harold* himself,
The noble earl;
Who in every season
Faithfully heard
And obeyed his lord,
In word and deed;
Nor gave to any
What might be wanted
By the nation's king.

POEM FROM THE POETIC CALENDAR.

The King shall hold the Kingdom;
Castles shall be seen afar,
The work of the minds of giants,
That are on this earth;
The wonderful work of wallstones.
The wind is the swiftest in the sky;
Thunder is the loudest of noises;
Great is the majesty of Christ;
Fortune is the strongest;
Winter is the coldest;
Spring has the most hoar-frost;
He is the longest cold;
Summer sun is most beautiful;
The air is then hottest;
Fierce harvest is the happiest;
It bringeth to men
The tribute-fruits
That to them God sendeth.

Truth is most deceiving;
Treasures are most precious,
Gold, to every man;
And age is the wisest,
Sagacious from ancient days,
From having before endured much.
Woe is a wonderful burden;
Clouds roam about;
The young Etheling
Good companions shall
Animate to war,
And to the giving of bracelets.
Strength in the earl,
The sword with the helm,
Shall abide battle.
The hawk in the sea-cliff
Shall live wild;
The wolf in the grove;
The eagle in the meadow;
The boar in the wood,
Powerful with the strength of his tusk.
The good man in his country
Will do justice.
With the dart in the hand,
The spear adorned with gold,
The gem in the ring
Will stand pendent and curved.
The stream in the waves
Will make a great flood.
The mast in the keel
Will groan with the sail-yards.
The sword will be in the bosom,
The lordly iron.
The dragon will rest on his hillock,
Crafty, proud with his ornaments.
The fish will in the water
Produce a progeny.
The king will in the hall
Distribute bracelets.
The bear will be on the heath
Old and terrible.
The water will from the hill
Bring down the gray earth.
The army will be together
Strong with the bravest.
Fidelity in the earl;
Wisdom in man?
The woods will on the ground
Blow with fruit;
The mountains in the earth
Will stand green.
God will be in heaven
The judge of deeds.
The door will be to the hall
The mouth of the roomy mansion.
The round will be on the shield,
The fast fortress of the fingers.
Fowl aloft
Will sport in the air;
Salmon in the whirlpool
Will roll with the skate;
The shower in the heavens,
Mingled with wind,
Will come on the world.
The thief will go out
In dark weather.
The Thyrs [1] will remain in the fen,
Alone in the land.
A maiden with secret arts,
A woman, her friend will seek,
If she cannot
In public grow up,
So that men may buy her with bracelets.
The salt ocean will rage;
The clouds of the supreme Ruler,
And the water-floods,
About every land
Will flow in expansive streams.
Cattle in the earth
Will multiply and be reared.
Stars will in the heavens
Shine brightly,
As their Creator commanded them.
God against evil,
Youth against age,
Life against death,
Light against darkness,
Army against army,
Enemy against enemies,
Hate against hate,
Shall everywhere contend;
Sin will steal on.
Always will the prudent strive
About this world's labor
To hang the thief;
And compensate the more honest
For crime committed
Against mankind.
The Creator alone knows
Whither the soul
Shall afterwards roam,
And all the spirits
That depart in God.
After their death-day
They will abide their judgment
In their Father's bosom.
Their future condition
Is hidden and secret:
God only knows it,
The preserving Father!
None again return
Hither to our houses,
That any truth
May reveal to man,
About the nature of the Creator,
Or the people's habitations of glory
Which he himself inhabits.

[1] A Thyrs was among the Northerns a giant, or wild mountain savage, a sort of evil being, somewhat supernatural.

KING ALFRED'S METRES OF BOËTHIUS.

METRE III.

Alas! in how grim
And how bottomless
A gulf labors
The darkling mind,
When it the strong
Storms lash
Of worldly cares;
When it, thus contending,
Its proper light
Once forsakes,
And in woe forgets
The everlasting joy,
And rushes into the darkness
Of this world,
Afflicted with cares!
Thus has it now befallen
This my mind;
Now it no more knows
Of good for God,
But lamentations
For the external world:
To it is need of comfort.

METRE VI.

Then Wisdom again
His treasury of words unlocked,
Sung various maxims,
And thus expressed himself.
When the sun
Clearest shines,
Serenest in the heaven,
Quickly are obscured
Over the earth
All other stars:
Because their brightness is not
Brightness at all,
Compared with
The sun's light.
When mild blows
The south and western wind
Under the clouds,
Then quickly grow
The flowers of the field,
Joyful that they may.
But the stark storm,
When it strong comes
From north and east,
It quickly takes away
The beauty of the rose.
And also the northern storm,
Constrained by necessity,
That it is strongly agitated,
Lashes the spacious sea
Against the shore.
Alas! that on earth
Aught of permanent
Work in the world
Does not ever remain!

METRE XIII.

I will with songs
Still declare,
How the Almighty
All creatures
Governs with his bridle,
Bends where he will,—
With his well ordered
Power
Wonderfully
Well moderates.
The Ruler of the heavens
Has so controlled
And encompassed
All creatures,
And bound them with his chains,
That they cannot find out
That they ever from them
May slip:
And yet every thing,
Of various creatures,
Tends with proneness,
Strongly inclined,
To that nature
Which the King of angels,
The Father, at the beginning
Firmly appointed them.
Thus every one of things,
Of various creatures,
Thitherward aspires,
Except some angels,
And mankind;
Of whom much too many,
Dwellers in the world,
Strive against their nature.
Though now on land,
A docile lion,
A pleasing creature,
Well tamed,
Her master
Much love,
And also fear,
Every day;
If it ever happen
That she any
Blood should taste,
No man need

Expect the chance,
That she well afterwards
Her tameness will keep:
But I think
That she this new tameness
Will naught regard;
But will remember
The wild habits
Of her parents.
She will begin in earnest
Her chains to sever,
To roar,
And first will bite
Her own
Master;
And quickly afterwards,
Every man
Whom she can seize.
She will not let go
Any living thing,
Of cattle or men:
She will seize all she finds.
So do the wood birds,
Though they are
Well tamed:
If they are among trees
In the midst of the wood,
Immediately their teachers
Are despised,
Though they long before
Taught and tamed them.
They, wild in the trees,
In their old nature
Ever afterwards
Willingly remain;
Though to them would
Each of their teachers
Skilfully offer
The same meat
That he before
Tamed them with;
The branches seem to them
Even so merry,
That they for meat care not:
It seems to them so pleasant,
That to them the forest echoes;
When they hear
Other birds
Spread their sound,
They their own
Voice raise:
They stun the ears altogether
With their joyful song,
The wood all resounds.
So is it with all trees
Which are in their own soil,
That each in the wood
Highest shall grow.
Though thou any bough
Bendest towards the earth,
It is upwards,
As soon as thou lettest it go:
Wide at will,
It turns to its nature.
So does also the sun,
When she is declining,
After mid-day,—
The great candle
Verges to her setting,
The unknown way
Of night subdues:
Again north and east
Appears to men,
Brings to earth's inhabitants
Morning greatly splendid.
She over mankind goes
Continually upwards,
Until she again comes
Where her highest
Natural station is.
So every creature,
With all its might,
Throughout this wide world,
Strives and hastens,
With all its might,
Again ever inclines
Towards its nature,
And comes to it when it may.
There is not now over the earth
Any creature
Which does not desire
That it should come
To that region
Which it came from,
That is, security
And eternal rest;
Which is clearly
Almighty God.
There is not now over the earth
Any creature
Which does not revolve,
As a wheel does,
On itself;
For it so turns
That it again comes
Where it before was.
When it is first
Put in circular motion,
Then it altogether is
Turned round;
It must again do
That which before it did,
And also be
What it before was.

METRE XXI.

Well, O children of men,
Throughout the middle earth!
Let every one of the free
Aspire to the
Eternal good
Which we are speaking about,
And to the felicities
That we are telling of.
Let him, who is now
Straitly bound
With the vain love

Of this great
Middle earth,
Also quickly seek for himself
Full freedom,
That he may arrive
At the felicities,
For the good of souls.
For that is the only rest
Of all labors,
The desirable haven
To the lofty ships
Of our mind;
A great tranquil station;
That is the only haven
Which ever is,
After the waves
Of our labors,
And every storm,
Always calm.
That is the refuge
And the only comfort
Of all the wretched,
After these
Worldly labors.
That is a pleasant place,
After these miseries,
To possess.
But I well know,
That neither golden vessels,
Nor heaps of silver,
Nor precious stones,
Nor the wealth of the middle earth,
The eyes of the mind
Ever enlighten,
Nor aught improve
Their sharpness
To the contemplation
Of true felicities;
But they rather
The mind's eyes
Of every man
Make blind in their breasts,
Than make them clearer.
For everything
That in this present
Life delights
Are poor
Earthly things,
Ever fleeting.
But wonderful is that
Splendor and brightness,
Which every one of things
With splendor enlightens,
And afterwards
Entirely rules.
The Ruler wills not
That our souls
Shall perish;
But he himself will them
With a ray illumine,
The Ruler of life!
If, then, any man,
With the clear eyes
Of his mind, may
Ever behold

The clear brightness
Of heaven's light,
Then will he say,
That the brightness of the sun
Is darkness
To every man,
Compared with
That great light
Of God Almighty,
That is to every soul
Eternal without end,
To blessed souls.

METRE XXIII.

Lo! now on earth is he
In every thing
A happy man,
If he may see
The clearest
Heaven-shining stream,
The noble fountain
Of all good;
And of himself
The swarthy mist,
The darkness of the mind,
Can dispel!
We will as yet,
With God's help,
With old and fabulous
Stories instruct
Thy mind;
That thou the better mayest
Discover to the skies
The right path,
To the eternal region
Of our souls.

METRE XXVII.

Why will ye ever
With unjust hatred
Your mind trouble,
As the ocean's
Waves lift up
The ice-cold sea,
And agitate it through the wind?
Why upbraid ye
Your fortune,
That she no power possesses?
Why cannot ye now wait
For the bitter state
Of that death
Which for you the Lord ordained,
Now he each day
Hastens towards you?
Cannot ye see
That he is always seeking
After every
Earthly offspring,
Beasts and birds?
Death also in like manner

After mankind seeks,
Throughout this middle earth,
Terrific hunter!
And devours in pursuit.
He will not any track
Ever forsake,
Until he has seized
That which he before
Sought after.
It is a wretched thing,
That citizens
Cannot wait for him;
Unhappy men
Are rather desirous
To anticipate him:
As birds,
Or wild beasts,
When they contend,
Each one would
The other destroy.
But it is wicked
In every man,
That he another
With his thoughts
Should hate in his breast,
Like a bird or beast.
But it would be most right,
That every man
Should render to other
Dwellers in the world
Reward proportionable
To his deserts,
In every thing:
That is, that he should love
Every one of the good,
As he best may;
And have mercy on the wicked,
As we before said.
He should the man
With his mind love,
And his vices
All hate,
And destroy,
As he soonest may.

POEM OF JUDITH.

THE REVEL OF HOLOFERNES.

They then to the feast
Went to sit,
Eager to drink wine;
All his fierce chiefs,
Bold, mail-clad warriors!
There were often carried
The deep bowls
Behind the benches;
So likewise vessels
And orcas full
To those sitting at supper.
They received him, soon about to die,
The illustrious shield-warriors:
Though of this the powerful one
Thought not; the fearful
Lord of earls.
Then was Holofernes
Exhilarated with wine;
In the halls of his guests,
He laughed and shouted,
He roared and dinned;
Then might the children of men
Afar off hear
How the stern one
Stormed and clamored,
Animated and elated with wine.
He admonished amply
That they should bear it well
To those sitting on the bench.
So was the wicked one,
Over all the day,
The lord and his men,
Drunk with wine,
The stern dispenser of wealth;
Till that they swimming lay
Over-drunk,
All his nobility,
As they were death-slain;
Their property poured about.
So commanded the Baldor of men
To fill to them sitting at the feast,
Till that to the children of men
The dark night approached.
Then commanded he,
The man so overpowered,
The blessed virgin
With speed to fetch
To his bed-rest,
With bracelets laden,
With rings adorned.
Then quickly hurried
The subjected servants,
As their elder bade them:
The mailed warriors
Of the illustrious lord
Stepped to the great place.
There they found Judith,
Prudent in mind;
And then, firmly,
The bannered soldiers
Began to lead
The illustrious virgin

To the high tent.
There the powerful one
His rest on the feast-night
Within was enjoying,
The odious Holofernes.
There was the fair,
The golden fly-net
About the chief's bed hung,
That the mischief-full
Might look through,
The Baldor of the soldiers,
On every one
That there within came
Of the children of men;
And on him no one
Of man-kind;
Unless the proud one
Any man of his illustrious soldiers
Commanded to come
Near him to council.

THE DEATH OF HOLOFERNES.

She took the heathen man
Fast by his hair;
She drew him by his limbs
Towards her disgracefully;
And the mischief-full,
Odious man
At her pleasure laid,
So as the wretch
She might the easiest well command.

She with the twisted locks
Struck the hateful enemy,
Meditating hate,
With the red sword,
Till she had half cut off his neck;
So that he lay in a swoon,
Drunk and mortally wounded.
He was not then dead,
Not entirely lifeless;
She struck then earnest,
The woman illustrious in strength,
Another time,
The heathen hound;
Till that his head
Rolled forth upon the floor.
The foul one lay without a coffer;
Backward his spirit turned
Under the abyss,
And there was plunged below,
With sulphur fastened;
For ever afterwards wounded by worms.
Bound in torments,
Hard imprisoned,
In hell he burns.
After his course,
He need not hope,
With darkness overwhelmed,
That he may escape
From that mansion of worms;
But there he shall remain
Ever and ever,
Without end, henceforth,
In that cavern-home,
Void of the joys of hope.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE EXILE'S COMPLAINT.

I set forth this lay
Concerning myself, full sad,
And my own journeyings.
I may declare
What calamities I have abode
Since I grew up,
Recently or of old.
No man hath experience the like;
But I reckon the privations
Of my own exiled wanderings the first.
My lord departed
Hence from his people
Over the expanse of the waves;
I had some care
Where my chieftain
In the lands might be;

Then I departed on my journey,
To seek my following (my chieftain),
A friendless exile's travel.
The necessities of my sorrows began,
Because this man's
Kindred plotted
Through malevolent counsel
That they should separate us,
That we, far remote
In the regions of the world,
Should live most afflicted.
This weary state
My lord hath ordained me
Here in hardship to endure;
I have few dear to me
In this country,
Few faithful friends.
Therefore is my mind sad:
So that, as a perfect mate to me,

I can find no man
So unhappy,
Sad in mind,
Debilitated in spirit,
And intent on thoughts of death.
Blithe in our bearing,
Full oft we two promised
That nothing should separate us,
Save death alone.
But this is reversed;
And now as though it had never been
Is our friendship become.
Afar off is it the lot
Of my well-beloved
To endure enmity.
I am compelled to sojourn
In woodland bowers,
Beneath the oak-tree,
In this earthy cavern.
Cold is this earthy mansion;
I am all wearied out;
Dark are the dells,
And steep the mountains;
A horrid dwelling among branches,
Overgrown with briers;
A joyless abode.
Here full oft adversity
Hath overtaken me from the journey of my lord:
My friends are in the earth;
Those beloved in life
The sepulchre guardeth;
Then I around
In solitude wander
Under the oak-tree
By this earth-cave:
There must I sit
The summer-long day;
There may I weep
My exiled wanderings
Of many troubles;
Therefore I can never
From the care
Of my mind rest,
From all the weariness
That hath come upon me in this life.
Let the young man strip off
To be sad of mind,
Hardhearted thoughts;
The same that shall now have
A blithe bearing
Shall hereafter also have in the care of his breast
The endurance of constant sorrows;
Although long may abide with him
All his worldly joy,
And distant be the foe
Of the far country;
In which my friend sitteth
Beneath the stony mountain,
Hoary with the storm,
(My companion weary in his spirit)
The waters streaming
Around his dreary abode;
This my friend suffereth
Great sorrow of mind,
And remembereth too often
His happier home.
Woe shall be to them
That shall to length
Of life abide.

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY.

Much it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which united
Were body and soul.

Long it is thenceforth
Ere the soul taketh
From God himself
Its woe or its weal;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in;—
Three hundred winters,
Unless ere that worketh
The Eternal Lord,
The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust:
"Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labor for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth."

THE GRAVE.

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wert born;
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.

But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be.
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered;
It is unhigh and low,
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh;
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh.
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell;
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

THE RUINED WALL-STONE.

Reared and wrought full workmanly
By earth's old giant progeny,
The wall-stone proudly stood. It fell
When bower, and hall, and citadel,
And lofty roof, and barrier gate,
And tower, and turret bowed to fate,
And, wrapt in flame and drenched in gore,
The lofty burgh might stand no more.
Beneath the Jutes' long vanished reign,
Her masters ruled the subject plain;
But they have mouldered side by side,—
The vassal crowd, the chieftain's pride;
And hard the grasp of earth's embrace,
That shrouds for ever all the race.
So fade they, countless and unknown,
The generations that are gone.

. . . . . .

Fair rose her towers in spiry height,
From bower of pride and palace bright,
Echoing with shout of warriors free,
And the gay mead-hall's revelry;
Till Fate's stern hour and Slaughter's day
Swept in one ruin all away,
And hushed in common silence all,
War-shout and voice of festival.
Their towers of strength are humbled low,
Their halls of mirth waste ruins now,
That seem to mourn, so sad and drear,
Their masters' blood-stained sepulchre.
The purple bower of regal state,
Roofless and stained and desolate,
Is scarce from meaner relics known,
The fragments of the shattered town.
There store of heroes, rich as bold,
Elate of soul, and bright with gold,
Donned the proud garb of war, that shone
With silvery band and precious stone:
So marched they once, in gorgeous train,
In that high seat of wide domain.
How firmly stood in massy proof
The marble vaults and fretted roof,
Till, all-resistless in its force,
The fiery torrent rolled its course,
And the red wave and glowing flood
Wrapt all beneath its bosom broad!

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing, cuckow;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing, cuckow, cuckow.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth calf after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth;
Merry sing, cuckow,
Cuckow, cuckow.
Well singeth the cuckow,
Nor cease to sing now;
Sing, cuckow, now,
Sing, cuckow.

ICELANDIC LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

THE Icelandic language is that form of the Gothic which was once spoken in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland. It is called in literary history the Dönsk Tunga; Norræna Tunga; Norrænt Mál; Sueo-Gothic; Norse; old Scandinavian.

The name Icelandic has been given to it in modern times, because in Iceland the language has been preserved, unchanged, to the present day. As Purchas says, in his "Pilgrims": * "Concerning the language of the Islanders, the matter itself speaketh, that it is the Norwegian; I say, that old and naturall speech, derived from the ancient Gottish, which onely the Islanders now use uncorrupted; and therefore we call it Islandish." The written alphabet was called the Runic; the letters, Runes. The most ancient specimens of the language are the Rune Stones; rings and wooden tablets, with inscriptions in the old Runic character.†

Iceland was peopled in 874. A few years previous to this, old Norse pirates, from time to time, had hovered about the island like birds of prey, and then one by one settled down, and built themselves nests for a season among its icebergs. But in this year multitudes of the Norwegians, fleeing from the tyranny of Harald Harfager, took refuge here. The descendants of these people became poets and historians. In their sea-girt home they had leisure to record the achievements of their ancestors. The long, sunless winter was cheered by the Saga and the Song, and we are indebted to Iceland for the most remarkable remains of Norse poetry.

The Northern Skalds, or Minstrels, accompanied the armies in war, and were with the king in battle, that they might witness his prowess, and describe it more truly in their songs. Thus, in the battle of Stiklastad, 1030, King Olaf had his Skalds beside him, within his body-guard (Skiálldborg, or Citadel of Shields). "Ye shall be here," said he, "that ye may see with your own eyes what is achieved this day, and have no occasion, when ye shall afterwards celebrate these actions in song, to depend upon the reports of others." ‡ As the battle was about to begin, one of them, by the name of Thormod, "sang the ancient Biarkemaal, in so loud a voice," says one of the old Sagas, * "that all the army heard it." During the battle, he was shot down by an arrow, and died with songs upon his lips.†

Harald Harfager had at his court four principal Skalds, who were his friends and counsellors, and to whom he assigned the highest seats at his table. Canute the Great had, also, several Skalds among his retainers; and, on one occasion, when Thoraren, having composed a short poem in his praise, craved an audience of the king in order to recite it, assuring him it was very short, Canute replied, in anger, "Are you not ashamed to do what none but yourself has dared, — to write a short poem upon me? Unless, by the hour of dinner to-morrow, you produce a *Drapa*, above thirty strophes long, on the same subject, your life shall pay the penalty." The poet having produced the song, the king rewarded him with fifty marks of silver.

Among the Skalds were many crowned heads and distinguished warriors, as, for example, Regner Lodbrok, and Starkother the Old. There were also female Skalds, who, like Miriam, sang the achievements of heroes, and the prophetic mysteries of religion.

The memory of the Skalds was the great repository of the poetic lore of the North, when oral tradition held the place of written records. One of them having sung before King Harald Sigurdson sixty different songs in one evening, the king asked him if he knew any others, to which he replied, that he could sing as many more.‡

The most prominent feature in the Icelandic versification, as in the Anglo-Saxon, is alliteration. There are, also, other striking analogies in the poetry of the two nations. The Icelandic is as remarkable as the Anglo-Saxon for its abruptness, its obscurity, and the boldness of its metaphors. Poets are called Songsmiths; — poetry, the Language of the Gods; — gold, the Daylight of Dwarfs; — the heavens, the Skull of Ymer; — the rainbow, the Bridge of the Gods; — a battle, a Bath of Blood, the Hail of Odin, the Meeting of Shields; — the tongue, the Sword of Words;

* *Vol.* III. p. 658. See also Petersen, Danske, Norske og Svenske Sprogs Historie, Vol. I. p. 24.

† See Run-Lära, af J. G. Liljegren: Stockholm: 1832; and Run Urkunder, by the same: Stockholm: 1833.

‡ Henderson's Iceland, p. 538.

* Fostbrodresaga. Müller, Sagabibliothek, I. p. 57.

† Robert Wace, in the Romance of *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, speaking of the army of William the Conqueror, says:

"Taillefer, who sang full well, I wot,
Mounted on steed that was swift of foot,
Went forth before the armed train,
Singing of Roland and Charlemain,
Of Olivère, and the brave vassals
Who died at the Pass of Roncesvals."

‡ Wheaton, History of the Northmen, chap. IV.

— rivers, the Sweat of the Earth, the Blood of the Valleys; — arrows, the Daughters of Misfortune, the Hailstones of Helmets; — the earth, the Vessel that floats on the Ages; — the sea, the Field of Pirates; — a ship, the Skate of Pirates, the Horse of the Waves. The ancient Skald smote the strings of his harp with as bold a hand as the Berserk smote his foe. When heroes fell in battle, he sang of them in his Drapa, or death-song, that they had gone to drink "divine mead in the secure and tranquil palaces of the gods," in that Valhalla, upon whose walls stood the watchman Heimdal, whose ear was so acute, that he could hear the grass grow in the meadows of earth, and the wool on the backs of sheep. He lived in a credulous age; in the dim twilight of the past. He was

"The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn."

In the vast solitudes around him, the heart of Nature beat against his own. From the midnight gloom of groves, the deep-voiced pines answered the deeper-voiced and neighbouring sea. To his ear, these were not the voices of dead, but of living things. Demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines flapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm.

Still wilder and fiercer were these influences of Nature in desolate Iceland, than on the mainland of Scandinavia. Fields of lava, icebergs, geysers, and volcanoes were familiar sights. When the long winter came, and snowy Hecla roared through the sunless air, and the flames of the Northern Aurora flashed along the sky, like phantoms from Valhalla, the soul of the poet was filled with images of terror and dismay. He bewailed the death of Balder, the sun; and saw in each eclipse the horrid form of the wolf Managamer, who swallowed the moon, and stained the sky with blood.

The most important collection of Icelandic poetry is the "Edda Sæmundar hinns Fróda" (the Edda of Sæmund the Learned).* This is usually called the Elder, or Poetic Edda, and contains thirty-eight poems on various subjects connected with the Northern Mythology. It was partly written and partly collected by Sæmund Sigfusson, an Icelander by birth, who flourished in the latter half of the eleventh century. Of the name Edda, Mallet says: "The most probable conjecture is that it is derived from an old Gothic word, signifying Grandmother."† This conjecture, however, seems rather improbable. That of Rühs is better: "Edda is the feminine form of *Othr*, which signifies Reason and Poetry, and is therefore called Poetics, or a Guide to the Art of Poetry."‡ Olafsen derives the name from the obsolete verb *æda*, to teach, which seems the most probable etymology.* Of these poems numerous specimens will be given; though, it is to be feared, the reader will find them too often like the songs of the Bards in the old Romance, who "came and recited verses before Arthur, and no man understood those verses but Kadyriaith only, save that they were in Arthur's praise."

At the commencement of the thirteenth century, Snorro Sturleson, another Icelandic scholar, author of the "Heimskringla," or History of Norway, who came to a bloody death by the hand of an assassin, wrote a new Edda, in a simple prose form. He represents Gylfe, an ancient king in Sweden, famous for skill in magic, as visiting Asgard to question the gods on certain important subjects. These questions and the answers to them form the Mythological Fables of the Prose Edda.† Appended to these, are the "Scálda," or Scandinavian *Ars Poetica*, and several other treatises, on Grammar, Rhetoric, &c. As a specimen of this curious work, I subjoin, from Bishop Percy's Translation of Mallet, a few of the fables, containing an account of the god Thor's adventures among the Jötuns.

OF THE GOD THOR.

GANGLER proceeds and says: "Did it never happen to Thor, in his expeditions, to be overcome, either by enchantment or downright force?" Har replied to him: "Few can take upon them to affirm that ever any such accident befel this god; nay, had he in reality been worsted in any rencounter, it would not be allowable to make mention of it, since all the world ought to believe that nothing can resist his power." "I have put a question, then," says Gangler, "to which none of you can give any answer." Then Jafnhar took up the discourse and said: "True indeed, there are some such rumors current among us; but they are hardly credible; yet there is one present who can impart them to you; and you ought the rather to believe him, in that having never yet told you a lie, he will not now begin to deceive you with false stories." "Come, then," says Gangler, interrupting him, "I await your explication; but, if you do not give satisfactory answers to the questions I have proposed, be assured I shall look upon you as vanquished." "Here, then," says Har, "begins the history you desire me to relate:

"One day the god Thor set out with Loke, in his own chariot, drawn by two he-goats; but, night coming on, they were obliged to put up at a peasant's cottage. The god Thor immediately slew his two he-goats, and, having skinned them, ordered them to be dressed for supper. When this was done, he sat down to table, and invited the peasant and his children

* Edda Sæmundar hins Fróda. Cum Interpretatione Latina, &c. 3 vols. 4to. Copenhagen: 1787, 1818-28.— Edda Sæmundar hinns Fróda. Ex Recensione Erasmi Christiani Rask. Stockholm: 1818. 8vo.

† Northern Antiquities, Introduction to Vol. II. p. xxiv.

‡ Die Edda, nebst einer Einleitung, von F. Rühs, p. 121.

* Henderson's Iceland, p. 539.

† Snorra-Edda. Útgefin af R. Kr. Rask. Stockholm: 1818. 8vo.

to partake with him. The son of his host was named Thialfe, the daughter Raska. Thor bade them throw all the bones into the skins of the goats, which he held extended near the table; but young Thialfe, to come at the marrow, broke, with his knife, one of the shank-bones of the goats. Having passed the night in this place, Thor arose early in the morning, and, dressing himself, reared the handle of his hammer; which he had no sooner done, than the two goats reassumed their wonted form, only that one of them now halted upon one of his hind legs. The god, seeing this, immediately judged that the peasant, or one of his family, had handled the bones of this goat too roughly. Enraged at their folly, he knit his eyebrows, rolled his eyes, and, seizing his hammer, grasped it with such force, that the very joints of his fingers were white again. The peasant, trembling, was afraid of being struck down by one of his looks; he therefore, with his children, made joint suit for pardon, offering whatever they possessed in recompense of any damage that had been done. Thor at last suffered himself to be appeased, and was content to carry away with him Thialfe and Raska. Leaving, then, his he-goats in that place, he set out on his road for the country of the Giants; and, coming to the margin of the sea, swam across it, accompanied by Thialfe, Raska, and Loke. The first of these was an excellent runner, and carried Thor's wallet or bag. When they had made some advance, they found themselves in a vast plain, through which they marched all day, till they were reduced to great want of provisions. When night approached, they searched on all sides for a place to sleep in, and at last, in the dark, found the house of a certain giant; the gate of which was so large, that it took up one whole side of the mansion. Here they passed the night; but about the middle of it were alarmed by an earthquake, which violently shook the whole fabric. Thor, rising up, called upon his companions to seek along with him some place of safety. On the right they met with an adjoining chamber, into which they entered; but Thor remained at the entry; and whilst the others, terrified with fear, crept to the farthest corner of their retreat, he armed himself with his hammer, to be in readiness to defend himself at all events. Meanwhile they heard a terrible noise; and when the morning was come, Thor went out, and observed near him a man of enormous bulk, who snored pretty loud. Thor found that this was the noise which had so disturbed him. He immediately girded on his belt of prowess, which hath the virtue of increasing strength; but the giant awaking, Thor, affrighted, durst not launch his hammer, but contented himself with asking his name. 'My name is Skrymner,' replied the other; 'as for you, I need not inquire whether you are the god Thor; pray, tell me, have not you picked up my glove?' Then presently stretching forth his hand to take it up, Thor perceived that the house wherein they had passed the night was that very glove; and the chamber was only one of its fingers. Hereupon Skrymner asked whether they might not join companies; and Thor consenting, the giant opened his cloak-bag, and took out something to eat. Thor and his companions having done the same, Skrymner would put both their wallets together, and, laying them on his shoulder, began to march at a great rate. At night, when the others were come up, the giant went to repose himself under an oak, showing Thor where he intended to lie, and bidding him help himself to victuals out of the wallet. Meanwhile he fell to snore strongly. But, what is very incredible, when Thor came to open the wallet, he could not untie one single knot. Vexed at this, he seized his hammer, and launched it at the giant's head. He, awaking, asks, what leaf had fallen upon his head, or what other trifle it could be. Thor pretended to go to sleep under another oak; but observing about midnight that Skrymner snored again, he took his hammer and drove it into the hinder part of his head. The giant, awaking, demands of Thor, whether some small grain of dust had not fallen upon his head, and why he did not go to sleep. Thor answered, he was going; but, presently after, resolving to have a third blow at his enemy, he collects all his force, and launches his hammer with so much violence against the giant's cheek, that it forced its way into it up to the handle. Skrymner, awaking, slightly raises his hand to his cheek, saying, 'Are there any birds perched upon this tree? I thought one of their feathers had fallen upon me.' Then he added, 'What keeps you awake, Thor? I fancy it is now time for us to get up, and dress ourselves. You are now not very far from the city of Utgard. I have heard you whisper to one another, that I was of very tall stature; but you will see many there much larger than myself. Wherefore I advise you, when you come thither, not to take upon you too much; for in that place they will not bear with it from such little men as you. Nay, I even believe that your best way is to turn back again; but if you still persist in your resolution, take the road that leads eastward; for, as for me, mine lies to the north.' Hereupon he threw his wallet over his shoulder, and entered a forest. I never could hear that the god Thor wished him a good journey; but proceeding on his way, along with his companions, he perceived, about noon, a city situated in the middle of a vast plain. This city was so lofty, that one could not look up to the top of it, without throwing one's head quite back upon the shoulders. The gate-way was closed with a grate, which Thor never could have opened; but he and his companions crept through the bars. Entering in, they saw a large palace, and men of a prodigious stature. Then addressing themselves to the king, who was named Utgarda-Loke, they saluted him with great

respect. The king, having at last discerned them, broke out into such a burst of laughter as discomposed every feature of his face. 'It would take up too much time,' says he, 'to ask you concerning the long journey you have performed; yet, if I do not mistake, that little man whom I see there should be Thor: perhaps, indeed, he is larger than he appears to me to be; but in order to judge of this,' added he, addressing his discourse to Thor, 'let me see a specimen of those arts by which you are distinguished, you and your companions; for no body is permitted to remain here, unless he understand some art, and excel in it all other men.' Loke then said, that his art consisted in eating more than any other man in the world, and that he would challenge any one at that kind of combat. 'It must, indeed, be owned,' replied the king, 'that you are not wanting in dexterity, if you are able to perform what you promise. Come, then, let us put it to the proof.' At the same time he ordered one of his courtiers, who was sitting on a side-bench, and whose name was Loge (i. e. Flame), to come forward, and try his skill with Loke in the art they were speaking of. Then he caused a great tub or trough full of provisions to be placed upon the bar, and the two champions at each end of it; who immediately fell to devour the victuals with so much eagerness, that they presently met in the middle of the trough, and were obliged to desist. But Loke had only eat the flesh of his portion; whereas the other had devoured both flesh and bones. All the company therefore adjudged that Loke was vanquished."

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"Then the king asked what that young man could do, who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered, that, in running upon skates, he would dispute the prize with any of the courtiers. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one; but that he must exert himself, if he would come off conqueror. He then arose and conducted Thialfe to a 'snowy' plain, giving him a young man, named Hugo, (Spirit or Thought) to dispute the prize of swiftness with him. But this Hugo so much outstripped Thialfe, that, in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. Then says the king, 'Another trial, and you may perhaps exert yourself better.' They therefore ran a second course, and Thialfe was a full bow-shot from the boundary when Hugo arrived at it. They ran a third time; but Hugo had already reached the goal before Thialfe had got half way. Hereupon all who were present cried out, that there had been a sufficient trial of skill in this kind of exercise."

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"Then the king asked Thor, in what art he would choose to give proof of that dexterity for which he was so famous. Thor replied, that he would contest the prize of drinking with any person belonging to his court. The king consented, and immediately went into his palace to look for a large horn, out of which his courtiers were obliged to drink when they had committed any trespass against the customs of the court. This the cup-bearer filled to the brim, and presented to Thor, whilst the king spake thus: 'Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught; some persons make two of it; but the most puny drinker of all can do it at three.' Thor looked at the horn, and was astonished at its length; however, as he was very thirsty, he set it to his mouth, and, without drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he withdrew the cup from his mouth, in order to look in, he could scarcely perceive any of the liquor gone. To it he went again with all his might, but succeeded no better than before. At last, full of indignation, he again set the horn to his lips, and exerted himself to the utmost to empty it entirely; then looking in, he found that the liquor was a little lowered; upon this, he resolved to attempt it no more, but gave back the horn. 'I now see plainly,' says the king, 'that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee; but art thou willing to make any more trials?' 'I am sure,' says Thor, 'such draughts as I have been drinking would not have been reckoned small among the gods: but what new trial have you to propose?' 'We have a very trifling game, here,' replied the king, 'in which we exercise none but children: it consists in only lifting my cat from the ground; nor should I have mentioned it, if I had not already observed that you are by no means what we took you for.' Immediately a large iron-colored cat leaped into the middle of the hall. Thor, advancing, put his hand under the cat's belly and did his utmost to raise him from the ground; but the cat, bending his back, had only one of his feet lifted up. 'The event,' says the king, 'is just what I foresaw: the cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison of the men here.' 'Little as I am,' says Thor, 'let me see who will wrestle with me.' The king, looking round him, says, 'I see nobody here who would not think it beneath him to enter the lists with you; let somebody, however, call hither my nurse Hela (i. e. Death) to wrestle with this god Thor; she hath thrown to the ground many a better man than he.' Immediately a toothless old woman entered the hall. 'This is she,' says the king, 'with whom you must wrestle.' — I cannot, says Jafnhar, give you all the particulars of this contest, only, in general, that the more vigorously Thor assailed her, the more immovable she stood. At length the old woman had recourse to stratagems, and Thor could not keep his feet so steadily, but that she, by a violent struggle, brought him upon one knee. Then the king came to them and ordered them to desist; adding, there now remained nobody in his court, whom he could ask with honor to condescend to fight with Thor."

"Thor passed the night in that place with his companions, and was preparing to depart thence early the next morning, when the king ordered him to be sent for, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. After this he accompanied him out of the city. When they were just going to bid adieu to each other, the king asked Thor what he thought of the success of his expedition. Thor told him, he could not but own that he went away very much ashamed and disappointed. 'It behooves me, then,' says the king, 'to discover now the truth to you, since you are out of my city; which you shall never reënter whilst I live and reign. And I assure you, that, had I known beforehand you had been so strong and mighty, I would not have suffered you to enter now. But I enchanted you by my illusions; first of all in the forest, where I arrived before you. And there you were not able to untie your wallet, because I had fastened it with a magic chain. You afterwards aimed three blows at me with your hammer: the first stroke, though slight, would have brought me to the ground, had I received it: but when you are gone hence, you will meet with an immense rock, in which are three narrow valleys of a square form, one of them in particular remarkably deep: these are the breaches made by your hammer; for I at that time lay concealed behind the rock, which you did not perceive. I have used the same illusions in the contests you have had with the people of my court. In the first, Loke, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him: but his opponent, Loge, was nothing else but a wandering Fire, which instantly consumed not only the meat, but the bones, and the very trough itself. Hugo, with whom Thialfe disputed the prize of swiftness, was no other than Thought or Spirit; and it was impossible for Thialfe to keep pace with that. When you attempted to empty the horn, you performed, upon my word, a deed so marvellous, that I should never have believed it, if I had not seen it myself; for one end of the horn reached to the sea, a circumstance you did not observe: but, the first time you go to the sea-side, you will see how much it is diminished. You performed no less a miracle in lifting the cat; and, to tell you the truth, when we saw that one of her paws had quitted the earth, we were all extremely surprised and terrified; for what you took for a cat was in reality the great Serpent of Midgard, which encompasses the earth; and he was then scarce long enough to touch the earth with his head and tail; so high had your hand raised him up towards heaven. As to your wrestling with an old woman, it is very astonishing that she could only bring you down upon one of your knees; for it was Death you wrestled with, who, first or last, will bring every one low. But now, as we are going to part, let me tell you, that it will be equally for your advantage and mine, that you never come near me again; for, should you do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions and enchantments, so that you will never prevail against me.' — As he uttered these words, Thor, in a rage, laid hold of his hammer, and would have launched it at the king, but he suddenly disappeared; and when the god would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing all around him but vast plains covered with verdure. Continuing, therefore, his course, he returned, without ever stopping, to his palace."

Other important remains of old Norse poetry are the Odes and Death-Songs, interspersed through the Sagas or Chronicles. These Sagas are very numerous. Müller, in his Sagabibliothek,* gives an analysis of sixty of them; and the Arne Magnusen collection in Copenhagen contains 1554 manuscripts. They were mainly written by Icelanders; and conspicuous among the lovers and preservers of this lore are Abbot Karl and the Benedictine monks of the monastery of Thingeyre. Many of these old chronicles perished in the overthrow of the convents, at the time of the Lutheran Reformation; so that what had been their asylum for a season became at length their grave. Many, however, have been published by the Society of Northern Antiquaries, and some of them translated into Danish by its Secretary, the learned and excellent Rafn.†

From the days of Regner Lodbrok to those of Snorro Sturleson, that is to say, from the close of the eighth to the beginning of the thirteenth century, flourished more than two hundred Skalds, whose names have come down to us, with fragments of their songs. From this time their numbers seem to have diminished rapidly. Some relics of the fifteenth century have been published, under the title of "Rimur," consisting mostly of rhymed versions, or paraphrases, of romances of chivalry; and we have a collection of poems of the seventeenth century by Stephen Olafson (published in 1823), under the title of "Liodmæli." During the last century flourished Paul Vidalin, Eggert Olafson, and some others; and the best known poets of the present are, Jon Thorlakson, who has translated into his native tongue Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Pope's "Essay on Man"; Thorvald Bödvarson, the translator of Pope's "Messiah"; Professor Magnusen, Benedict Gröndal, Jon Jonson, and Sigurd Peterson.‡

Such is in brief the Poetry of Iceland. Since

* Sagabibliothek, af Peter Erasmus Müller. 3 vols. 12mo. Copenhagen: 1817–18–20.

† The Royal Society of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen have published the following Sagas: "Fornanna Sögur," 12 vols. 8vo.; the same in Latin, under the title of "Scripta Historica Islandorum," 8 vols. 8vo. (four more remain to be published), and in modern Danish, under the title of "Oldnordiske Sagær," 12 vols. 8vo.; "Islendinga Sögur," 2 vols. 8vo.; "Færeyinga Saga," 3 vols. 8vo., and a German translation of the same; "Fornaldar Sögur Nordelanda." 3 vols. 8vo., and the same in modern Danish, 3 vols. 8vo.

‡ Henderson, p. 544.

its palmy days in the Middle Ages, "few are the memorials of the dead standing by the wayside." The Skalds have disappeared, like the forests of their native land; the modern Icelander, as he warms his hands at the fire of drift-wood from the shores of Greenland, may, in the pride of his heart, repeat the old national proverb: "Island er hinn besta land sem solinn skinnar uppá" (Iceland is the best land which the sun shines upon); but he no longer sings the dirge of the Berserk, nor records the achievements of a Harald Blue-tooth or a Hakon Jarl. The Skald and the Sagaman have departed.

As a still further introduction to the pieces that follow, I will here give an extract from Carlyle's "Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship."

"In that strange island, Iceland, — burst up, the geologists say, by fire, from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed many months of every year in black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summer-time; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean; with its snow-jökuls, roaring geysers, sulphur pools, and horrid volcanic chasms, like the waste, chaotic battle-field of Frost and Fire, — where, of all places, we least looked for literature or written memorials, the record of these things was written down. On the seaboard of this wild land is a rim of grassy country, where cattle can subsist, and men by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men these, men who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost, had Iceland not been burst up from the sea, not been discovered by the Northmen! The old Norse poets were many of them natives of Iceland.

"Sæmund, one of the early Christian priests there, who perhaps had a lingering fondness for Paganism, collected certain of their old Pagan songs, just about becoming obsolete then, — Poems, or Chants, of a mythic, prophetic, mostly all of a religious character: this is what Norse critics call the *Elder* or Poetic *Edda*. *Edda*, a word of uncertain etymology, is thought to signify *Ancestress*. Snorro Sturleson, an Iceland gentleman, an extremely notable personage, educated by this Sæmund's grandson, took in hand next, near a century afterwards, to put together, among several other books he wrote, a kind of Prose Synopsis of the whole mythology, elucidated by new fragments of traditionary verse, — a work constructed really with great ingenuity, native talent, what one might call unconscious art; altogether a perspicuous, clear work, pleasant reading still: this is the *Younger* or Prose *Edda*. By these and the numerous other *Sagas*, mostly Icelandic, with the commentaries, Icelandic or not, which go on zealously in the North to this day, it is possible to gain some direct insight even yet, and see that old Norse system of belief, as it were, face to face. Let us forget that it is erroneous Religion; let us look at it as old Thought, and try if we cannot sympathize with it somewhat.

"The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology I find to be Impersonation of the visible workings of Nature, — earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. What we now lecture of, as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark, hostile Powers of Nature they figured to themselves as *Jötuns*, Giants, — huge, shaggy beings, of a demonic character. Frost, Fire, Sea, Tempest; these are Jötuns. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in *Asgard*, the Garden of the *Asen* or Divinities; *Jötunheim*, a distant, dark, chaotic land, is the Home of the Jötuns.

"Curious all this; and not idle or inane, if we will look at the foundation of it! The power of *Fire*, or *Flame*, for instance, which we designate by some trivial chemical name, thereby hiding from ourselves the essential character of wonder that dwells in it, as in all things, is, with these old Northmen, *Loge*, a most swift, subtle Demon, of the brood of the Jötuns. The savages of the Ladrones Islands, too (say some Spanish voyagers), thought Fire, which they never had seen before, was a Devil or God, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and lived there upon dry wood. From us, too, no chemistry, if it had not stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What *is* Flame? — *Frost* the old Norse seer discerns to be a monstrous, hoary Jötun, the Giant *Thrym*, *Hrym*; or *Rime*, the old word now nearly obsolete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. *Rime* was not then, as now, a dead, chemical thing, but a living Jötun or Devil; the monstrous Jötun *Rime* drove home his horses at night, sat 'combing their manes,' — which horses were *Hail-clouds*, or fleet *Frost-winds*. His Cows — No, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's Cows — are *Icebergs*: this Hymir 'looks at the rocks' with his devil-eye, and they *split* in the glance of it.

"Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resinous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor, — God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of the black clouds is the drawing down of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he urges his loud chariot over the mountain-tops, — that is the peal: wrathful he 'blows in his red beard,' — that is the rustling storm-blast before the thunder begin. Balder again, the White God, the beautiful, the just and benignant (whom the early Christian missionaries found to resemble Christ), is the Sun, — beautifullest of visible things; wondrous, too, and divine still, after all

our Astronomies and Almanacs! But perhaps the notablest god we hear tell of is one of whom Grimm, the German Etymologist, finds trace: the God *Wunsch*, or Wish. The God *Wish;* who could give us all that we *wished!* Is not this the sincerest and yet rudest voice of the spirit of man? The *rudest* ideal that man ever formed; which still shows itself in the latest forms of our spiritual culture. Higher considerations have to teach us that the God *Wish* is not the true God.

"Of the other Gods or Jötuns, I will mention only for etymology's sake, that Sea-tempest is the Jötun *Aegir*, a very dangerous Jötun;—and now to this day, on our river Trent, as I learn, the Nottingham bargemen, when the river is in a certain flooded state (a kind of backwater or eddying swirl it has, very dangerous to them), call it *Eager;* they cry out, 'Have a care, there is the *Eager* coming!' Curious; that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world! The *oldest* Nottingham bargemen had believed in the God Aegir. Indeed, our English blood, too, in good part, is Danish, Norse; or rather, at bottom, Danish and Norse and Saxon have no distinction, except a superficial one,—as of Heathen and Christian, or the like. But all over our island we are mingled largely with Danes proper,—from the incessant invasions there were: and this, of course, in a greater proportion along the east coast; and greatest of all, as I find, in the North Country. From the Humber upwards, all over Scotland, the speech of the common people is still in a singular degree Icelandic; its Germanism has still a peculiar Norse tinge. They, too, are 'Normans,' Northmen,—if that be any great beauty!

"Of the chief God, Odin, we shall speak by and by. Mark at present so much; what the essence of Scandinavian, and, indeed, of all Paganism is: a recognition of the forces of Nature as godlike, stupendous, personal Agencies,—as Gods and Demons. Not inconceivable to us. It is the infant Thought of man opening itself, with awe and wonder, on this ever-stupendous Universe. To me there is in the Norse system something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian system. It is Thought; the genuine thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things,—the first characteristic of all good thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half-sport, as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods 'brewing ale' to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jötun; sending out Thor to get the caldron for them in the Jötun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it,—quite lost in it, the ears of the pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large, awkward gianthood, characterizes that Norse system; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking, helpless, with large, uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain,—a giant made by 'warm winds' and much confused work out of the conflict of Frost and Fire,—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea; his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eyebrows they formed Asgard, their Gods'-dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdignagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous;—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giantlike, but godlike and stronger than gianthood, the Shakspeares, the Goethes!—Spiritually, as well as bodily, these men are our progenitors.

"I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdom of *Hela* or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its 'boughs,' with their buddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the Noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it;—or storm-tost, the storm-wind howling through it like the voice of all the Gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; 'the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*.' Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mœsogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The '*Machine* of the Universe,'—alas, do but think of that in contrast!"

For a more elaborate account of the Skalds and the Eddaic poems the reader is referred to a work, entitled "Saggio Istorico su gli Scaldi o Antichi Poeti Scandinavi," di Jacopo Gråberg di Hermsö: Pisa: 1811;—and to the "History of the Northmen," by Henry Wheaton: Philadelphia: 1831.

SÆMUND'S EDDA.

THE VÖLUSPÂ:

OR THE ORACLE OF THE PROPHETESS VOLA.

THE Prophetess, having imposed silence on all intellectual beings, declares that she is going to reveal the decrees of the Father of Nature, the actions and operations of the gods, which no person ever knew before herself. She then begins with a description of the chaos; and proceeds to the formation of the world, and of that of its various species of inhabitants, giants, men, and dwarfs. She then explains the employments of the fairies, or destinies; the functions of the gods; their most remarkable adventures; their quarrels with Loke, and the vengeance that ensued. At last she concludes with a long description of the final state of the universe, its dissolution and conflagration; the battle of the inferior deities and the evil beings; the renovation of the world; the happy lot of the good, and the punishment of the wicked.

GIVE silence, all
Ye sacred race,
Both great and small,
Of Heimdal sprung:
Vol-father's deeds
I will relate,
The ancient tales
Which first I learned.

I know giants
Early born,
My ancestors
Of former times;
Nine worlds I know,
With their nine poles
Of tender wood,
Beneath the earth.

In early times,
When Ymer lived,
Was sand, nor sea,
Nor cooling wave;
No earth was found,
Nor heaven above;
One chaos all,
And nowhere grass:

Until Bör's sons
Th' expanse did raise,
By whom Midgard
The great was made.
From th' south the sun
Shone on the walls;
Then did the earth
Green herbs produce.

The sun turned south;
The moon did shine;
Her right hand held
The horse of heaven.
The sun knew not
His proper sphere;
The stars knew not
Their proper place;
The moon knew not
Her proper power.

Then all the powers
Went to the throne,
The holy gods,
And held consult:
Night and cock-crowing
Their names they gave,
Morning also,
And noon-day tide,
And afternoon,
The years to tell.

The Asas met
On Ida's plains,
Who altars raised
And temples built;
Anvils they laid,
And money coined;
Their strength they tried
In various ways,
When making songs,
And forming tools.

On th' green they played
In joyful mood,
Nor knew at all
The want of gold,
Until there came
Three Thursa maids,
Exceeding strong,
From Jötunheim:

. . . . .

Until there came
Out of the ranks,
Powerful and fair,
Three Asas home,
And found on shore,
In helpless plight,
Ask and Embla
Without their fate.

They had not yet
Spirit or mind,
Blood, or beauty,
Or lovely hue.
Odin gave spirit,
Heinir gave mind,

Lothur gave blood
And lovely hue.
. . . . .
I know an ash,
Named *Ygg-drasill*,
A stately tree,
With white dust strewed.
Thence come the dews
That wet the dales;
It stands aye green
O'er Urda's well.

Thence come the maids
Who much do know;
Three from the hall
Beneath the tree;
One they named *Was*,
And *Being* next,
The third, *Shall be*,
On the shield they cut.
. . . . .
She sat without
When th' Ancient came,
The awful god,
And viewed his eye.

What ask ye me?
Why tempt ye me?
Full well I know,
Great Odin, where
Thine eye thou lost;
In Mimi's well,
The fountain pure,
Mead Mimir drinks
Each morning new,
With Odin's pledge.
Conceive ye this?

To her the god
Of battles gave
Both costly rings
And shining gold,
The art of wealth,
And witchcraft wise,
By which she saw
Through every world.

She saw Valkyries
Come from afar,
Ready to ride
To th' tribes of god;
Skuld held the shield,
Skaugul came next,
Gunnr, Hildr, Gaundul,
And Geir-skaugul.
Thus now are told
The Warrior's Norns,
Ready to ride
The Valkyries.

Heith she was named
Where'er she came;
The prophetess
Of cunning arts.
She knew right well
Bad luck to seethe,
And mischief was
Her only sport.

She murder saw,
The first that e'er
Was in the world,
When Gullveig was
Placed on the spear,
When in Harr's hall
They did her burn:
Thrice she was burnt,
Thrice she was born,
Oft, not seldom,
And yet she lives.

When all the powers
Went to the throne,
The holy gods,
And held consult:
What punishment
They should inflict
On th' Asas now
For bad advice;
Or whether all
The gods should hold
Convivial feasts:

Were broken now
The castle-walls
Of Asaborg,
By murderous Vanes
Who took the field:
Forth Odin flew
And shot around:
This murder was
The first that e'er
Was in the world.

When all the powers
Went to the throne,
The holy gods,
And held consult:
Who had the air
Involved in flames,
Or Odder's maid
To giants given:

There Thor alone
Was in ill mood;
He seldom sits
When told the like;
Broken were oaths
And promises
And all contracts
That had been made.

She knows where hid
Lies Heimdal's horn,
Full deep beneath
The sacred tree:
She sees a flood
Rush down the fall
From Odin's pledge:
Conceive ye yet?

. . . . . .

The sun turns pale;
The spacious earth
The sea ingulfs;
From heaven fall
The lucid stars:
At the end of time,
The vapors rage,
And playful flames
Involve the skies.

She sees arisè,
The second time,
From th' sea, the earth
Completely green:
Cascades do fall;
The eagle soars,
That on the hills
Pursues his prey.

The gods convene
On Ida's plains,
And talk of man,
The worm of dust:
They call to mind
Their former might,
And th' ancient runes
Of Fimbultyr.

The fields unsown
Shall yield their growth;
All ills shall cease;
Balder shall come,
And dwell with Hauthr
In Hropt's abodes.
Say, warrior-gods,
Conceive ye yet?

A hall she sees
Outshine the sun,
Of gold its roof,
It stands in heaven:
The virtuous there
Shall always dwell,
And evermore
Delights enjoy.

THE HAVA-MAL:

THE SUBLIME DISCOURSE OF ODIN.

YOUNGLING, ere you rove abroad,
Fasten well the doors behind:
Ill sped he, at whose return
Ambushed foes beset his home.

On guests who come with frozen knees
Bestow the genial warmth of fire:
Who far has walked, and waded streams,
Needs cheering food and drier clothes.

To him, about to join your board,
Clear water bring, to cleanse his hands;
And treat him freely, would you win
The kindly word, the thankful heart.

Wisdom he needs who goes abroad:
A churl has his own sway at home;
But they must bend to others' ways
Who aim to sit with polished men.

Who comes unbidden to a feast
Should rarely and should lowly speak:
The humble listener learns of all,
And wins their welcome and their praise.

Happy is he whom others love,
His efforts shall at last succeed;
For all that mortals undertake
Requires the helping hand of man.

He best is armed to journey far
Who carries counsel in his head:
More than the metal in the purse
The mighty heed the marks of mind.

Beware of swallowing too much ale;
The more you drink, the worse you think:
The bird forgetfulness shall spread
Her wings across the drunkard's brow.

Voracity but swallows death:
The wise despise the greedy man:
Flocks know the time to quit the field;
But human gluttons feast and choke.

The coward thinks to live for ever,
If he avoids the weapon's reach;
But age, which overtakes at last,
Twines his gray hair with pain and shame.

The merry man, who jeers at all,
Becomes himself a laughing-stock:
Let him beware of taunts and gibes
Who has not learned to curb himself.

The senseless, indecisive man
Ponders and re-resolves all night;
But when the morning breaks on high,
Has still to choose his doubtful course:
Yet he believes the caution wise
Which baffles action by delay,
And has a string of reasons ready
On every question men devise.

Many seem knit by ties of love,
Who fail each other at the proof.

To slander idle men are prone;
The host backbites the parting guest.

Home still is home, however homely,
And sweet the crust our kin partake;
But he who feasts at others' boards
Must often bite a writhing lip.

None give so freely but they count
Their givings as a secret loan;
Nor with o'erflowing soul reject
The present brought them in return.

The interchange of gifts is good;
For clothing, arms; for bacon, ale:

Who give and take each other's feast,
Each other's booty, long are friends.

Love your own friends, and also theirs;
But favor not your foeman's friend:
Peace with perfidious men may last
Four days or five, but not a week.

When young, I often strolled alone,
And gladly joined the chance-way stranger;
To human hearts, the heart is dear;
To human eyes, the human face.

Affect not to be over-wise;
Nor seek to know the doom of fate:
The prying man has little sleep,
And alters not the will of gods.

Rise early, would you fill your store;
Rise early, would you smite your foe:
The sleepy wolf foregoes his prey;
The drowsy man, his victory.

They ask me to a pompous meal,
A breakfast were enough for me;
He is the faithful friend who spares
Out of his pair of loaves the one.

Let us live well, while life endures:
The hoarder lights a sparing fire;
But death steals in, perhaps, before
The gathered sticks are burnt to ashes.

Have children; better late than never:
Who but our offspring will inscribe
Our deeds on the sepulchral stone?

Riches have wings; the cattle stray;
Friends may forsake; and we must die:
This only mocks the arm of fate,
The judgment which our deeds deserve.

Who dictates is not truly wise:
Each in his turn must bend to power;
And oft the modest man is found
To sway the scorners of the proud.

Praise the day at set of sun;
Praise the woman you have won;
Praise the sword you 've tried in fight;
Praise a girl her wedding-night;
Praise the ice you 've stept upon;
Praise the ale you 've slept upon.

Trust not to a maiden's word;
Trust not what a woman utters:
Lightness in their bosom dwells;
Like spinning-wheels, their hearts turn round.

Trust not the ice of yesternight;
Trust not the serpent that 's asleep;
Trust not the fondness of a bride;
Trust not the sword that has a flaw;
Trust not the sons of mighty men;
Trust not the field that 's newly sown.

Trust not the friendliness of scolds,
The horse on ice, who 's not rough-shod,
The vessel which has lost her helm,
The lame man who pursues a goat.

Let him who wooes be full of chat,
And full of flattery and all that,
And carry presents in his hat:
Skill may supplant the worthier man.

No sore so sad as discontent.

The heart alone can buy the heart;
The soul alone discern the soul.

If to your will you wish to bend
Your mistress, see her but by stealth,
By night, and always by yourself:
What a third knows of ever fails.

Forbear to woo another's wife.

Whoso you meet on land or sea,
Be kind and gentle while you may.

Whose wallet holds a hearty supper
Sees evening come without dismay.

Tell not your sorrows to the unkind;
They comfort not, they give no help.

If you 've a friend, take care to keep him,
And often to his threshold pace;
Bushes and grass soon choke the path
On which a man neglects to walk.

Be not first to drop a friend;
Sorrow seeks the lonely man:
Courtesy prepares for kindness;
Arrogance shall dwell alone.

With wicked men avoid dispute;
The good will yield what 's fit and fair:
Yet 't is not seemly to be silent,
When charged with woman-heartedness.

Do not be wary overmuch;
Yet be so, when you swallow ale,
When sitting by another's wife,
When sorting with a robber-band.

Accustom not yourself to mock,
And least at any stranger-guest:
Who stays at home oft undervalues
The wanderer coming to his gate.

What worthy man without a blemish?
What wicked man without a merit?

Jeer not at age: from mumbling lips
The words of wisdom oft descend.

Fire chases plague; the mistletoe
Cures rank disease; straws scatter spells;
The poet's runes revoke a curse;
Earth drinks up floods; death, enmities.

VAFTHRUDNI'S-MAL:
THE DISCOURSE OF VAFTHRUDNI.

ODIN.

FRIGA, counsel thou thy lord,
Whose unquiet bosom broods
A journey to Vafthrudni's hall,
With the wise and crafty Jute
To contend in runic lore.

FRIGA.

Father of a hero race,
In the dwelling-place of Goths
Let me counsel thee to stay;
For to none among the Jutes
Is Vafthrudni's wisdom given.

ODIN.

Far I 've wandered, much sojourned,
In the kingdoms of the earth;
But Vafthrudni's royal hall
I have still the wish to know.

FRIGA.

Safe departure, safe return,
May the fatal sisters grant!
The father of the years that roll
Shield my daring traveller's head!

Odin rose with speed, and went
To contend in runic lore
With the wise and crafty Jute.
To Vafthrudni's royal hall
Came the mighty king of spells.

ODIN.

Hail, Vafthrudni, king of men!
To thy lofty hall I come,
Beckoned by thy wisdom's fame.
Art thou, I aspire to learn,
First of Jutes in runic lore?

VAFTHRUDNI.

Who art thou, whose daring lip
Doubts Vafthrudni's just renown?
Know that to thy parting step
Never shall these doors unfold,
If thy tongue excel not mine
In the strife of mystic lore.

ODIN.

Gangrath, monarch, is my name.
Needing hospitality,
To thy palace-gate I come;
Long and rugged is the way
Which my weary feet have trodden.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Gangrath, on the stool beneath
Let thy loitering limbs repose;
Then begin our strife of speech.

ODIN.

When a son of meanness comes
To the presence of the great,
Let him speak the needful word,
But forbear each idle phrase,
If he seek a listening ear.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife, —
Tell me how is named the steed
On whose back the morning comes.

ODIN.

Skin-faxi is the skyey steed
Who bears aloft the smiling day
To all the regions of mankind:
His the ever-shining mane.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife, —
Tell me how is named the steed,
From the east who bears the night,
Fraught with showering joys of love.

ODIN.

Hrim-faxi is the sable steed,
From the east who brings the night,
Fraught with showering joys of love:
As he champs the foamy bit,
Drops of dew are scattered round
To adorn the vales of earth.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife, —
Tell me how is named the flood,
From the dwellings of the Jutes,
That divides the haunt of Goths.

ODIN.

Ifing's deep and murky wave
Parts the ancient sons of earth
From the dwellings of the Goths:
Open flows the mighty flood,
Nor shall ice arrest its course
While the wheel of ages rolls.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Since upon thy lowly seat
Still thou court the learned strife, —
Tell me how is named the field
Where the Goths shall strive in vain
With the flame-clad Surtur's might.

ODIN.

Vigrith is the fatal field
Where the Goths to Surtur bend:
He who rides a hundred leagues
Has not crossed the ample plain.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Gangrath, truly thou art wise;
Mount the footstep of my throne,
And, on equal cushion placed,
Thence renew the strife of tongues,
Big with danger, big with death.

PART II.

ODIN.

First, if thou can tell, declare
Whence the earth, and whence the sky.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Ymer's flesh produced the earth;
Ymer's bones, its rocky ribs;
Ymer's skull, the skyey vault;
Ymer's teeth, the mountain ice;
Ymer's sweat, the ocean salt.

ODIN.

Next, if thou can tell, declare
Who was parent to the moon,
That shines upon the sleep of man;
And who is parent to the sun.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Know that Mundilfær is hight
Father to the moon and sun:
Age on age shall roll away
While they mark the months and years.

ODIN.

If so far thy wisdom reach,
Tell me whence arose the day,
That smiles upon the toil of man;
And who is parent to the night.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Delling is the sire of day;
But from Naurvi sprang the night,
Fraught with showering joys of love,
Who bids the moon to wax and wane,
Marking months and years to man.

ODIN.

If so far thy wisdom reach,
Tell me whence the winter comes;
Whence the soothing summer's birth,
Showers of fruitage who bestows.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Vindsual is the name of him
Who begat the winter's god;
Summer from Suasuthur sprang:
Both shall walk the way of years
Till the twilight of the gods.

ODIN.

Once again, if thou can tell,
Name the first of Ymer's sons,
Eldest of the Asa-race.

VAFTHRUDNI.

While the yet unshapen earth
Lay concealed in wintry womb,
Bergelmer had long been born:
He from Thrugelmer descends,
Aurgelmer's unbrothered son.

ODIN.

Once again, if thou can tell,
Whence, the first of all the Jutes,
Father Aurgelmer is sprung.

VAFTHRUDNI.

From the arm of Vagom fell
The curdled drops of teeming blood
That grew and formed the first of Jutes;
Sparks that spurted from the south
Informed with life the crimson dew.

ODIN.

Yet a seventh time declare,
If so far thy wisdom reach,
How the Jute begat his brood,
Though denied a female's love.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Within the hollow of his hands
To the water-giant grew
Both a male and female seed;
Also foot with foot begat
A son in whom the Jute might joy.

ODIN.

I conjure thee, tell me, now,
What, within the bounds of space,
First befell of all that 's known.

VAFTHRUDNI.

While the yet unshapen earth
Lay concealed in wintry womb,
Bergelmer had long been born:
First of all recorded things
Is, that his gigantic length
Floated on the ocean-wave.

ODIN.

Once again, if thou can say,
And so far thy wisdom reach,
Tell me whence proceeds the wind,
O'er the earth and o'er the sea
That journeys, viewless to mankind.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Hræsvelger is the name of him
Who sits beyond the ends of heaven,
And winnows wide his eagle-wings,
Whence the sweeping blasts have birth.

ODIN.

If thy all-embracing mind
Know the whole lineage of the gods,
Tell me whence is Niord sprung:
Holy hills and halls hath he,
Though not born of Asa-race.

VAFTHRUDNI.

For him the deftly delving showers
In Vaunheim scooped a watery home,
And pledged it to the upper gods:
But when the smoke of ages climbs,
He with his Vauns shall stride abroad,
Nor spare the long-respected shore.

ODIN.

If thy all-embracing mind
Know the whole of mystic lore,
Tell me how the chosen heroes
Live in Odin's shield-decked hall
Till the rush of ruined gods.

VAFTHRUDNI.

All the chosen guests of Odin
Daily ply the trade of war;
From the fields of festal fight
Swift they ride in gleaming arms,
And gayly, at the board of gods,
Quaff the cup of sparkling ale,
And eat Sæhrimni's vaunted flesh.

ODIN.

Twelfthly, tell me, king of Jutes,
What of all thy runic lore
Is most certain, sure, and true.

VAFTHRUDNI.

I am versed in runic lore
And the counsels of the gods;
For I 've wandered far and wide:
Nine the nations I have known;
And, in all that overarch
The murky mists and chills of hell,
Men are daily seen to die.

ODIN.

Far I 've wandered, much sojourned,
In the kingdoms of the earth;
But I 've still a wish to know
How the sons of men shall live,
When the iron winter comes.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Life and warmth shall hidden lie
In the well-head that Mimis feeds
With dews of morn and thaws of eve:
These again shall wake mankind.

ODIN.

Far I 've wandered, much sojourned,
In the kingdoms of the earth;
But I 've still a wish to know
Whence, to deck the empty skies,
Shall another sun be drawn,
When the jaws of Fenrir ope
To ingorge the lamp of day.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Ere the throat of Fenrir yawn
Shall the sun a daughter bear,
Who, in spite of shower and sleet,
Rides the road her mother rode.

ODIN.

I have still a wish to know
Who the guardian-maidens are,
That hover round the haunts of men.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Races three of elfin maids
Wander through the peopled earth:
One to guard the hours of love;
One to haunt the homely hearth;
One to cheer the festal board.

ODIN.

I have still a wish to know
Who shall sway the Asa-realms,
When the flame of Surtur fades.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Vithar's then and Vali's force
Heirs the empty realm of gods;
Mothi's then and Magni's might
Sways the massy mallet's weight,
Won from Thor, when Thor must fall.

ODIN.

I have yet the wish to know
Who shall end the life of Odin,
When the gods to ruin rush.

VAFTHRUDNI.

Fenrir shall with impious tooth
Slay the sire of rolling years:
Vithar shall avenge his fall,
And, struggling with the shaggy wolf,
Shall cleave his cold and gory jaw.

ODIN.

Lastly, monarch, I inquire,
What did Odin's lip pronounce
To his Balder's hearkening ear,
As he climbed the pyre of death?

VAFTHRUDNI.

Not the man of mortal race
Knows the words which thou hast spoken
To thy son in days of yore.
I hear the coming tread of death;
He soon shall raze the runic lore,
And knowledge of the rise of gods,
From his ill-fated soul who strove
With Odin's self the-strife of wit.
Wisest of the wise that breathe,
Our stake was life, and thou hast won.

THRYM'S QUIDA:

THE SONG OF THRYM, OR THE RECOVERY OF THE HAMMER.

Wroth waxed Thor, when his sleep was flown,
And he found his trusty hammer gone;
He smote his brow, his beard he shook,
The son of earth 'gan round him look;
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now listen what I tell thee, Loke;
Which neither on earth below is known,
Nor in heaven above: my hammer 's gone."
Their way to Freyia's bower they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Thou, Freyia, must lend a winged robe,
To seek my hammer round the globe."

FREYIA sang.

"That shouldst thou have, though 't were of gold,
And that, though 't were of silver, hold."

Away flew Loke; the winged robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Asgard grounds,
And ere he has reached the Jötunheim bounds.
High on a mound, in haughty state,
Thrym, the king of the Thursi, sat;
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

THRYM sang.

"How fare the Asi? the Alfi how?
Why com'st thou alone to Jötunheim now?"

LOKE sang.

"Ill fare the Asi; the Alfi mourn;
Thor's hammer from him thou hast torn."

THRYM sang.

"I have the Thunderer's hammer bound
Fathoms eight beneath the ground;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bring me Freyia to share my bed."

Away flew Loke; the winged robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Jötunheim bounds,
And ere he has reached the Asgard grounds.
At Mitgard Thor met crafty Loke,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Have you your errand and labor done?
Tell from aloft the course you run:
For, setting oft, the story fails;
And, lying oft, the lie prevails."

LOKE sang.

"My labor is past, mine errand I bring;
Thrym has thine hammer, the giant king:
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bear him Freyia to share his bed."

Their way to lovely Freyia they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now, Freyia, busk, as a blooming bride;
Together we must to Jötunheim ride."
Wroth waxed Freyia with ireful look;
All Asgard's hall with wonder shook;
Her great bright necklace started wide:
"Well may ye call me a wanton bride,
If I with ye to Jötunheim ride."
The Asi did all to council crowd,
The Asiniæ all talked fast and loud;
This they debated, and this they sought,
How the hammer of Thor should home be brought.
Up then and spoke Heimdallar free,
Like the Vani, wise was he:
"Now busk we Thor, as a bride so fair;
Let him that great bright necklace wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare;
And high and quaintly braid his hair."
Wroth waxed Thor with godlike pride:
"Well may the Asi me deride,
If I let me be dight as a blooming bride."
Then up spoke Loke, Laufeyia's son:
"Now hush thee, Thor; this must be done:
The giants will strait in Asgard reign,
If thou thy hammer dost not regain."
Then busked they Thor, as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare;
And high and quaintly braided his hair.
Up then arose the crafty Loke,
Laufeyia's son, and thus he spoke:
"A servant I thy steps will tend,
Together we must to Jötunheim wend."
Now home the goats together hie;
Yoked to the axle they swiftly fly.
The mountains shook, the earth burned red,
As Odin's son to Jötunheim sped.
Then Thrym, the king of the Thursi, said:
"Giants, stand up; let the seats be spread:
Bring Freyia, Niorder's daughter, down,
To share my bed, from Noatun.
With horns all gilt each coal-black beast
Is led to deck the giants' feast;
Large wealth and jewels have I stored;
I lack but Freyia to grace my board."
Betimes at evening they approached,
And the mantling ale the giants broached.
The spouse of Sifia ate alone
Eight salmons, and an ox full-grown,
And all the cates, on which women feed;
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead.
Then Thrym, the king of the Thursi, said:
"Where have ye beheld such a hungry maid?
Ne'er saw I bride so keenly feed,
Nor drink so deep of the sparkling mead."
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:
"Naught has she eaten for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."
He stooped beneath her veil to kiss,
But he started the length of the hall, I wiss:
"Why are the looks of Freyia so dire?
It seems as her eyeballs glistened with fire."
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:
"Naught has she slept for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."
Then in the giant's sister came,
Who dared a bridal gift to claim:
"Those rings of gold from thee I crave,
If thou wilt all my fondness have,
All my love and fondness have."
Then Thrym, the king of the Thursi, said:
"Bear in the hammer to plight the maid;
Upon her lap the bruiser lay,
And firmly plight our hands and fay."
The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed.
Thrym first, the king of the Thursi, he slew,
And slaughtered all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who prayed for bridal gifts so bold;
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.

SKIRNIS-FÖR:

SKIRNER'S EXPEDITION.

FREYR, son of Niorder, dwelt in Hlidskialf, and discerned the whole world. He looked towards Jötunheim, and there he saw a beautiful virgin going to her bower from the hall of her father. Hence was his mind grievously affected. His attendant was named Skirner. Niorder bade him ask for a conference with Freyr. Then Scada sang:

"Skirner, arise! and swiftly run,
Where lonely sits our pensive son:
Bid him to parley, and inquire
'Gainst whom he teems with sullen ire."

SKIRNER sang.

"Ill words, I fear, my lot will prove,
If I thy son attempt to move;
If I bid parley, and inquire
Why teems his soul with savage ire."

SKIRNER sang.

"Prince of the gods and first in fight,
Speak, honored Freyr, and tell me right:
Why spends my lord the tedious day
In his lone hall, to grief a prey?"

FREYR sang.

"O, how shall I, fond youth, disclose
To thee my bosom's heavy woes?
The ruddy god shines every day,
But dull to me his cheerful ray."

SKIRNER sang.

"Thy sorrows deem not I so great,
That thou the tale shouldst not relate:
Together sported we in youth,
And well may trust each other's truth."

FREYR sang.

"In Gymer's court I saw her move,
The maid who fires my breast with love;
Her snow-white arms and bosom fair
Shone lovely, kindling sea and air.
Dear is she to my wishes more
Than e'er was maid to youth before:
But gods and elfs, I wot it well,
Forbid that we together dwell."

SKIRNER sang.

"Give me that horse of wondrous breed
To cross the nightly flame with speed;
And that self-brandished sword to smite
The giant race with strange affright."

FREYR sang.

"To thee I give this wondrous steed
To pass the watchful fire with speed;
And this, which, borne by valiant wight,
Self-brandished, will his foemen smite."

SKIRNER addressed his horse.

"Dark night is spread; 't is time, I trow,
To climb the mountains hoar with snow:
Both shall return, or both remain
In durance, by the giant ta'en."

Skirner rode into Jötunheim, to the court of Gymer: furious dogs were tied there before the door of the wooden enclosure which surrounded Gerda's bower. He rode towards a shepherd who was sitting on a mound, and addressed him:

"Shepherd, who sittest on the mound,
And turn'st thy watchful eyes around,
How may I lull these bloodhounds? say;
How speak unharmed with Gymer's may?"[1]

THE SHEPHERD sang.

"Whence and what art thou? doomed to die?
Or dead revisitest the sky?
For, ride by night, or ride by day,
Thou ne'er shall come to Gymer's may."

SKIRNER sang.

"I grieve not, I; a better part
Fits him who boasts a ready heart:
At hour of birth our lives were shaped;
The doom of Fate can ne'er be 'scaped."

GERDA sang.

"What sounds unknown mine ears invade,
Frighting this mansion's peaceful shade?
The earth's foundation rocks withal,
And trembling shakes all Gymer's hall."

THE ATTENDANT sang.

"Dismounted stands a warrior sheen;
His courser crops the herbage green."

GERDA sang.

"Haste, bid him to my bower with speed,
To quaff unmixed the pleasant mead:
And good betide us! for I fear
My brother's murderer is near. —
"What art thou? Elf, or Asian son?
Or from the wiser Vanians sprung?
Alone, to visit our abode,
O'er bickering flames why hast thou rode?"

SKIRNER sang.

"Nor elf am I, nor Asian son;
Nor from the wiser Vanians sprung:
Yet o'er the bickering flames I rode
Alone to visit your abode.
Eleven apples here I hold,
Gerda, for thee, of purest gold;
Let this fair gift thy bosom move
To grant young Freyr thy precious love."

GERDA sang.

"Eleven apples take not I
From man, as price of chastity:
While life remains, no tongue shall tell,
That Freyr and I together dwell."

[1] *May*, maid.

SKIRNER sang.

"Gerda, for thee this wondrous ring,
Burnt on young Balder's pile, I bring;
On each ninth night shall other eight
Drop from it, all of equal weight."

GERDA sang.

"I take not, I, that wondrous ring,
Though it from Balder's pile you bring:
Gold lack not I, in Gymer's bower;
Enough for me my father's dower."

SKIRNER sang.

"Behold this bright and slender brand,
Unsheathed and glittering in my hand;
Deny not, maiden! lest thine head
Be severed by the trenchant blade."

GERDA sang.

"Gerda will ne'er by force be led
To grace a conqueror's hateful bed:
But this I trow, with main and might
Gymer shall meet thy boast in fight."

SKIRNER sang.

"Behold this bright and slender brand,
Unsheathed and glittering in my hand!
Slain by its edge thy sire shall lie;
That giant old is doomed to die.
"E'en as I list, the magic wand
Shall tame thee! Lo, with charmed hand
I touch thee, maid! There shalt thou go,
Where never man shall learn thy woe.
On some high pointed rock, forlorn,
Like eagle, shalt thou sit at morn;
Turn from the world's all-cheering light,
And seek the deep abyss of night.
Food shalt to thee more loathly show
Than slimy serpent creeping slow.
When forth thou com'st, a hideous sight,
Each wondering eye shall stare with fright;
By all observed, yet sad and lone;
'Mongst shivering Thursians wider known
Than him, who sits unmoved on high,
The Guard of heaven with sleepless eye.
'Mid charms, and chains, and restless woe,
Thy tears with double grief shall flow.
Now seat thee, maid, while I declare
Thy tide of sorrow and despair.
Thy bower shall be some giant's cell,
Where phantoms pale shall with thee dwell;
Each day, to the cold Thursian's hall,
Comfortless, wretched, shalt thou crawl;
Instead of joy and pleasure gay,
Sorrow, and tears, and sad dismay;
With some three-headed Thursian wed,
Or pine upon a lonely bed;
From morn till morn love's secret fire
Shall gnaw thine heart with vain desire;
Like barren root of thistle pent
In some high, ruined battlement.
"O'er shady hill, through greenwood round,
I sought this wand; the wand I found.
Odin is wroth, and mighty Thor;
E'en Freyr shall now thy name abhor.
But ere o'er thine ill-fated head
The last dread curse of Heaven be spread,
Giants and Thursians far and near,
Suttungur's sons, and Asians, hear,
How I forbid with fatal ban
This maid the joys, the fruit of man!
Cold Grimmer is that giant hight,
Who thee shall hold in realms of night;
Where slaves in cups of twisted roots
Shall bring foul beverage from the goats;
Nor sweeter draught, nor blither fare,
Shalt thou, sad virgin, ever share.
"'T is done! I wind the mystic charm;
Thus, thus, I trace the giant form;
And three fell characters below,
Fury, and Lust, and restless Woe.
E'en as I wound, I strait unwind
This fatal spell, if thou art kind."

GERDA sang.

"Now hail, now hail, thou warrior bold!
Take, take this cup of crystal cold,
And quaff the pure metheglin old.
Yet deemed I ne'er that love could bind
To Vanian youth my hostile mind."

SKIRNER sang.

"I turn not home to bower or hall,
Till I have learnt mine errand all;
Where thou wilt yield the night of joy
To brave Niorder's gallant boy."

GERDA sang.

"Barri is hight the seat of love;
Nine nights elapsed, in that known grove
Shall brave Niorder's gallant boy
From Gerda take the kiss of joy."

Then rode Skirner home. Freyr stood forth and hailed him, and asked, what tidings.

"Speak, Skirner, speak, and tell with speed!
Take not the harness from thy steed,
Nor stir thy foot, till thou hast said,
How fares my love with Gymer's maid!"

SKIRNER sang.

"Barri is hight the seat of love;
Nine nights elapsed, in that known grove
To brave Niorder's gallant boy
Will Gerda yield the kiss of joy."

FREYR sang.

"Long is one night, and longer twain;
But how for three endure my pain?
A month of rapture sooner flies
Than half one night of wishful sighs."

BRYNHILDA'S RIDE TO HELL.

AFTER the death of Brynhilda, two funeral piles were constructed; one for Sigurd, and that was burnt first; but Brynhilda was burnt

on the other, and she was borne on a vehicle tented with precious cloth. It is said, that Brynhilda went in this vehicle along the road to Hell, and passed by a habitation where dwelt a certain giantess. The giantess sang:

"HENCE, avaunt! nor dare invade
This pillared mansion's rocky shade;
Better at home thy needle ply,
Than thus our secret dwelling spy:
O faithless head of Valland's race,
Dar'st thou approach this charmed place?
Many a wolf, that howled for food,
Thou didst sate with human blood!"

BRYNHILDA sang.

"Maid of the rock, upbraid not me,
Though pirate-like I ploughed the sea:
Those who kenned my early merit
Shall ever praise my lofty spirit."

GIANTESS sang.

"I know thee well, ill-fated dame!
Thy sire was Budla, Brynhilda thy name:
Thou didst Giuka's race destroy,
And turn to plaint his kingdom's joy."

BRYNHILDA sang.

"Hateful head, if thou wouldst know,
I will tell my tale of woe;
How the heirs of Giuka's realm
Did my perjured love o'erwhelm.
Beneath an oak, by mournful spell,
The angry monarch garred me dwell.
Twelve years I counted, and no more,
When faith to Sigurd young I swore.
'Mongst Hlyndale's warriors was I hight
Hilda clad in helmet bright.
Helmgunnar old this arm did fell;
This falchion sent his soul to hell:
Glory I gave Audbrodur young;
But Odin's wrath waxed fierce and strong:
His powerful wand my senses bound,
And burnished shields were piled around;
And he should break my sleep alone,
Who ne'er the breath of fear had known.
Wide around my strange abode
With blazing fire the forest glowed;
And none might pass, though wise and bold,
Save who should bring stern Fofner's gold.
The generous lord stout Grana bore,
Whose might had won that precious store.
My foster-father bade me wed
The stranger to my lonely bed;
And seemed that youth alone more bold
Than all the chiefs that Denmark told.
Darkling we slept from eve till morn,
As he had been my brother born;
Eight nights the peaceful couch we shared,
Nor hand was stirred, nor touch was dared.
Yet hence did proud Gudruna say,
In Sigurd's arms Brynhilda lay:
This well I wot, Brynhilda ne'er
Would brook their foul, disloyal snare.
Women and men were born in strife
To spend the anxious hours of life;
Now, joined by death's all-healing power,
Sigurd and I shall part no more.—
Giantess, avaunt! . . . . ."

After this (says Norna Gests Saga) the giantess howled frightfully, and rushed into the caverns of the mountain.

GROTTA-SAVNGR:

THE QUERN-SONG.

GOLD is called by the poets *the meal of Frothi;* the origin of which is found in this story. Odin had a son called Skiöldr (from whom the Skiöldvngar are descended), who settled and reigned in the land which is now called Danmaurk, but was then called Gotland. Skiöldr had a son named Frithleif, who reigned after him. Frithleif's son was called Frothi, and succeeded him on the throne. At the time that the Emperor Augustus made peace over the whole world, Christ was born. But, as Frothi was the most powerful of all the monarchs of the North, that peace, wherever the Danish language was spoken, was imputed to him; and the Northmen called it Frothi's peace.

At this time no man hurt another, even if he found the murderer of his father or brother, loose or bound. Theft and robbery were then unknown, insomuch that a gold ring lay for a long time untouched in Jalangursheath.

Frothi chanced to go on a friendly visit to a certain king in Sweden, named Fiölnir; and there purchased two female slaves, called Fenia and Menia, equally distinguished for their stature and strength. In those days there were found in Danmaurk two Quernstones of such a size that no one was able to move them; and these millstones were endued with such virtue, that the Quern in grinding produced whatever the grinder wished for. The quern was called Grotti; he who presented this quern to Frothi was called Hengikiöptr (*Hanging-chops*). The king caused these slaves to be brought to the quern, and ordered them to grind gold, peace, and prosperity for Frothi; allowing them no longer rest or sleep than while the cuckow was silent, or a verse could be recited. Then they are said to have sung the lay which is called *Grotta-Savngr;* and, before they ended their song, to have ground a hostile army against Frothi, insomuch, that a certain sea-king, called Mysingr, arriving the same night, slew Frothi, taking great spoil, and so ended Frothi's Peace. Mysingr took with him the quern Grotti, with Fenia and Menia, and ordered them to grind salt. About midnight, they asked Mysingr whether he had salt enough. On his ordering them to go on grinding, they went on a little longer, till the ship sunk under the weight of the salt. A whirlpool was pro-

duced where the waves are sucked up by the mill-eye, and the waters of the sea have been salt ever since!

FENIA AND MENIA.

Now are we come
To the king's house,
Two foreseers,
Fenia and Menia.

These were at Frothi's house,
Frithleif's son,
(Mighty maidens)
Held as thralls.

They to the Quern-eye
Were led,
And the gray millstone
Were bid set a going.
He promised to neither
Rest nor relief,
Ere he heard
The maidens' lay.

They made to rumble,
Ceasing silence,
With their arms, the Quern's
Light stones.
He bade again the maidens,
That they should grind.

They sang, and whirled
The grumbling stone,
So that Frothi's folk
Mostly slept.
Then thus sang Menia,
Who had come to the grinding:

MENIA.

Let us grind riches to Frothi!
Let us grind him, happy
In plenty of substance,
On our gladdening Quern!

Let him brood over treasures!
Let him sleep on down!
Let him wake to his will!
There is well ground!
Here shall no one
Hurt another,
To plot mischief,
Or to work bane,
Nor strike therefore
With sharp sword,
Though his brother's murderer
Bound he found.

BOTH.

But he spake no
Word before this:
"Sleep not ye,
Nor the cuckows without,
Longer than while
I sing one strain."

FENIA.

Thou wast not, Frothi,
Sufficiently provident,
Though persuasively eloquent,
When thou boughtest slaves.
Thou boughtest for strength,
And for outward looks;
But of their ancestry
Didst nothing ask.

MENIA.

Hardy was Hrungnir
And his father;
Yet was Thiassi
Stouter than they.
Ithi and Arnir,
Our relations,
Mountain-ettin's brethren,—
Of them are we born.

FENIA.

The Quern had not come
From the gray fell,
Nor thus the hard
Stone from the earth,
Nor thus had ground
The mountain-ettin maiden,
If her race known
Had not been to her.

MENIA.

We, nine winters,
Playful weird-women,
Were reared to strength,
Under the earth.
We maidens stood
To our great work;
We ourselves moved
The set mountain from its place.

We whirled the Quern
At the giant's house,
So that the earth
Therewith quaked:
So swung we
The whirling stone,
The heavy rock,
That the subterraneans heard it.

FENIA.

But we since then,
In Sweden,
Two foreseers,
Have fought.
We have fed bears,
And cleft shields;
Encountered
Gray-shirted men.

We 've cast down one prince;
Stayed up another:
We gave the good
Guttormi help:
Unstably we sat,
Till the heroes fell.

Forward held we
These six months so
That we in conflicts
Were known.
There scored we
With sharp spears
Blood from wounds,
And reddened brands.

Now are we come
To the king's house,
Unpitied,
And held as thralls.

The earth bites our feet beneath,
And the cold above;
We drive an enemy's Quern;
Sad is it at Frothi's house!

Hands shall rest;
The stone must stand;
I 've ground for my part
With diligence.

MENIA.

Now must not to hands
Rest well be given,
Till enough ground
Frothi thinks.

Hands of men shall
Harden swords,
Blood-dropping weapons.

FENIA.

Awake thou, Frothi!
Awake thou, Frothi!
If thou wilt listen to
Our song
And prophetic sayings.

I see fire burn
East of the town;
The war-heralds wake;
It must be called the beacon.
An army must come
Hither forthwith,
And burn the town
For the prince.

Thou must no more hold
The throne of state,
Nor red rings,
Nor stone edifice.
Let us drive the Quern,
Maiden, more sharply!
We shall not be armed
In the bloody fray.

MENIA.

My father's daughter
Ground more furiously,
Because the near deaths she
Of many men saw.
Wide sprung the large
Prop (from the quern-eye)
Of iron to a distance.—
Yet let us grind on!

FENIA.

Yet let us grind on!
Ysu's son must
With the Kalfdani
Revenge Frothi.
So must he of his mother
Be called
Son and brother:—
We both know that.

The maidens ground,
And bestowed their strength.
The young women were in
Ettin mood.
The spindle flew wide;
The hopper fell off;
Burst the heavy
Nether millstone in two!

But the mountain-giantess
Women these words said:
"We have ground, Frothi!
Now must we finish:
Full long stood
We maidens at the grinding."

VEGTAM'S QVIDA:

THE SONG OF VEGTAM, OR THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

Odin resolved to visit the tomb of a celebrated Vala, or prophetess, and to learn from her the secrets of the dead. Gray's beautiful version of his journey is well known; but, as it was taken from Bartholin's Latin translation, and as no literal one has ever been published in English, the following may not be deemed superfluous.

Up rose Odin,
The watcher of time,
And upon Sleipner
Laid the saddle:
Downwards he rode
To death's spectre-realm;
He met a hound
Coming from Hela.

Clotted blood
Was on its breast,
Round its savage fangs,
And its jowl beneath.
Against the father of song
It bayed fearfully,
Opened wide its jaws,
And howled aloud.

On rode Odin;
The earth shook;

He came to Hela's
Drear abode:
Then he rode
Eastwards before the gate,
Where a Vala
Lay interred.

He sang for the wise one
Dead men's songs;
Then towards north
Laid the magic letters,
Muttered incantations,
Summoned wizard words,
Till he forced the dead
To rise and speak.

VALA.

Who is the man,
Unknown to me,
Who disturbs
My spirit's rest?
Enwrapped in snow,
Drenched with rain,
Moistened by dew,
Long have I lain in death.

WANDERER.

Wanderer is my name,
Valtam's son am I;
Tell me of Hela's realm,
I will tell thee of earth:
For whom are prepared
The decorated seats,
The lordly couch
Radiant with gold?

VALA.

Here standeth mead,
For Balder brewed;
A shield covers
The clear liquor;
The race of Aser
Yield to despair.
Force hath made me speak;
Now will I be silent.

WANDERER.

Be not silent, Vala!
I will question thee
Until I have learned all;
More I must know.
Who shall compass
Balder's death?
Who Odin's son
Deprive of life?

VALA.

Hödur beareth
The fated plant;
He shall be cause
Of Balder's death,
And Odin's son
Deprive of life.
Force hath made me speak;
Now will I be silent.

WANDERER.

Be not silent, Vala!
I will question thee
Until I learn all;
More I must know.
Who shall on Hödur
Pour out vengeance,
And Balder's bane
Lay on the bier?

VALA.

Rinda bears a son
In the western halls:
On the day of his birth,
He shall lay low the son of Odin:
His hand he shall not lave,
Nor comb his hair,
Ere that he placeth on the bier
The adversary of Balder.
Force hath made me speak;
Now will I be silent.

WANDERER.

Be not silent, Vala!
I will question thee.
Who are the maids
Who will not weep,
But suffer their veils
To float towards heaven?
Tell me this only;
Thou sleepest not before.

VALA.

Thou art no wanderer,
As I believed;
Surely art thou Odin,
The watcher of time.

ODIN.

Thou art not a Vala,
Nor a wise woman;
But rather the mother
Of three giants.

VALA.

Ride home, Odin,
And boast of thy journey:
For never again
Shall another disturb me,
Until Loke shall break
Loose from his chains,
And the last twilight
Fall on the gods.

GUNLAUG AND RAFEN.

FROM THE "SOLAR-LIOD": THE LAY OF THE SUN.

The rich delights of love
To many fatal prove;
From women oft does sorrow spring:
Much evil do they bear,
Though fashioned purely fair
And chaste by heaven's almighty King.

To Gunlaug fondly joined
In peace was Rafen's mind;
Each was the other's dearest joy:
Ere they, to fury moved,
One beauteous woman loved,
Whose peerless charms did both destroy.

Nor after heeded they
Or sports or light of day,
All for that blooming maiden bright;
Nor any other form
Their wildered thoughts could warm,
Save that fair body's lovely light.

Mournful and sad to them
Each night's dark shadow came,
Nor ever found they slumbers sweet;
But from their hapless fate
Waxed quickly savage hate
Between true friends with deadly heat.

Passions of strange excess
Beget severe distress,
And punishment of keenest woe:
The single fight they tried,
For that delightful bride,
And each received the fatal blow.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BIARKEMAAL,

OR BATTLE-SONG OF BIARKE.—A FRAGMENT.

This song was composed in the sixth century, by Bodvar Biarke, one of Hrolf Krake's warriors. The following lines are but the commencement of it; the remainder is lost. The original may be found in Sturleson's "Heimskringla," and a Latin version in Saxo-Grammaticus.

The bird of morn has risen,
The rosy dawn 'gins break;
'Tis time from sleepy prison
Vil's sons to toil should wake.
Wake from inglorious slumber!
The warrior's rest is short,—
Wake! whom our chiefs we number,—
The lords of Adil's court.

Har, strong of arm, come forth!
Rolf, matchless for the bow!
Both Northmen, of good birth,
Who ne'er turned face from foe!
Wake not for foaming cup,
Wake not for maiden's smile,
Men of the North! wake up,
For iron Hilda's toil!

THE DEATH-SONG OF REGNER LODBROCK.

Regner Lodbrock, king of Denmark, being taken in battle by Ella, king of Northumberland, was thrown into a dungeon to be stung to death by serpents. While dying, he composed this song; though it is conjectured that a great part of it was the work of some other Skald. Regner Lodbrock died about the close of the eighth century. The original may be found in "Literatur. Runic. Olaj Wormij"; and in Percy's "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," London: 1763.

We smote with swords; nor long, before
In arms I reached the Gothic shore,
To work the loathly serpent's death.
I slew the reptile of the heath;
My prize was Thora; from that fight,
'Mongst warriors am I Lodbrock hight.
I pierced the monster's scaly side
With steel, the soldier's wealth and pride.

We smote with swords; in early youth
I fought by Eyra's billowy mouth.
Where high the echoing basnites rung
To the hard javelin's iron tongue,
The wolf and golden-footed bird
Gleaned plenteous harvest of the sword.
Dark grew the ocean's swollen water;
The raven waded deep in slaughter.

We smote with swords; ere twenty years
Were numbered, in the din of spears
I reared my armed hand, and spread
The tide of battle fierce and red.
Eight earls my weighty arm subdued,
Eastward by Dwina's icy flood;
There the gaunt falcon lacked not food.
The sweat of death distained the wave;
The army tined[1] its warriors brave.

We smote with swords; fierce Hedin's queen
'Mid the hot storm of war was seen,
When Helsing's youths to Odin's hall
We bade, and garred her prowess fall.
Our vessels ploughed through Ifa's flood;
The arrows stung; the stream was blood.

[1] Lost.

Brands grated on the mail, and through
Cleft shields the death-fraught lances flew.

We smote with swords; none fled, I trow,
Ere on the masted galley's prow
Bold Hermud fell: no fairer earl
Did e'er his bellying sail unfurl
On winged steeds, that spurn the main,
Cleaving the seafowl's lonely reign;
No lord in stour[2] more widely feared
To distant port his vessel steered.
That glorious chieftain's glowing heart
In fight aye sought the foremost part.

We smote with swords; in fierce affray
The warriors cast their shields away:
By rifling steel with fury driven
Many a fearless breast was riven;
And, 'midst the din, from Skarpa's rock
Echoed the falchion's sounding shock.
The iron orbs with blood were dyed,
Ere sunk King Rafen's youthful pride.
Hot streaming from each valiant head
Sweat on coats of mail was shed.

We smote with swords; near Inder's shore
A sumptuous meal the ravens tore;
Nor carnage lacked to glut those steeds
On which the sorceress Vala speeds.
'T was hard to 'scape unharmed that day:
When peered the sun's first dawning ray,
Shafts saw I starting from the string;
The bent bow made the metal ring.

We smote with swords; loud clanged the plain,
Ere Ulla's field saw Eysteinn slain.
With gold adorned, our conquering band
Strode o'er the desolated land;
And swift to meet each helmed head
The pointed flames of arrows sped:
Down many a neck the purple gore
Trickled from the burning sore.

. . . . . .

We smote with swords; near Hadning's bay
(Hilda's sport and Hilda's fray)
Every noble warrior held
High in air his charmed shield.
Bucklers brast,[3] and men were slain;
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain.
'T was not, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

We smote with swords; the iron sleet
Against the shields with fury beat.
On Northumbria's hostile shore
Heroes weltered in their gore:
Our foes at early dawn of light
Fled not from the sport of fight,
Hilda's sport, where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's surface sheen.
'T was not like kissing widow sweet
Reclining in the highest seat.

. . . . . .

We smote with swords; at dawn of day
Hundred spearmen gasping lay,
Bent beneath the arrowy strife.
Egill reft my son of life;
Too soon my Agnar's youth was spent,
The scabbard-thorn his bosom rent:
The whiles each warrior's clashing steel
Contentious rung a dreadful peal
On the gray hauberks, Hamder's pride;
And our bright standards glittered wide.

. . . . . .

We smote with swords; at morn I viewed
The fair-haired prince by fate subdued;
Gay Aurn (whose voice the widows loved,
Whose charms the blooming virgins moved)
Fainting, waning to his end:
In Ila's sound that day he kenned
Other sport; 't was not, I ween,
Like quaffing from the goblet sheen
Fuming wine by maidens poured;
Yet, ere he fell, the battle roared,
The fulgent orbs in twain were cleft,
And lifeless many a kemp[4] was left.

. . . . . .

We smote with swords; the sounding blades,
Ruddy with gold, assailed our heads.
In after-times on Anglesey
Shall mortals trace the bloody fray,
Where Hilda's iron vesture rung,
Where kings marched forth, and spears were flung.
Like winged dragons, red with gore
Our lances hissed along the shore.

We smote with swords; what fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife
Nathless must lose his dastard life.
When waves of war conflicting roll,
'T is hard to whet the coward soul
To deeds of worth; the timid heart
Will never act a warrior's part.

We smote with swords; this deem I right,
Youth to youth in sturdy fight
Each his meeting falchion wield;
Thane to thane should never yield.
Such was aye the soldier's boast,
Firm to face the adverse host.
Boldest, who prize fair maidens' love,
Must in the din of battle move.

We smote with swords; I hold, that all
By destiny or live or fall:
Each his certain hour awaits;
Few can 'scape the ruling Fates.
When I scattered slaughter wide,
And launched my vessels to the tide,
I deemed not, I, that Ella's blade
Was doomed at last to bow my head;
But hewed in every Scottish bay
Fresh banquets for the beasts of prey.

[2] War. [3] Broke with noise. [4] Warrior.

We smote with swords; my parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is decked, the seats are spread!
In Fiolner's court, with costly cheer,
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer,
From hollow skulls of warriors slain!
Heroes ne'er in death complain;
To Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

We smote with swords; their falchions bright
(If well they kenned their father's plight,
How, venom-filled, a viperous brood
Have gnawed his flesh and lapped his blood)
Thy sons would grasp, Aslauga dear,
And vengeful wake the battle here.
A mother to my bairns I gave
Of sterling worth, to make them brave.

We smote with swords; cold death is near,
My rights are passing to my heir.
Grim stings the adder's forked dart;
The vipers nestle in my heart.
But soon, I wot, shall Vider's wand
Fixed in Ella's bosom stand.
My youthful sons with rage will swell,
Listening how their father fell:
Those gallant boys in peace unbroken
Will never rest, till I be wroken.

We smote with swords; where javelins fly,
Where lances meet, and warriors die,
Fifty times and one I stood
Foremost on the field of blood.
Full young I 'gan distain my sword,
Nor feared I force of adverse lord;
Nor deemed I then that any arm
By might or guile could work me harm.
Me to their feast the gods must call;
The brave man wails not o'er his fall.

Cease, my strain! I hear a voice
From realms where martial souls rejoice:
I hear the maids of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall:
High-seated in their blest abodes
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall; but smiling shall I die.

THE BATTLE OF HAFUR'S BAY.

This poem was written by Thorbiörn Hornklove, one of the Skalds of Harald Harfager. Gyda, daughter of Eric, prince of Hordaland, would not consent to become the bride of Harald, until, for her sake, he had conquered all Norway. Whereupon he made a solemn vow neither to cut nor comb his hair until he had subdued the land. The battle of Hafur's Bay, in 885, in which he gained the victory over Kiotva and his son Haklang, established his empire, and made him the first king of Norway. This victory is the subject of the song. The original may be found in Sturleson's "Heimskringla."

Loud in Hafur's echoing bay
Heard ye the battle fiercely bray,
'Twixt Kiotva rich and Harald bold?
Eastward sail the ships of war;
The graven bucklers gleam afar,
And monstrous heads adorn the prows of gold.

Glittering shields of purest white,
And swords, and Celtic falchions bright,
And western chiefs the vessels bring:
Loudly scream the savage rout,
The maddening champions wildly shout,
And long and loud the twisted hauberks ring.

Firm in fight they proudly vie
With him, whose might will gar them fly,
Imperial Utstein's warlike head:
Forth his gallant fleet he drew,
Soon as the hope of battle grew;
But many a buckler brast, ere Haklang bled.

Fled the lusty Kiotva then
Before the fair-haired king of men,
And bade the islands shield his flight.
Warriors, wounded in the fray,
Beneath the thwarts all gasping lay,
Where, headlong cast, they mourned the loss of light.

Galled by many a missive stone
(Their golden shields behind them thrown),
Homeward the grieving soldiers speed:
Fast from Hafur's bay they hie,
East-mountaineers o'er Jadar fly,
And thirst for goblets of the sparkling mead.

DEATH-SONG OF HAKON.

This song was written by Eyvind Skaldaspillar, the most celebrated of all the Skalds. He flourished in the latter half of the tenth century, at the court of Hakon the Good. The original may be found in Sturleson's "Heimskringla," and in Percy.

Skogul and Gondula
The god Tyr sent
To choose a king
Of the race of Ingva,
To dwell with Odin
In roomy Valhalla.

The brother of Biorn
They found unmailed;
Arrows were sailing,
Foes were falling,
Hoisted was the banner,
The hider of heaven.

The wicked sea-king
Had summoned Haleyg;
The slayer of earls
With a gang of Norsemen
Against the islanders
Was come in his helmet.

The father of the people,
Bare of his armure,
Sported in the field;
And was hurling coits
With the sons of the nobles.

Glad was he to hear
A shouting for battle:
And soon he stood
In his helmet of gold;
Soon was the sword
A sickle in his hand.

The blades glittered,
The hauberks were cleft;
Blows of weapons
Dinned on the skulls:
Trodden were the shields
Of the death-doomed of Tyr,
Their rings and their crests,
By the hard-footed Norsemen.

The kings broke through
The hedges of shields,
And stained them with blood:
Red and reeking,
As if on fire,
The hot swords leaped
From wound to wound:
Curdling gore
Trickled along the spears
On to the shore of Storda;
Into the waves fell
Corses of the slain.

The care of plunder
Was busy in the fight:
For rings they strove,
Amid the storm of Odin,
And strove the fiercer.
Men of marrow bent
Before the stream of blades,
And lay bleeding
Behind their shields.

Their swords blunted,
Their actons pierced,
The chieftains sat down;
And the host no more
Struggled to reach
The halls of the dead.

When, lo! Gondula,
Pointing with her spear,
Said to her sister:
"Soon shall increase
The band of the gods:
To Odin's feast
Hakon is bidden."

The king beheld
The beautiful maids
Sitting on their horses
In shining armure,
Their shields before them,
Solemnly thoughtful.

The king heard
The words of their lips,
Saw them beckon
With pale hands,
And thus bespake them:
"Mighty goddesses,
Were we not worthy
You should choose us
A better doom?"

Skogul answered:
"Thy foes have fallen,
Thy land is free,
Thy fame is pure;
Now we must ride
To greener worlds,
To tell Odin
That Hakon comes."

The father of battles
Heard the tidings,
And said to his sons:
"Hermode and Braga,
Greet the chieftain
Who comes to our hall."

They rose from their seats;
They led Hakon,
Bright in his arms,
Red in his blood,
To Odin's board.
"Stern are the gods,"
Hakon said,
"Not on my soul
Doth Odin smile."

Braga replied:
"Here thou shalt find
Peace with the heroes.
Eight of thy brothers
Quaff already
The ale of gods."

"Like them I will wear
The arms I loved,"
Answered the king;
"'T is well to keep
One's armure on;
'T is well to keep
One's sword at hand."

Now it was seen
How duly Hakon
Had paid his offerings;
For the lesser gods
All came to welcome
The guest of Valhalla.

"Hallowed be the day,
Praised the year,
When a king is born
Whom the gods love!
By him, his time
And his land shall be known

"The wolf Fenrir,
Freed from the chain,
Shall range the earth,
Ere on this shore
His like shall rule.

"Wealth is wasted,
Kinsmen are mortal,
Kingdoms are parted;
But Hakon remains
High among the gods,
Till the trumpet shall sound."

THE SONG OF HARALD THE HARDY.

HARALD the Hardy reigned in Norway the latter half of the eleventh century. The Russian maiden, alluded to in the following poem, was the daughter of Jarisleif, king of Gardarike (a part of Russia). In this song he vaunts his own prowess, as was the custom of the Northern sea-rovers; though, in his feats of dexterity, he hardly equalled his predecessor, Olaf Tryggvason, of whom it is said, that he could walk on the oars outside of his boat while the men were rowing. The original may be found in Bartholinus's "De Causis Contemptæ a Danis Mortis," and in Percy.

My bark around Sicilia sailed;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong:
The winged ship, by youths impelled,
Skimmed (as we hoped) the waves along.
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem's heath;
I saw her sons to battle move;
Though few, upon that field of death,
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove.
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious waxed the tide;
O'er the deep bark its billows flew.
My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Eight feats I ken: the sportive game,
The war array, the fabrile art;
With fearless breast the waves I stem;
I press the steed; I cast the dart;
O'er icé on slippery skates I glide;
My dexterous oar defies the tide.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Let blooming maid and widow say,
'Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day!
What falchions sounded through their halls!
What blood distained each weighty spear!
Those feats are famous far and near!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Where snow-clad Uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew 'mid bowmen strong;
But now my bark, the peasant's dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
'Midst barren isles, where ocean foamed,
Far from the tread of man I roamed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

SONG OF THE BERSERKS.

FROM THE HERVARAR SAGA.

"THE wind was brisk, and lifted the streamers; the sun was bright; and the ship, with its twelve heroes, scudded hissing along the waves toward Samsey, while the crew thus sang":

BROWN are our ships,
But the Vauns admire
The haunts of the brave;
Horses of the sea,
They carry the warrior
To the winning of plunder.

The wandering home
Enriches the fixed one;
Welcome to woman
Is the crosser of ocean;
Merry are children
In strange attire.

Narrow are our beds,
As graves of the nameless;
But mighty our rising,
As the storms of Thor;
He fears not man,
Who laughs at the tempest.

Who feeds with corses
The whales of Æger
Shall deck his hall
With far-fetched booty,
And quaff at will
The wine of the South.

THE COMBAT OF HIALMAR AND ODDUR.

FROM THE HERVARAR SAGA.

ODDUR.

Hialmar, what does thee betide?
Has thy color waxed pale?
Mighty wounds have wrought thee woe;
Sad I sing the mournful tale.
Furious blows have cleft thine helm,
On thy side have rent thy mail;
Now thy life is nearly spent;
Sad I sing the mournful tale.

HIALMAR.

Sixteen wounds my body bears,
And my mail is rent in twain;
Darkness hangs before my sight;
Ill my limbs their weight sustain.
Angantyr's enchanted blade
Stings my heart with fatal pain;
Keenly piercing is the point,
Hard, and steeped in deadly bane.

Proud domains and palaces
Five I ruled with puissant hand;
Yet I never could abide
Peaceful in my native land.
Hopeless now of light and life,
Rest I on a foreign strand,
Here on Samsey's joyless shore,
Wounded by the piercing brand.

Seated at the royal board,
Many lords of high degree
In the court of Upsala
Quaff the ale with mirth and glee;
Many with the liquor filled
On the ground lie heavily:
Me the sword's keen wounds afflict,
Circled by the lonely sea.

Youthful beauty's fairest flower
Me, the monarch's daughter, led
To the shore of Agnafit,
Soon a foreign coast to tread.
True I find the fatal words
Which the parting damsel said:
That I never should return
Blithe to claim her promised bed.

Thence unwilling did I wend,
Severed from the festive lay
Which the lovely women sing
East of Sota's spacious bay.
In the swiftly sailing bark
O'er the waves I took my way;
Faithful friends the vessel trimmed;
Here we sped with short delay.

From my finger draw the ring,
E'en in death my dearest pride;
To the blooming Ingebiorg
Bear it o'er the billows wide.
In her bosom fair and young
Constant sorrow shall abide,
When she hears I ne'er return
Blithe to claim my promised bride.

O'er the rugged desert wild
East the hungry raven flies;
And behind on stronger wing
Swift the lordly eagle hies:
Soon to glut his hasty rage
Here my feeble body lies;
He will gorge the welling blood,
As I close my dying eyes.

THE DYING SONG OF ASBIÖRN.

FROM ORMS STOROLFSENS SAGA.

Know, gentle mother, know,
Thou wilt not comb my flowing hair,
When summer sweets return
In Denmark's valleys, Svanvhide fair!
O, whilom had I fondly vowed
To hie me to my native land!
Now must my panting side be torn
By my keen foe's relentless brand!

Not such those days of yore,
When blithe we quaffed the foaming ale;
Or urged across the waves
From Hordaland the flying sail;
Or gladly drank the sparkling mead,
While social mirth beguiled the hour.
Now, lonely in the narrow den,
I mourn the giant's savage power.

Not such those days of yore,
When forth we went in warlike show:
Storolf's all-glorious son
Stood foremost on the armed prow,
As, sailing fast to Oresound,
The long-keeled vessels cleft the wave.
Now, tolled into the fatal snare,
I mourn beneath the sorcerer's cave.

Not such those days of yore,
When conquest marked proud Ormur's way,
Stirring the storm of war,
To glut the greedy beasts of prey:
Beneath his thundering falchion's stroke
Flowed the deep waters red with gore,
And many a gallant warrior fell
To feed the wolves on Ifa's shore.

Not such those days of yore,
When, south on Elfa's rocky coast,
Warring with weapons keen,
I fiercely smote the adverse host:
Oft from the loudly sounding bow
Ormur's unerring arrows flew,
Deadly, whene'er his wrath pursued
The bold sea-rover's trusty crew.

. . . . . .

Not such those days of yore,
When, swift to meet the haughty foe,
We roused the strife of swords,
Nor e'er declined the hostile blow:

Seldom did I the steel withhold,
Or let to sting the warrior's side;
But aye did Ormur's ruthless arm
Humble our foemen's sturdy pride.

O, did thy generous soul
Thy dying fere's[1] last anguish know,
Ormur, thine heart would rise,
Thy warlike eyes with fury glow!
Friendship, to venge my fatal wrongs
(If power remain), will point the way;
And soon beneath thy biting glaive
My torturer rue this cruel day!

THE SONG OF HROKE THE BLACK.

FROM HALFS SAGA.

By Hamund's son now be it told,
That two we were in battle bold;
Greater was our father's fame,
Mightier than thy Haco's name.
Let Vifill be to none preferred,
Of those who wait on Hamund's herd!
Never swine-herd saw I there
Mean of soul as Hiedin's heir.
Happier was my active fate,
When I followed Alfur great.
In war united did we stand,
And harried each surrounding land.
Dauntless warriors then we led,
Where glory crowns the valiant head;
In polished helmets did we shine,
Roaming through mighty regions nine.
In either hand, without his shield,
The sword I 've seen the monarch wield;
Nor warrior lived, or near, or wide,
With stouter heart and nobler pride.
Yet some have said, who little wissed,
Haleyga's lord all reason missed.
I never saw the valiant king
Lack what prudent counsels bring.
He bade his warriors never quail,
Nor in pain of death bewail;
None beneath his banners wait,
Save who embraced their leader's fate;
None groan upon the battle's ground,
Though pierced and galled by many wound;
Nor pause to bind the sores that burn,
Before the morning sun's return;
None afflict the captive foe,
Nor work the matron's shame and woe;
Maidens chaste their honor hold,
Ransomed by their parents' gold.
Never bark, though stoutly manned,
Garred us fly the hostile band;
Small our force, but firm and good,
One against eleven stood.
Where'er we moved in armed array,
To conquest still he led the way;
No chief so swift to wield the sword,
Save Sigurd famed at Giuka's board.

[1] Companion.

Warriors many, good and proud,
Did to the monarch's vessel crowd:
Bork, and Brynlulf's hardy might;
Bolverk, Haco fierce in fight;
Eigill was there, and Erling young,
Wighty[1] sons of Aslac strong.
Foremost of the martial crew
Alf and my brother Hroke I knew;
Styr and Steinar did I ken,
Sons of Gunlad, warlike men.
Hring and Halfdan bravely stood,
Right-judging Danes, and Dag the proud;
Stare, and Steingrim, Stafe, and Gaut;
Doughtier would be vainly sought;
Vale, and Hauk, sea-rovers bold,
Did to our monarch firmly hold;
Champions more sturdy than the twain,
Few lived in Haco's wide domain.
Nor I amid that warlike race
Did e'er my father's arm disgrace;
They said, none earned a higher name,
For each upheld his comrade's fame.
Woe worth Vemund, who did slay
Berse and Biorn upon a day,
Before the king, who boldly trained
His dauntless troops, while life remained!
That precious life was not preserved
Long, as fearless deeds deserved;
Scarce twelve years old he first 'gan fight,
Just thirty on the fatal night.
'T is this which gars me little sleep,
And watchful bids me nightly weep;
Still mindful of my brother's fate,
Burnt alive with Alfur great.
Of all the hours that mortals know,
This caused me heaviest, deepest woe;
Taught since then by angry Heaven
To follow friendly counsel given.
Vengeance for my fallen king
Alone can joy and comfort bring;
If I through Asmund's recreant heart
Might drive the sword or piercing dart.
Vengeance for Alfur brave be ta'en,
Deceived in peace, and foully slain!
Murder was wrought in evil hour
By treacherous Asmund's baneful power.
Mine the task in arms to prove,
When Swein and I to battle move,
Which is most in combat brave,
Hamund's son, or Haco's slave.
Thus have I sung to maiden fair;
Thus to Brynhilda love declare:
If Hroke, great Hamund's son, might know
That she to him would favor show.
Hope should I have, if we were joined,
Warriors wise and bold to find;
For maid more peerless, well I ween,
Than Haco's daughter, ne'er was seen;
With every charm and virtue fraught,
That e'er my youthful wishes sought.
Now seem I here unknown to stand
A nameless wight in Haco's land;
Higher rank his vassals hold
Than the kemps of Alfur bold.

[1] Stout, active.

THE LAMENTATION OF STARKADER.

ORIGINAL IN BARTHOLINUS.

That chief I followed whom I kenned
Mightiest in battle's strife;
Those were the happiest, fairest days
Of all my varied life:

Before (as angry fate decreed),
Where evil spirits led,
For the last time in joyful trim
To Hordaland I sped:

There, by each hateful curse pursued,
To work a deed of shame;
And (such, alas! my bitter lot)
To gain a traitor's name.

Vikar my king (stout Geirthiof's bane,
And famed in deadly stour)
Aloft, sad victim to the gods,
I hung in evil hour.

My weapon to the chieftain's heart
Thrust deep the deadly blow;
Of all the works my hand hath wrought,
This caused me keenest woe.

Thence hapless have I wandered on
A wild, ill-fated road;
Abhorred of every Hordian boor,
And bent by sorrow's load:

Without or wealth to soothe my cares,
Or joy of honest fame;
No king to guide my pathless way,
No thought, but woe and shame.

GRYMUR AND HIALMAR.

FROM THE RHYME OF KARL AND GRYMUR IN BIÖRNER'S RIMUR.

Grymur stands on Gothic land;
Wolves shall lick the bloody strand,
If the sturdy warriors fight
Proudly for the virgin bright.
On the shore each eye was bent;
The land was decked with many a tent;
Bright the host with princely show;
Hialmar ruled that host, I trow.
Loud he cried, "Ye strangers free,
Whose yon fleet that stems the sea?"
Forth stepped, and named him, Grymur strong:
"Thee have I sought this summer long."—
"Now welcome, Grymur! good thy fare,
Health and honor be thy share!
Gold, and wine of fairest hue,
Will I give thee, not untrue."—
"I take not, I, thy bidding fair;
This heart is bent on savage war.
Gird thee, gird thee, for the fight!
We must feed the wolves to-night!"—
"Rather be our thoughts of peace"
(Hialmar spoke with courteous phrase);
"Let us dwell, like brothers sworn,
Joined in sweet friendship night and morn!
Wake we not the strife of shields!
Well this arm the falchion wields;
But the lovely virgin's hand
Now I woo from Swedish land."
Fierce and furious waxed the knight;
Loud he cried, with wounded spite,
"Bowne[1] thee quick to smite my shield;
Shrink not from the martial field!"—
"Costly rings I give to thee
With my sister fair to see,
Biarmaland and princely sway,
So we feed not birds of prey."—
"I thy sister will not see;
Bid not thou such gifts to me!
Cowards linger, slow from fear;
This the noble maid will hear."
Hialmar cries, with passion sore,
"Youth, I scorn to soothe thee more!
Stand the fight! on bucklers sheen
Prove we straight our weapons keen!"
He has ta'en his hauberk white,
Trusty blade, and helmet bright;
And his buckler gleams afar;
Stouter ne'er was held in war.
First by lot must Grymur smite;
Armed he was to stir the fight.
He clove the buckler with his brand,
And struck to ground Hialmar's hand.
But never flinched that warrior true,
Nor deigned, though maimed, for peace to sue.
His glaive, upraised with dauntless main,
Split Grymur's helm and mail in twain.
Streaming flowed apace the gore;
The sharp-edged sword had smote him sore:
His breast and entrails felt the wound,
And the blade shivered on the ground.
Hialmar cried, "The stroke is light;
My trusty falchion failed to bite:
Had both mine arms discharged the blow,
Warrior, thou hadst now been low."
Grymur fierce, with either hand,
Reckless upheaved his deadly brand;
He smote the helm; his weapon's point
Cleft head and brain with dreadful dint.
Clanged in the steel the ringing sword;
The host beheld their prostrate lord.
Nor long the fainting Grymur stood,
For gushing welled the stream of blood.
Hialmar good lies buried there;
Grymur home his soldiers bare.
As he neared the Swedish ground,
Swelled apace his burning wound;
Strength and life began to fail:
The king, the maiden, heard the tale.
Whence, but from her, the leech's aid?
And who, but Grymur, claimed the maid?
Wassail was kept in the monarch's hall,
And proudly dight were the courtiers all.
Each heart was brisk, as the wine did flow;
No goblet of water was poured, I trow.
The nuptial feast was blithe and gay;
The gifts of the king were large that day:
Bracelet, or necklace, or ring of gold,
Must every trusty liegeman hold.
The virgin blessed the youth of her choice,
And bridegroom and bride *did both* rejoice.

[1] Make ready.

DANISH LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

The Danish language is a daughter of the old Norse, or Icelandic. It began to assume new forms, and to take the character of a separate language, about the beginning of the twelfth century. Petersen, in his history of the language, divides the various changes it has undergone into four periods:* 1. Oldest Danish, from 1100 till 1250; 2. Older Danish, from 1250 till 1400; 3. Old Danish, from 1400 till 1530; 4. Modern Danish, from 1530 till 1700. Through these changes the old Icelandic passed into the Danish of the present day.

The Danish language is not confined to Denmark only, but is the language of literature and of cultivated society in Norway also. The Norse, or Norwegian, exists only in the form of dialects, of which the principal are: 1. The Guldbrandsdalske; 2. The Hardangerske; 3. The Nordalske; 4. The Sogns dialect; 5. Dialect of the Orkney Islands; 6. Dialect of the Faroe Islands.†

In these dialects, spoken by the peasantry in the mountains of Norway, are found many words of the ancient mother tongue, no longer in use in towns; as snow and ice remain unmelted in the mountain ravines, long after they have disappeared from the thoroughfares and cultivated fields. "The remains of the old Norwegian language," says Hallager, "are not to be sought for in the commercial towns of Norway, nor in their environs, where the language, like the manners, is Danish; but in the interior of the country, in the highlands, and particularly among the peasantry, who have little or no communication with the sea-port towns. This language, then, is nothing more than what it is generally called, — a peasant language (*et Bondemaal*); but it contains a great number of very significant expressions, and so many ancient Danish words, no longer in use elsewhere, that, on this account even, it merits the attention of linguists. The Norwegian is distinguished from the other two Northern (Scandinavian) languages, not only by a rich vocabulary of words peculiar to itself, its own pronunciation and inflections, but also by a peculiar combination of words, or syntax; so that we may say, that only literary cultivation is wanting to render it an independent language, like the others." ‡

The first name on the records of Danish poetry is that of Peder Laale. Who he was, and when he lived, have not been very clearly made out; though, as near as can be ascertained, he flourished during the first half of the fifteenth century. His only work is a volume of popular proverbs in rather uncouth rhymes. In the days of old, the Danish Muse stammered in these proverbs, says Ole Borch (*Balbutiebant olim vernaculi numeri in Petri Laalii proverbiis*). Resting on so slight a foundation, Peder's chance for immortality would seem to be but small; but they have placed him at the head of the poetic catalogue, and, on the title-page of the first edition of his book, he is called the light of the Danes, and the bright exemplar and specimen of men (*Danorum lux et doctorum virorum evidens exemplum atque specimen*).* In the latter half of the same century lived Broder Niels (Friar Nicholas), a monk in the Cistercian convent of Soroe, and author of the old Danish "Rhyme-Chronicle," in which he has versified some of the wonderful fables of Saxo-Grammaticus. At the same period flourished, likewise, a better poet than either of the foregoing, Herr Mikkel of Odense, a priest who wrote poems upon the "Rosary of the Virgin Mary," the "Creation of the World," "Human Life," and a few psalms.

The sixteenth century commences with Gottfried of Gemen's publication of the romance of "Flores og Blantzeflor," which, in some form or other, had been current in Denmark for two centuries previous. Euphemia, Queen of Norway, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, being much addicted to novel-reading, caused this romance to be translated into the Northern tongue; but the text of Gottfried's edition is of later date, so that the romance belongs, properly speaking, to the beginning of the sixteenth century. To the same period belong the "History of Broder Rus" (Friar Rush); the "Fæmthen Teghn" (the Fifteen Signs of Christ's Coming); and the "Sjæls Kjæremaal over Kroppen" (the Soul's Complaint of the Body), being a translation from the Latin, and not unlike the Anglo-Saxon poem on the same subject.

In the first half of this century, appears the earliest of the Danish dramatic writers, Christen Hansen, schoolmaster in Odense. He is the author of three dramatic pieces, belonging to that class known in the Middle Ages as

* Det Danske, Norske og Svenske Sprogs Historie, af H. M. Petersen, 2 vols. Copenhagen: 1829. 12mo.

† Norske Ordsamling; udgivet ved Laurents Hallager. Copenhagen: 1802. 8vo.

‡ Norske Ordsamling; Preface, p. i.

* See Den Danske Digtekunsts Historie, ved R. Nyerup og K. L. Rahbek. 2 vols. Copenhagen: 1828. 8vo.

Mysteries and Moralities. These pieces are entitled, "The Tale of the Old Woman, who, with the Help of her Dog, seduced a Damsel to her Undoing," in which the characters are Maritus, Uxor, Vir Rusticus, Bagnio-Keeper, Mulier, Monachus, Aulicus, Vetula, Diabolus, and Præco or Prologue; "The Judgment of Paris"; and "The Comedy of Saint Dorothea, a Mystery," in which the author, to use the words of Boileau,

> "Sottement zélé en sa simplicité,
> Joua les Saints, la Vierge et Dieu par piété."

The same subject has been treated by some of the old French playwrights, and later by Massinger, in his beautiful play of "The Virgin-Martyr."

To the same period belong "A Dialogue on the Popish Mass"; "A Book of Vigils, or Satires against the Catholic Clergy"; "A Dialogue between Peder Smid and Aager Bonde, on certain Dogmas of the Church"; "The Dance of Death," in the spirit of the Spanish, German, and other death-dances of the time; and twenty-two writers of psalms, whose names I will not repeat here, but whose labors may be found in the psalm-books of the day. In the same century occur the names of Herman Weigere, translator of "Æsop's Fables," and the renowned German satire of "Reineke Fos," called in Danish, "Rævebog or Mikkel Ræv" (the Book of the Fox, or Michael Fox); — Niels Jensen, who translated from the German of Hans Sachs a piece entitled "The Bagnio of Hell, a merry Story, in which the Devil laments that his Realm is growing too small for him, and sends for Workmen to make it larger, and how Matters went on there"; — Henrich Christensen, translator of the rhymed novel of "King Persenober and Queen Constantianobis," to whom probably belong, also, a translation of the "Alphabetum Aulicum," in which the life of the court is described in a series of lines, beginning with the letters of the alphabet in succession, and "The Chronicle of Bergen" in rhyme; — Rasmus Hansen Reravius, author of the "*Œconomia*, or how the Father of a Family should behave himself," and "The Coronation and Bridal of King Frederick the Second and Queen Sophia"; — and Anders Sörensen Vedel, a man of much distinction, who remodelled Herr Mikkel's poem on "Human Life," wrote a poetical history of the Popes, under the title of "Antichristus Romanus," and, what is of far greater importance to the literary history of his country, made two collections of old Danish ballads, one of heroic ballads, under the title of "Kjempeviser," published in 1591, another of ballads of love (*Elskovsviser*), which he entitled "Tragica," and which was not published until after his death.

I must here interrupt, for a moment, the chronological order of writers, to say a word of these popular ballads. Their dates are various and uncertain, extending over a period of several centuries, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth. A few years ago, a new collection was published by Abrahamson, Nyerup, and Rahbek, containing two hundred and twenty-two ballads and songs; and, still later, two additional volumes by Nyerup, containing one hundred and thirty-nine.* These ballads constitute one of the most interesting portions of Danish literature. Some of them celebrate the achievements of historic characters, and others the more wonderful deeds of the heroes of romance. Olger, the Dane, and Tidrick of Bern (Theodoric of Verona), occupy the foreground; and various giants, dwarfs, and elves fill up the picture. The fierce old champion quaffs the blood of his foe;

> "Up he struck his helmet,
> He drank of human blood;
> 'In nomine Domini!'
> Was Hero Hogen's word."†

The sea-rovers hoist their silken sails upon yards of gold; the maiden sits in her bower, white as a lily, and slim as a reed;

> "Her mouth is, like the roses, red,
> Her eyes, like a falcon's, gray;
> And every word she utters
> Is like a minstrel's lay."‡

The little foot-page leads forth the palfrey gray, with his saddle of silver and bridle of gold; the knight grasps his sword so firmly that the blood starts from his nails; his armor flashes through the darkness; his drinking-horn is silver within and gold without; the damsel is changed, by magic, to a sword, hanging at her hero's side by day, and sleeping under his pillow by night; the dead mother in the grave hears her children cry; she comes back to earth to comfort them, and the dogs howl as she passes through the streets of the village.

In these ballads, the old popular traditions, so numerous in the North,§ found an expression.

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* Udvalgte Danske Viser fra Middelalderen. 5 vols. 12mo. Copenhagen: 1812–1814. — Udvalg af Danske Viser, fra Midten af det 16de Aarhundrede til henimod Midten af det 18de, med Melodier. 2 vols. 12mo. Copenhagen: 1821.

† Second ballad of "Grimhild's Hevn." Danske Viser. I. 122.

‡ Ballad of "Edmund og Benedikt." Danske Viser. III. 296.

§ Thiele, in his "Danske Folkesagn," 4 vols., Copenhagen, 1820–1823, gives more than five hundred of these. Those who are curious in nursery lore will find in the same work many of those magic rhymes by which children are made happy, and which boys repeat so fluently in their sports; as, for example:

"Ikkede, vikkede sukkede sö,
Abel, dabel, dommer nö,
Is, as,
Ole fas,
Fante ni,
Fante ti,
Stikkum, stakkum sti,
Du staaer og er reent, skjær, klar fri." — Vol. IV. p. 183.

Here, too, is the famous "House that Jack built":

"Der har du det Huus, som Jacob bygde!
Der har du der Malt, som laae i det Huus, som Jacob bygde!
Der har du den Muus, som gnaved' det Malt, som, &c.
Der har du den Kat, som beed den Muus, som, &c.

The ease with which the knight looks over the tree-tops in the forest, or leaps his steed over the castle wall, is equalled by the unhesitating manner in which the minstrel repeats the story, as if he expected it to be believed. This simplicity runs through most of the ballads; through many of them, also, sounds a strange, wild burden, repeated after every stanza, and having, often, no very close connexion with the subject of the ballad; as, for example; "There stands a fortress hight Bern, and therein dwelleth King Tidrick"; "Up, up before day, so come we well over the heath"; "There make they peace on the salt sea, where sail the Northmen," and the like. In this point, as well as in many others, they resemble the old Scottish ballads. The affinity between the Danish and the Lowland Scotch is so great, that the ballads of the one may be rendered in the other with the utmost fidelity. On this account Mr. Jamieson's translations are to be preferred to any others.

Let us now return to the chronological order of writers. During the latter half of the sixteenth century, flourished two more dramatists, Peder Jensen Hegeland, author of six plays: the tragi-comedy of "Susanna," "Cain and Abel," "Abraham," "The Resurrection of Lazarus," "The Leper," and "The Rich Man and Lazarus," of which the first alone remains; — and Hieronymus Justesen Ranch, author of "King Solomon's Glory," "Samson's Imprisonment," and "Karrig Nidding" (the Niggardly Miser). In "Samson's Imprisonment," Delilah's maidens sing Samson asleep with a song about Vulcan and Mars; and, when he is grinding at the mill, the miller's men sing a ditty, commencing,

"Turn about! turn about!
Till the sack is out,
Turn about! turn about!

"Although it may come
From the Pope in Rome,
Turn about! turn about!"

"Karrig Nidding" holds the same place in the Danish drama that "Gammer Gurton's Needle" does in the English, and "La Farce de Pathelin" in the French.

To close the literary history of this century, we find the names of Hans Christensön Sthenius, author of "Fortune's Wheel," and a book of songs; Ole Pedersen Kongstad, or Regiostadanus, whose name is the longest thing he has left behind him; Jacob Madsen Kiöbenhavn, who translated into Danish the poems of David Lindsay, the Scotch poet; and, finally, Thomas Willumsen, author of a rhymed paraphrase of the Psalms. Two anonymous productions, "A Dialogue between our Lord and Saint Peter," and "The Life of Margaret Vestenie," whose death is described with simple pathos, conclude the catalogue.

In the seventeenth century, the taste for dramatic writing seems to have increased. At the beginning of the century, we find two anonymous plays, "Kortvending" (Vicissitude), and a translation of Terence's "Eunuch,"—both pieces in verse. The first author mentioned is Peder Thögersen, who translated from the Latin Rudolph Walter's sacred comedy of "Nabal," and wrote a play in three acts, called "De Mundo et Paupere," in which, for the sake of earthly vanities, a poor man sells himself to the world, as Dr. Faustus, the Duke of Luxembourg, and sundry other individuals did to the Devil. In the same manuscript are two anonymous plays, the comedy of "Tobias," and the comedy of "Hecastus," and one or two others that have been mentioned before. Other dramatic writers of the same period are Hans Thomesön Stege, author of the tragedy of "Cleopatra"; Anders Kjeldsön Tybo, author of the historic drama of "Absalom"; Jens Kjeldsen, author of "Joseph's History"; and Erik Pontoppidan, author of "The Bridal of Tobias."

To the first half of the seventeenth century belong, also, Jacob Jacobsen Volf, who compiled a "Chronicle of the Jews," from the Sacred Scriptures and Josephus; Claus Christophersen Lyschander, called by some the Ennius of Denmark, and author of the "Greenland Chronicles," the "Triumphus Calmariensis, or the Union of Calmar," and a poem on Christian the Fifth; and Anders Arrebo, a voluminous writer of psalms and other sacred songs, the most famous of which is the "Hexaemeron," or a paraphrase of the six days of the creation, from Genesis. The latter half of the seventeenth century presents but few names, and none of great distinction. The most prominent are, Anders Bording, better known as the editor of the "Danish Mercury," than as a poet; and Thomas Kingo, author of "The Spiritual Choir," and editor of the old "Danish Psalmbook."

With the eighteenth century, begins a more glorious epoch in the annals of Danish poetry; for now appears upon their pages the name of Ludvig Holberg, who is to his country what Molière is to France, and Cervantes to Spain. He was born in Bergen in 1684, and in 1702 entered the University of Copenhagen as a theological student. On leaving the University, he travelled in *Holland*; and afterwards visited

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Der har du den Hund, som jog den Kat, som, &c.
Der har du den Koe, som stanged' den Hund, som, &c.
Der har du den Pige, som var ferloren, der malked' den Koe med de krumme Horn, som stanged' den Hund, som, &c.
Der har du den Skriver med Pen og Blækhorn,
Som ægted den Pige, som var ferloren,
Som malked' den Koe med de krumme Horn,
Som stanged' den Hund,
Som jog den Kat,
Som beed den Muus,
Som gnaved' det Malt,
Som laae i det Huus,
Som Jacob bygde." — Vol. III. p. 146.

For an account of popular tales and romances of the North, the reader is referred to Nyerup's "Almindelig Morskabslæsning i Danmark og Norge," Copenhagen, 1816, where he will find due mention made of Whittington and his Cat, Tom Thumb, and Robinson Crusoe.

England, passing nearly two years at the University of Oxford. On his return, he established himself in Copenhagen, as a teacher of languages. In 1714, he was made Professor Extraordinary; and, after a few years, again travelled on the continent, visiting Holland, France, and Italy. In 1716, he returned to Copenhagen, and, in 1718, became Professor of Metaphysics; in 1720, of Eloquence; in 1730, of History and Geography; and in 1737, Quæstor of the University. He was created Baron in 1747, and died in 1754.

His principal works are his historical writings; the mock-heroic poem of "Peder Paars"; twenty-five comedies; "Nicholas Klimm's Journey to the World under Ground," an imitation of "Gulliver's Travels," originally written in Latin; and an autobiography, which is not the least interesting and amusing of his productions. It was written chiefly in 1726.

"Peder Paars" is a poem in four books, relating the adventures of the hero on his voyage from Callundborg to Aars:

"I sing here of a hero, the mighty Peder Paars,
Who undertook a journey from Callundborg to Aars":

and is a satire upon those who in their writings magnify trifles into great events and make much ado about nothing. In his autobiography, he says of it: — "This poem was differently received according to the different character and disposition of its readers. Some were secretly displeased with it; others openly avowed the indignation it excited; some imagined themselves to be attacked under fictitious names; and others, feeling equally guilty, and expecting similar treatment, joined in the abuse of the author. Some, whose reading had never extended beyond epithalamiums, epitaphs, and panegyrics, were alarmed at the novelty of this production, and condemned the audacity of the satirist; others, conceiving their enemies to be the objects of attack, read the poem with laughter and delight, and took every opportunity of repeating what they considered the severest passages in the hearing of those to whom the satire was supposed to apply. The vulgar, whose opinions are commonly superficial, deemed it the work of an idler; and some literary characters, in their excessive anxiety to show their penetration, were equally at fault with the vulgar. There were some, however, who formed a more favorable judgment of the merits of this production, and who applauded me, when my name became known, for my attempt to combine satire with pleasantry, and to temper the severity of reproof by the graces of poetical embellishment. In their opinion, my poem was so far from meriting the light estimation in which some critics held it, that they considered its appearance an era in the literature of the country. 'The Danes,' said they, 'have at length a poem in their native language, which they need not be ashamed to show to Frenchmen and to Englishmen.' By their persuasions I was induced to continue this poem till it reached four books, and formed a considerable volume, of which not less than three editions were sold in the space of a year and a half; a degree of success which had never before attended any book written in the Danish language."*

Of his plays he says: — "Weary of continuing pursuits from which I derived but little profit, and which exposed me to so much calumny and misconstruction, I abandoned poetry, and betook myself to my former studies, determining to complete a work which I had begun some years before, comprehending a succinct account of the civil and ecclesiastical state of both kingdoms. But while I was engaged in this work, some of my friends — among whom were many persons of the first distinction, who wished to introduce into this country regular plays, like those of other nations, written in the Danish language, and who, judging from the success of my poem and satires, thought me capable of succeeding equally in the drama — solicited me to turn my attention to this branch of writing. It was not easy for me to resist these solicitations, on the one hand; but, on the other, I was afraid of adding fuel to the malice of my enemies, from which I had already suffered enough to convince me how dangerous an enterprise it is to make war against the follies and prejudices of mankind. I was at length, however, prevailed upon to undertake the task, and I wrote those plays which have since been collected into several volumes, and which are now in every body's hands. I made it my chief object, in these comedies, to attack follies and vices which had escaped other dramatic writers, and which, in some instances, were peculiar to the people of this country. I at first contented myself with reading these plays to my friends, and was for some time in doubt whether I should suffer them to be exhibited on the stage; but I yielded to continued importunity, and gave the first five to the company of comedians."

In the continuation of his autobiography, in 1737, he speaks thus of "Nicholas Klimm's Journey": — "There are many persons of both sexes in my country who speak confidently of their intercourse with fairies and supernatural beings, and who are ready to take their corporal oaths that they have been carried away by subterranean spirits to hills and mountain-caves. This foolish superstition, which suggested materials for the fiction, is ridiculed in Klimius, the hero of the tale. The characters interspersed through the work are so numerous and various, that they may be said to illustrate a complete system of ethics; hence a key would be required for almost every page. I confess that the way in which vices are animadverted upon may give this production the air of a satire; but, as mankind generally is the object of these animad-

* Memoirs of Lewis Holberg. Written by himself in Latin, and now first translated into English. London: 1827. Forming Vol. XII. of Hunt and Clarke's Autobiography, in 33 vols. 18mo.

versions, it is a satire not unworthy of a philosopher. To many, on the other hand, the style may seem too feeble, cautious, and restrained; for it is necessary, in works of this kind, so to temper the poignancy of the satire as to combine instruction with amusement. Above all, it is necessary that authors should confine themselves within prudent limits, and cautiously abstain from directing their shafts against individuals. If this rule be observed, they may make satire, which when it is general is deprived of all its malignity, the vehicle of solid instruction, instead of an instrument of torture. Thus, there is less danger in attacking mankind generally than a whole nation, and a whole nation than a particular family; and even a particular family may be more safely made the subject of animadversion than a single individual. The 'Journey to the World under Ground' is to be considered as a philosophical romance, and the characters exhibited in it will suit any nation. There is no occasion for a key, therefore, where the door stands open, or for a solution, where there is no knot to untie. Nevertheless, for the benefit of key-searchers, I will proceed to give an explanation of the whole matter.

"The story, which is only a vehicle for moral precepts and reflections, is a mere trifle. The materials, as I have just stated, are derived from a popular superstition, prevalent among my countrymen. The hero of the story is supposed to be conveyed into the world under ground, where he meets with a number of surprising adventures, calculated to astonish and delight the reader. Many wonderful creatures, such as nobody ever imagined before, are suffered to be inhabitants of this new world; trees, for instance, are introduced endowed with the gift of speech, and musical instruments are here capable of discussing questions of philosophy or finance. The catastrophe of the story is as striking as the incidents which delight the reader in the course of the narrative; for in the space of half an hour the founder of a great monarchy is transformed into a poor bachelor of arts. Such being the nature of the work, many persons have read the 'Journey to the World under Ground,' as a mere book of amusement. It is true that this production is a literary trifle, but it is not altogether a useless trifle; since instruction may in this way be insinuated into many readers who would shrink from a regular didactic treatise; and as Trimalchio had his epitaph written upon a sun-dial, that every body who consulted it might read his name, so a work of pleasantry may be made the medium of instruction to those who will read nothing but books of amusement. A fisherman must bait his hook to the taste of the little fishes, if he expects to catch them; and, in like manner, philosophers of the greatest note have from time to time conveyed instruction through the medium of apologues and entertaining tales."

The other most distinguished names of the eighteenth century are Christian Falster, a writer of satires, and translator of parts of Ovid and Juvenal; — Jens Schelderup Sneedorf, author of several allegorical poems, and his son, Hans Christian, who wrote the well known ballad on Herr Henrik, the improver of the Copenhagen docks; — Johan Clemens Tode, a very voluminous writer, translator of Smollett's novels, and author of several lyrical dramas; — Johan Herman Wessel, a comic writer of great merit, author of the tragi-comedy, "Love without Stockings" (*Kierlighed uden Strömper*), and the "Tale of the Fork" (*Gaffelen*), in which an old woman and her husband having three wishes allowed them by the gods, she instantly wishes for a fork, he wishes it were stuck into her body, and she wishes it were out again; — Ole Johan Samsöe, author of the tragedy of "Dyveke," and translator of Florian's plays; — Johan Nordal Brun, author of "Zarine," the first original Danish tragedy ever brought upon the stage; — Claus Friman, and his brother, Peder Harboe, both lyric writers of note; — Peter Magnus Troiel, celebrated for his satires; — and Christen Pram, author of "Stærkodder," a poem in fifteen cantos. In addition to these may be mentioned Christian Brauman Tullin, Johannes Evald, Edward Storm, and Thomas Thaarup, all of whom will be more particularly noticed hereafter.

The principal poetic names of the present century are Knud Lyne Rahbek, Peter Andreas Heiberg, Jens Baggesen, Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, and Bernhard Severin Ingemann, of whom biographical sketches will be given in connection with the extracts from their writings. To these may be added Christian Levin Sander, a successful dramatic writer; — Nicolai F. S. Grundtvig, author of "Bjowulfs Drape," a rhymed paraphrase of the old Anglo-Saxon "Beowulf"; — Christian Hertz, author of the "Journey to Helicon," a heroic poem in four cantos; — his brother, Jens Michael, author of "Israel Delivered," an epic poem; — and a crowd of lyric writers of less distinction, though not unknown to fame, specimens of whose poems may be found in the various collections and anthologies of Danish poetry. For a more particular account of the whole series of Danish poets from Arrebo to the present time, the reader is referred to Nyerup and Kraft's "Almindeligt Litteratur-lexicon for Danmark, Norge og Island," 2 vols., Copenhagen, 1820, 4to.; — Rahbek and Nyerup's "Danske Digtekunsts Middelalder fra Arrebo til Tullin," 2 vols., Copenhagen, 1805, 12mo.; — Molbech's "Dansk Poetisk Anthologie," 2 vols., Copenhagen, 1830, 12mo.; — "Poesier," published by Schultz, 4 vols., Copenhagen, 1786–90, 12mo.; — the two collections of "Selskabssange," published by Pulsen, Copenhagen, 1795–1801, 16mo., and that of Schaldemose, Copenhagen, 1816, 16mo. See also Flor's "Dansk Læsebog," Kiel, 1835, 8vo.

BALLADS.

STARK TIDERICK AND OLGER DANSKE.

Stark Tidrick bides him intill Bern,
Wi' his bald brithers acht;[1]
Twall[2] stalwart sons had they ilk ane,
O' manhead and great macht.
(Now the strife it stands northward under Jutland.)

And he had fifteen sisters,
And twall sons ilk ane had;
The youngest she had thirteen;—
Their life they downa redd.[3]
(Now the strife it stands northward under Jutland.)

Afore the Berners they can stand
Fiel[4] stalwart kempis[5] strang:
The sooth to say, they kythit[6] o'er
The beech-tree taps sae lang.
(Now the strife it stands northward under Jutland.)

"Now striven hae we for mony a year,
Wi' kemps and knightis stark:
Sae mickle we hear o' Olger Danske,
He bides in Dannemarck.

"This hae we heard o' Olger Danske,—
He bides in North Jutland;
He 's gotten him crown'd wi' red goud,
And scorns to be our man."

Up Sverting hent a stang[7] o' steel,
And shook it scornfullie:
"A hunder o' King Olger's men
I wadna reck a flie!"

"Hear thou, Sverting, thou laidly[8] page,
Ill sets thee sae to flout;
I tell thee King Olger's merry men
Are stalwart lads and stout.

"Nae fear for either glaive or sword
Or grounden[9] bolt hae they;
The bloody stour 's[10] their blythest hour;
They count it bairns' play."

This word heard the high Bermeris,
And took tent[11] o' the same:
"We will ride us till Dannemarck,
See an Olger be at hame."

They drew out o' the Berner's land;
Acht thousand strang they were:
"King Olger we will visit now,
And a' till Danmarck fare."

King Tidrick sent a messager,
Bade him till Olger say:
"Whilk will ye loor now,[12] stand the stour,
Or to us tribute pay?"

Sae grim in mood King Olger grew,
Ill could he thole[13] sic taunts:
"Thou bid them bide us on the bent;[14]—
See wha the payment vaunts!

"Tribute the Dane to nae man pays,
But dane-gelt[15] a' gate[16] taks;
And tribute gin ye will hae, ye 's hae 't
Laid loundring[17] on your backs!"

King Olger till his kempis said:
"I 've selcouth[18] news to tell;
Stark Tidrick has sent us a messager
That we maun pay black-mail.

"And he black-mail maun either hae,
Or we maun fecht[19] him here;
But he is na the first king,
Will Danmarck win this year."

Syne[20] till King Tidrick's messager
Up spak that kemp sae stout:
"Come the Berners but till Danmarck in,
Uneath[21] they 'll a' win out."

Sae glad was he then, Ulf of Airn,
Whan he that tidings fand;
Sae leugh[22] he, Hero Hogen;
And they green'd[23] the stour to stand.

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
He grew in mood sae fain;
And up and spak he, young Child Orme,
"We 'll ride the Berners foregain."[24]

"The foremaist on the bent I 'se be!"
That said Sir Iver Blae;
"Forsuith I 'se nae the hindmaist be!"
Answer'd Sir Kulden Gray.

King Olger and Stark Tiderick,
They met upon the muir;
They laid on load in furious mood,
And made a fearfu' stour.

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1 Eight.
2 Twelve.
3 Do not care for.
4 Many.
5 Champions.
6 Appear.
7 Took a bar.
8 Loathsome.
9 Sharp.
10 Battle.
11 Heed.
12 Rather.
13 Bear.
14 Field.
15 Black-mail.
16 Always.
17 Beating.
18 Strange.
19 Fight.
20 Then.
21 Uneasily.
22 Laughed.
23 Longed.
24 Against.

They fought ae day; for three they fought;
Neither could win the gree;[25]
The manfu' Danes their chieftain ware,[26]
Nae ane will flinch or flee.

The bluid ran bullering[27] in burns
Bedown baith hill and dale;
Dane-gelt the Berners now maun pay,
That ween'd to get black-mail.

The yowther[28] drifted sae high i' the sky;
The sun worth[29] a' sae red:
Great pity was it there to see
Sae mony stalwart dead!

There lay the steed; here lay the man;
Gude friends that day did twin:[30]
They leuch[31] na a' to the feast that cam,
Whan the het bluid-bath was done.

High Bermeris bethought him then,
All sadly as they lay:
"There scarce live a hunder o' our men;
How should we win the day?"

Then took Tiderick till his legs,
And sindle[32] luikit back;
Sverting forgat to say gude-night;
And the gait till Bern they tak.

Tidrick he turn'd him right about,
And high in the lift[33] luik'd he:
"To Bern I trow is our safest gait;
Here fa' we scoug nor lee!"[34]

Syne stay'd him Vidrich Verlandson,
All under a green know:[35]
"Ye 've little to ruse ye o' your raid[36]
The Danish kemps to cow!"

That tyde they drew frae Bernland out,
Acht thousand strang were they:
And back to Bern but only five
And fifty took their way.

LADY GRIMILD'S WRACK.

It was proud Lady Grimild
Garr'd mask[1] the mead sae free,
And she has bidden the hardy knights
Frae ilka frem[2] countrie.

She bade them come, and nae deval,[3]
To bargane[4] and to strife;
And there the Hero Hogen
Forloot[5] his young life.

It was the Hero Hogen,
He 's gane out to the strand,
And there he fand the Ferryman
All upo' the white sand.

"Hear thou now, gude Ferryman,
Thou row me o'er the sound,
And I 'll gie thee my goud ring;
It weighs well fifteen pound."

"I winna fare thee o'er the sound,
For a' thy goud sae red;
For and thou come till Hvenild's land,
Thou wilt be slaĕn dead."

'T was then the Hero Hogen,
His swerd out he drew,
And frae the luckless Ferryman
The head aff he hew.

He strak the goud ring frae his arm,
Gae it the Ferryman's wife:
"Hae, tak thou this, a gudely gift,
For the Ferryman's young life."

It was the Hero Hogen,
He danner'd[6] on the strand;
And there he fand the Mer-lady
Sleeping on the white sand.

"Heal, heal to thee, dear Mer-lady,
Thou art a cunning wife;
And I come in till Hvenild's land,
It 's may I brook[7] my life?"

"It 's ye hae mony a strang castell,
And mickle goud sae red;
And gin ye come till Hvenöe land,
Ye will be slaĕn dead."

'T was then the Hero Hogen,
His swerd swyth[8] he drew,
And frae the luckless Mer-lady
Her head aff he hew.

Sae he has taen the bloody head,
And cast it i' the sound:
The body's croppen[9] after,
And join'd it at the ground.

Sir Grimmer and Sir Germer
They launch'd sae bald and free,
Sae angry waxt the wild winds,
And stormy waxt the sea.

Sae angry waxt the wild winds,
And fierce the sea did rair;
In twain in Hero Hogen's hand
Is brast the iron air.[10]

In twain it brast, the iron air,
In Hero Hogen's hand;

25 Victory. 26 Defend. 27 Bubbling. 28 Vapor. 29 Became. 30 Part. 31 Laughed. 32 Seldom. 33 Sky. 34 Shelter nor peace. 35 Knoll. 36 Praise for your deed.

1 Made mingle. 2 Far. 3 Delay. 4 Battle. 5 Lost.

6 Sauntered. 7 Preserve. 8 Straightway. 9 Corpse. 10 Oar.

And wi' twa gilded shields then
The knights they steer'd to land.

Whan they were till the land come,
They ilk ane scour'd his brand,
And there sae proud a maiden
Saw what they had in hand.

Her stature it was stately,
Her middle jimp [11] and sma';
Her body short, her presence
Was maiden-like witha'.

They 've doën [12] them till Nörborg,
And to the yett [13] sae free:
"O, whare is now the porter
That here should standing be?"

"It 's here am I, the porter,
That here stand watch and ward;
I 'd bear your tidings gladly,
Wist I but whence ye far'd."

"Then hither are we come frae
A' gaits [14] whare we hae gane;
Lady Grimild 's our sister;—
It 's a' the truth I 've sayn."

In syne cam the porter,
And stood afore the deas; [15]
Fu' canny i' the tongue was he,
And well his words could place.

Fu' canny i' the tongue was he,
And well his words could wale: [16]
"There out afore your yett stand
Twa wordy [17] kemps but [18] fail.

"It 's out there stand afore your yett
Twa sae well-wordy men;
The tane he bears a fiddle,
The tither a gilded helm.

"He that bears a fiddle bears 't
For nae lord's meat or fee;
And wharesoe'er they come frae,
Duke's sons I wat they be."

It was proud Lady Grimild
Put on the pilche [19] sae fine,
And she is to the castell yett
To bid her brithers in.

"Will ye gae till the chamber
And drink the mead and wine;
And sleep upon a silken bed
Wi' twa fair ladies mine?"

It was proud Lady Grimild
Put on the pilche sae braw,
And she 's intill the ha' gane
Afore her kempis a'.

"Here sit ye a', my merry men,
And drink baith mead and wine;
But wha will Hero Hogen sla',
Allerdearest brither mine?

"It 's he that will the guerdon fa', [20]
And sla' this Hogen dead,
Sall steward o' my castell be,
And win my goud sae red."

It 's up and spak a kemp syne,
A lording o' that land:
"It 's I will win your guerdon,
Forsooth, wi' this right hand.

"It 's I will fa' your guerdon;
Sla' Hero Hogen dead;
Be steward o' your castell,
And win your goud sae red."

And up spake Folqvar Spillèmand,
Wi 's burly iron stang:
"Come thou within my arms' length,
I 'll mark thee or thou gang!"

The first straik fifteen kempis
Laigh to the eard [21] did strik:
"Ha, ha, Folqvar Spillèmand!
Well wags thy fiddlestick!"

Syne dang he down the kempis
Wi' deadly dints and dour; [22]
And braid and lang the brigg [23] was
Whare they fell in that stour.

Aneath were spread wet hides, and
Aboon were pease sae sma',
And Hero Hogen stumbled,
And was the first to fa'.

It was the Hero Hogen,
He wad win up again:
"Hald, hald, my dearest brither,
Our paction well ye ken.

"Ye keep your troth, my brither;
Still keepit it maun be;
And ance thou till the eard fa',
Nae rising is for thee."

Sae moody Hero Hogen is,
Still keep his word will he;
Till he has got his death-straik,
A-fighting on his knee.

Yet dang he down three kempis;
Nane o' the least were they:
Wi' hammers syne he brast whare
His father's treasures lay.

And him betid a luck sae blyth,
He gat the lady's fere;

[11] Slender. [12] Betaken. [13] Gate. [14] Places. [15] Table. [16] Choose. [17] Worthy. [18] Without. [19] Fur mantle. [20] Get. [21] Low to the earth. [22] Hard. [23] Bridge.

And she was the proud Hvenild, that
A son to him did bear.

Rankè, hight that kemp, that
Reveng'd his father's dead:
Grimild in the treasury,
She quail'd for want o' bread.

Sae drew he frae that land out
Till Bern in Lombardy;
There liv'd amang the Danish men,
And kyth'd[24] his valor hy.

His mither she gaed hame again,
And Hvenske-land bears her name;
'Mang gallant knights and kempis
Sae wide is spread their fame.

THE ETTIN LANGSHANKS.

King Tidrick sits intill Bern,
He rooses[1] him of his might;
Sae mony has he in battle cow'd,
Baith kemp and doughty knight.
(There stands a fortress hight Bern, and thereintill dwelleth King Tidrick.)

King Tidrick stands at Bern,
And he looks out sae wide:
"Wold God I wist of a kemp sae bold
Durst me in field abide!"

Syne answer'd Master Hildebrand,
In war sae ware and wight:[2]
"There liggs[3] a kemp in Birting's Bierg;—
Dare ye him rouse and fight?"

"Hear thou, Master Hildebrand,
Thou art a kemp sae rare:
Ride thou the first i' the shaw[4] the day,
Our banner gay to bear."

Syne answer'd Master Hildebrand;
He was a kemp sae wise:
"Nae banner will I bear the day,
For sae unmeet a prize."

Syne answer'd Vidrich Verlandson,
He spoke in full good mood:
"The first i' the press I 'se be the day,
To march to Birting's wood.

Up spak he, Vidrich Verlandson,
And an angry man he grew:
"Thro' hauberk as thro' hacketon
The smith's son's swerd sall hew."

They were well three hunder kemps,
They drew to Birting's land:
They sought the Ettin[5] Langshanks,
And in the shaw him fand.

Syne up spak Vidrich Verlandson:
"A selcouth game you 's see,
Gin ye lat me ride first to the wood,
And lippen[6] sae far to me.

"Here bide ye a', ye kingis men,
Whare twa green roads are met,
While I ride out in the wood alane,
To speer[7] for you the gate."[8]

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
Into the wood he rade;
And there he fand a little foot-path,
To the Ettin's lair that led.

Syne up spak he, King Tidrick:
"Hear what I say to thee;
Find ye the Ettin Langshanks,
Ye healna[9] it frae me."

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
To Birting's hythe[10] he wan;
And there the Ettin Langshanks
Laidly and black he fand.

It was Vidrich Verlandson
Strak the Ettin wi' his stang:
"Wake up, ye Langshanks Ettin;
Ye sleep baith hard and lang!"

"On this wild moor I 've lien and slept
For lang and mony a year:
Nor ever a kemp has challeng'd me,
Or dar'd my rest to steer."[11]

"Here am I, Vidrich Verlandson,
With good swerd by my side,
And here I dare thy rest to steer,
And dare thy wrath abide."

It was the Ettin Langshanks,
He wink'd up wi' his ee':
"And whence is he, the page sae bald,
Dares say sic words to me?"

"Verland was my father hight,
A smith of cunning rare;
Bodild was my mother call'd,
A kingis daughter fair.

"My full good shield, that Skrepping hight,
Has mony a dent and clour;[12]
On Blank, my helmet, mony a swerd
Has brast, of temper dour.

"My noble steed is Skimming hight,
A wild horse of the wood;
My swerd by men is Mimmering nam'd,
Temper'd in heroes' blood.

"And I hight Vidrich Verlandson,
All steel-clad as you see;
And, but thy lang shanks thou bestir,
Sorely shalt thou abie.[13]

24 Showed. 1 Boasts. 2 Stout and strong. 3 Lies. 4 Wood. 5 Giant. 6 Trust. 7 Ask. 8 Way. 9 Hide not. 10 Heath. 11 Disturb. 12 Bruise. 13 Suffer.

"Hear thou, Ettin Langshanks,
A word I winna[14] lie;
The king is in the wood, and he
Maun tribute hae frae thee."

"What gold I have full well I know
Sae well to guard and ware,
Nor saucy page sall win 't frae me,
Nor groom to claim it dare."

"Thou to thy cost salt find, all young
And little as I be,
Thy head I 'll frae thy shoulders hew,
And win thy gold frae thee."

It was the Ettin Langshanks
Nae langer lists to sleep:
"Young kemp, away, and to thy speed,
If thou thy life wilt keep."

Wi' baith his hooves up Skimming sprang
On the Ettin's side belyve;[15]
There seven o' his ribs he brake; —
Sae they began to strive.

It was the Ettin Langshanks
Grip'd his steel stang in hand;
He strak a stroke at Vidrich,
That the stang i' the hill did stand.

It was the Ettin Langshanks,
He ween'd to strike him stythe;[16]
But he his firsten straik has mist,
The steed sprang aff sae swyth.[17]

'T was then the Ettin Langshanks,
And he took on to yammer:[18]
"Now lies my stang i' the hillock fast
As it were driven wi' hammer."

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
And wroth in mood he grew:
"Skimming, about! Good Mimmering,
Now see what thou canst do!"

In baith his hands he Mimmering took,
And strak sae stern and fierce,
That through the Langshanks Ettin's breast
The point his thairms[19] did pierce.

Then first the Ettin Langshanks
Felt of a wound the pain;
And gladly, had his strength remain'd,
Wad paid it back again.

"Accursed, Vidrich, be thy arm,
Accursed be thy brand,
For the deadly wound that in my breast
I 've taken frae thy hand!"

"Ettin, I 'll hew and scatter thee
Like leaves before the wind,
But and thou tell me in this wood
Whare I thy gold may find."

"O, spare me, Vidrich Verlandson,
And never strike me dead!
Sae will I lead thee to the house
Roof 'd with the gold sae red."

Vidrich rode and the Ettin crept;
Deep in the wood they 're gone;
They found the house with gold sae red
Like burning light that shone.

"Away ye heave that massy stane,
Lift frae the bands the door;
And mair gold nor 's in a' this land
Within ye 'll find in store."

Syne answer'd Vidrich Verlandson;
Some treason he did fear:
"The kemp is neither ware nor wise
That sic a stane wad steer."

"Well Vidrich kens to turn a steed;
'T is a' he understands:
But I 'll do mair wi' twa fingers
Nor thou wi' baith thy hands."

Sae he has taen that massy stane,
And lightly o'er did turn:
Full grimly Vidrich ettled[20] then
That he should rue that scorn.

"There 's mair gold in this treasury
Nor fifteen kings can shaw:
Now hear thou, Vidrich Verlandson,
The first thou in salt ga."

Syne up spak Vidrich Verlandson,
His cunning well he knew:
"Be thou the first to venture in,
As fearless kemp should do."

It was the Ettin Langshanks,
In at the door he saw:
Stark Vidrich strak wi' baith his hands,
And hew'd his head him fra.

And he has taen the Ettin's blood
And smear'd wi' it his steed:
Sae rade he to King Tidrick,
Said, "Foul has been my speed!"

And he has taen the Ettin's corpse,
Set it against an aik;
And all to tell the wondrous feat
His way does backward take.

"Here bide ye a', my doughty feres,[21]
Under this green hill fair:
How Langshanks Ettin 's handled me,
To tell you grieves me sair."

"And has the Ettin maul'd thee sae?
That is foul skaith and scorn;
Then never anither sall be foil'd; —
We 'll back to Bern return."

14 Will not. 15 Forthwith. 16 Stiff. 17 Swiftly. 18 Lament. 19 Entrails. 20 Determined. 21 Companions.

"Thou turn thee, now, King Tidrick,
Thou turn thee swythe wi' me;
And a' the gold the Ettin had
I 'll shew belyve to thee."

"And hast thou slain the Ettin the day?
That mony a man sall weet;
And the baldest kemp i' the warld wide
Thou never need fear to meet."

It was then King Tidrick's men,
They green'd[22] the Ettin to see;
And loud they leuch at his laidly bouk,[23]
As it stood by the tree.

They ween'd that he his lang shanks
Yet after them might streek;
And nae ane dared to nigh him near,
Or wake him frae his sleep.

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
Wi' mickle glee he said:
"How would ye bide his living look,
That fleys[24] ye sae whan dead?"

He strak the body wi' his staff;
The head fell to the eard:
"In sooth that Ettin was a kemp
That ance might well be fear'd."

And they hae taen the red gold,
What booty there did stand;
And Vidrich got the better part,
Well won with his right hand.

But little he reck'd a spoil sae rich;
'T was a' to win the gree,
And as the Ettin-queller wide
O'er Danmarck fam'd to be.

Sae gladly rode they back to Bern;
But Tidrick maist was glad;
And Vidrich o' his menyie a'
The foremost place aye had.

HERO HOGEN AND THE QUEEN OF DANMARCK.

The king he 's sitting in Ribè;
He 's drinking wine;
Sae he has bidden the Danish knights
To propine.
(Sae nobly dances he, Hogen!)

"Ye stand up a', my merry men
And knightis bold,
And gayly tread the dance wi' me
O'er the green wold."
(Sae nobly dances he, Hogen!)

Now lists the king o' Danmarck
To dance in the ring;

And neist[1] cam Hero Hogen
Afore them to sing.

Up wak'd the queen o' Danmarck;
In her bower she lay:
"O, whilken o' my ladies
Strikes the harp sae?"

"It is nane o' your ladies
Whase harp ye hear;
It is Hero Hogen
Singing sae clear."

"Ye a' get up, my maidens,
Rose chaplets on your hair;
Forth we will us a' ride,
Wassel to share."

First rade the queen o' Danmarck,
In red scarlet tho;[2]
Syne ladies rade, and maidens,
And maries a-row.

Fu' lightly rade the queen round
And round the dance sae free;
'T was a' on noble Hogen aye
Turned her ee'.

'T was then Hero Hogen,
His hand raught[3] he:
"O, list ye, gracious lady,
To dance wi' me?"

Now dances Hero Hogen;
He dances wi' the queen;
And mickle glee, the sooth to say,
There passes them atween.

Up there stood a little may[4]
In kirtle blue:
"O, 'ware ye 'fore the fause claverers;[5]
They lyth to you."

It was the king o' Danmarck,
And he can there speer:
"What does the queen o' Danmarck
A-dancing here?

"Far better in her bower 't were
On her goud harp to play,
Nor dancing here sae lightly
Wi' Hogen thus to gae."

Up there stood a little may
In kirtle red:
"'Ware now, my gracious lady;
My lord 's grim, I rede."

"I 've just but i' the dance come in;
It 's nae near till an en';
And sae my lord the king may
Mak himsell blythe again."

22 Longed. 23 Body. 24 Affrights.

1 Next. 2 Then. 3 Reached. 4 Maiden. 5 Idle talkers.

Up there stood a little page
Intill a kirtle green:
"'Ware ye, my gracious lady;—
My lord is riding hame."

Shame fa' Hero Hogen,
That e'er he sang sae clear;
The queen sits in her bower up,
And dowy [6] is her cheer.
(Sae nobly dances he, Hogen!)

SIR GUNCELIN.

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin,
To his mother he can say,
"It 's I will ride me up-o-land,
My manhood to essay."
(Up, up afore day, sae come we well
over the heath-O!)

"And wilt thou ride thee up-o-land,
And dost thou tell me sae?
Then I 'll gie thee a steed sae good,
Men call him Karl the gray.
(Up, up afore day, sae come we well
over the heath-O!)

"Then I 'll gie thee a steed sae good,
Men call him Karl the gray;
Ye ne'er need buckle on a spur
Or helm, whan him ye hae.

"At never a kemp maun ye career,
Frae never ane rin awa',
Untill ye meet with him, the kemp
That men call Ifver Blaa."

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin
Can by a green hill ride;
There met he him, little Tilventin,
And bade him halt and bide.

"Well met, well met, young Tilventin!
Whare did ye lie last night?"
"I lay at Bratensborg, whare they
Strike fire frae helmets bright."

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin
Look'd under his helmet red:
"Sae be 't wi' little Tilventin!—
Thou 's spoken thy ain dead."

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin,
He his swerd out drew;
It was little Tilventin
He in pieces hew.

Sae rade he till Bratensborg,
He rapped at the yate:
"Is there here ony kemp within
That dares wi' me debate?"

It was Sir Ifver Blaa,
To the east he turn'd about:
"Help now, Ulf and Ismer Grib!
I hear a kemp thereout."

It was Sir Ifver Blaa,
And he look'd to the west:
"Thereout I hear Sir Guncelin:
Help, Othin! as thou can best."

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin,
And helm o'er neck he flang;
Sae heard, though mony a mile away,
His mother dear the clang.

That lady she waken'd at still midnight,
And till her lord she said:
"May God Almighty rightly rede [1]
That our son may well be sped!"

The firsten tilt they thegither rode,
Those kemps sae stark and bold,
Wide on the field Sir Ifver Blaa
Was cast upon the mold.

"Hear thou, Earl Guncelin,
An' thou will lat me live,
I hae me a betrothed bride,
And her to thee I 'll give."

"I 'll none of thy betrothed bride;
Yet wedded would I be:
Give me Salenta, sister thine,
As better liketh me."

Sae rode they to the bride-ale;
They roundly rode in fere;
And they hae bidden the kempery men
To come frae far and near.

They bade him, Vidrich Verlandson,
Stark Tidrick out of Bern,
And Holger Danske, that aye for feats
Of chivalry did yearn.

Child Sivard Snaren they hae bidden,
Afore the bride to ride;
And Ettin Langshanks he maun be
All by the bridegroom's side.

They 've bidden Master Hildebrand,
And he the torch maun bear;
Him followed twice sax kemps, and they
Drank and made lusty cheer.

And hither came Folquard Spillemand;
For that the kemps sall pay;
And hither came King Sigfrid Horne,
As he shall rue the day.

It was proud Lady Grimild
Was bidden to busk [2] the bride;
But hard and fast her feet and hands
Wi' fetters they hae tied.

[6] Doleful.

[1] Ordain. [2] Dress.

Theretill came Lady Gunde Hette,
In Norden Field that bade;
She drank and she danced,
And luckily was sped.

There in came Lady Brynial,
And she carved for the bride;
Her follow'd seven sma' damsels,
And sat the kemps beside.

They follow'd the bride to the chamber in,
Their breakfast there to eat;
Of groats four barrels she ate up,
Sae well she lik'd that meat.

Sax oxen she ate up, theretill
Eight flitches of the brawn;
Seven hogsheads of the ale she drank,
Or she to yex [3] began.

They follow'd the bride intill the ha';
Sae bowden [4] was her skin,
They dang down five ells o' the wa'
Ere they could get her in.

They led the bride to the bride-bench,
And gently set her down:
Her weight it brake the marble bench,
And she came to the ground.

They serv'd her wi' the best o' fare;
She made na brocks [5] o' meat;
Five oxen and ten gude fat swine
Clean up the witch did eat.

That mark'd the bridegroom (well he might!),
'T was little to his wish:
"I never yet saw sae young a bride
Lay her lugs [6] sae in a dish!"

Up syne sprang the kempery men;
Thegither they advise:
"Whilk will ye rather, pitch the bar,
Or kemp in knightly guise?"

The kempery men a ring they drew
All on the sward sae green;
And there, in honor o' the bride,
The courtly game begin.

The young bride wi' the mickle nieves [7]
Up frae the bride-bench sprang:
And up to tulzie [8] wi' her there lap
The Ettin wi' shanks sae lang.

There danced and dinnled [9] bench and board,
And sparks frae helmets fly;
Out then leapt the kemps sae bold:
"Help, Mother Skratt!" they cry.

And there a sturdy dance began,
Frae Ribè, and intill Slie:
The least kemp in the dance that was
Was five ell under the knee.

The least kemp in the dance that was
Was little Mimmering Tand;
He was amang that heathen folk
The only Christian man.

3 Hiccup. 4 Swollen. 5 Waste. 6 Ears. 7 Fists. 8 Wrestle. 9 Jingled.

RIBOLT AND GULDBORG.

Ribolt was the son of an earl gude;
(Sae be that ye are willing;)
Guldborg he lang in secret lo'ed.
(There 's a hue and cry for them.)

Whan she was a bairn he lo'ed her sair,
(Sae be that ye are willing,)
And aye as she grew he lo'ed her the mair.
(There 's a hue and cry for them.)

"Guldborg, will ye plight your troth to me,
And I 'll till a better land bring thee.

"Till a better land I will thee bear,
Whare there never comes or dule [1] or care.

"I will bring thee untill an öe,[2]
Whare thou salt live and nagate [3] die."

"It 's till nae land can ye me bear,
Whare there never comes or dule or care;

"Nor me can ye bring to sic an öe;
For to God I owe that I should die."

"There leeks are the only grass that springs,
And the gowk [4] is the only bird that sings;

"There a' the water that rins is wine:
Ye well may trow this tale o' mine."

"O, how sall I frae the castell win,
Sae fiel [5] they watch me out and in?

"I 'm watch'd by my father, I 'm watch'd by my mither,
I 'm watch'd by my sister, I 'm watch'd by my brither;

"My bridegroom watches wharever I ga,
And that watch fears me maist ava!" [6]

"And gin a' your kin were watching ye,
Ye maun bide by what ye hecht [7] to me.

"And ye maun put on my brynie [8] blae;
My gilded helmet ye salt hae;

1 Sorrow. 2 Island. 3 Nowise. 4 Cuckoo. 5 Many. 6 Of all. 7 Promised. 8 Cuirass.

"My gude brand belted by your side;
Sae unlike a lady ye will ride:

"Wi' gouden spur at your heel sae braw,
Ye may ride thro' the mids o' your kindred a'."

His mantel blue he has o'er her thrown,
And his ambler gray he has set her upon.

As o'er the muir in fere they rade,
They met a rich earl that till them said:

"O, hear ye, Ribolt, dear compere mine,
Whare gat ye that page sae fair and fine?"

"O, it is nane but my youngest brither,
And I gat him frae nane but my mither."

"In vain ye frae me the truth wad heal
Guldborg, Guldborg, I ken ye weel.

"Your red scarlet ye well may len;[9]
But your rosy cheeks fu' well I ken.

"I' your father's castell I did sair,[10]
And I ken you well by your yellow hair.

"By your claiths and your shoon I ken ye ill,
But I ken the knight ye your troth gae till;

"And *the Brok*[11] I ken, that has gotten your han'
Afore baith priest and laic man."

He 's taen the goud bracelet frae his hand,
And on the earlis arm it band:

"Whaever ye meet, or wharever ye gae,
Ye naething o' me maun to nae man say."

The earl he has ridden to Kallö-house,
Whare, merrily-drinking, the kemps carouse.

Whan Sir Truid's castell within cam he,
Sir Truid at the deas he was birling[12] free:

"Here sit ye, Sir Truid, drinking mead and wine;
Wi' your bride rides Ribolt roundly hyne."[13]

Syne Truid o'er the castell loud can ca':
"Swyth on wi' your brynies, my merry men a'!"

They scantly had ridden a mile but four,
Guldborg she luikit her shoulder o'er:

"O, yonder see I my father's steed,
And I see the knight that I hae wed!"

"Light down, Guldborg, my lady dear,
And hald our steeds by the renyies[14] here.

"And e'en sae be that ye see me fa',
Be sure that ye never upon me ca';

"And e'en sae be that ye see me bleed,
Be sure that ye namena me till dead."

Ribolt did on his brynie blae;
Guldborg she clasp'd it, the sooth to say.

In the firsten shock o' that bargain,[15]
Sir Truid and her father dear he 's slain.

I' the nexten shock, he hew'd down there
Her twa brethren wi' their gouden hair.

"Hald, hald, my Ribolt, dearest mine,
Now belt thy brand, for it 's mair nor time!

"My youngest brither ye spare, O, spare
To my mither the dowy news to bear;

"To tell o' the dead in this sad stour!—
O, wae, that ever she dochter bure!"

Whan Ribolt's name she nam'd that stound,[16]
'T was then that he gat his deadly wound.

Ribolt he has belted his brand by his side:
"Ye come now, Guldborg, and we will ride."

As on to the Rosen-wood they rade,
The never a word till ither they said.

"O, hear ye now, Ribolt, my love, tell me,
Why are ye na blythe as ye wont to be?"

"O, my life-blood it rins fast and free,
And wae is my heart, as it well may be!

"And soon, fu' soon, I 'll be cald in the clay,
And my Guldborg I maun a maiden lea'."

"It 's I 'll tak my silken lace e'en now,
And bind up your wound the best I dow."[17]

"God help thee, Guldborg, and rue on thee;
Sma' boot can thy silken lace do me!"

Whan they cam till the castell yett,
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

"Ye 're welcome, Ribolt, dear son mine,
And sae I wat is she, young bride thine.

"Sae pale a bride saw I never air,[18]
That had ridden sae far but goud on her hair."

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, tho' pale she be,
Sae hard a fecht as she 's seen wi' me!

"Wold God I had but an hour to live!—
But my last bequests awa' I 'll give.

9 Conceal. 10 Serve. 11 Badger. 12 Drinking. 13 Hence. 14 Reins.

15 Battle. 16 Time. 17 Can. 18 Till now.

"To my father my steed sae tall I gie;
Dear mither, ye fetch a priest to me!

"To my dear brither, that stands me near,
I lea' Guldborg that I hald sae dear."

"How glad thy bequest were I to fang,[19]
But haly kirk wad ca' it wrang."

"Sae help me God at my utmost need,
As Guldborg for me is a may indeed.

"Ance, only ance, with a lover's lyst,
And but only ance, her mouth I kist."

"It ne'er sall be said, till my dying day,
That till twa brithers I plight my fay."

Ribolt was dead or the cock did craw;
Guldborg she died or the day did daw.

Three likes[20] frae that bower were carried in fere,
And comely were they withouten peer:

Sir Ribolt the leal, and his bride sae fair,
(Sae be that ye are willing,)
And his mither that died wi' sorrow and care.
(There 's a hue and cry for them.)

YOUNG CHILD DYRING.

It was the Young Child Dyring,
Wi' his mither rede did he:
"I will me out ride
Sir Magnus's bride to see."
(His leave the page takes to-day frae his master.)

"Wilt thou thee out ride,
Sir Magnus's bride to see?
Sae beg I thee by Almighty God
Thou speed thee home to me."
(His leave the page takes to-day frae his master.)

Syne answer'd Young Child Dyrè;—
He rode the bride to meet;
The silk but and the black sendell
Hang down to his horse's feet.

All rode they there, the bride-folk,
On row sae fair to see;
Excepting Sir Svend Dyrè,
And far about rode he.

It was the young Child Dyrè rode
Alone along the strand;
The bridle was of the red gold
That glitter'd in his hand.

'T was then proud Lady Ellensborg,
And under weed smil'd she:

"And who is he, that noble child
That rides sae bold and free?"

Syne up and spak the maiden fair
Was next unto the bride:
"It is the Young Child Dyrè
That stately steed does ride."

"And is 't the Young Child Dyrè
That rides sae bold and free?
God wot, he 's dearer that rides that steed
Nor a' the lave[1] to me!"

All rode they there, the bridal train,
Each rode his steed to stall,
All but Child Dyrè, that look'd whare he
Should find his seat in the hall.

"Sit whare ye list, my lordings;
For me, whate'er betide,
Here I shall sickerly[2] sit the day,
To hald the sun frae the bride."

Than up spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he:
"Whaever sits by my dochter the day,
Ye better awa' wad be."

"It 's I have intill Paris been,
And well my drift can spell;
And aye whatever I have to say,
I tell it best mysell."

"Sooth thou hast intill Paris lear'd[3]
A worthless drift to spell:
And aye whatever thou hast to say,
A rogue's tale thou must tell."

Ben stept he, Young Child Dyrè,
Nor reck'd he wha might chide;
And he has taen a chair in hand,
And set him by the bride.

'T was lang i' the night; the bride-folk
Ilk ane look'd for his bed;
And Young Child Dyrè amang the lave
Speer'd whare he should be laid.

"Without, afore the stair steps,
Or laigh[4] on the cawsway stane,
And there may lye Sir Dyrè;
For ither bed we 've nane."

'T was late intill the evening,
The bride to bed maun ga;
And out went he, Child Dyring,
To rouse his menyie a'.

"Now busk and don your harnass,
But and your brynies blae;
And boldly to the bride-bower
Full merrily we 'll gae."

Sae follow'd they to the bride-bower
That bride sae young and bright:

19 Take. 20 Corpses.

1 Rest. 2 Surely. 3 Learned. 4 Low.

And forward stept Child Dyrè,
And quench'd the marriage light.

The cresset they 've lit up again,
But and the taper clear,
And follow'd to the bride-bower
That bride without a peer.

. . . . . .

And up Child Dyrè snatch'd the bride,
All in his mantle blae;
And swung her all so lightly
Upon his ambler gray.

They lock'd the bower, they lit the torch;
'T was hurry-scurry a';
While merrily aye the lovers gay
Rode roundly to the shaw.

In Rosen-wood they turn'd about
To pray their bridal prayer:
"Good night and joy, Sir Magnus!
For us ye 'll see nae mair."

Sae rode he to the green wood,
And o'er the meadow green,
Till he came to his mither's bower,
Ere folks to bed were gane.

Out came proud Lady Metelild,
In menevair sae free;
She 's welcom'd him, Child Dyring,
And his young bride him wi'.

Now joys attend Child Dyring,
Sae leal but and sae bold;
He 's taen her to his ain castell,
His bride-ale there to hold.
(His leave the page takes to-day frae his master.)

CHILD AXELVOLD.

The kingis men they ride till the wold,
There they hunt baith the hart and the hind;
And they, under a linden sae green,
Sae wee a bairn find.
(I' the loft whare sleeps she, the proud Elinè.)

That little dowie up they took,
Swyl'd[1] him in a mantle blae;
They took him till the kingis court,
Till him a nourice gae.
(I' the loft whare sleeps she, the proud Elinè.)

And they hae carried him till the kirk,
And christen'd him by night;
And they 've ca'd him Young Axelvold,
And hidden him as they might.

They foster'd him for ae winter,
And sae for winters three;
And he has grown the bonniest bairn
That man on mold mat see.

[1] Swathed.

And they hae foster'd him sae lang,
Till he was now eighteen;
And he has grown the wordiest child
Was in the palace seen.

The kingis men till the court are gane,
To just, and put the stane;
And out stept he, Child Axelvold,
And waur'd them ilka ane.

"'T were better ye till the house gang in,
And for your mither speer,
Nor thus wi' courtly knights to mell,
And dare and scorn them here."

Up syne spak Young Axelvold,
And his cheek it grew wan:
"I 's weet whaso my mither is,
Or ever we kemp[2] again."

It was the Young Axelvold
Thought mickle, but said nae mair;
And he is till the bower gane
To speer for his mither there.

"Hear ye this, dear foster-mither,
What I now speer at thee;
Gin aught ye o' my mither weet,
Ye quickly tell it me."

"Hear ye this, dear Axelvold,
Why will ye tak on sae?
Nor living nor dead ken I thy mither,
I tell thee on my fay."

It was then Young Axelvold,
And he drew out his knife:
"Ye 's tell me wha my mither is,
Or it sall cost thy life."

"Then gae thou till the ladies' bower,
Ye hendly[3] greet them a';
Her a goud coronet that wears,
Dear mither ye may ca'."

It was then Young Axelvold
Put on his pilche sae braw,
And he 's up till the ladies' bower,
'Fore dames and maidens a'.

"Here sit ye, ladies and maries,
Maiden and courtly fre;[4]
But and allerdearest mither mine
I' the mids o' you should be."

All sat they there, the proud maidens,
Nae ane durst say a word;
But it was proud Lady Elinè,
She set her crown o' the board.

"Here sit ye, my right mither,
Wi' hand sae saft and fair:
Whare is the bairn ye bure in dern,[5]
Albe goud crown ye wear?"

[2] Strive. [3] Gently. [4] Dame. [5] Secret.

Lang stuid she, the proud Elinè,
Nor answer'd ever a word;
Her cheeks, sae richly red afore,
Grew haw [6] as ony eard.

She doff'd her studded stemmiger,
And will of rede [7] she stuid:
"I bure nae bairn, sae help me God
But and our Lady gude!"

"Hear ye this, dear mither mine;
Forsooth it is great shame
For you sae lang to heal that ye
Was mither to sic a man.

"And hear ye this, allerdearest mither,
What now I say to thee;
Gin aught ye o' my father weet,
Ye heal 't nae mair frae me."

"To the king's palace then ye maun pass;
And, trow ye well my word,
Your dear father ye may ca' him there
That has knights to serve at his board.

"And do ye till the kingis ha',
'Fore knights and liegemen a',
And see ye Erland the kingis son,
Ye may him your father ca'."

It was then Young Axelvold
Put on the scarlet red,
And in afore the Danish king
I' the kingis ha' he gaed.

"Here sit ye, knight and child, and drink
The mead and wine sae free;
But and allerdearest father mine
I' the mids o' you should be.

"Here sit ye, dearest father mine:
Men me a foundling name;
And a man like me sae scorn'd to be,
Forsooth it is great shame!"

All sat they then, the kingis men,
As haw as ony eard;
But it was Erland the kingis son,
And he spak the first word.

Up spak he, Erland, the kingis son,
Right unassur'd spak he:
"I 'm nae thy father, Axelvold,
Sic like thou say'st I be."

It was then Young Axelvold,
And he drew out his knife:
"My mither ye sall either wed,
Or it sall cost thy life."

"Wi' knight and squire it were foul scorn
And deadly shame for me,
That I should father a bastard bairn,
A kingis son that be.

"But hear thou this, Young Axelvold,
Thou art a prince sae fine,
Then gie thou me, my wife to be,
Elinè, mither thine."

And glad were they *in the kingis* court,
Wi' lyst and mickle game;
Axelvold 's gi'en his mither awa;
His father her has taen.

It was the Young Axelvold
Gae a dunt [8] the board upon:
"I' the court I was but a foundling brat;
The day I 'm a kingis son!"
(I' the loft whare sleeps she, the proud Elinè.)

[6] Pale. [7] Bewildered.

THE WASSEL DANCE.

THE night is the night o' the wauk; [1]
(There wauk may he that will;)
There 's fiel come to dance and wassel mak.
(Whare wauks she, the proud Signelild,
under sae green an õe.)

Proud Signild speer'd at her mither right,
(There wauk may he that will,)
"May I gae till the wauk the night?"
(Whare wauks she, the proud Signelild,
under sae green an õe.)

"O, what will ye at the wauk-house do,
But sister or brither to gang wi' you?

"Brither or gude-brither hae ye nane,
Nor gang ye to wauk-house the night alane."

That maiden fine has prigget [2] sae lang,
Her mither at last gae her leave to gang.

"Thou gang, thou gang now, dochter mine,
But to nae wauk-house gangs mither thine.

"The king he is coming wi' a' his men;
Sae lyth [3] my rede, and bide at hame."

"There comes the queen wi' her maries a';
To talk wi' them, mither, lat me fa'."

She to the green wood her way has taen,
And she is till the wauk-house gaen.

Afore she wan the green strath [4] o'er,
The queen was gane to bed in her bower.

Ere she to the castell yett can win,
The wassel dance it was begun.

There danced all the kingis men,
And the king himsell he danced wi' them.

The king raught out his hand sae free:
"Fair maiden, will ye dance wi' me?"

[8] Blow. [1] Wake. [2] Entreated. [3] Listen. [4] Plain.

"I 'm only come o'er the dale, to see
An the Danish queen can speak to me."

"Ye dance wi' us a wee but fear,
And the queen hersell will soon be here."

Out stept Signild, jimp and sma';
The king gae 'r his hand, and they danced awa'.

"Hear ye what, Signild, I say to thee;
A lay o' love ye maun sing to me."

"In lays o' love nae skill I hae,
But I 'll sing anither the best I may."

Proud Signild can sing a sang wi' that;
This heard the queen in her bower that sat.

This heard the queen in her bower that lay:
"Whilk ane o' my ladies is singing sae?

"Whilk ladies o' mine dance at this late hour?
Why didna they follow me up to my bower?"

Syne up spak a page in kirtle red:
"It 's nane o' your ladies, I well ye rede;

"Nae ane o' your ladies I reckon it be,
But it is proud Signild under öe."

"Ye bring my scarlet sae fine to me,
And I will forth this lady to see."

Whan she came till the castell yett,
The dance gaed sae merrily and sae feat.

Around and around they dancing gae;
The queen she stood and saw the deray;[5]

And bitter the pangs her heart did wring,
Whan she saw Signild dance wi' the king.

It 's Sophi' says till her bower-woman;
"Bring a horn o' wine sae swyth ye can;

"A horn o' goud come hand to me,
And lat it wi' wine well filled be."

The king raught out his hand sae free:
"Will ye, Sophia, dance wi' me?"

"To dance wi' thee nor can I nor will,
'Less first proud Signild drink me till."

She hent the horn, and she drank sae free: —
Her heart it brast, and dead fell she.

Lang luikit the king in speechless wae,
As dead at his feet the maiden lay:

"Sae young and sae fair! wae, wae is me,
Thy dowie sakeless[6] weird[7] to see!"

Sair grat the women and maries there,
As intill the kirk her like they bare.

[5] Morriment. [6] Guiltless. [7] Destiny.

Had she but lythit her mither's rede,
(There wauk may he that will,)
That maiden she never sae ill had sped.
(Whare wauks she, the proud Signelild,
under sae green an öe.)

OLUF PANT.

Oluf Pant he sits in Korsöer-house,
A-drinking wi' his men;
And merrily drink they and carouse,
Till themselves they downa tame.
(Oluf Pant the bonny,
Wi' a' his menyie,
They maun a' sae sorry and wae be!)

"My service now will ye forleet,[1]
And lose baith meat and fee;
Or follow me swyth to Gerlev,
For a lemman there to see?"
(Oluf Pant the bonny,
Wi' a' his menyie,
They maun a' sae sorry and wae be!)

His service nane wad there forleet,
Amang his merry men a',
Nor langer while deval,[2] but till
They took their steeds frae the sta'.

He 's bidden them saddle the bonniest steed
They in the sta' can find:
"Mat Burmand 's be our host the night,
As he this while sall mind!"

Sae on they 've ridden to Studeby,
Thro' wood and shaw in haste;
Tygé Olesen stood i' the cauler air,
And bade them in to guest.

It was then rich Oluf Pant
Rade up till Gerlev yett;
His steed that day, the sooth to say,
Full proudly did curvett.

He rade intill Mat Burmand's yard,
Well wrapt in vair[3] sae gay;
And out the husbande he could come,
All in his kirtle gray.

"Thou shalt lend us thy house the night,
And mak us bierdly[4] cheer;
But and gie us thy huswife swyth,
Or I sall fell thee here."

"Gin I lend you my house the night,
And mak ye bierdly cheer;
But and gie you my huswife swyth,
'T will gang my heart right near."

Their steeds he 's till the stable led;
Gien them baith corn and hay;
And merrily they to the chalmer gang,
To talk wi' huswife and may.

[1] Quit. [2] Delay. [3] Fur. [4] Generous.

The husbande turn'd him snell[5] about,
All in his kirtle gray,
And he has sought the gainest[6] gate
To Andershaw that lay.

Oluf Mortensen, that gude prior,
Speer'd at the husbande right:
"What has befa'n that thee has drawn
Up here sae late the night?"

"O, sad 's my teen and unforeseen!
Oluf Pant is in my hame;
But him and his rout I may drive out,
My wife is brought to shame."

'T was then the gude prior Oluf Mortensen
O'er a' the house can ca':
"Up, up in haste, and swyth do on
Your brynies, my merry men a'!

"Swyth busk ye weel frae crown to heel
I' your gear, as best ye may;
Oluf Pant to cow will be nae mow;[7]
We 'll find nae bairns' play.

"And hye, thou luckless husbande, hame,
And lock thy dogs up weel;
And keep a' quiet as ye may;—
We 'll tread close at your heel."

Buskit and boun[8] the stout prior,
Till Burmand's yard he rade:
Now God in heaven his help mat be;—
Oluf Pant he draws his blade!

Oluf Mortensen at the door gaed in,
In a grim and angry mood;
Oluf Pant lap lightly till his legs,
And up afore him stood.

"Wha bade thee here till Gerlev-town,
Wi' my husbande leal to guest?
Up, up, to horse, and swyth be gone,
Or thou 's find a bitter feast."

Oluf Pant wi' that gan smile aneath
His cleading o' towsy[9] vair,
And, "They are mine as well as thine,"
He saftly whisper'd there.

Swyth out the prior drew his swerd;
He scorn'd to flince or flee;
The light in the chandler Oluf Pant put out,
And wi' Helenè fight maun he.

I' the hen-bauks[10] up Oluf Pant he crap;
There he was nagate fain:
The prior took tent whareas he sat,
And in blood-bath laid him then.

Sae they the rich Oluf Pant hae slain,
And his men a', three times three,
A' but the silly little foot-page,
And to him his life they gie.

5 Quickly. 7 Game. 9 Shaggy.
6 Nearest. 8 Went. 10 Hen-roost.

ROSMER HAFMAND,
OR THE MER-MAN ROSMER.

Bow-houghs and Elfin-stane,
And fiel[1] mair I canna name,
They loot them bigg sae stark a ship;
Till Island maun they stem.
(I never will break my troth.)

They shot the ship out in the brim[2]
That bremm'd[3] like an angry bear:
The White Goose[4] sank; the laidly elves
Loot her rise up nae mair.
(I never will break my troth.)

'T was then the young Child Roland,
He sought on the sea-ground,
And leading until Eline's bower,
A little green sty[5] he found.

Roland gaed to the castell;—
He saw the red fire flee:
"Now come o' me whatso God will,
It 's here that I maun be."

And it was the Child Roland,
Intill the court rade he,
And there stood his sister, proud Eline,
In menevair sae free.

And Roland into the castell came:
His hands he downa steer:
"God rue on thee, poor luckless fode,[6]
What hast thou to do here?"

This Eline was to him unkent:
"What for soe'er thou came,
What so thy letter or errand be,
Would thou had bidden at hame!

"And gae thou till that chalmer in,
Sae frozen wat and haw;
But come the Lang-shanks Ettin in,
He 'll rive thee in dugits[7] sma'.

"And sit thou down, thou luckless fode,
And warm thou thy shin-bane;
But come the Lang-shanks Ettin in,
He 'll stick thee on this stane."

Hame cam Rosmer Lang-shanks,
And he was wroth and grim:
"Sae well I wiss there 's come in here
A Christian woman or man!"

Proud Eline lyle is gane to him,
To win him as she dow:[8]
"There flew a craw out o'er the house,
Wi' a man's bane in his mou'."

Rosmer screeched and sprang about:
"Here 's a Christian man I ken;
But and thou tell me truth, but lies,
I will thee stick and bren!"

1 Many. 3 Growled. 5 Path. 7 Pieces.
2 Sea. 4 The name of the ship. 6 Man. 8 Can.

Eline lyle took o'er her her blue mantel,
And afore Rosmer can stand:
"Here is a child frae Island come,
O' my near kin and land."

"And is a child frae Island come,
Sae near a-kin to thee?
His ward and warrant I swear to be;
He 's never be drown'd by me."

Sae here in love and lyst fu' derne [9]
Scarce twa years o'er them flew,
Whan the proud lady Eline's cheek
Grew a' sae wan o' hue.

About twa years he there had been;
But there maun be nae mair;
Proud Eline lyle's wi' bairn by him:
That wirks them mickle care.

Proud Eline lyle's now taen on her
Afore Rosmer to stand:
"Will ye gie till this fremmit [10] page
Fos of hame till his land?"

"And will he gae hame till his land?
And say'st thou that for true?
Then o' the goud and white money
A kist I 'll gie him fu'."

Sae took he mickle red goud,
And laid it in a kist;
And proud Eline lyle laid hersell wi' it;—
That Rosmer little wist.

He took the man under his arm;
The kist on his back took he;
Sae he can under the saut sea gang,
Sae canny and sae free.

"Now I hae borne thee till the land;
Thou seest baith sun and moon:
And I gie thee this kist o' goud,
That is nae churlis boon."

"I thank thee, Rosmer, thou gude fellow;
Thou 'st landed me but harm;
I tell thee now for tidings new,
Proud Eline lyle's wi' bairn."

Then ran the tears down Rosmer's cheeks,
As the burn [11] rins down the brae: [12]
"But I hae sworn thee ward and warrant,
Here drowning thou should hae."

Hame to the knock [13] syne Rosmer ran,
As the hart rins to the hind;
But whan to the knock that he cam hame,
Nae Eline lyle could he find.

But proud Eline and Child Roland,
Wi' gaming lyst and joy,
Gaed hand in hand, wi' kindly talk,
And mony an amorous toy.

Rosmer waxt sae wroth and grim,
Whan he nae Eline fand,
He turn'd intill a whinstane gray,
Siclike he there does stand.

9 Secretly. 10 Foreign. 11 Brook. 12 Hillside. 13 Hillock.

WIT AT NEED.

The brither did at the sister speer,
(Oft and many times,)
"Will ye na tak a man to your fere?"
(It 's a' for her dearie she sorrows sae.)

"O na, O na, dear brither!" she said,
(Oft and many times,)
For I am o'er young yet to wed."
(It 's a' for her dearie she sorrows sae.)

"Gin they say true in this gate en',
Ye 've nae been aye sae fleyt [1] for men."

"*They say* was aye for a liar kent;
O' *they says* nane but fools tak tent."

"But wha was that for a *knight* sae braw,
That rade frae your castle this morning awa'?"

"A *knight!*" quo' she; "braw *knights* indeed!—
'T was my *little foot-page* upon his steed!"

"But what were they for twa pair o' *sheen*,
That lay afore your bed yestreen?"

"Twa pair o' *sheen!*" quo' she; "o' *sheen!*'
'T is surely my *slippers*, Billy, you mean."

"And what wee *bairnies*, the tither day,
Was it i' the bed wi' you that lay?"

"Wee *bairnies!*—O, ay!—the tither day,
Wi' my *dowie*, I mind now, I did play!"

"But what for a *bairnie* was it that cried
Sae loud i' your bower this morrow tide?"

"Could ever sic greeting a *bairnie's* be?
'T was my *lassie* that grat, she had tint [2] her key."

"And what bonny *cradle* was it sae braw,
That I i' the neuk sae cannily saw?"

"Bonny *cradle!*" quo' she; "gude sain your een!
It 's my silk *loom* wi' the wab you 've seen.

"Now, brither, what mair hae ye to speer?
I' ve answers aneuch, ye needna fear!"

. . . . .

Whan women for answers are at a stand,
(Oft and many times,)
The North Sea bottom will be dry land.
(It 's a' for her dearie she sorrows sae.)

1 Afraid. 2 Lost.

THE MER-MAN, AND MARSTIG'S DAUGHTER.

"Now rede[1] me, dear mither, a sonsy[2] rede;
A sonsy rede swythe rede to me,
How Marstig's daughter I may fa',
My love and lemman gay to be."

She 's made him a steed o' the clear water;
A saddle and bridle o' sand made she;
She 's shap'd him into a knight sae fair,
Syne into Mary's kirk-yard rade he.

He 's tied his steed to the kirk-stile,
Syne wrang-gates[3] round the kirk gaed he;
When the Mer-man entered the kirk-door,
Awa the sma' images turned their ee'.

The priest afore the altar stood:
"O, what for a gude knight may this be?"
The may leugh till hersell, and said,
"God gif that gude knight were for me!"

The Mer-man he stept o'er ae deas,
And he has steppit over three:
"O maiden, pledge me faith and troth!
O Marstig's daughter, gang wi' me!"

And she raught out her lily hand,
And pledg'd it to the knight sae free:
"Hae; there 's my faith and troth, Sir Knight,
And willingly I 'll gang wi' thee."

Out frae the kirk gaed the bridal train,
And on they danc'd wi' fearless glee;
And down they danc'd unto the strand,
Till twasome now alane they be:
"O Marstig's daughter, haud my steed,
And the bonniest ship I 'll bigg[4] for thee!"

And whan they came to the white sand,
To shore the sma' boats turning came;
And whan they came to the deep water,
The maiden sank in the saut sea faem.

The shriek she shriek'd amang the waves
Was heard far up upo' the land:
"I rede gude ladies, ane and a',
They dance wi' nae sic unco[5] man."

1 Counsel. 2 Good. 3 Backwards. 4 Build. 5 Unknown.

2 Slumber. 3 Strange. 1 Head. 4 Whispered.

"Rise up, fair youth, and join our dance;
Rise up, but[5] doubt or fear!

"Wake up, fair youth, and join the dance,
And we will tread the ring,
While mair nor eardly melody
My ladies for thee sing."

Syne ane, the fairest may on mold,
Sae sweet a sang began;
The hurling stream was still'd therewi',
Sae fast afore that ran.

The striving stream was still'd therewi',
Sae fast that wont to rin;
The sma' fish, in the flood that swam,
Amo' their faes now blin'.

The fishes a', in flood that were,
Lay still, baith fin and tail;
The sma' fowls in the shaw began
To whitter[6] in the dale.

"O, hear, thou fair, thou young swain!
And thou wi' us will dwell,
Then will we teach thee book and rune,
To read and write sae well.

"I 'll lear thee how the bear to bind,
And fasten to the aik tree;
The dragon, that liggs on mickle goud,
Afore thee fast shall flee."

They danced out, and they danced in,
In the Elfer ring sae green;
All silent sat the fair young swain,
And on his sword did lean.

"Now hear, thou fair, thou young swain,
But and thou till us speak,
Then shall on sword and sharp knife
Thy dearest heart-blood reek."

Had God nae made my luck sae gude,
That the cock did wap[7] his wing,
I boot hae bidden on Elfer Hill,
In the Elf-ladies' ring.

I rede the Danish young swains,
That to the court will ride,
That they ne'er ride to Elfer Hill,
Nor sleep upon its side.

5 Without. 6 To warble in a low voice. 7 Flap.

ELFER HILL.

I LAID my haffet[1] on Elfer Hill;
Saft slooming[2] clos'd my ee';
And there twa selcouth[3] ladies came,
Sae fain to speak to me.

Ane clappit me then, wi' cheek sae white,
And rown'd[4] intill mine ear:

KING OLUF THE SAINT.

KING Oluf and his brother bold
'Bout Norroway's rocks a-parley hold.

"The one of the two who best can sail
Shall rule o'er Norroway's hill and dale.

"Who first of us reaches our native ground
O'er all the region shall king be crowned."

Then Harald Haardrode answer made:
"Ay, let it be done as thou hast said.

"But if I to-day must sail with thee,
Thou shalt change thy vessel, I swear, with me.

"For thou hast got the Dragon of speed;
I shall make with the Ox a poor figure indeed.

"The Dragon is swift as the clouds in chase;
The Ox, he moveth in lazy pace."

"Hear, Harald, what I have to say to thee,
What thou hast proposed well pleaseth me.

"If my ship in aught be better than thine,
I 'll readily, cheerfully, lend thee mine.

"Do thou the Dragon so sprightly take,
And I with the Ox will the journey make."

"But first to the church we 'll bend our way,
Ere our hand on sail or on oar we lay.".

And into the church Saint Oluf trode,
His beautiful hair like the bright gold glowed.

But soon, out of breath, there came a man:
"Thy brother is sailing off fast as he can."

"Let them sail, my friend, who to sail may choose;
The word of our Lord we will not lose.

"The mass is the word of our blessed Lord:
Take water, ye swains, for our table board.

"We will sit at board, and the meat we will taste,
Then unto the sea-shore quietly haste.'

Now down they all speed to the ocean-strand,
Where the Ox lay rocking before the land.

And speedily they to the ocean bore
The anchor, and cable, and sail, and oar.

Saint Oluf he stood on the prow when on board:
"Now forward, thou Ox, in the name of the Lord!"

He grappled the Ox by the horn so white:
"Hie now, as if thou went clover to bite!"

Then forward the Ox began to hie,
In his wake stood the billows boisterously.

He hallooed to the lad on the yard so high:
"Do we the Dragon of Harald draw nigh?"

"No more of the pomps of the world I see
Than the uppermost top of the good oak-tree.—

"I see near the land of Norroway skim
Bright silken sails with a golden rim.—

"I see 'neath Norroway's mountains proud
The Dragon bearing of sail a cloud.—

"I see, I see, by Norroway's side,
The Dragon gallantly forward stride."

On the Ox's ribs a blow he gave:
"Now faster, now faster, over the wave!"

He struck the Ox on the eye with force:
"To the haven much speedier thou must course."

Then forward the Ox began to leap,
No sailor on deck his stand could keep.

Then cords he took, and his mariners fast
He tied to the vessel's rigging and mast.

'Twas then—'twas then—the steersman cried:
"But who shall now the vessel guide?"

His little gloves off Saint Oluf throws,
And to stand himself by the rudder he goes.

"O, we will sail o'er cliff and height,
The nearest way, like a line of light!"

So o'er the hills and dales they career,
To them they became like water clear.

So they sailed along o'er the mountains blue,
Then out came running the Elfin crew.

"Who sails o'er the gold in which we joy?
Our ancient father[1] who dares annoy?"

"Elf, turn to stone, and a stone remain
Till I by this path return again!"

So they sailed o'er Skaaney's mountains tall,
And stones became the little Elves all.

Out came a Carline with spindle and rok:
"Saint Oluf! why sailest thou us to mock?

"Saint Oluf, thou who the red beard hast!
Through my chamber wall thy ship hath passed."

With a glance of scorn did Saint Oluf say:
"Stand there a flint-rock for ever and aye."

Unhindered, unhindered, they bravely sailed on,
Before them yielded both stock and stone.

Still onward they sailed in such gallant guise,
That no man upon them could fasten his eyes.

Saint Oluf a bow before his knee bent,
Behind the sail dropped the shaft that he sent.

From the stern Saint Oluf a barb shot free,
Behind the Ox fell the shaft in the sea.

[1] Meaning, probably, the hill.

Saint Oluf he trusted in Christ alone,
And therefore first home by three days he won.

And that made Harald with fury storm,
Of a laidly dragon he took the form.

But the Saint was a man of devotion full,
And the Saint got Norroway's land to rule.

Into the church Saint Oluf trode,
He thanked the Saviour in fervent mood.

Saint Oluf walked the church about,
There shone a glory his ringlets out.

Whom God doth help makes bravely his way,
His enemies win both shame and dismay.

AAGER AND ELIZA.

'T WAS the valiant knight, Sir Aager,
He to the far island hied,
There he wedded sweet Eliza,
She of maidens was the pride.

There he married sweet Eliza,
With her lands and ruddy gold;
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead he lay beneath the mould.

In her bower sat sweet Eliza,
Screamed, and would not be consoled;
And the good Sir Aager listened,
Underneath the dingy mould.

Up Sir Aager rose, his coffin
Bore he on his bended back:
Towards the bower of sweet Eliza
Was his sad and silent track.

He the door tapped with his coffin,
For his fingers had no skin:
"Rise, O, rise, my sweet Eliza!
Rise, and let thy bridegroom in."

Straightway answered fair Eliza:
"I will not undo my door,
'Till thou name the name of Jesus,
Even as thou could'st before."

"Rise, O, rise, mine own Eliza,
And undo thy chamber door!
I can name the name of Jesus,
Even as I could of yore."

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Down her cheeks tears streaming ran;
Unto her within the bower
She admits the spectre man.

She her golden comb has taken,
And has combed his yellow hair;
On each lock that she adjusted
Fell a hot and briny tear.

"Listen now, my good Sir Aager!
Dearest bridegroom, all I crave
Is to know how it goes with thee
In that lonely place, the grave?"

"Every time that thou rejoicest,
And art happy in thy mind,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
All with leaves of roses lined.

"Every time that, love, thou grievest,
And dost shed the briny flood,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
Filled with black and loathsome blood.

"Heard I not the red cock crowing?
I, my dearest, must away;
Down to earth the dead are going,
And behind I must not stay.

"Hear I not the black cock crowing?
To the grave I down must go;
Now the gates of heaven are opening,
Fare thee well for ever moe."

Up Sir Aager stood, the coffin
Takes he on his bended back;
To the dark and distant church-yard
Is his melancholy track.

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Full courageous was her mood;
And her bridegroom she attended
Through the dark and dreary wood.

When the forest they had traversed,
And within the church-yard were,
Faded then of good Sir Aager
Straight the lovely yellow hair.

When the church-yard they had traversed,
And the church's threshold crossed,
Straight the cheek of good Sir Aager
All its rosy colors lost.

"Listen now, my sweet Eliza!
If my peace be dear to thee,
Never thou, from this time forward,
Pine or shed a tear for me.

"Turn, I pray thee, up to heaven
To the little stars thy sight:
Then thou mayest know for certain
How it fareth with the knight."

Soon as e'er her eyes to heaven
To the little stars she reared,
Into earth the dead man glided,
And to her no more appeared.

Homeward went the sweet Eliza,
Grief of her had taken hold;
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead she lay beneath the mould.

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide;
But never, ah! never, can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A knight full well equipped;
His steel was black, his helm was barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest,
And it was sharper than diamond-stone;
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven?" quoth he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a knight elected?
And have three maidens thee bedight?
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode,
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THOMAS KINGO.

Thomas Kingo was born in Slangerup in 1634, and died, as bishop of Funen, in 1723. He was the author of psalms and spiritual songs, whose simplicity and quaintness remind the English reader of Crashaw and Quarles. He was highly esteemed by his contemporaries, and his memory is still held in reverence in his native country. He has been called the Dr. Watts of Denmark.

MORNING SONG.

From eastern quarters now
The sun 's up-wandering,
His rays on the rock's brow
And hill's side squandering;
Be glad, my soul! and sing amidst thy pleasure,
Fly from the house of dust,
Up with thy thanks, and trust
To heaven's azure!

O, countless as the grains
Of sand so tiny,
Measureless as the main's
Deep waters briny,
God's mercy is, which he upon me showereth!
Each morning, in my shell,
A grace immeasurable
To me down-poureth.

Thou best dost understand,
Lord God! my needing,
And placed is in thy hand
My fortune's speeding,
And thou foreseest what is for me most fitting;
Be still, then, O my soul!
To manage in the whole
Thy God permitting!

May fruit the land array,
And corn for eating!
May truth e'er make its way,
With justice meeting!

Give thou to me my share with every other,
Till down my staff I lay,
And from this world away
Wend to another!

CHRISTIAN BRAUMAN TULLIN.

TULLIN was born in Christiania, in 1728, and received his education at the University of Copenhagen, where, besides the usual academic course, he applied himself to music, drawing, and the French and German languages. On closing his college life, he returned to Christiania, where he devoted himself to the study of the law, and of English and Italian. Among the English poets, Young and Pope were his favorites, and had, doubtless, much influence upon his taste. He afterwards became director of a nail, starch, and powder manufactory. He died, as collector of his native town, at the early age of thirty-seven.

His poems were received with great enthusiasm by his countrymen. For a long time he was considered the first of the Danish poets. He seems, however, to have gained his fame very easily; for, if judged by a high standard of poetic merit, or by that which he himself established, — "Thoughts are the soul of poetry; the more of these one finds in a poem, the better is the poem," — he would not be ranked among the first. The following extract is a paraphrase of some of the concluding stanzas of "Maidagen," Tullin's most celebrated piece. It is in a different measure from the original, and can hardly be considered as a fair specimen of the author's power.

EXTRACT FROM MAY-DAY.

HAIL, uncreated Being, source of life,
Whose love is boundless, and whose mercy wise!
Whose power hath wrought, to spread thy glories wide,
For every sense a paradise of joy!
Thyself art All, and in thy spirit pure
Live all created things: each form declares
Thy touch and pressure; every meanest tribe
The sacred image of thy nature bears!
Summer, and autumn's sun, and wintry blasts
Proclaim thy might and glory; but the spring,
Wherefore and whence, O Lord, its genial breath?
'T is the loud voice that bids the faithless bow;
With thousand thousand tongues of joy and praise,
With the full choir of new-created life,
Singing thy name; proclaiming to the dull
Thy love, thy bounty, thine almighty hand!
And thee it most resembles; like thyself,
It moulds and fashions; bids the spirit wake;
Gives life and aliment, and clothes the form
With strength and vigor! 'T is the holy type
Of thy creative breath! — How mean of soul,
How lost are they to every finer bliss,
Who, prisoned 'mid the dusty smoke of towns
(When Nature calls aloud, and Life invites,
Arrayed in youth and freshest beauty), sit
Forlorn and darkling in the maze of thought!
Life springs at thy command; thou bidd'st awake
New scenes to witness all thy majesty,
New shapes and creatures: none dost thou forbid
To view the wondrous produce of thy word;
And shall that creature, whom thy bounty raised
By reason high above the grovelling race,
With coldness trace thy glory, taste thy gifts
Contemptuous and unmoved?—I tremble, Lord,
I roam, as on a wide and fathomless sea,
Amid the wonders of thy growing year!
I see, but know not: my full heart admires
The prospect of delight thou spread'st around;
And, as thy beck can from the withered plant
Call forth new verdure, bid fresh blossoms spring,
Methinks that power may in the mouldering corse
Arouse warm life and vigor. I behold
Each living thing declare thy liberal hand,
Thy force, all-bountiful, almighty God!
And shall not I, on whom thy judging will
Showers choicer bliss, some duteous tribute pay,
Some strain of rapture, to the King of Kings?
My mind and heart and ravished sense admire
The might and gorgeous majesty of heaven,
The glory of thy works; and deem the world
Created vainly for such torpid souls
As scorn its beauty and renounce its joys.

JOHANNES EVALD.

CONTEMPORARY with Tullin, and, if less known during his lifetime, more honored after his death, is Johannes Evald. He was born at Copenhagen in 1743. At the age of sixteen, he ran away from the University, and escaped to Germany, where he entered the Prussian army, and afterwards deserted to the Austrian, which he joined as a drummer. After two years of service, he returned to Copenhagen in 1760, where he passed the remainder of his life in literary pursuits. He died in 1781.

Evald is the author of several dramatic works, the most important of which are the tragedies of "Rolf Krage," and "Balder's Död" (Balder's Death), and the lyrical drama of "Fiskerne" (the Fishermen), in which he has introduced the celebrated national song of "King Christian." He also commenced another tragedy, entitled "Frode," and a new "Hamlet," in iambics. It is, however, as a lyric, not as a dramatic poet, that Evald is chiefly known and valued. In this point of view he has no rival among his countrymen. His songs are written with remarkable vigor and beauty. In strength and simplicity he resembles Campbell.

KING CHRISTIAN.

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar;
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And, amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

THE WISHES.

All hail, thou new year, that, apparelled in sweetness,
Now spring'st like a youth from eternity's breast!
O, say dost thou come from the bright throne of greatness,
Our herald of mercy, of gladness, and rest?
Cheer the heart of our king with benignity's token;
Light his soul with the sunbeam that sets not above;
Be his sword unresisted, his sceptre unbroken;
O, peace be to Christian, the monarch we love!

With an emerald zone bind the rocks of the North;
O'er Denmark's green vales spread a buckler of gold;
Pour the glories of harvest unsparingly forth,
And show that our wealth is our dear native mould:
Smile on the conqueror of ocean, who urges,
Through darkness and tempests, his blue path to fame;
May the sea spare her hero, and waft on her surges
Blessings and peace to the land whence he came:

Round the forehead of art twine the wreath that she loves,
And harden to labor the sinews of youth;
With a hedge of stout hearts guard our Eden's fair groves,
And temper their valor with mercy and truth:
Bless him, to whom heaven its bright flame commendeth,
And shadow his couch with the folds of thy love;
Give light to our judges, — the heart that ne'er bendeth, —
Inspirit our bards, and our teachers approve.

O, blest be the firm-hearted hero, who weaves not
A thought or a wish but his spirit may own!
O, shame on the cold son of interest, who cleaves not
To the heart of his country, and loves her alone!
Be her welfare our glory, our joy, our devotion;
Unchilled be her valor, her worth undecayed;
May her friends on her fields gaze with rapture's emotion;
May she long love the stranger, but ask not his aid!

SONG.

From high the seaman's wearied sight
Spies the green forests with delight,
Which seem to promise rest and joy;
But woe is him, if hope deceives,
If his fond eye too late perceives
The breakers lurking to destroy.

O sweetest pledge of love and pleasure,
Enchanting smile! thy depth I 'll measure,
Wary, as in the shallow tide;
That, if beneath that garb of beauty
The mind has shoals to wreck my duty,
I straight may seek the waters wide.

EDWARD STORM.

Edward Storm was born in 1749, at Vaage, in Guldbrandsdalen, Norway. He is the author of a comic heroic poem, in hexameters, entitled "Bræger," and a collection of "Fables and Tales in the manner of Gellert." But in the comic vein he is not considered equal to his countryman Wessel, whose tragi-comedy of "Kjerlighed uden Strömper" (Love with-

out Stockings) is looked upon as one of the most successful humorous productions of Denmark. He is known chiefly as a lyric poet. In his ballads he has caught much of the spirit of ancient song. Many of them are written in his native Guldbrandsdalske dialect, and these are the most esteemed among his countrymen. He died in 1794.

THE BALLAD OF SINCLAIR.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
And he steered for the Norway border;
In Guldbrand valley he found his grave,
Where his merry men fell in disorder.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus;
God help thee, chief! from the Norway glaive
No other defender can save us.

The moon rode high in the blue night-cloud,
And the waves round the bark rippled smoothly;
When the mermaid rose from her watery shroud,
And thus sang the prophetess soothly:

"Return, return, thou Scottish wight!
Or thy light is extinguished in mourning;
If thou goest to Norway, I tell thee right,
No day shall behold thy returning."

"Now loud thou liest, thou sorceress old!
Thy prophecies ever are sore;
If once I catch thee within my hold,
Thou never shalt prophesy more."

He sailed three days, he sailed three nights,
He and his merry men bold;
The fourth he neared old Norway's heights;—
I tell you the tale as 't is told.

On Romsdale coast has he landed his host,
And lifted the flag of ruin;
Full fourteen hundred, of mickle boast,
All eager for Norway's undoing.

They scathe, they ravage, where'er they light,
Justice or ruth unheeding;
They spare not the old for his locks so white,
Nor the widow for her pleading.

They slew the babe on his mother's arm,
As he smiled so sweet on his foemen:
But the cry of woe was the war-alarm,
And the shriek was the warrior's omen.

The Baun[1] flamed high, and the message-wood ran
Swiftly o'er field and o'er furrow;
No hiding-place sought the Guldbranders then,
As the Sinclair shall find to his sorrow.

"Ye men of Norway, arise, arise!
Fight for your king and your laws;
And woe to the craven wretch that flies,
And grudges his blood in the cause!"

And all of Lesso, and Vog, and Lon,
With axes full sharp on their shoulders,
To Bredeboyd in a swarm are gone,
To talk with the Scottish soldiers.

Close under lid lies a pathway long,
The swift-flowing Laugen runs by it;
We call it Kring in our Northern tongue;
There wait we the foemen in quiet.

No more on the wall hangs the rifle-gun,
For the gray marksman aims at the foemen;
Old Nokken[2] mounts from the waters dun,
And waits for the prey that is coming.

The first shot hit the brave Sinclair right,
He fell with a groan full grievous;
The Scots beheld the good colonel's plight,
Then said they, "Saint Andrew receive us!"

"Ye Norway men, let your hearts be keen!
No mercy to those who deny it!"
The Scots then wished themselves home, I ween,
They liked not this Norway diet.

We strewed with bodies the long pathway,
The ravens they feasted full deep;
The youthful blood, that was spilt that day,
The maidens of Scotland may weep.

No Scottish flower was left on the stem,
No Scotsman returned to tell
How perilous 't is to visit them
Who in mountains of Norway dwell.

And still on the spot stands a statue high,
For the foemen of Norway's discerning;
And woe to him who that statue can spy,
And feels not his spirit burning!

THORVALD.

Swayne Tveskieg did a man possess,
Sir Thorvald hight;
Though fierce in war, kind acts in peace
Were his delight.
From port to port his vessels fast
Sailed wide around,
And made, where'er they anchor cast,
His name renowned.
But Thorvald has freed his king.

Prisoners he bought,—clothes, liberty,
On them bestowed,
And sent men home from slavery
To their abode.

[1] A heap of wood raised in the form of a cone on the summits of the mountains, and set on fire to give notice of invasion.

[2] The river-god.

And many an old man got his boy,
His age's stay;
And many a maid her youth's sole joy,
Her lover gay.
But Thorvald has freed his king.

A brave fight Thorvald loved full dear,
For brave his mood;
But never did he dip his spear
In feeble blood.
He followed Swayne to many a fray
With war-shield bright,
And his mere presence scared away
Foul deeds of might.
But Thorvald has freed his king.

They hoist sail on the lofty mast;
It was King Swayne;
He o'er the bluey billows passed
With armed train.
His mind to harry Bretland [1] boiled;
He leapt on shore:
And every, every thing recoiled
His might before.
But Thorvald has freed his king.

Yet slept not Bretland's chieftain good;
He speedily
Collects a host in the dark wood
Of cavalry.
And evil, through that subtle plan,
Befell the Dane;
They were ta'en prisoners every man,
And last king Swayne.
But Thorvald has freed his king.

"Now hear, thou prison-foogd! [2] and, pray,
My message heed:
Unto the castle take thy way,
Thence Thorvald lead;
Prison and chains become him not,
Whose gallant hand
So many a handsome lad has brought
From slavery's band."
But Thorvald has freed his king.

The man brought this intelligence
To the bower's door;
But Thorvald, with loud vehemence,
"I 'll not go," swore.
"What! go, and leave my sovereign here,
In durance sore?
No! Thorvald then ne'er worthy were
To lift shield more."
But Thorvald has freed his king.

What cannot noble souls effect?
Both freedom gain
Through Thorvald's prayer, and the respect
His deeds obtain.
And, from that hour unto his grave,
Swayne ever showed
Towards his youth's friend, so true and brave,
Fit gratitude.
But Thorvald has freed his king.

Swayne Tveskieg sat with kings one tide,
O'er mead and beer;
The cushion soft he stroked, and cried,
"Sit, Thorvald, here.
Thy father ne'er ruled land like me
And my compeers;
But yarl and nobleman is he
Whose fame thine nears.
For Thorvald has freed the king."

[1] Britain. [2] The governor of the prison.

THOMAS THAARUP.

Thomas Thaarup was born at Copenhagen in 1749, and, after completing his studies at the University, he became Professor of History, Philosophy, and Belles Lettres in the Royal Naval Academy, a post which he occupied twenty years. In 1800 he retired to Smidstrup, where he lived upon his pension until his death in 1821, at the advanced age of seventy-two.

His principal works are the three national operas of "Höstgildet" (Harvest Home), "Peters Bryllup" (Peter's Marriage), and "Hiemkomsten" (the Return Home). As a poet, he is more remarkable for his common sense and correct versification than for invention or power. He is more patriotic than poetical.

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose;
Where first I cropped the stainless blossom
Of pleasure, yet unmixed with woes;
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripped beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love.
Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures,
Becomes a heaven in memory;
And e'en the broken veteran measures
With sprightlier step his haunts in glee.

Through east, through west, where'er creation
Glows with the cheerful hum of men,
Clear, bright it burns, to earth's last nation,
The ardor of the citizen:
The son of Greenland's white expansion
Contemns green corn and laughing vine;
The cot is his embattled mansion,
The rugged rock his Palestine.

Such was the beacon-light that guided
Our earliest chiefs through war and woe;
E'en love itself in fame subsided,
Though love was all their good below:

Thus young Hialte rushed to glory,
And left his mourning maid behind;
He fell,—and Honor round his story,
Dropping with tears, her wreath entwined.

Such flame, O Pastor-chief! impelled thee
To quit the crosier for the blade;
Not e'en the Heaven-loved cloister held thee,
When Denmark called thee to her aid:
No storms could chill, no darkness blind thee,
Ankona saw her thousands bend,
Yet, when her suppliant arms entwined thee,
She found a man in Denmark's friend.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's valleys,
Heroic tombs profusely rise,
Memorials of the love that rallies
Nations round kings, and knits their ties.
Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
But sweeter still our native land.

Thou monument of truth unfailing!
Sublime, unshaken Frederickshall!
In vain, with peal on peal assailing,
Charles thundered at thy fatal wall:
Beneath thy cliff, in flames ascending,
A sacrifice to virtue blazed,
When patriot bands, serene, unbending,
Consumed the domes their fathers raised.

O royal town! in memory hallowed
To Denmark's last and darkest day!
The prize that Sweden's hunter followed
Behind thy feeble ramparts lay:
But faith, the strength of towers supplying,
Bade Vasa tremble for his name;
While, round the rescued Hafnia lying,
Expired stern Sweden's flower and fame.

Long, long shall Danish maidens sigh
For those who in their battle fell;
And mothers long, with beaming eye,
Of Frederickshall and Hafnia tell!
The child, that learns to lisp his mother,
Shall learn to lisp his country's name;
Shall learn to call her son a brother,
And guard her rights with heart of flame.

Burn high, burn clear, thou spark unfading,
From Holstein's oaks, to Dofra's base;
Till each, in war his country aiding,
Remain in peace her strength and grace!
The sons of wisdom shall approve us,
The God of patriots smile from high,
While we, and all the hearts that love us,
Breathe but for Denmark's liberty.

TO SPRING.

THY beams are sweet, beloved *spring*!
The winter-shades before thee fly;
The bough smiles green, the young birds sing,
The chainless current glistens by;
Till countless flowers, like stars, illume
The deepening vale and forest-gloom.

O, welcome, gentle guest from high,
Sent to cheer our world below,
To lighten sorrow's faded eye,
To kindle nature's social glow!
O, he is o'er his fellows blest,
Who feels thee in a guiltless breast!

Peace to the generous heart, essaying
With deeds of love to win our praise!
He smiles, the spring of life surveying,
Nor fears her cold and wintry days:
To his high goal, with triumph bright,
The calm years waft him in their flight.

Thou glorious goal, that shin'st afar,
And seem'st to smile us on our way;
Bright is the hope that crowns our war,
The dawn-blush of eternal day!
There shall we meet, this dark world o'er,
And mix in love for evermore.

KNUD LYNE RAHBEK.

RAHBEK was born at Copenhagen in 1760, and died there in 1830. His long life was an active and laborious one. He was a man of many occupations, a traveller, a professor, an editor, a critic, and a poet. He began his literary career by translations from Racine and Diderot, and an original play called "Den Unge Darby" (The Young Darby). A few years afterwards, in connexion with his friend Pram, author of the epic poem of "Stærkodder," he established a monthly review under the title of "Minerva." He was the author, also, of another periodical, in imitation of Addison's "Spectator," entitled "Den Danske Tilskuer" (The Danish Observer), which is considered by his countrymen as his *monumentum ære perennius*, and a mirror of the times. He himself has been called "the man of the eighteenth century." The following ballad is a favorable specimen of his poetic powers.

PETER COLBIORNSEN.

'FORE Frederekstеen King Carl he lay
With mighty host;
But Frederekshal, from day to day,
Much trouble cost.
To seize the sword each citizen
His tools let fall,
And valiant Peter Colbiornsen
Was first of all.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

'Gainst Frederekshal so fierce and grim
Turned Carl his might,
The citizens encountered him
In numbers slight;

But, ah! they fought like Northern men
For much-loved land,
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
That led the band.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Such heavy blows the Norsemen deal
Amid the foe,
Like ripe corn 'fore the reaper's steel
The Swedes sink low.
But sturdiest reaper weary will;
So happ'd it here;
Though many the Norwegians kill,
More, more appear.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Before superior force they flew,
As Norsemen fly,
They but retired, the fight anew
Unawed to ply.
Now o'er the bodies of his slain
His way Carl makes;
He thinks he has the city ta'en,
But he mistakes.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

A speedy death his soldiers found
Where'er they came;
For Norse were posted all around,
And greeted them.
Then Carl he sent, but sorely vexed,
To Frederekstеen,
And begged that he might bury next
His slaughtered men.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

"No time, no time to squander e'er
Have Norsemen bold,
He came self-bidden 'mongst us here,"
Thus Carl was told;
"If we can drive him back again,
We now must try,"
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
Made that reply.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Lo! from the town the flames outburst,
High-minded men!
And he who fired his house the first
Was Colbiornsen.
Eager to quench the fire, the foes
Make quick resort,
But bullets fell as fast as snows
Down from the fort.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Now rose the flames toward the sky,
Red, terrible;
His heroes' death the king thereby
Could see right well.
Sir Peter's word he then made good,
His host retires;
But in his path the steen it stood,
And on him fires.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Magnificent 'midst corse and blood
Glowed Frederekshal;
Illumed its own men's courage proud,
And Swedesmen fall.
Whoe'er saw pile funereal flame
So bright as then?
Sure never shall expire thy name,
O Colbiornsen!
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

PETER ANDREAS HEIBERG.

Heiberg was born at Vordingborg in 1758. Till 1800, he lived in Copenhagen, where he devoted himself to writing for the stage. Next to Holberg, he has produced the greatest number of original Danish comedies, most of which are noted for acuteness, wit, and knowledge of the world. In 1800, he was banished from his native country on account of his political writings. Since that time, he has resided in Paris, where, during the reign of Napoleon, he was employed in the Bureau of Foreign Affairs. His later writings consist chiefly of philosophical and literary essays in the French journals.

NORWEGIAN LOVE-SONG.

The bright red sun in ocean slept;
Beneath a pine-tree Gunild wept,
And eyed the hills with silver crowned,
And listened to each little sound
That stirred on high.

"Thou stream," she said, "from heights above,
Flow softly to a woman's love!
As on thy azure current steering,
Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing
The sounds I love.

"Ere chased the morn the night-cloud pale,
He sought the deer in distant dale:
'Farewell!' he said, 'when evening closes,
Expect me where the moon reposes
On yonder vale.'

"Return, return, my Harold dear!
This wedded bosom pants with fear;
By woodland foe I deem thee dying;
O, come! and hear the rocks replying
To Gunild's joy."

Then horns and hounds came pealing wide;
"'T is he! 't is he!" fair Gunild cried;
"Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry!"
And rocks and mountains answered high,
"'T is he! 't is he!"

TYCHO BRAHE, OR THE RUINS OF URANIENBORG.

Thou by the strand dost wander,—
Yet here, O stranger, stay!
Turn towards the island yonder,
And listen to my lay:

Thy every meditation
Bid thither, thither haste;
A castle had its station
On yon banks ages past.

In long past days in glory
It stood, and grandeur sheen;
Now — 't was so transitory —
Its ruins scarce are seen.
But it in ancient tide was
For height and size renowned,
It seen from every side was
Uprising from the ground.

For no sea-king intended,
I ween, was yonder hold;
Urania! it ascended
In praise of thee so bold.
Close by the ocean roaring,
Far, far from mortal jars,
It stood towards heaven soaring,
And towards the little stars.

A gate in the wall eastward
Showed like a mighty mouth;
There was another westward,
And spires stood north and south.
The castle dome, high rearing
Itself, a spirelet bore,
Where stood, 'fore the wind veering,
A Pegasus, gilt o'er.

Towers, which the sight astounded,
In north and south were placed,
Upon strong pillars founded,
And both with galleries graced.
And there they caught attention
Of all, who thither strolled,
Quadrants of large dimension,
And spheres in flames that rolled.

One, from the castle staring,
Across the island spied
The woods, green foliage bearing,
And ocean's bluey tide.
The halls the sight enchanted,
With colors bright of blee;
The gardens they were planted
With many a flower and tree.

When down came night careering,
And vanished was the sun,
The stars were seen appearing
All heaven's arch upon.
Far, far was heard the yelling
(When one thereto gave heed)
Of those who watched the dwelling,
Four hounds of mastiff breed.

The good knight ceased to walk on
The fields of war and gore;
His helm and sword the balk on
He hung, to use no more.
From earth, its woe and riot,
His mind had taken flight,
When in his chamber quiet
He sat at depth of night.

Then he his eye erected
Into the night so far,
And keen the course inspected
Of every twinkling star:
The stars his fame transported
Wide over sea and land;
And kings his friendship courted,
And sought his islet's strand.

But the stars pointed serious
To other countries' track;
His fate called him imperious,
He went, and came not back.
The haughty walls, through sorrow,
Have long since sunken low;
The heavy ploughshares furrow
Thy house, Urania! now.

Each time the sun is sinking,
It friendly looks on Hveen;
Its rays there linger, thinking
On what that place has been.
The moon hastes, melancholy,
Past, past her coast so dear;
And in love's pleasure holy
Shines Freya's starlet clear:

Then suddenly takes to heaving
Of that same ruin old
The basis deep, believing,
Some evening, — 't is oft told, —
For many moments, gladly,
'T would rise up from the mould; —
It may not; — so it sadly
Sinks in Death's slumber cold.

JENS BAGGESEN.

Jens Baggesen was born at Korsöer in 1764, and died at Hamburg in 1826. A large portion of his life was passed on the Continent. He was for a time professor in the University at Kiel; but travelling, and a residence in foreign capitals, seem to have been more in accordance with his restless spirit than a fixed abode in his native land.

His principal writings are a collection of comic stories, called "The Labyrinth," or Tales of a Traveller in Germany, Switzerland, and France; the operas of "Holgerdanske" and "Erik Eiegod"; "Parthenais," an idyllic poem in the manner of Voss's "Luise," and Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea"; a burlesque epic, "Adam und Eva"; and several volumes of lyric and miscellaneous poems. Some of these works were written originally in German.

Baggesen was much engaged, also, in those quarrels of authors which so often disgrace the literary world and embitter the lives of scholars. He was particularly hostile to Oehlenschläger, a poet who has attained a far greater

and more widely extended fame than his antagonist. Baggesen's lyric poems are considered his best productions. Many of them are written with great tenderness of feeling and elegance of style.

CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horse-back on best father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought, "O, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"O gentle God! O, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—
God! may I never, never lose that too!

TO MY NATIVE LAND.

THOU spot of earth, where from the breast of woe
My eye first rose, and in the purple glow
Of morning, and the dewy smile of love,
Marked the first gleamings of the Power above:

Where, wondering at its birth, my spirit rose,
Called forth from nothing by his word sublime,
To run its mighty race of joys and woes,
The proud coeval of immortal time:

Thou spot unequalled! where the thousand lyres
Of spring first met me on her balmy gale,
And my rapt fancy heard celestial choirs
In the wild wood-notes and my mother's tale:

Where my first trembling accents were addressed
To lisp the dear, the unforgotten name,
And, clasped to mild affection's throbbing breast,
My spirit caught from her the kindling flame:

My country! have I found a spot of joy,
Through the wide precincts of the chequered earth,
So calm, so sweet, so guiltless of alloy,
As thou art to his soul, whose best employ
Is to recall the joys that blessed his birth?

O, nowhere blooms so bright the summer rose,
As where youth cropt it from the valley's breast!
O, nowhere are the downs so soft as those
That pillowed infancy's unbroken rest!

In vain the partial sun on other vales
Pours liberal down a more exhaustless ray,
And vermeil fruits, that blush along their dales,
Mock the pale products of our scanty day;

In vain, far distant from the land we love,
The world's green breast soars higher to the sky:
O, what were heaven itself, if lost above
Were the dear memory of departed joy?

Range ocean, melt in amorous forests dim,
O'er icy peaks with sacred horror bend,
View life in thousand forms, and hear the hymn
Of love and joy from thousand hearts ascend,
And trace each blessing, where round freedom's shrine
Pure faith and equal laws their shadows twine:

Yet, wheresoe'er thou roam'st, to lovelier things
With mingled joy and grief thy spirit springs;
And all bright Arno's pastoral lays of love
Yield to the sports, where through the tangling grove
The mimic falcon chased the little dove.

O, what are Eloisa's bowers of cost,
Matched with the bush, where, hid in berries white,
Mine arms around my infant love were crossed?

What Jura's peak, to that upon whose height
I strove to grasp the moon, and where the flight
Of my first thought was in my Maker lost?

No! here, — but here, — in this lone paradise,
Which Frederic, like the peaceful angel, gilds,
Where my loved brethren mix in social ties,
From Norway's rocks to Holstein's golden fields;

O Denmark! in thy quiet lap reclined,
The dazzling joys of varied earth forgot,
I find the peace I strove in vain to find,
The peace I never found where thou wert not.

The countless wonders of my devious youth,
The forms of early love and early truth,
Rise on my view, in memory's colors dressed;
And each lost angel smiles more lovingly,
And every star that cheered my early sky
Shines fairer in this happy port of rest!

ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, the greatest poet of Denmark, was born in a suburb of Copenhagen in 1779. His boyhood was passed at the castle of Frideriksborg, a royal residence, of which his father was organist and steward or governor. The castle was occupied by the king and his court in the summer, but during the winter the boy "was left to wander at will through the lofty, magnificent, and solitary apartments, to gaze on the portraits of kings and princes; and, surrounded by these splendors not his own, to pore over romances and fairy tales, obtained from some circulating library in town, to which he made frequent pilgrimages for this purpose through storm and snow; or to listen to his father, who, as the autumnal evenings closed in, used to assemble his family about him, and read aloud to them accounts of voyages and travels." *

In this manner the poet lived the first twelve years of his life. He was now transferred to the city, and commenced his studies under Edward Storm, a Norwegian scholar and poet. He showed but little fondness for scholastic pursuits, but occupied himself chiefly with writing and acting plays and boxing, "walking about," as he himself says, "for a long time, in coats which had once figured on the backs of crown princes, and stiff boots which had been worn by kings, while my pantaloons were made out of the cloth which had covered some old billiard table, now out of commission," all bought by his father on speculation from the keeper of the king's wardrobe. In this irregular manner he spent four years, gaining little Latin and less Greek, but acquiring a moderate knowledge of geography and history, and studying the Danish, German, and French languages. His father intended to make him a merchant; but the merchant, in whose counting-house he desired to place him, not being able to receive the young man, the plan was abandoned, and the poet went back to his studies. He was soon discouraged by finding that the defects of his early training made it extremely difficult, if not quite impossible, to achieve distinction in a classical or theological career; and, his former schoolboy taste for theatrical representation reviving, he suddenly resolved to try his fortune on the stage. His success as an actor was only moderate; but the experience he acquired in theatrical affairs was of some advantage to him in his subsequent career as a dramatic poet. He formed an acquaintance at this time with a young student, named Oersted, by whose arguments he was persuaded to desert the stage and apply himself to the profession of the law. This shifting of the scene took place in 1800. About the same period, occurred a love passage between our law-student and Councillor Heger's daughter Christiana, his future wife, the result of which is thus related by the writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review." "All the poet's means were merely, as the schoolmen would say, *possible*, but not very probable, *entities*; he had not yet distinguished himself in literature; his law he could not hope to render available for years; and therefore the prospects of the lovers were any thing but flattering. It was naturally with a beating heart, therefore, that Oehlenschläger laid his proposals before the father, a musician, optician, fire-work maker, and fifty other things besides. He might have spared himself all anxiety on the subject; for the old gentleman, after listening to the young lawyer's maiden speech on the question, coolly rang the bell for his daughter, told her in a moment how the matter stood, placed her hand in that of Oehlenschläger, and — changed the subject."

In 1801, Oehlenschläger's professional studies were interrupted by the tumults of war, caused by the expedition of the British fleet against Copenhagen. The young lawyer became one of a company of volunteers raised for the defence of the country; but the hardest services they were called upon to perform were to march and countermarch in stormy weather. This military episode was of short duration. At the return of peace, Oehlenschläger resumed his studies, lightening his professional pursuits by private theatricals, literary clubs, and the careful study of the legendary lore of the North. In 1803, he published a small collection of poems, a dramatic lyrical sketch, and soon after a comic opera called "Freya's Altar," and "Vaulundur's Saga," a modernized fable from the Edda.

His first important work, however, was the Oriental drama of "Aladdin." The success of this attempt was such, that he renounced the

* Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. VIII., p. 2.

study of the law, and resolved to devote himself wholly to poetry. Through the friendly interposition of Count Schimmelmann, he obtained a travelling pension from the Danish government, by which he was enabled to visit Germany, France, and Italy. In this tour he became acquainted with the most eminent literary men of Halle, Berlin, and Dresden; and at Weimar he enjoyed for some time a confidential intercourse with Wieland and Goethe. He was in Weimar during its occupation by the French after the battle of Jena; but, as soon as the disturbed state of the country permitted, he hastened to Paris, where he completed three tragedies on *national* subjects, "Hakon Jarl," "Palnatoke," and "Axel and Walburg," works which betray no marks of slavish imitation of any school, but are full of originality in thought, and are marked by great beauty of execution. In these poems he reproduces the bold and energetic spirit of the elder times of the North, softening its harsher features occasionally by the light of modern refinement. The contrast between the cruel and bloody rites of the Scandinavian paganism, and the manners and precepts taught by the Christian religion, is seized by him with striking skill; and his great familiarity with the times in which his scenes are laid is manifested, says the writer already quoted, "not in the accumulation of minute particulars or antiquarian allusions, but in a primeval simplicity and essential truth pervading and informing the whole."

In Paris, Oehlenschläger made the acquaintance of Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant, and of Baggesen, with whom he afterwards waged a bitter literary warfare. He visited Madame de Staël at Coppet, and there met Augustus William Schlegel, with whom, however, he had no very genial intercourse. Schlegel read his poems, and advised him with regard to his German style; for, being skilled in both languages, — *doctus utriusque sermonis*, — Oehlenschläger wrote his principal works in the German as well as in the Danish; but the great critic was cautious and reserved in expressing any opinion of their merits.

Leaving Madame de Staël's residence, he proceeded on his Italian tour, to which he had long been looking forward. At Parma he visited the frescoes of Correggio in the churches of St. Joseph and St. John. "The idea of writing a play," says he, "on the subject of his (Correggio's) life — an idea which I had already entertained in Paris — again occurred to my mind; and in Modena, when I saw the little fresco painting over the chimney-piece in the ducal palace, which had been executed in his seventeenth year, it was finally resolved on."

In the execution of his plan, he adopted Vasari's account of Correggio's death, as the groundwork of the piece. The delineation of the artist's character is singularly beautiful. The gentle and sensitive painter is brought into striking contrast with the daring and sublime genius of Michael Angelo, as will be seen in one of the following extracts. The picture of domestic life and love, graced by congenial tastes for art and enthusiasm in its pursuit, was never drawn with more simplicity, truth, beauty, and felicity, than in this exquisite drama. "His celebrated drama, 'Correggio,'" says Wolfgang Menzel, in his "German Literature," "became the fruitful parent of the 'painter-dramas,' which appeared in great numbers, in company with the 'painter-novels,' after Heine, in his 'Ardinghello,' and Tieck, in 'Sternbald's Travels,' had made the romantic life of the artist the subject of fiction."

Goethe's "Tasso" resembles "Correggio" in design, except that he takes a poet, and not an artist, for his hero; other works, constructed upon the same principle, are Schenck's "Albert Dürer," Deinhardstein's "Hans Sachs," Raupach's "Tasso," Halm's "Camoens," Gutzkow's "Richard Savage"; these all come under the general denomination of the *Künstler drama*, — the artist drama, — inasmuch as they celebrate great artists or poets.

After an absence of five years from his country and the councillor's daughter, Oehlenschläger began to feel an irresistible longing to return.

In his passage through Germany he visited Goethe again; and his account of the interview — the last they ever had — presents, in curiously contrasted lights, the simple, genuine, affectionate, and honest character of the Dane, and the cold, measured, diplomatic manner of the poet-minister of Weimar.

"I had dedicated to him," he says, "my 'Aladdin,' had sent him a German copy of my 'Hakon Jarl' and 'Palnatoke,' with an affectionate letter, and I now expected a paternal reception, such as a scholar would anticipate from a master. Goethe received me courteously, but coldly, and almost like a stranger. Had subsequent events, then, extinguished in his mind the recollection of happy hours spent together, which in mine remained so dearly cherished, so incapable of being forgotten? or were these recollections slumbering only, and peradventure might be awakened? Was I too impatient, that the son did not at once find the father he had expected? I know not. In truth, I could not suppress the pain I felt, — but I thought that if I could be allowed to read my 'Correggio' to him, our old communion and fellowship would revive. Matters, however, it seems, were otherwise arranged. When I told him, through Riemer, that I had written a new tragedy, which I wished to read to him, he sent me word that I might send him the manuscript, and he would read it himself. I told him he could not read it, as I had only a very ill written copy in my possession, full of corrections and interlineations. Such as it was, however, I gave it to Riemer. He brought it back to me, and told me that Goethe in fact found he could not read it; but that when I

printed it, he would do so. This pained me, but I endeavoured to preserve my firmness and good humor. Goethe twice asked me politely to dinner, and there I was bold and satirical, because I found it impossible to be open-hearted and simple. Among other things, I recited some epigrams, which I had never printed, on some celebrated writers. Goethe said to me good-humoredly, 'This is not your field; — he who can make wine should not make vinegar.' 'And have you, then,' I answered, 'made no vinegar in your time?' 'The devil!' said Goethe, 'suppose I have, does that make it *right* to do so?' 'No,' rejoined I, — 'but, wherever wine is made, some grapes will fall off which will not do for wine, though they make excellent vinegar, and vinegar is a good antidote against corruption.'

"Could we have had time only to become acquainted with each other again, all would have gone well, and Goethe would have allowed me to read my play to him. But, unfortunately, my departure could not be put off, and we took a cold farewell of each other. It grieved me, however, to the soul; for there was not a being in the world that I loved and honored more than Goethe, and now we were parting, perhaps never again to meet in life. The horses had been ordered at five o'clock the next morning. It was now half past eleven at night; I sat melancholy in my room, leaning my head upon my hand, the tears standing in my eye. All at once an irresistible longing came over me to press my old friend once more to my heart; though the pride of mortified feeling contended with it in my heart, and pleaded that I ought not to present myself to him in an attitude of humiliation.

"I ran to Goethe's house, in which there was still light; went to Riemer in his room and said, 'My dear friend, can I not speak to Goethe for a moment? I would willingly bid him farewell once more.' Riemer was surprised, but, seeing my agitation, and knowing its source, he answered, 'I will tell him; I will see whether he is still up.' He returned and told me to go in, while he himself took his leave. There stood the creator of 'Götz of Berlichingen' and 'Herman and Dorothea,' in his night-gown, winding up his watch before going to bed. When he saw me, he said to me kindly, 'Ah! friend, you come like Nicodemus.' 'Will the privy councillor,' said I, 'permit me to bid a last farewell to the poet Goethe?' 'Now, then,' replied he with affection, 'farewell, my child!' 'No more! no more!' said I, deeply moved, and hastily left the room. For twenty years now I have not seen Goethe nor written to him, but I have named my eldest son after him; I have repeatedly read through and lectured upon his noble productions; his picture hangs in my room. I love him, and am convinced that if fate should once more bring me into his neighbourhood, I should still find in him the old paternal friend. I know also that he has always spoken with kindness of me."

Oehlenschläger was married immediately after his return, and soon received the appointment of Professor Extraordinary in the University. His winters were employed in lecturing on elegant literature in Copenhagen, and the leisure of his summers was given assiduously to composition. In 1815 he was made a Knight of Dannebrog (Danish Flag), and in 1827 elected Ordinary Professor and Assessor in the Consistory.

Other pieces of his are "Ludlam's Cave," "Erich and Adel," "Hugo von Rheinberg," "Stærkodder," and "Charles the Great." "His lyric poems, in general, are distinguished by force and simplicity of expression, a simplicity, in fact, which sometimes degenerates into common or prosaic lines; and almost always by a natural and unexaggerated vein of feeling."* But both his lyrical poems and his novels are inferior to his dramatic compositions. One of his works of fiction, however, a reproduction of the old German romance of the "Island Felsenburg," is described by Menzel as "a novel full of rich and warm life."

The admirable translations from Oehlenschläger's dramas, which we have taken from "Blackwood's Magazine," are by Mr. Gillies. An analysis of his "Axel and Valburg," and of the "Vaerings in Miklagord," with extracts, may be found in the "Foreign Review," for October, 1828, and one of his comedy of "The Brothers of Damascus," in Blackwood, No. 248, for June, 1836.

Oehlenschläger is still living in Copenhagen.

EXTRACTS FROM ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

FROM THE DEDICATION.

BORN in the distant North,
Soon to my youthful ear came tidings forth
From Fairy Land:
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where youth and beauty go
In magic band.

Even in my childish days
I pored enchanted on its ancient lays;
Where the thick snowy fold
Lay deep on wall and hill,
I read, and felt the chill
Of wonder, not of cold.

Methought the driving hail,
That on the windows beat with icy flail,
Was Zephyr's wing:
I sat, and by the light
Of one dim lamp had sight
Of Southern spring.

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* Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. VIII., p. 31.

NOUREDDIN AND ALADDIN.

[Two rocks, bending towards each other, form an arch; a small plain in front, clothed with grass and flowers, partly overshaded by the trees upon the rocks. A spring flows from the cleft of the rocks, and loses itself in the distance.]

NOUREDDIN and ALADDIN (in conversation).

ALADDIN.

WELL, uncle, you do tell the loveliest stories
That ever in my life I listened to,
And I could stand and hearken here for ever.
Methinks I feel myself a wiser man
Already, since we left the city gate, —
You 've led me such a round through every quarter
Of the wide world. All that you say of trade
Doubtless is true; but, I confess, your tales
Of Nature's magic and mysterious powers,
Of men who by mere luck and chance obtain,
Even in an instant, all that others toil for
Through a long, weary life, yet toil in vain, —
These themes were those I loved.

NOUREDDIN.

These themes indeed
The noblest are that can employ the soul.

ALADDIN (looking about, bewildered).

But where, in Heaven's name, are we? Your fine talk
So charmed me on, I quite forgot the way.
Far over stock and stone, through field and thicket,
We 've wandered on, — far from the gardens now, —
Alone amidst the mountains. Ah! we must
Have walked a fearful way. And, now I think on 't,
I did at times feel, as it were, aweariedi,
Although I soon forgot it. Was it so,
Dear uncle, with thee too?

NOUREDDIN.

Not so, my son.
'T was purposely that by degrees I drew thee
From out the stir and tumult of the town
Here into Nature's still, majestic realm.
I saw thy young heart beat with frolic joy,
While through the gardens we together wandered,
Which, like an isolated ring of flowers,
The rocky bases of the mountains girdled.
But though those blooming bowers and trickling rills,
The tempting fruits with which they 're studded over,
May claim a passing homage from the eye,
Yet such diminutive and puny Nature,
Hemmed in on every side by dreary want,
Chained in the galling fetters of possession,
Sinks into naught beside these glorious hills,
In this their royal, their gigantic greatness.
By chance apparently, dear youth, but yet
With foresight and deep purpose, have I led thee
Thus from the mean to the majestic on;
And what I said, I said, to make thy spirit
Familiar with the wonderful, lest thou
(Even as a wild, unbroken courser does, —
Strong in his youthful speed, but wild of wit)
Shouldst swerve aside because the thunder bellowed.
This have I done to school thy mind, — and now
Methinks I may impart my purpose to thee.

ALADDIN.

Speak on then, uncle, — I am not afraid.

NOUREDDIN.

Know, then, my child, for many a year I 've pored
O 'er Nature's closely clasped mysterious volume,
Till in its pages I detected secrets
That lie beyond the ken of common eyes.
So have I, among other things, discovered
That here — upon the spot whereon we stand —
A deep and vaulted cavern yawns beneath,
Where all that in the mountain's breast lies buried,
Far fairer, livelier, brighter, blooms and sparkles,
In the deep tints of an eternal spring,
Than the weak growths of this our surface earth,
Where swift the flower decays as swift it grew,
And leaves but withered, scentless leaves behind.
Know, then, my son, if thou hast heart to venture
Into this wondrous cave ('t was for thy sake
I brought thee hither, — I myself have seen
Its wonders often), I will straight proceed,
Soon as a fire of withered twigs is kindled,
By strength of deep, mysterious, charmed words,
To bare its entrance to thine eyes.

ALADDIN.

What! — uncle! —
A cavern here beneath, — here, — where we stand?

NOUREDDIN.

Even so. The loveliest of earth's grottoes, — nay,
The very magazine of boundless nature.

ALADDIN.

And you can lay its entrance bare by burning
Dry twigs, and uttering some charmed words?

NOUREDDIN.

Nephew, such power has Allah's grace bestowed.

ALADDIN.

Well, never in my lifetime did I hear — (pauses).

NOUREDDIN.

Already frightened!

ALADDIN.

Frightened? — not at all; —
And yet it is *too* wonderful.

NOUREDDIN.

Look, then:
See where yon faded twigs their branches stoop,
All parched and withered on the sun-burnt rocks, —
Go, get thee thither, — bring us wood to make
Our fire, — and haste, for it grows late and gloomy.

ALADDIN.

Uncle, I fly, — I long to be within
The charming cave, — I 'll fetch the wood directly. [Exit.

NOUREDDIN (alone).

So, then, the moment is approaching, that
Makes me the lord of earth and all its treasures!
This is the spot for which I longed through life,
For which so many a weary foot I 've travelled.
There comes mine instrument. See, where he runs,
Thoughtless of ill, the wood upon his back!
His eagerness impels him on too fast;
He stumbles oft; — soon will his fall be deeper!
Poor simple fool! Stand still and fix thine eye,
For the last time, on yonder flowery beds, —
Warm thy poor carcass in the genial sun!
Soon wilt thou howl, far, far from sun or flowers,
In darkness and in famine courting death.
Weakness would call my purpose cruelty.
'T is wisdom rather, where no passion mingles.
That which is fixed *is* fixed, and cannot but be.
Does he who searches Nature's secrets scruple
To stick his pin into an insect?

ALADDIN (entering with a bundle of twigs on his back).

Uncle,
Here's wood enough to roast an elephant.
But while I broke the branches off and laid them
Upon my back, what thought occurred to me,
But the old tale of Abraham and Isaac,
How the poor boy upon his back was doomed
To bear the wood for his own sacrifice?

[He turns round, then waves his hand triumphantly above his head.

But Allah sent from heaven a guardian angel
To rescue him. O, Allah aids us all
Then when our need is greatest! Is 't not so?

NOUREDDIN (confused).

Unfathomable fate o'erruleth all.

ALADDIN.

And yet, methinks, poor Isaac must have been
A little simple, that he did not see through
His father's cunning plan. Had I been he! —
But this, too, is, perhaps, a mere invention.

NOUREDDIN.

Most probably. There, — lay the bundle down:
I will strike fire. But, first, a word with thee.
From the first hour I saw thee yester eve
Catch the three oranges within thy turban,
I set thee down a brave and active stripling,
A youth to court, not shrink from, an adventure.

ALADDIN.

There, uncle, you have judged me right, I hope.

NOUREDDIN.

Prepare, then, for a spectacle of wonder.
When on this blazing wood is incense scattered,
When the charmed words are spoken, — earth will shake,
And from its breast heave forth a stone of marble,
Four-cornered, — in the midst an iron ring:
This thou mayst raise with ease by merely uttering
Softly thy father's and thy grandsire's names.
Beneath that stone thou wilt behold a stair;
Descend the steps, fear not the darkness; — soon
The cavern's fruits will light thee brighter far
Than this oppressive, sickly, sulphurous sun.
Three lofty grottoes first will meet thine eye,
Flashing with veins of gold and silver ore
Dug from the mountain's adamantine deeps.
Pass by them all, and touch them not. They stand
Too firmly fixed; thou wouldst but lose thy labor.
These chambers passed, a garden opens on thee;
Not Eden's self more fair; — perchance the same,
That since the Deluge in these rocky cliffs
Lies buried. Fruits the richest, the most radiant, —
Fruits of all hues, — crimson, or blue, grass-green,
White, yellow, violet, crystal-clear as are
The diamonds in a sultaness' ear,
Enchant the eye. Gladly would I go with thee,
But in one day but one may enter in.
Now, for myself, I ask of thee but this:
Walk through the garden to the wall of rock
Beyond; — there, in a smoky, dark recess,
Hangs an old lamp of copper; — BRING ME THAT.
I am a virtuoso in such matters,
A great collector of old odds and ends;
And so the lamp, worthless enough to others,
Has an imaginary worth to me.
Returning, pluck what fruits thou wilt, and bring them
Along with thee, but haste, — and bring the lamp.

ALADDIN.

Enough, dear uncle, I am ready now.

[Noureddin takes out a box of incense, and throws some upon the fire. Distant thunder. A flash of lightning falls and kindles the fire. The earth opens, and shows a large square block of marble, with an iron ring in the middle.]

NOUREDDIN.

Now quick, Aladdin, — grasp the ring, — pull firmly.

ALADDIN (trembling).

Ah! No, dear uncle! — spare me, dearest uncle!
I tremble so, I cannot, cannot, do it.

NOUREDDIN (fells him to the ground with a blow).

Coward and slave, wilt anger me? — Are these
My thanks for all the labor I have taken,

That thou shouldst, like a petted lapdog, look
Askance, and whine and tremble, when I stroke thee?
Lay hold upon the ring, — or, by the Prophet,
And by the mighty Solomon, I 'll chain thee
To that same stone, and travel hence without thee,
And leave thy carcass for the eagles' prey.

ALADDIN.

Dear uncle, pardon me, be not so angry, —
I will in all things do thy bidding now.

NOUREDDIN.

Well, be a man, — and I will make thy fortune.

ALADDIN AT THE GATES OF ISPAHAN.

ALADDIN.

My head is swimming still. Heavens, what a journey!
He took me on his back; I felt as if
Upon a bath of lukewarm water floated.
How high he flew in the clear moonshine! how
The earth beneath us strangely dwarfed and dwindled!
The mighty Ispahan with all its lights,
That one by one grew dim and blent together,
Whirled like a half-burned paper firework, such
As giddy schoolboys flutter in their hands.
He swung me on in wide gigantic circles,
And showed me through the moonbeams' magic glimmer
The mighty map of earth unroll beneath me.
I never shall forget how over Caucasus
He flew, and rested on its icy peak;
Then shot plumb down upon the land, as if
He meant to drown me in Euphrates' bosom.
A huge three-master on the stormy Euxine
Scudded before the blast; he hovered over her,
Pressed with his toe the summit of the mast,
And, resting on its vane as on a pillar,
He stretched me in his hand high into heaven,
As firm as if he trode the floor of earth.
Then, when the moon, like a pale ghost, before
The warm and glowing morning sun retreated,
He changed himself into a purple cloud,
And dropped with me, soft as the dews of dawn,
Here by the city gate among the flowers.
Then, changed again by magic, like a lark
He soared and vanished twittering in the sky.

ALADDIN IN PRISON.

ALADDIN (fastened to a stone by a heavy iron chain. He remains gazing fixedly in deep thought, then bursts out —)

Almighty God! is this a dream? a dream?
Yes, yes, it is a dream. I slumber still,
In the green grass, within the forest glooms:

DEATHWATCH (in the wall).

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

What sound was that? Sure, 't was the deathwatch spoke.

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

Is this thine only chant, ill-boding hermit,
Croaking from rotten clefts and mouldering walls, —
Thy burden still of death and of decay?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

I do begin to credit thee, — thou speakest
With such assurance that my heart believes thee.
Prophet of ill! Death's hour-glass! who hath sent thee
Hither, to shake me with thy note of death?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

It cannot change its ditty, if it would;
'T is but a sound, — a motion of the mouth; —
Her song is but "Pi, pi," — the rest was fancy.
'T was I that heard it, — 't was not she that sung.

DEATHWATCH.

No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

Ha! insect! — what is this? — Think'st thou to shake
My fixed philosophy with that croak of thine?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi! —

ALADDIN.

Well, — be it as it may, — my hope is gone.
This brief, but oft repeated warning-note
Weighs down my bosom, fills my heart with fear.
Yes, 't is too clear. It must be so. Th' Enchanter
Is master of the lamp. The lamp alone
Could thus undo its work. O levity, —
Thou serpent, that from Paradise drove forth
Adam, — destroyer of all earthly bliss, —
Tempter, that in good hearts dost sow the seed
Of evil, bane of health, and wealth, and peace! —
Through thee, and thee alone, I suffer here.
How dark these dungeon walls close over me!
How hollow sounds the rushing of the wind
Howling against the tower without! 'T is midnight, —
Midnight! and I must tremble for the dawn.
The lovely dawn, which opes the eyes of men,

The leaves of flowers, to me alone is fearful;
To them it brings new life, but death to me.

[The moon breaks through the clouds and shines into the prison.

What gleam is that? Is it the day that breaks?
Is death so nigh? Oh, no; it was the moon.
What wouldst thou, treacherous, smiling apparition?
Com'st thou to tell me I am not the first
Upon whose ashy cheeks thy quiet light
Fell calmly, on his farewell night of life?
To tell me that to-morrow night thy ray
Will greet my bleeding head upon the stake?
Sad moon, accursed spectre of the night,
How often hast thou, like a favoring goddess,
Shone o'er me in my loved Gulnara's arms,
While nightingales from out the dusky bowers
Vented our mute felicity in song!
I deemed thee then a kind and gentle being,
Nor deemed, as now, that in that lovely form
Could lurk such coldness or such cruelty.
Alike unruffled looks thy pallid face
On myrtle bowers, on wheel or gallows down.
The selfsame ray that shone above my joys,
And kissed the couch of innocence and love,
Shone on the murderer's dagger too, or glided
O'er mouldering gravestones, which above their dead
Lie lighter than despair upon the hearts
Of those that still are living! — Com'st thou here
Thus to insult me in my hour of need,
Pale angel of destruction? Hence! disturb not
The peace of innocence i' th' hour of death. —

[The moon is obscured by clouds.

By Heaven, she flies! — She sinks her pallid face
Behind her silver curtains mournfully,
Even as an innocent maiden, when she droops
Her head within her robe, to hide the tears
That flow for others' sorrows, not her own.
O, if my speech hath done thee wrong, fair moon,
Forgive me! O, forgive me! I am wretched.
I know not what I say. Guiltless am I,
Yet guiltless I must yet endure and die. —
But see! what tiny ray comes trembling in,
Like an ethereal finger from the clouds,
And lights on yonder spider, that within
Its darksome nook, amidst its airy web,
So calm and heart-contented sits and spins?

THE SPIDER.

Look upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Allah's wisdom thou mayst trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee!
As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole:
There with threads of thousand dies
Life's bewildered web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not even the feeblest fall.

—

ALADDIN IN HIS MOTHER'S CHAMBER.

ALADDIN (alone).

[He stands and gazes upon all with his hands folded.

There stands her spindle as of yore, but now
No cheerful murmur from its corner comes;
We grow familiar with such ancient friends,
And miss their hum when they are hushed for ever.
There is some wool upon the distaff still;
I 'll sit me down where my poor mother sat,
And spin like her, and sing old strains the while.

[He sits down, sings, and bursts into tears.

It will not do, I cannot make it move
With its accustomed even touch: too wildly,
Too feverishly fast I turn the wheel.
O God! — Look there! These thin and feeble threads
Her hands have spun, — and they stand fast and firm;
They hang unbroken and uninjured there; —
But she that spun them — my poor mother — lies
With frozen fingers underneath the yew.
There hangs her old silk mantle on the wall,
With its warm woollen lining, — here her shoes;
Now thine old limbs are cold enough, my mother!
Thou wouldst not leave this dwelling, — wouldst not quit
Thy life of old; thy loving, still existence
My vanity and pride have undermined.
O ye that may this humble roof hereafter
Inhabit, if at dead of night ye hear
Strange sounds, as of a chamber goblin-haunted,
Be not alarmed. It is a good and gentle
House-spirit. Let it sit, and spin, and hum; —
It will not harm ye. Once it was a woman
That spun the very skin from off her fingers,
All for her son, — and in return he killed her.
This have I done. — This have I done. — O me!

[Seats himself again and weeps.

There stands her little pitcher by the wall, —
There on the floor lies a half-withered leaf; —
And such am I, — that leaf was meant for me.

[He gazes long with wild glances on the spot where the wonderful lamp used to hang, — then exclaims, with a distracted look,

By Heaven, the lamp still hangs upon the nail!
What! think'st thou that I cannot clutch thee?
There, —

[Takes a chair, mounts upon it, and lays hold of the nail.

Now, there, I have thee, — thou art mine again.
Now, then, Gulnara shall be mine again, —
The palace shall be mine, with all its treasures.
But soft! I 'll visit first my mother's grave.

THE LANDLORD (enters).

Now, friend, hast looked thy fill? The old lady was
Perhaps a near relation?

ALADDIN.

Distant only.
Now I am ready. But will you permit me
To take this worn-out copper lamp with me?
You see 't is scarcely worth an asper.

LANDLORD (staring).

Friend,
I see no lamp.

ALADDIN.

See! this in my right hand.
'T is, as I said, a trumpery piece of metal,
But I am fond of such old odds and ends;
And thus the lamp, worthless enough for others,
Has an imaginary worth to me.

LANDLORD.

Good friend, thou hast nothing in thy hand, believe me.

ALADDIN (aside).

So *then* the lamp hath gained *this* property,
That it becomes invisible to strangers.
Charming! They cannot rob me of it now.
[Aloud, as he places the supposed lamp in his bosom.
Well, since you say so, friend, I must believe
The lamp was but a vision of the brain.
Farewell, good friend, and thanks. Stay, let me lift
This withered leaf and place it in my turban,—
'T is all I ask of her inheritance.
Now fare thee well.

LANDLORD.

Poor man! his brain is turned.
Now take thy leaf, good friend, and get thee gone.

—

ALADDIN AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

ALADDIN (lying on his mother's grave. He sings).

Sleep within thy flowery bed,
Lulled by visions without number;
Needs no pillow for thy head,
Needs no rocking for thy slumber.

Moaning wind and piteous storm,
Mother dear, thy dirge are knelling;
And the greedy gnawing worm
Vainly strives to pierce thy dwelling.

Thick in heaven the stars are set,—
Slumber soundly to my singing,—
Hark, from yon high minaret
Clear and sweet the death-note ringing!

Hush, the nightingale aloft
Pours her descant from the tree!
Mother, thou hast rocked me oft,
Let me do the same for thee.

Is thy heart as loving now,
Listen to my wail and sorrow
From this hollow elder-bough
I for this a pipe will borrow.

But the feeble notes are lost,
Chilled by this cold wintry weather:
Ah! the night-wind's piercing frost
Withers leaves and life together.

Here I can no longer lie,
All 's so cold beside thee, mother;
And no cheerful fire can I
Ask of father, friend, or brother.

Mother, sleep!—though chill thy bed,
Lulled by visions without number,
Needs no pillow for thy head,
Needs no rocking for thy slumber.

[Exit.

—

HAKON JARL.

THIS tragedy celebrates a subject of national interest in the North. It involves the downfall of the ancient Scandinavian paganism, and the establishment of Christianity. Olaf Trygveson, descendant of Harald the Fair-haired, has been left in possession of his father's conquests in Ireland, where he has been converted to Christianity. In the mean time Hakon Jarl has usurped the power, and meditates the assumption of the kingly crown. But his cruelty and licentiousness have raised up a strong party against him among the Bondas; and his attempt to seize Gudrun, the beautiful daughter of Bergthor, the smith who had been ordered to make a crown for the tyrant, inflames the people to the highest pitch, and the Jarl's retainers are driven off. The young prince Olaf, in an expedition to Russia, lands on an island near the coast of Norway; he escapes the snare laid for him by the crafty Jarl, and, finding the people eager for his restoration, resolves, contrary to his first intention, to strike for the crown. The tyrant is overthrown, and with him the religion of Odin.—The subject is managed with great dramatic skill. The poem contains many passages of rare beauty, and some of terrible power; the sacrifice of the Jarl's son makes the reader thrill with horror.

HAKON AND THORER, IN THE SACRED GROVE.

HAKON.

WE are alone. Within this sacred wood
Dares no one come but Odin's priests and Hakon.

THORER.

Such confidence, my lord, makes Thorer proud.

HAKON.

So, Thorer, thou believ'st all that to-day
Was told of Olaf Trygveson at table,
Till that hour, was unknown to me?

THORER.

To judge
By your surprise, my lord, and, if I dare
To say so, by your looks, such was the truth.

HAKON.

Trust not my looks;— my features are mine own,
And must obey their owner. What I *seem*
Is only *seeming*. With the multitude
I must dissemble. — Now we are alone,
Hear me! Whate'er of Olaf thou hast said,
I knew it long before.

THORER.

His warlike fame
Had reached to Norway?

HAKON.

Ay.

THORER.

But thou art serious. —
What mean'st thou, noble Jarl?

HAKON.

Give me thine hand,
In pledge of thy firm loyalty!

THORER.

Thereto
Thy kindness and my gratitude must bind me.

HAKON.

Thou art a man even after mine own heart!
For such a friend oft had I longed. — With prudence
Thou know'st, to regulate thine own affairs;
And, if obstructions unforeseen arise,
With boldness thou canst use thy battle-sword;
And as thy wisdom is exerted, still
So must thy plans succeed.

THORER.

The gods endow us
With souls and bodies, — each must bear their part.

HAKON.

Man soon discovers that to which by nature
He has been destined. His own impulses
Awake the slumbering energies of mind;
Thence he attains what he feels power to reach;
Nor for his actions other ground requires.

THORER.

It is most true.

HAKON.

My passion evermore
Has been to rule, — to wear the crown of Norway, —
This was the favorite vision of my soul.

THORER.

That vision is already realized.

HAKON.

Not quite, my friend; — almost, but yet not wholly.
Still am I styled but Hakon Jarl, — the name
Whereto I was begot and born.

THORER.

'T is true;
But when thou wilt, then art thou King.

HAKON.

My hopes
Have oft suggested that our Northern heroes
Will soon perceive it more befits their honor
A monarch to obey than a mere Jarl.
Therefore at the next congress I resolve
At once to explain my wishes and intent.
Bergthor, the smith, a brave old Drontheimer,
Labors already to prepare my crown.
When it is made I shall appoint the day.

THORER.

Whate'er may chance, thou art indeed a king.

HAKON.

Thou judgest like a trader, still of gain; —
But yet, methinks, the mere external splendor
Is not to be despised. Even to the lover
A maiden's warm embrace is not so rapturous
As to a monarch's head the golden crown. —
My favorite goal is near. But now the day
Draws to a close; the twilight dews descend;
And, as the poet sings, my raven locks
Are mixed with frequent gray. Give me thine hand:
Erewhile I could have grasped thee, till the blood
Sprung from thy nails, like sap from a green twig; —
Say to me truly, hast thou felt it now?

THORER.

The strongest pressure may not from a man
Extort complaint.

HAKON.

But mine was no strong pressure.
Thou speak'st but to console me. Seest thou here?
My forehead is with wrinkles deeply ploughed.

THORER.

Such lineaments become a warlike hero.

HAKON.

Yet Norway's maidens love them not. In short,
My friend, I now grow old; but therefore still
The twilight of mine evening would enjoy. —
Clearly my sun shall set. Woe to the cloud
That strives to darken its last purple radiance!

THORER.

Where is that cloud?

HAKON.

Even in the West.

THORER.

Thou mean'st
Olaf, in Dublin?

HAKON.

He is sprung from Harald
Surnamed the Yellow-locked. — Know'st thou the Norsemen?
A powerful, strong, heroic race, yet full
Of superstition and of prejudice;

I know full well that in a moment's space
All Hakon's services they will forget,
And only think of Olaf's birth, whene'er
They know that he survives.

THORER.

Can this be so?

HAKON.

I know my people. — And shall this enthusiast,
This traitor to his country (who has served
With Otto against Norway, on pretence
Of Christian piety), ascend our throne,
And tear the crown from Hakon?

THORER.

Who dare think so?

HAKON.

I think so, friend, and Olaf too. — Now mark me:
He is the last descendant of King Harald;
Yet Hakon's race yields not to his. Of old
The Jarls of Klade ever were the first
After the king; and no one now remains
Of our old royal line, but this vain dreamer,
Who has forsworn the manners and the faith
Of his own native land, — a ransomed slave,
Born in a desert, of an exiled mother.

—

HAKON DISCLOSES HIS DESIGNS TO THORER.

HAKON.

Enough. I called you to this meeting here,
That I may speak in friendly confidence:
I know you love me, and deserve this trust.
Then listen, — for the times require decision.
My life has passed away in strife and storm:
Full many a rock, and many a thicket wild,
Have I by violence torn up and destroyed,
Ere in its lofty strength the tree at last
Could rise on high. Well! that is now fulfilled, —
My name has spread o'er Norway with renown, —
Only mine enemies can my fame decry.
I have met bravery with bravery —
And artifice with art — and death with death!
Weak Harald Schaafell and his brothers now
Injure the realm no more; for they are fallen!
If I proved faithless to the gold-rich Harald,
Yet had his baseness well deserved his fate.
The youthful powers of Jomsburg now no more
May fill the seas with terror; I have them
Extirpated. This kingdom every storm
Has honorably weathered, — and 't was I
That had the helm, — I only was the pilot;
I have alone directed — saved the vessel, —
And therefore would I still the steersman be,
Still hold my station.

THORER.

'T is no more than justice.

HAKON.

Olaf alone is left of the old line;
And think'st thou he is tranquil now in Ireland?
What would'st thou say, wise Thorer, if I told thee,
In one brief word, that he is here?

THORER.

Here?

HAKON.

Ay.

CÆRLSHOVED.

What, here in Norway? is it possible?

HAKON (to Thorer).

I could not choose but smile, when thou to-day
Long stories told us of thy pious friend
Olaf, in Dublin, — even as if mine eyes
Have not long since been watching him! — I heard
Your words in silence *then*, — but now 't is time
Freely to speak. This morning news arrived,
That Olaf with a fleet had sailed from Dublin,
To visit Russia, but meanwhile has landed
Hard by us here at Moster, with intent,
As it is said, but to salute his country
After long absence.

THORER.

This indeed is strange.

HAKON.

If, like a wild enthusiast, he in truth
Has lingered on his way but to refresh
His lungs with some pure draughts of mountain air
I know not; but this much must be determined, —
Whether beneath an innocent wish he bears not
Some deep concealed intention. Thou hast been
His guest at Dublin; therefore, on the claim
Of old acquaintance, now canst visit him.
The wind is fair; — early to-morrow morning
Thou couldst be there.

THORER.

And what is thy design?

HAKON.

No more but to discover *his* designs;
And, if he tarries longer on our ground,
At once to meet him on the battle-field.
Brave warriors love such meetings, and search not
Too scrupulously for grounds of their contention.
He has a fleet like mine; — power against power; —
Such is our Northern courtesy. Few words,
Methinks, are needful.

JOSTEIN.

Surely not.

THORER.

But how
Shall I detain him?

HAKON.

Visit him; and say, —
What doubtless he has wished to hear, — that Hakon
Far through the land is hated; that men wait
But for a warrior of the rightful line
To tear him from the throne. If this succeeds,
Then let him disembark. On the firm ground
Right gladly will I try the chance of war.
But if the bait allures not, — why, 't is well,
Then let him go.

THORER.

Now, Sir, I understand,
And am obedient.

HAKON.

Thou shalt not in vain
Have served me, Thorer.

THORER.

That, indeed, I know.
Hakon's rewards are princely, — yet without them
I had been firm.

HAKON (shaking him by the hand).

Mine honest friend! — (Turning to the others.) And you,
As Olaf's cousins, will you go with Thorer,
And second his attempts?

JOSTEIN.

We are his cousins, —
But Hakon is our patron and commander;
By joining in this plan we shall but prove
King Olaf's innocence.

THORER.

'T is well.

—

HAKON AND MESSENGER.

HAKON.

Now — tell me all — where stands the insurgent army?

MESSENGER.

In Orkdale, Sire, by Orm of Lyrgia
Commanded, and by Ekialm and Alf
Of Rimol. They are there with hearts intent
Their sister to avenge.

HAKON.

I do confide
In my tried bands of heroes, who will soon
This wild horde put to flight.

MESSENGER.

Yet anger, Sire,
Has armed them powerfully.

HAKON.

With sudden rage, —
A momentary fire, — that vanishes
Whene'er the sword of Hakon Jarl appears.
Has Olaf's fleet approached near the land?

MESSENGER.

He is in Drontheim's bay already harboured.

HAKON.

How? And my son has not there made him captive?
Not barred his entrance? Ha! What then has happened?

MESSENGER.

At early morning, Sire, King Olaf came, —
He had five ships, — thy son had three, — in size
Far less. A heavy fog reigned all around:
Lord Erland deemed that Olaf's fleet was thine;
Then, on a nearer view, perceived too late
His error, and would have returned, but soon
Was overtaken by the enemy.
His ship was stranded. Then on deck he sprung,
With all his crew; but on a sinking wreck
They could not fight; but in the waves sought refuge, —
Diving beneath the flood, they swam to land.
Yet Olaf never lost sight of thy son;
From his bright armor and his burnished shield,
He deemed it was thyself, and called aloud,
"Hakon! thou shalt not now escape from death, —
When last we met, I swore our next encounter
Should be the unsparing strife of life and death!"
With these words, suddenly he seized a pole
That on the water floated. O, forgive me,
If I would spare myself the dread recital,
And thee the knowledge of the rest!

HAKON.

Not so:
I charge thee, tell the whole. He seized an oar, —
What then?

MESSENGER.

He struck thy son upon the head,
So that his brains burst forth into the sea.

HAKON.

Hast thou no more to tell?

MESSENGER.

It vexed King Olaf,
When 't was explained that he who had been struck
Was not Jarl Hakon. — Many men were slain.
Yet some he spared, and learned from them the news,
Where stood the insurgent army; and how much
The people against thee had been incensed.

HAKON.

Hast thou yet more to tell?

MESSENGER.

My liege, I have not.

HAKON.

Then go! [The Messenger goes out.

"It vexed King Olaf, when 't was proved

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That he who had been struck was not Jarl Hakon!"
Not so! By Heaven, mine enemy could find
No other means to wound my heart so deeply!
Erland thou hast not struck; *he* feels it not;
And the sea-goddesses have now received him,
Have pressed him lovingly to their white bosoms,
Rolled him in their blue mantles, and so borne him
To Odin's realm! But Hakon thou *hast* wounded;
Ay, struck *him* very deeply! O dear Erland,
My son, my son! He was to me most dear;
The light and hope of my declining age!
I saw in him the heir of my renown,
And Norway's throne! Has fortune, then, resolved
To cast me off at last? And is Walhalla
Now veiled in clouds? its glories all obscured?
The gods themselves o'erpowered? Burns Odin's light
No longer? Is thy strength exhausted too,
Great Thor? The splendor of the immortal gods
Declining into twilight, and already
Their giant foes triumphant? Rouse thee, Hakon!
Men call thee Northern Hero. Rouse thyself!
Forgive thy servant, O Almighty Powers,
If, worldly-minded, he forgot Walhalla!
From this hour onwards all his life and deeds
To you are consecrated. The bright dream,
That in the sunset placed upon my head
The golden crown, is fled. The storm on high
Rages, — the dark clouds meet, and rain pours down, —
The sun appears no more; and when again
The azure skies are cleared, the stars in heaven
Will glimmer palely on the grave of Hakon!
The sea now holds my son! The little Erling,
'T is true, remains behind. How can I hope
That such a tender youngling can resist
The raging storm's assault? So let me swear
By all the diamonds in the eternal throne,
Stars of the night, by you; and by thy car,
All-powerful Thor, that turns the glittering pole
At midnight toward the south; even from this hour
I live no more, but only for Walhalla!
My life is wholly to the gods devoted.
If worldly pride erewhile my heart deluded,
Yet may I be forgiven, thou noble Saga!
It was thy sovereign charms that led me on.
And have my deeds, Almighty Father, drawn
Thy wrath upon my head? Well, then; desire
A sacrifice, whate'er thou wilt, it shall
Be thine!

—

HAKON AND HIS SON ERLING IN THE SACRED GROVE.

[Hakon enters, leading his son Erling by the hand.]

ERLING.

'T is cold, my father!

HAKON.

'T is yet early morning.
Art thou so very chill?

ERLING.

Nay, — 't is no matter.
I shall behold the rising sun, — how grand!
A sight that I have never known before.

HAKON.

Seest thou yon ruddy streaks along the east?

ERLING.

What roses! how they bloom and spread on high!
Yet, father, tell me, whence come all these pearls,
Wherewith the valley here is richly strewn?
How brightly they reflect the rosy light!

HAKON.

They are not pearls, — it is the morning dew;
And that which thou deem'st roses is the sun.
Seest thou? He rises now! Look at him, boy!

ERLING.

O, what a beauteous whirling globe he seems!
How fiery red! Dear father, can we never
Visit the sun in yonder distant land?

HAKON.

My child, our whole life thitherward is tending;
That flaming ball of light is Odin's eye;
His other is the moon, of milder light,
That he just now has left in Mimer's well,
There by the charmful waves to be refreshed.

ERLING.

And where is Mimer's well?

HAKON.

The sacred ocean, —
Down there, that, foaming, beats upon the rocks, —
That is old Mimer's deep and potent well,
That strengthens Odin's eyes. From the cool waves,
At morning, duly comes the sun refreshed, —
The moon again by night.

ERLING.

But now it hurts me, —
It mounts too high.

HAKON.

Upon his golden throne
The Almighty Father mounts, soon to survey
The whole wide earth. The central diamond
In his meridian crown our earthly sight
May not contemplate. — What man dares to meet
The unveiled aspect of the king of day?

ERLING (terrified).

Hu! hu! my father! — In the forest yonder! —
What are those bearded, frightful men?

HAKON.

Fear not, —
These are the statues of the gods, by men
Thus hewn in marble. *They* blind not with sun-gleams!
Before them we can pray with confidence,
And look upon them with untroubled firmness.
Come, child! — let us go nearer!

ERLING.

No, my father!
I am afraid! — Seest thou that old man there?
Him with a beard? I am afraid of him!

HAKON.

Child, it is Odin! — Wouldst thou fly from Odin?

ERLING.

No, no; — I fear not the great king in heaven;
He is so good and beautiful; and calls
The flowers from the earth's bosom, and himself
Shines like a flower on high. — But that pale sorcerer,
He grins like an assassin!

HAKON.

Ha!

ERLING.

Father, at least,
Let me first bring my crown of flowers; I left it
There on the hedge, when first thou brought'st me hither,
To see the sun rise. Then let us go home;
Believe me, that old man means thee no good!

HAKON.

Go, bring thy wreath, and quickly come again.
[Exit Erling.
A lamb for sacrifice is ever crowned.
Immortal Powers, behold from heaven the faith
Of Hakon in this deed!

ERLING.

Here am I, father,
And here 's the crown.

HAKON.

Yet, ere thou goest, my child,
Kneel down before great Odin. Stretch thy hands
Both up to heaven, and say, "Almighty Father,
Hear little Erling! As thy child, receive him
To thy paternal bosom!"

ERLING. (He kneels, stretching his arms out towards the sun, and says, with childish innocence and tranquillity, —)

"O great Odin,
Hear little Erling! As thy child, receive him
To thy paternal bosom!"

[Hakon, who stands behind, draws his dagger, and intends to stab him, but it drops out of his hand. Erling turns about quietly, takes it up, and says, as he rises,

Here it is, —
Your dagger, father! 'T is *so* bright and sharp!
When I grow taller, I will have one too,
Thee to defend against thine enemies!

HAKON.

Ha! what enchanter with such words assists thee
To move thy father's heart?

ERLING.

How 's this, my father?
You are not angry, sure? — What have I done?

HAKON.

Come, Erling, follow me behind that statue.

ERLING.

Behind that frightful man? O, no!

HAKON (resolutely).

Yet listen! —
There are fine roses blooming there, — not white,
But red and purple roses. 'T is a pleasure
To see them shooting forth. — Come, then, my child!

ERLING.

Dear father, stay: I am so much afraid —
I do not love red roses.

HAKON.

Come, I say!
Hear'st thou not Heimdal's cock? He crows and crows.
Now it is time!
[Exeunt behind the statues.

DEFEAT AND DEATH OF HAKON.

[Rimol. — Night. — Thora and Inger sitting at a table with work. The lights are nearly burnt out.]

THORA.

Sleep, Inger, weighs upon thee heavily.

INGER.

Midnight has passed long since. But listen, now,
They come. There is a knocking at the gate.

THORA.

No, — 't was the tempest. Through the livelong night
It beats and howls, as if it would tear up
The house from its foundation.

INGER.

In such weather,
Your brothers, noble lady, will not come,
But wait till it is daylight.

THORA.

Well, then, child,
Go thou to bed. Sleep flies from me. This morning
The battle must have been; — and Ekialm

And Alf have promised me to come with tidings.
Go thou to bed; and I shall watch alone.

INGER.

If you permit me. But again I hear
That sound. Methinks it cannot be the storm.
[Exit.

THORA.

How sad am I! How sorely is my heart
Oppressed! — My brothers against Hakon Jarl! —
Whoever wins, poor Thora must be lost! —
[An archer comes.

EINAR.

God save thee, noble Thora! and good morning!
For, if I err not, it is morn already; —
The cock crows loudly in the court without.
Tidings I bring for thee. My name is Einar, —
Einar the bowman. — Fear not, though I were
Erewhile the friend of Hakon; — for, since he
Offered his own child for a sacrifice,
To gain the victory, I have been to him
A foe relentless.

THORA.

O immortal Powers! —

EINAR.

Just cause, indeed, hast thou for thy dislike,
And he deserves abhorrence even from all,
But *most* from thee. But to the point. For me, —
I am King Olaf's liegeman. I have known
Thy brothers but for a short space; yet soon
Firm friends had we become. Vicissitudes
Of war cement in one brief hour a bond
That years of peaceful life could not unite.
They fought like Normans; — well, so did we all; —
And Olaf conquered. Like the waste sea-foam,
The worn-out troops of Hakon were dispersed. —
Hotly the battle raged beneath the clash
Of blood-stained shields; and every sword and spear
With gore was reeking. The war-goddesses
Descended on the field. They would have carnage,
And had their fill. — More freely pours not forth
Odin the foaming nectar in Walhalla! —
Thousands were slain; but Hakon and his squire
Escaped our swords. We now pursue their flight! —

THORA (anxiously).

But my dear brothers, Einar, what of them? —
Thou com'st a stranger — late at night — I tremble —
My brothers — tell me! —

EINAR.

They have sent me hither, —
They could not come themselves. But, noble Thora,
Rejoice; for Ekialm and Alf have now
Rode with the sunrise to Walhalla's towers.
With Odin there they sit amid the heroes,
And to their meeting drain the golden horn! —

THORA.

O Freya! —

EINAR.

Noble lady, at their fate
Thou shouldst rejoice. To few, alas! is given
A death so glorious. Ever in the van
They shone distinguished. There it was I found them! —
Jarl Hakon, like a wild bear of the forest,
Raged in the battle; and the strife was hard.
Together whole battalions intermixed; —
Half Norway fought for Hakon; and the rest,
Against them, on the side of our King Olaf.
Thy brothers strove with vehemence thee to avenge
By the life-blood of Hakon. Yet, behold!
Both fell beneath his sword. — His arm, indeed,
Is powerful, when 't is energized by wrath.
What more? They found a noble conqueror.
Whate'er men say, Jarl is a peerless hero;
This on the field to-day was amply proved.

THORA.

Alas! my brothers! —

EINAR.

Nay, I envy them!
Of Odin's realm they are the denizens,
And wear their swords amid immortal heroes.
Ere morning will their monument be raised,
To brave the wreck of time. In gratitude,
There will King Olaf place the eternal wreath
Of massy stone. — "Salute our sister Thora!" —
These were the last words on their lips. — I promised;
That promise I have thus fulfilled. — And now
I ride about with a strong band of horsemen
In search of Hakon. Olaf, too, is with us.
We meet again at Gaula; for to-day
The Congress is, — but where it holds I know not.
Soon, as we hope, our prey shall be secured,
And all thy wrongs be fearfully avenged. —
Now may the gods be with thee; and farewell!
[Exit.

THORA.

Ye sacred Powers! how have I, then, deserved
A fate so cruel? What have been my crimes,
That my poor heart should thus be rent asunder? —
[Enter a stranger, muffled in a cloak.
Whence comes this unknown guest? — Stranger! who art thou?

STRANGER.

Are we alone and in security?

THORA.

How? Speak'st thou of security, — even now,
When thou thyself my solitude hast broken,
And on my grief intruded? — Say, what art thou?

STRANGER (throwing off his disguise).

Know'st thou me now?

THORA.

O heavenly Powers! — Jarl Hakon!

HAKON.

Even he himself.

THORA.

And hast thou fled to me?

HAKON.

By all Walhalla's gods! — Thou shouldst not wonder! —
Will not the noble game, that all day long
Has been pursued, at last for refuge fly
To haunts the most unmeet or unexpected?

THORA.

Jarl, thou art pale, thy looks are desolate!

HAKON.

Heaven knows, I have contended like a wolf
That would protect her young. With this good sword
Souls have I sent enough this day to Lok
Or Odin. Now am I sore spent. My troops
Are broken. Fortune has proved treacherous,
And Olaf with his Christian charms has blunted
The swords of Northern heroes. Many fled;
Others more base endeavoured to betray me;
No man is left in whom I may confide.
On my devoted head the hand of Rota,
Blood-loving goddess, icy-cold was laid,
And heavily. In silence with one slave
Have I rode through the night. By fiery thirst
Long have I been tormented. In that cup
Is there cold water?

THORA.

Wait, and I will bring you ——

HAKON (drinks).

No, stay! How much indeed this draught refreshed me! —
At Gaula fell my horse; I killed him there;
Threw off my war-cloak, drenched it in his blood,
And left it to deceive mine enemies.

THORA.

O Hakon!

HAKON.

As I passed thy dwelling by,
And stood before the dark and silent gate,
Whereon the storm was breaking, a deep thought
Awoke within me, that here yet one soul
Survived, of whom I was not quite an outcast,
And who the gate to me would open gladly.
I called to mind how often thou hadst sworn
That I was dear to thee. — Yet well I knew
That love can turn to hatred. Be it so!
Here am I, Thora! Wilt thou now conceal me
From Olaf and his horsemen? For thy love
Then am I grateful, — love that heretofore
I have not duly prized. If thou art doubtful,
I cannot supplicate. Then shall I go
Once more, amid the desolate night, and climb
The highest cliff; look, for the last time, round
Even on that realm that honored and obeyed me;
Then, with the tranquil heart of stern resolve,
Rush on this tried and faithful sword. The storm
Will on its wild wings quickly bear my soul
Unto the father of all victories;
And when the sun reveals my lifeless frame,
It shall be said, "As he hath lived exalted,
So did he nobly die!"

THORA.

No more of this!
O Hakon, speak not so! My hatred now
Is past and gone. Gladly shall I afford
A refuge from thy numerous foes.

HAKON.

Know'st thou
That I with this hand sacrificed the boy,
The favorite little one, to thee so dear?

THORA.

Thou to the gods hast offered him: I know it:
A deed that proves the miserable strife,
The oppression, of thy heart.

HAKON.

But know'st thou too,
That I, with this hand which thou kindly graspest,
And — no — I cannot say the rest!

THORA.

I know
That thou hast killed my brothers in the battle.

HAKON.

Indeed? and still ——

THORA.

Thora is still the same.
O Hakon! thou hast acted cruelly;
With scorn repaid my love, and killed my brothers;
Yet in the battle it goes ever thus,
Life against life; and they, as Einar said,
Are in Walhalla blest. —
Ah! tell me, Hakon,
Is this no vision? Art thou here indeed,
In Thora's humble cottage, far remote
From thy proud palace 'mid the forest wild,
Surrounded by the fearful gloom of night?
Say, is the pale and silent form that now
Leans on his sword, so worn and spiritless,
No longer with imperial robes adorned,
Thyself indeed?

HAKON.

The shadow which thou seest
Was once indeed the monarch of all Norway,
And heroes did him homage and obeisance;
He fell in one day's battle, — 't was at Klade.
Ha! that is long past now, — almost forgot.
His pallid spectre wanders up and down,
To scare beholders in the gloom of night.
His name was Hakon!

THORA.

I indeed am now
Revenged, and fearfully! Away with hatred,

Henceforth, and enmity! Come love again!
I were indeed a she-wolf, and no woman,
If in my bosom hatred not expired
At such a look as thine is now!— Come, then,
Lean on thy Thora; let me dry thy temples,
That fire again may light thy faded eyes.

HAKON (*wildly*).

What is thy name, thou gentle maid of Norway?

THORA.

The maidens here have called me Violet.
Methinks, indeed, I was a little flower,
Grown up within the shelter of thine oak,
And there alone was nourished,—therefore now
Must wither, since no longer 't is allowed,
As wont, within that honored shade to bloom.

HAKON.

Violet! a pretty name.

THORA.

How 's this? O Heaven!
A fever shakes thee in mine arms. This mood
Is new, indeed, and frightful. When, till now,
Have I beheld tears on *thy* cheeks?

HAKON.

How, Violet,
Thou pale blue floweret on the hero's grave,
And wonder'st thou if I shed tears? Ere now,
Hast thou not seen hard rocks appear to weep,
When suddenly from freezing cold to warmth
Transported? It is but of death the token.
Then wonder not, pale, trembling flower!

THORA.

O Jarl!
My own! my Hakon! Help me, Heaven!

HAKON.

The snow
Fades on the mountains; now its reign is o'er;
The powerful winter melts away, and yields
Before the charmful breath of flowery spring.
Jarl Hakon is no more; his ghost alone
Still wanders on the earth. Yet boldly go,
And through his body drive a wooden spear
Deep in the earth beneath. Then shall, at last,
His miserable spectre find repose.

THORA.

My Hakon, be composed; speak not so wildly.
The loftiest spirit, howsoe'er endowed,
Must yield at last to fortune. Thy proud heart
Has long with hate and enmity contended;
Now let its o'erstretched chords relent, at last,
In tears upon the bosom of thy love.—
But follow me. Beneath this house a vault
Deep in the rock is broad and widely hewn,
That no one knows but I alone, and there
Will I conceal thee till the danger 's past.—
Soon may a better fortune smile on us!

HAKON.

Say to me truly, think'st thou that once more
Beyond that dusky vault the day will dawn?

THORA.

My lord, I doubt it not.

HAKON.

And to the vault,
Hollow, obscure, unknown, deep in the earth
(That barrier 'gainst all enemies and danger),
To that dark fortress, refuge most secure,
Wilt thou conduct me?

THORA.

Ay, my best beloved.

HAKON.

Come, then,
My bride in death, I 'll follow thee, my HELA!
Lead on, I tremble not.

THORA.

O heavenly Powers!

HAKON.

Think'st thou thy looks can e'er appall my heart?
True, thou art pale, thy lips are blue; nay more,
Thou kill'st not quickly with the glittering spear,
Like thy wild sisters Hildur and Geirskögul,
But slowly smother'st first with ice-cold anguish
(Ere life departs) the heart's internal fire;—
Yet 't is all one at last. Come, then! In *me*,
Of valorous pride thou hast not yet o'ercome
The lingering flames. I follow thee, with steps
Firm and resolved, into the grave.

THORA.

Ye gods
Of mildness and of mercy, look upon him!

[Exeunt.

[Woody country at Gaula.— Olaf, Carlshoved, Jostein, Greif, Soldiers.

GREIF.

It dawns, my liege. Methinks the day will prove
Clear and rejoicing, as the night was gloomy.
Wilt thou not, till the horses are refreshed,
Repose beneath these trees?

OLAF.

I cannot rest,
Till we have Hakon prisoner;— his army
Is but dispersed,— not wholly overcome.
Young Einar deems that we already triumph;
But he has less of wisdom than of valor.
If Hakon gains but time, he will be saved.
The streams will seek reunion with the sea.
I would not waste the land with ceaseless war,
But with the blessings of long peace enrich.
Hakon must fall; for, while this heathen lives,
The rose of Christianity in Norway
Will never bloom.

[Einar, the bowman, enters with Hakon's war-dress.

EINAR.

Olaf, thy toils are o'er!
Beside a mountain-stream Jarl Hakon's steed
Lay bathed in gore,— and there I found his mantle,
All bloody too.— Thy soldiers must have met
And killed him there.

OLAF.

Indeed? Can this be so?
Is this his dress? Who recognizes it?

GREIF.

The dress in truth is there, — but where 's the Jarl?
Lay he there too?

EINAR.

His horse and cloak alone
Have I beheld.

GREIF.

Bring also the Jarl, and then
We may repose; but not before. Methought
Thou knew'st him better. He, if I mistake not,
By this time has assumed another dress. —
Let not this trick mislead you, Sire. It suits
The crafty Jarl. He has contrived it all
But to deceive us.

OLAF.

Forward, then, my friends! —
We are near Rimol. There is held the Congress,
And we may gain some tidings of the foe.

GREIF.

Ay, — there lives Thora, his devoted mistress.

EINAR.

Nay, that is past, — Jarl has deserted her,
And slain her brothers.

GREIF.

Well, but it is said
True love may never be outworn; and we
Must try all chances.

OLAF.

Come, to horse! The day
Is dawning brightly.

[Exeunt.

[A rocky vault. — Hakon. Karker. — The last carries a burning lamp, and a plate with food. Hakon has a spear in his hand.]

KARKER.

In this cavern, then,
Are we to live? Here is not much prepared
For life's convenience. Where shall I set down
Our lamp?

HAKON.

There; — hang it on that hook.

KARKER.

At last,
This much is gained. And here, too, there are seats
Hewn in the rock, whereon one may repose.
My lord, will you not now take some refreshment?
This whole long day you have been without food.

HAKON.

I am not hungry, boy; — but thou mayst eat.

KARKER.

With your permission, then, I shall.

[He eats. Hakon walks up and down, taking long steps.

My lord, — Hu! [Looking round.
'T is in sooth a frightful place!
Saw'st thou that black and hideous coffin there,
Close to the door, as we stepped in?

HAKON.

Be silent,
And eat, I tell thee. — (Aside.) In this dark abode
Has Thora spent full many a sleepless night,
Lonely and weeping. Then, in her affliction,
That coffin she has secretly provided,
Even for herself; and here that fairest form
One day awaits corruption!

[He looks at Karker.

Wherefore, boy,
Wilt thou not eat? With eager haste, till now,
Didst thou devour thy food. What has thus changed thee?

KARKER.

My lord, I am not hungry, and methinks
This food tastes not invitingly.

HAKON.

How so?
Be of good courage. Trust in me, thy master.

KARKER.

Lord Jarl, thou art thyself oppressed and sad.

HAKON.

"Oppressed and sad!" How dar'st thou, slave, presume?
I say, be merry! If thou canst not eat,
Then sing. I wish to hear a song.

KARKER.

Which, then,
Would you prefer?

HAKON.

Sing what thou wilt. However,
Let it be of a deep and hollow tone,
Even like the music of a wintry storm!
A lullaby, my child, a lullaby!

KARKER.

A lullaby?

HAKON.

Ay, that the grown-up child
May quietly by night repose.

KARKER.

My lord,
I know a famous war-song, — an old legend.

HAKON.

Has it a mournful ending? Seems it first,
As if all things went prosperously on,
Then winds up suddenly with death and murder?

KARKER.

No, Sire. The song is sad from the beginning.

HAKON.

Well; that I most approve. For to commence
A song with calmness and serenity,
Only to end with more impressive horror, —
This is a trick that poets too much use; —
Let clouds obscure the morning sky, — and then
We know the worst! Begin the song.

KARKER.

"King Harald and Erling they sailed by night
(And blithe is the greenwood strain),
But when they came to Oglehof,
The doughty Jarl was slain!"

HAKON.

How, slave!
Hast lost thy reason? Wilt thou sing to me
My father's death-song?

KARKER.

How! Was Sigurd Jarl
Your father, Sire? In truth, I knew not this;
His fate at last was mournful.

HAKON.

Silence!

KARKER.

Here
One finds not even a little straw to rest on.

HAKON.

If thou art weary, on the naked earth
Canst thou not rest, as I have often done?

KARKER.

Since it must be so, I shall try.

HAKON.

Enough.
Sleep, — sleep!

[Karker stretches himself on the ground and falls asleep; Hakon looking at him.

Poor nature! slumber'st thou already?
The spark which restlessly betokened life
Already sunk in ashes! But 't is well, —
'T is well for thee. — Within this heart what flames
Violently rage! — Ha! stupid slave! hast thou,
Commanded by the Normans, unto me
My father's death-song as a warning sung?
Shall Hakon's fate be like the fate of Sigurd?
He was, as I have been, unto the gods
A priest of bloody sacrifice. But how!
Can the wise God of Christians have o'ercome
Odin and all his powers? And must *he* fall
Who has of Christians been the enemy?
[He pauses.
'T is cold within this damp and dusky cave;
My blood is freezing in my veins.
[He looks at Karker.
He dreams.
How hatefully his features are contorted!
He grins like some fantastic nightly spectre!
[Shaking him.
Ho! Karker! Slave, awake! What mean those faces?

KARKER.

Ah! 't was a dream.

HAKON.

And what, then, hast thou dreamed?

KARKER.

Methought I saw ——

HAKON.

Be silent. Hear'st thou not?
What is that noise above?

KARKER.

Horsemen, my lord, —
A numerous troop. I hear their armor clashing.
They are, as I suspect, King Olaf's people,
Who search for us.

HAKON.

This cave is all unknown.
Its iron gates are strong. I have the key.
Here are we safe.

KARKER.

But hear'st thou what the herald
Is now proclaiming?

HAKON.

No. What were the words?

KARKER.

King Olaf will with riches and with honor
Reward the man who brings to him the head
Of Hakon, Jarl of Klade.

HAKON (looking at him scrutinizingly).

Feel'st thou not
Desire to win this wealth? — Why art thou trembling?
Why are thy lips turned pale?

KARKER.

The vision scared me. —
Perchance, my lord, you could explain it for me.

HAKON.

What hast thou dreamed?

KARKER.

That we were both at sea,
In one small vessel, 'mid the stormy waves;
I had the helm.

HAKON.

That must betoken, Karker,
That my life finally depends on thee.
Therefore be faithful. In the hour of need,
Stand by thy master firmly; and one day,
He shall reward thee better than King Olaf.

KARKER.

My lord, I dreamed yet more.

HAKON.

Boy, tell me all!

KARKER.

There came a tall black man down to the shore,
Who from the rocks proclaimed, with fearful voice,
That every harbour was barred up against us.

HAKON.

Karker, thou dream'st not well; for this betokens
Short life even for us both. Be faithful still:
As thou thyself hast told me, we were born
On the same night; and therefore in one day
We both shall die.

KARKER.

And then, methought, once more,
I was at Klade; and King Olaf there
Fixed round my neck a ring of gold.

HAKON.

Ha! this
Betokens that King Olaf round thy neck
A halter will entwine, when treacherously
Thou hast betrayed thy master.—But no more.—
Place thyself in that corner. I will here
Recline, and so we both will go to sleep.

KARKER.

Even as thou wilt, my lord.

HAKON.

What wouldst thou do?

KARKER.

'T was but to trim the lamp.

HAKON.

Go, take thy place;
And leave the lamp. Thou might'st extinguish it;
Then should we sit in darkness. It is more
Than I can well explain, how every night
Those who retire to sleep put out the light!
Of death it is, methinks, a fearful emblem,
More threatening far than slumber. What appears
In life so strong and vivid as the light?
Where is the light when once it is extinguished?
Let my lamp stand. It burns but feebly now;—
Yet still it burns,—and where there 's life is hope!
Go, take thy place, and sleep.
(He walks unquietly up and down, and then asks—
Now, Karker, sleep'st thou?

KARKER.

Ay, my good lord.

HAKON.

Ha! stupid slave!—(Rising up.) Jarl Hakon!
Is this wretch, then, the last that now remains
Of all thy mighty force?—I cannot trust him;
For what can such a dull and clouded brain
Conceive of honor and fidelity?
Like a chained dog, fawning he will come straight
To him who offers the most tempting morsels.
Karker, give me thy dagger. Slaves, thou knowest,
Should wear no weapons.

KARKER.

From yourself, my lord,
It was a gift; and here it is again.

HAKON.

'T is well. Now sleep.

KARKER.

Immediately.

HAKON (aside).

A fever
Burns in my brain and blood. I am outworn,
Exhausted with the combat of the day,
With watching, and our long nocturnal flight.
Yet sleep I dare not, while that sordid slave—
(He pauses.
Well, I may rest awhile, yet carefully
Beware of sleep.
(He sits down, and is overpowered by slumber.

KARKER.

Ha! now—he sleeps!—He trusts me not; he fears
That I may now betray him to King Olaf.
Olaf gives wealth and honors for his life;
What can I more expect from Hakon Jarl?
He moves! Protect me, Heaven! He rises up,
And yet is not awake.

HAKON (rising up in his sleep, and coming forward towards Karker; as if he fled from some fearful apparition).

GOLD-HARALD! SCHAAFELL!
What wouldst thou with me? Go! leave me in peace!
Wherefore dost thou intrude thy death-pale visage
Between these broken rocks? HARALD! thou liest!
I was to thee no traitor.—How, now, children!
What would you here? Go home! go home! for now
There is no time for dalliance. Then your bridegroom!—
And Odin's marble statue—it has fallen!
And Freya stands with flowers upon her head!
(Listening.
Who weeps there 'mid the grass?
Ha! that is worst.
Poor child! poor little Erling! dost thou bleed?
And have I struck too deeply? 'Mid the roses,
Till now snow-white, are purple drops descending?
(Calling aloud.
Ha! Karker! Karker!

HARKER.

Still he dreams. My lord,
Here is your faithful slave.

HAKON.

Hold! take that spear,—

Strike it at once into my heart. 'T is done!
There! strike!

KARKER.

My lord, canst thou indeed desire
That I should such a deed fulfil?

HAKON.

No more!

[Threatening.

Thou wretch, strike instantly! for one of us
Must fall, — we cannot both survive.

KARKER.

Nay, then,
Die thou! [He takes the spear and stabs Hakon.

HAKON (falling).

Now in my heart the avenging spear
Of Heaven is deeply fixed. Thy threatening words,
Olaf, are now confirmed.

KARKER.

Now it is past;
And cannot be recalled. Therefore shall I
No time devote to lamentation here.
I could not weep him back to life again.
These iron doors now must I open wide,
And bring this dead Jarl to the king; then claim
The wealth and honor that to me are promised.
'T is done! but he himself desired his death;
I blindly but performed what he commanded!

[Exit, bearing out the body of Hakon Jarl.

SOLILOQUY OF THORA.

[The cavern. The lamp still burns. Servants bring in a coffin, set it silently in the cave, and retire. Thora comes slowly, with a drawn sword and a large pine-tree garland in her hands. She remains long deeply meditative, and contemplates the coffin.]

THORA.

Now art thou in thy coffin laid, Jarl Hakon!
In Thora's coffin. Who could have foreseen
this?
May thy bones rest in peace! If thou hast erred,
By sufferings thou has amply made atonement;
And no one now to thee, laid in the grave,
One insolent word may speak of blame or scorn.
As in thy life, so even in death I love thee!
For some brief years thy light o'er Norway shone,
Even like the sun, new life through all diffusing.
Now have thy bands of warriors all forgot thee,
And sworn allegiance to a foreign power!
One feeble woman only now is left
To mourn and weep for thee! So let her now
Those honors pay, that others have neglected.
From Thora's hand receive this coronet,
Of Northern pine-trees woven; and let it twine
Around thy battle sword, and so betoken
That thou wert a brave champion of the North;
A noble forest tree, though by the storm
Of winter wild o'erpowered at last. Old legends,
In distant ages, when the colors quite
Have from the picture faded, and no more
But the dark outline is beheld, will say,
"He was a wicked servant of the gods."
Thy name will be a terror to the people; —
Not so it is to me! for, O, I knew thee!
In thee the noblest gifts and greatest heart
Were in the tumult of wild times perverted.
So then, farewell, great Hakon Jarl! Thy soul
Is now rejoicing in the halls of Odin.
Now must I leave thee here in solitude;
And when these gates are opened next, the slaves
Of Thora shall her lifeless frame deposit
Beside the loved remains of her dear friend.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAGEDY OF CORREGGIO.

ANTONIO DA CORREGGIO, AND MARIA HIS WIFE.

ANTONIO (alone. He sets down the picture, and seems confounded).

Is this a dream? Or has indeed the great
And gifted Buonarotti been with me?
And *such* his words! O, were it but delusion!

[He sits down, holding his hand over his face; then rises up again.

My brain whirls round. — And yet I am awake!
A frightful voice has broke my sleep. — "A Bungler!"
Such name, indeed, I never had believed
That I deserved, if the great Buonarotti
Had not himself announced it!

[He stands lost in thought.

On my sight
Rose variegated floating clouds. I deemed
That they were natural forms, and eager seized
The pencil to arrest their transient beauty; —
But, lo! whate'er I painted is no more
But clouds again, — a many-colored toy,
Wherein all nobler attributes of soul
Are sought in vain; — even just proportion's rules
Are wanting too! [Mournfully.
This I had not suspected!
From deep internal impulse, with pure heart,
Have I my self-rewarding toil pursued.
When at the canvass placed, methought I kneeled
Even at the everlasting shrine of Nature,
Who smiled on me, her favored votary,
And glorious mysteries revealed. But, O,
How have I been deceived! — [A pause.
I well remember,
When but a boy, I with my father went
To Florence on the market-day, and ran
Alone into St. Lawrence church, and there
Stood at the graves of Giulio and Lorenzo;
Contemplated the immortal imagery, —
The Night, the Day, the Twilight, and Aurora,
All in white marble cut by Buonarotti.
My stay was brief, but on my heart the impression
Was deep and lasting; — I had then beheld

The high UNIQUE; the noblest works of art!
All was so strange, — so beautiful and great,
And yet so dead and mournful, — I rejoiced
When I came forth and saw once more the fields
And the blue sky. But now again I stand
Beneath the cold sepulchral vault. The forms,
So fugitive, of light and cheerfulness,
Are vanished all away. Shuddering I stand
Before the Twilight and the Night, — despised, —
Forsaken! [Much moved.
Well! henceforth I paint no more!
Heaven knows 't was not from vanity I labored,
But rather as the bees erect their cells,
From natural impulse, — or the birds their nests.
If this is all a dream, then he shall once,
Yet once more, not in anger, but with calm
And tranquil dignity, such as his art
Has on Lorenzo's tomb portrayed, confirm
My sentence. Then farewell, ye cherished hopes!
Then I am still a poor and humble peasant!
Ay, with a conscience pure and peaceful. Still,
I shall not mourn, nor sink into despair.
If I am not a painter, yet my lot
Is neither mean nor abject; — if this great
And far-famed Angelo should *so* denounce me,
Yet would an inward voice, by Heaven inspired,
The assurance give, "Thou art not base nor guilty!"

MARIA (enters).

How 's this, Antonio? Thou art melancholy.
Thy picture 's thrown aside. — 'T is strange, indeed,
To find thee unemployed, when thus alone.

ANTONIO.

Maria, dearest wife, my painting now
Is at an end.

MARIA.

Hast thou, then, finished quite?

ANTONIO (painfully, and pressing her hand).

Ay, child, — quite finished!

MARIA.

How is this? O Heaven!
Thou weep'st, Antonio!

ANTONIO.

Nay, not so, Maria.

MARIA.

Dear husband, what has happened here? O, tell me!

ANTONIO.

Be not afraid, Maria. I have thought
On many things relating to our life;
And I have found, at last, that this pursuit,
By which we live, brings not prosperity;
So have I, with myself, resolved at once
To change it quite.

MARIA.

I understand thee not!

ANTONIO.

Seven years ago, when from thy father's hand
I, as my bride, received thee, canst thou still
Remember what the old man said? "Antonio,
Leave off this painting. He who lives and dreams
Still in the fairy world of art, in truth,
Is for this world unfit. Your painters all,
And poets, prove bad husbands; for with them
The Muse usurps the wife's place; and, intent
On their spiritual children, they will soon
Forget both sons and daughters."

MARIA.

Nay, in truth,
He was an honest, faithful heart. Methinks,
Such to those useful plants may be compared
That grow beneath the earth, but never bloom
With ornamental flowers. No more of this!

ANTONIO.

"Be," said he then, "a potter, like myself, —
Paint little figures on the clay, and sell them.
So, free from care, live with thy wife and children,
And unto them thy time and life devote."

MARIA.

He saw not that which I then loved in thee,
Thy genius, and thy pure, aspiring soul!
He knew not that thine art, which he despised,
Had shared my love, and was itself a blessing!

ANTONIO.

My child, full many things have been believed
That were not true. Thy hopes have all been blighted!

MARIA.

Antonio! wilt thou force me to be sad?

ANTONIO (embraces her).

Thou art an angel! — I have found thee still
In every state contented. But too well
I know thy hopes were blighted. Nor have I
To thee given up the emotions of my heart,
But wasted them in visionary strife,
And fugitive creations. What I gained
Has partly on dear colors been expended;
And for the rest I have not managed wisely.
At times we lived in superfluity,
But oftener scarce could meet the calls of want; —
So has thy tender heart enough been tried;
It shall no more be thus! We shall not strive
For that which is impossible, nor waste
This life in feverish dreams. I shall renounce them, —
Step back into obscurity. Henceforth,
I may not be an artist, — but will learn
The duties of a husband and a father.

MARIA.

Thou canst not be an artist? — Then no more
Can Art survive upon this earth!

ANTONIO.

Dear wife,
Thou lov'st me?

MARIA.

Ay, — because I know thee wholly.

ANTONIO.

Thou smil'st so sweet and innocently, — mark you,
How that unmeaning imp is grinning there?
[Pointing to the picture.

MARIA (perplexed).

Antonio!

ANTONIO.

Now I see the faults. O, wherefore
Have I not had ere now some faithful friend
Who might have shown them to me? For I feel
Within me the capacity to mend them!

MARIA.

O Heaven! what means all this?

ANTONIO (interested, and contemplating the picture).

It seems to me,
As if in that poor picture there were still
Something not wholly so contemptible; —
Not color only, — no, — nor finishing, —
Nor play of light and shade, — but something, too,
Of SOLEMN and SUBLIME!

MARIA.

Nay, what has happened?
Antonio, pray thee, tell me!

ANTONIO.

He shall *once* —
Once more confirm his sentence. He has *twice*
Thundered it forth, but yet my condemnation
Must be a *third* time uttered; — I shall then
Paint cups, and be a potter!

MARIA.

Who has been here?

ANTONIO (with dignity).

The great and far-famed MICHAEL ANGELO.

MARIA.

And — he — HE said these things?

ANTONIO.

Be quiet, child;
We shall await the *third* time. From that world
Of cherished dreams and magic imagery
I may not willingly be torn away!
Yet once more for my sentence! Then, henceforth,
I shall renounce them all, and, for my share,
Strive but for art to blazon crockery-ware!

ANTONIO AND GIULIO ROMANO.

ANTONIO.

Now there wants but the varnish! Ha! that veil
Will be far too transparent. From all eyes,
O, might it be withdrawn! O, why was I
By want compelled to sell it? Was it not
Deception, thus so large a sum to gain
By such a worthless labor? Yet Octavian
Himself surveyed the picture; and the price
On his own judgment offered. I then said
It was too much.
[Taking a pencil.
Yet here, amid the grass,
I shall paint one pale hyacinth. That flower,
When beauteous maidens die, adorns their tomb.
For me the lovely form of HOPE has now
Declined in death; and for her sake shall I,
For the last time, here plant one flower!
But then, —
How shall I live, if I must paint no more?
For Art hath like the breath of heaven become,
A requisite of life!
[A pause.
Well, be it so!
Let the long week in manual toil be spent,
For wife and child! The Sunday morning still
Remains mine own. Then, once more on my sight,
The smiling Iris with her sevenfold bow
Will rise in wonted beauty. I shall draw,
And groups compose again, and color them, —
All for mine own delight. To say the least,
'T is but a harmless luxury; and my pictures
Will yet adorn our cottage walls, and please
Maria and my boy, who love them too!
When I am gone, and travellers wander here,
They will not look on them unmoved; for all
Are not like Michael Angelo. — Perchance
It may be said, this man at least *aspired*,
And had true love for Art.

GIULIO ROMANO (enters).

Here now he sits,
The man by Heaven inspired, — painting again
Some picture that shall fill the world with wonder.
O, how I long to speak with him! Yet patience!
I shall by gradual steps prolong my joy. —
Am I awake? What have I seen? How, Giulio?
Must thou from Rome to this poor village come,
To find the second Rafaelle? 'T is, indeed,
Wondrous and unexpected! In the city,
Schools and academies we build, and princes
Aid all our efforts. Even from infancy
Our eyes are fixed on models, and our hands
Are exercised; but when at length arrives
The brilliant opportunity to prove
The powers that we have gained, what are we all
But *scholars?* not, indeed, of praise unworthy,
Good, specious IMITATORS! If, once more,
True genius is to show itself on earth,
It blooms not in the hot-house. All *such* aid
That amaranthine flower disdains. In woods
And wilds, by the free breath of storms pervaded,
It flourishes, by chance implanted there,

And by supernal powers upheld. We gaze
With veneration on our ancient masters,
And deem that genius has its *acme* gained,
And died with them. But while, all unawares,
We mourn its loss, lo! suddenly it springs,
Fresh, youthful, vigorous, into life again,
Demanding admiration ever new!
How wondrous that those visitants divine,
That must illume our earth, so oft are born
Even in the humblest cells of poverty!

ANTONIO (still at the picture).

Stand there, thou little pale blue hyacinth, —
Thy hues betokening death!

GIULIO.

He looks, indeed,
Like the fair forms that he delights to paint,
Mild, amiable, and sensitive. But care
And sadness mark his features. The fine hues,
That to the cheeks of others he imparts,
Bloom not upon his own.

ANTONIO (turning half round).

There comes again
A stranger visitant!

[They mutually salute.

GIULIO.

Forgive me, Signor,
If I disturb you! But how could I leave
This place, till I that wondrous artist knew,
Whose works adorn it?

ANTONIO.

Then — you meet — ah, Heaven!
But a poor, melancholy man!

GIULIO.

How 's this?
Has the bright sun, that must the world illume,
Even for himself nor light nor warmth?

ANTONIO.

Thy looks
Are friendly, stranger; and I do believe
Thou dost not mock me. Yet, unconsciously,
Thou wound'st me deeply. Sun indeed! — If thou
Knew'st but the darkness of the soul that dwells here! —
Not even one star gleams through my rayless night! —

GIULIO.

Nay, from thy NIGHT beams forth resistless glory, —
That with the radiance of immortal fame
Will one day circle round thee. — Signor, I pray,
Thy name?

ANTONIO.

Antonio Allegri.

GIULIO.

'T is well, —
ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO!

How can this name sound strange unto mine ears,
That shall ere long on all tongues be familiar?
I have indeed beheld thy NIGHT, Antonio,
There, in the church. What thou wouldst represent,
Thou hast thyself performed, — a miracle!
Through the deep gloom of earthly life shines forth
Light to rejoice the shepherds; — and, like them,
I stand amazed before you, — powerless quite
To explain the wonders that I look upon,
Veiling my dazzled eyes, and half in doubt
If all that I behold is not delusion! —

ANTONIO.

O Signor, 't is, indeed, delusion all! —
Thou art a man of honor, — and thou lov'st
Our art, — but let me venture thus to say, —
I know too well what Art should be!

GIULIO.

Thy words
Perplex me, Signor.

ANTONIO.

I have been indeed,
Through many a year, a riddle to myself.

GIULIO.

Thou art in all things inconceivable.
How has thy genius bloomed thus all unaided?
How has the world and thine own worth to thee
Remained unknown? —

ANTONIO.

But, for example, now,
How deem'st thou of this picture?

GIULIO.

How shall words
Express my feelings? — If I say 't is NOBLE,
What have I said? — Till now, Rafaelle's Madonna
Had all mine admiration; in my heart,
She ruled alone. But now, once more, MARIA,
Another and the same, smiles out upon me; —
With more of woman's tenderness and love
Maternal, — less of queenly dignity.
Rafaelle, indeed, has earthly forms endowed
With grace divine, — but thou hast brought from heaven
Ethereal spirits, here in mortal frames
Submissively to dwell!

ANTONIO (anxiously).

But then, indeed,
Are there no faults?

GIULIO.

Where so much is achieved,
Faults have no room to exist. In the full bliss
Of superfluity, who would complain,
Because he has not *all*? —

ANTONIO.

But what, — I pray you, —
What here is wanting?

GIULIO.

All that is required
To form a masterpiece *is here*. It lives,
And breathes instinct with life divine, — by depth
Of meditative reason planned, — by all
The powers of genius, feeling, industry,
Brought to perfection. Who would ask for more?

ANTONIO.

So much for praise, — but tell me now the faults.

GIULIO.

Thy genius nowhere fails; even where the powers
Of Art are wanting, or where memory wandered,
Thou hast, by some peculiar strength of soul, —
Some fine ideal energy, — *bestowed*
A charm even on the faults, — which, I might say,
Is all thine own; — but here, too, thou resemblest
Rafaelle, — our great precursor.

ANTONIO.

Yet, once more,
I pray you point out all my faults; you know not
How gladly I from you would hear of them!

GIULIO.

Well, then, — the mere anatomist might say
There are defects of drawing in this picture.

ANTONIO.

Now, — for example?

GIULIO.

The foreshortening here
Is not quite accurate. The child's limbs appear
Too round; the contour is too full. But then
You love such blooming graces; and, for this,
Avoid the harshness of reality.

ANTONIO.

Once, once more, Signor, — then I breathe again; —
How deem'st thou of the smile upon these lips, —
The Virgin's smile, and then the Child's?

GIULIO.

In them
I find no fault. Original, but lovely!

ANTONIO.

Not, then, "unmeaning," "imp-like," "honey-sweet"?

GIULIO.

So have I to myself, in summer dreams,
Painted the smiles of angels.

ANTONIO.

Thus, O Heaven,
Have I, too, dreamed!

GIULIO.

And art thou mournful now,
Because thou hast so nobly triumphed here?

ANTONIO.

Nay, I am sad, because I have so long
Myself deceived.

GIULIO.

Signor, thy words again
Become inexplicable.

ANTONIO.

Stranger, in truth,
Thou hast according to mine own heart spoken;
And it consoles me that there are on earth
Yet men, and honorable, wise men, too,
That in the selfsame path have been deceived.
And yet I more admire the judgment true,
Which on my faults has been pronounced. And *there*
Thou hast not erred; but, like a genuine friend,
Hast, in considerate, gentle tones, reproved me. —
Now, truly, such discourse, so full of knowledge,
Would inexpressibly rejoice my heart,
If I had not (ah! had I known it sooner!)
Even this day learned too truly, that my labor
Is worthless all and vain!

GIULIO.

Who told you this?

ANTONIO.

Even the most gifted artist of our age, —
Great Michael Angelo.

GIULIO.

I could have guessed it;
This is but like him. Truly now I find
That broken wheel still whirls within his brain.

ANTONIO.

Nay, I had first by levity provoked him. —
A man who dwells here, — a strange humorist, —
By whom too oft I am disturbed, had come
And told me that the traveller who sat
At table in his house was but a dauber,
A rude companion, who had injured him,
And spoke on all things without aught of knowledge.
Then I received him, not with that respect
That he so well deserved. He spoke to me
Dryly and in a grumbling tone; to which
I made him jestingly a careless answer.
Then he was angry; — "Bungler!" "Mean and base!" —

Such were to me his epithets. Misled
By a vain love of splendid coloring,
He then declared that I would never gain
True greatness or true beauty in mine art.

GIULIO (vehemently).

Rightly he spoke! Thou *wilt* not; for thou hast
Already, by the immortal works that fill
The high Sixtinian chapel, won the wreath
Of victory!

ANTONIO.

Ah! dear Sir!

GIULIO.

Think'st thou
That like a blind man I have spoke of Art?
There thou hast erred. 'T is true, I am, indeed,
No peerless master, — far less Angelo;
But yet I am a man, — a Roman too;
No Cæsar, — yet a Julius. I have learned,
As thou hast done, what Art should be; the great
And far-famed Rafaelle Sanctio was my master,
And still his deathless spirit hovers o'er me!
I, too, may have a voice in such decision!

ANTONIO.

O Heaven! You are, then, GIULIO ROMANO?

GIULIO.

I am.

ANTONIO.

Thou art Romano, the great master,
And Rafaelle's favorite?

GIULIO.

That I was.

ANTONIO.

And thou
Say'st I am no pretender?

GIULIO.

I do say,
Since Rafaelle Sanctio's death, there has not lived
A greater artist in our land than thou,
ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO!

—

MICHAEL ANGELO, MARIA, AND GIOVANNI.

GIOVANNI.

There comes my mother.

[Maria enters.

MICHAEL.

Ay, indeed? How lovely!
I trace at once the likeness to MARIA.

GIOVANNI.

Mother, here is a stranger gentleman, —
He gave me sugar plumbs. — Look here!

MICHAEL.

Madonna,
May I, then, hope forgiveness?

MARIA.

Noble Sir,
I thank you for your kindness. — (To Giovanni.)
Hast thou thanked
This gentleman?

GIOVANNI.

I thank you.

MARIA.

Nay, what manners!
Go, make your bow. Say, Noble Sir ——

MICHAEL.

I pray you,
Let him have his own way, nor by forced rules
Check the pure flow of Nature that directs him.

MARIA.

Then you love children, Sir?

MICHAEL.

Not always. Yet
I love your son. — You live here?

MARIA.

Ay, Sir; — there
You see our humble cot.

MICHAEL.

Antonio
The painter is your husband?

MARIA.

Ay, dear Sir.

MICHAEL.

Is he in real life so amiable,
As in his works he has appeared? If so,
You are a happy wife.

MARIA.

Signor, his works
Show but the faint reflection of that sun
Of excellence that glows within his heart.

MICHAEL.

Indeed?

MARIA.

Ay, truly.

MICHAEL.

Still, you seem not glad,
Nor cheerful. Yet an honest, active husband,
A beauteous wife, and a fine child, — methinks,
Here is a paradise at once complete!

MARIA.

Yet something,
Alas! is wanting.

MICHAEL.

What?

MARIA.

Prosperity
And worldly fortune.

MICHAEL.

Are not beauty, then,
And genius, in themselves an ample fortune?

MARIA.

In many a flower is hid the gnawing worm
My husband has been ill, — is irritable,
And each impression moves him far too deeply.
Hence, even to-day, unlucky chance befell him.

MICHAEL.

I know it, Buonarotti has been here,
And has offended him.

MARIA.

Nay, more than this, —
He has renewed his illness.

MICHAEL.

Nay, perchance
He has but spoke the truth. For Angelo
Told him he was no painter. And who knows?—
He is an artist of experience,
And may have said the truth.

MARIA.

And if from heaven
An angel had appeared to tell me this,
I could not have believed him!

MICHAEL.

Indeed?
Are you so confident?

MARIA.

Nay, Sir. In truth,
The sum of all my confidence is *this*,—
The knowledge, that with my whole heart I love
Antonio. Therefore all that he has done
Is with that love inseparably joined,
And therefore, too, his works are dear to me.

MICHAEL.

Is this enough? You love, yet know not how
To ground and to defend that preference?

MARIA.

Let others look for learning to defend
Their arguments. Enough it is for us
On pure affection's impulse to rely.

MICHAEL.

Bravo, Madonna! You indeed rejoice me.
Forgive me, if I tried you thus awhile.
So should all women think. — But now, for this
Affair of Michael Angelo; he bears
A character capricious, — variable:
This cannot be denied; yet, trust me still,
Good in the main. Too oft, indeed, his words
Are like the roaring of the blinded Cyclops,
When the fire rages fiercely; yet can he
Be tranquil too; and even in one short hour,
Like the wise camel with her provender,
Think more than may well serve him for a year.
The fierce volcano oft is terrible,
Yet fruitful too; when its worst rage is o'er,
The peasant cultivates the fields around,
Whose fruits are thereby nourished and improved;
The fearful gulf itself is decked with flowers
And wild-wood, and all breathes of life and joy.

MARIA.

I do believe you.

MICHAEL.

Trifles oft give birth
Even to the most important deeds. 'T is true,
The mountain may have borne a mouse; — in turn,
The mouse brings forth a mountain. Even so
The clumsy trick of a malicious host
Set Angelo at variance with your husband.
One word begets another; for not love
Alone, but anger, and rash violence too,
Make blind their victims.

MARIA.

Sir, you speak most wisely.

MICHAEL.

Now listen. — Angelo commanded me
To visit you; I am his friend, — and such
Excuse as I have made, he would have offered.
His ring, too, for a proof of his respect,
He gives Antonio; and entreats him still
To wear it as a pledge of his firm friendship.
They will yet meet again; Antonio soon
Will better proof receive of Michael's kindness,
If he has influence to advance your fortune.
(Exit.

ANTONIO (enters).

Maria, dearest wife, what has he said?

MARIA.

The stranger gentleman?

ANTONIO.

Ay, — Buonarotti.

MARIA.

How? Is it possible? Was it himself?

ANTONIO.

Ay, ay, — 't was he, — great Michael Ángelo;
O'er all the world there lives not such another!

MARIA.

O happy day! Now, then, rejoice, Antonio!
He kissed our child, and kindly spoke to me.
This ring he left for thee; he honors, loves thee,
And henceforth will promote our worldly fortune.

ANTONIO.

Can this be possible? Romano, then,
Was in the right.

MARIA.

He loves and honors thee.

ANTONIO.

And this fine ring in proof! — Ha! then, Maria,
He has but cast me down into the dust,
To be more proudly raised on high. O Heaven!
Dare I believe such wondrous fate?—But come,
Let me yet seek this noble friend; with tears
Of gratitude embrace him; and declare
That we indeed are blest!

MARIA.

At last, I, too,
Can say that Buonarotti judges wisely,
And henceforth blooms for us a PARADISE!

[Exeunt.

(As they retire, Baptista crosses the stage, and, overhearing the last words, says,)

Then be it mine to bring perfection due,
For Paradise requires a SERPENT too!

—

ANTONIO IN THE GALLERY OF COUNT OCTAVIAN.

ANTONIO.

Here am I, then, arrived at last! O Heaven!
What weariness oppresses me! the way
Has been so long,— the sun so hot and scorching.
Here all is fresh and airy. Thus the great
Enjoy all luxuries; in cool palaces,
As if in rocky caverns, they defy
The summer's heat. On high the vaulted roof
Ascends, and pillars cast their shade below;
While in the vestibule clear fountains play
With cool, refreshing murmur. Happy they
Who thus can live! Well, that ere long shall be
My portion too. How pleasantly one mounts
On the broad marble steps! How reverently
These ancient statues greet our entrance here!

[Looking into the hall and coming forward.

This hall indeed is noble! — How is this?
What do I see? Ha! paintings! 'T is, indeed,
The picture gallery. Holy saints! I stood
Unconsciously within the sacred temple!
Here then, Italia's artists, hang on high
Your wondrous works, like scutcheons on the tombs
Of heroes, to commemorate their deeds! —
What shall I first contemplate? Woodland scenes, —
Wild beasts of prey, — stern warriors, — or Madonnas?
Mine eye here wanders round, even like a bee
Amid a thousand flowers! I see too much!
My senses all are overpowered! I feel
The influence of imperial power around me,
And in the temple of mine ancestors
Could kneel and weep! — Ha! there is a fine picture!

[Going nearer.

Nay, I have been deceived; for all, indeed,
Are not of equal worth. But what is there?
Ay, that, indeed, is pretty! Till this hour,
I have not seen its equal. An old woman
Scouring a kettle; in the corner there
A cat asleep; with his tobacco-pipe,
The white-haired boy meanwhile is blowing soap-bells.
I had not thought such things could e'er be painted.
It is indeed a pleasure to behold
How bright and clean her kitchen looks; and, lo!
How nobly falls the sunlight through the leaves
On the clear copper kettle! Is not here
The painter's name upon the frame? (Reads.) "Unknown,
But of the Flemish school." Flemish? Where lies
That country? 'T is unknown to me. — Ha! there
Are hung large pictures of still life, flowers, fruit,
Glasses of wine, and game. Here, too, are dogs,
And many-colored birds. Ay, that indeed
Is rarely finished. But no more of them. —
Ha, ha! There 's life again! Three reverend men,
With anxious looks, are counting gold. And here,
If I mistake not, is our Saviour's birth;
And painted by Mantegna; — ay, 't is so.
How nobly winds that mountain-path along!
And then how finely those three kings are grouped
Before the Virgin and the Child! Another,
As if to meet in contrast, here is placed;
Intended well, but yet how strange! That ox
Is resting with his snout upon the Virgin!
And the Moor grins *so* laughably, yet kindly!
The Child, meanwhile, is stretching out his arm
For toys drawn from that casket. Ha, ha, ha!
'T is one of Albert Durer's, an old German!
Thus, even beyond the mountains, there are men
Who are not ignorant of Art. Ah, Heaven!
How beautiful that lady! how divine!
Young, blooming, sensitive! How beams that eye!
How smile those ruby lips! And how that cap
Of crimson velvet, and the sleeves, become her!
(Reads.) "By Lienard da Vinci." Then, in truth,
It is no wonder. He could paint indeed! —
How 's this?
A king almost in the same style, — but yet
It must have been a work of early youth.
No, this (reading), we find, is "Holbein." Him
I know not;
Yet to Leonardo he bears much resemblance,
But not so noble nor so masterly. —
Yonder I recognize you well, good friends,
Our earliest masters. Honest Perugino,
How far'st thou with thy sameness of green tone,
Thy repetitions, and thy symmetry?
Thy St. Sebastian too? Thou hast, indeed,
Thy share of greatness; yet a little more
Of boldness and invention had been well. —
There throne the Powers! There, large as life, appears
A reverend man, the holy Job! Ha! this
Has nobly been conceived, nobly fulfilled!
'T is Rafaelle, surely. (Reads.) "Fra Bartholemeo."
Ah! the good monk! Not every priest, in truth,
Will equal thee! — But how shall I find time
To view them all? Here, in the background, hangs
A long green curtain. It perchance conceals
The choicest picture. This I must behold,
Ere Count Octavian comes.

[Withdraws the curtain from Rafaelle's picture of St. Cecilia.

What do I see?
'T is the divine Cecilia! There she stands,
Her hand upon the organ. At her feet
Lie meaner instruments, confused and broken;
But silently, even on the organ too,
Her fingers rest, as on her ear from heaven
The music of the angelic choir descends!
Her fervent looks are fixed on high! Ha! this
No more is painting, — this is POETRY!
Here is not only the great artist shown,
But the great HIGH-SOULED MAN! The sanctities
Of poetry by painting are expressed.
Such, too, were *my* designs! In my best hours
For this I labored!

[Octavian enters, and Correggio, without salutation or ceremony, runs up to him, and says,—

Now, I pray you, tell me
This painter's name. [Pointing to the picture.

OCTAVIAN (coldly).

'T is Rafaelle.

ANTONIO.

I AM, THEN,
A PAINTER, TOO!

SOLILOQUY OF CORREGGIO.

ANTONIO (having been crowned by Celestina, after he had fallen asleep in the gallery).

Where am I now? — Ha! this dim hall, indeed,
Is not Elysium! — All was but a dream!
Nay, not a vision, surely, — but a bright
Anticipation of eternal life!
Methought I stood amid those happy fields,
More beauteous far than Dante has portrayed them, —
Even in the Muses' consecrated grove,
Hard by their temple on tall columns reared,
Of alabaster white and adamant,
With proud colossal statues filled, and books,
And paintings. There around me I beheld
The illustrious of all times in every art.
The immortal Phidias with his chisel plied
On that gigantic form of Hercules,
The wonder of all ages. Like a fly,
He sat upon one shoulder; yet preserved
Through the gigantic frame proportion just,
And harmony. Apelles, smiling, dipped
His pencil in the ruby tints of morn,
And painted wondrous groups on floating clouds,
That angels forthwith bore away to heaven.
Then Palestrina, at an organ placed,
Had the four winds to aid him, and thus woke
Music, that spread its tones o'er all the world;
While by his side Cecilia sat and sung.
Homer I saw beside the sacred fount;
He spoke, and all the poets crowded round him.
The gifted Rafaelle led me by the hand
Into that listening circle. Well I knew
His features, though his shoulders now were decked
With silvery seraph wings. Then from the circle
Stepped forth the inspiring Muse, — a matchless form, —
Pure as the stainless morning dew, — and bright,
Blooming, and cheerful, as the dew-sprent rose.
O, never on remembrance will it fade,
How with her snow-white hand this lovely form
A laurel wreath then placed upon my head! —
"To immortality I thus devote thee!"
Such were her words. Then suddenly I woke.
It seems almost as if I felt the crown
Still on my brows.

[Puts his hand to his forehead, and takes off the wreath.

O Heaven! how can this be?
Are there yet miracles on earth?

[At this moment, Baptista enters with Nicolo; the latter bearing a sack of copper coin. Antonio runs up to them for explanation, and says, — .

My friend
Baptista, who has been here?

BAPTISTA.

Ask'st thou me?
How should I know? Lo! here we bring the price
Given for thy picture by our noble lord.
You must receive the sum in copper coin.
So 't is most fitting that a nobleman
Should to a peasant pay his debts.

THOR'S FISHING.

ON the dark bottom of the great salt lake
Imprisoned lay the giant snake,
With naught his sullen sleep to break.

Huge whales disported amorous o'er his neck;
Little their sports the worm did reck,
Nor his dark, vengeful thoughts would check.

To move his iron fins he hath no power,
Nor yet to harm the trembling shore,
With scaly rings he 's covered o'er.

His head he seeks 'mid coral rocks to hide,
Nor e'er hath man his eye espied,
Nor could its deadly glare abide.

His eyelids half in drowsy stupor close,
But short and troubled his repose,
As his quick, heavy breathing shows.

Muscles and crabs, and all the shelly race,
In spacious banks still crowd for place,
A grisly beard, around his face.

When Midgard's worm his fetters strives to break,
Riseth the sea, the mountains quake;
The fiends in Nastrond[1] merry make.

Rejoicing flames from Hecla's cauldron flash,
Huge molten stones with deafening crash
Fly out, — its scathed sides fire-streams wash.

[1] The Scandinavian hell.

The affrighted sons of Askur feel the shock,
As the worm doth lie and rock,
And sullen waiteth Ragnarok.

To his foul craving maw naught e'er came ill;
It never he doth cease to fill,
Nath' more his hungry pain can still.

Upwards by chance he turns his sleepy eye,
And, over him suspended nigh,
The gory head he doth espy.

The serpent, taken with his own deceit,
Suspecting naught the daring cheat,
Ravenous, gulps down the bait.

His leathern jaws the barbed steel compress,
His ponderous head must leave the abyss;
Dire was Jormungandur's hiss.

In giant coils he writhes his length about,
Poisonous streams he speweth out,
But his struggles help him nought.

The mighty Thor knoweth no peer in fight;
The loathsome worm, his strength despite,
Now o'ermatched must yield the fight.

His grisly head Thor heaveth o'er the tide,
No mortal eye the sight may bide,
The scared waves haste i' th' sands to hide.

As when accursed Nastrond yawns and burns,
His impious throat 'gainst heaven he turns,
And with his tail the ocean spurns.

The parched sky droops, darkness enwraps the sun;
Now the matchless strength is shown
Of the god whom warriors own.

Around his loins he draws his girdle tight,
His eye with triumph flashes bright,
The frail boat splits aneath his weight:

The frail boat splits, — but on the ocean's ground
Thor again hath footing found;
Within his arms the worm is bound.

Hymir, who in the strife no part had took,
But like a trembling aspen shook,
Rouseth him to avert the stroke.

"In the last night, the Vala hath decreed
Thor, in Odin's utmost need,
To the worm shall bow the head."

Thus, in sunk voice, the craven giant spoke,
Whilst from his belt a knife he took,
Forged by dwarfs aneath the rock.

Upon the magic belt straight 'gan to file;
Thor in bitter scorn to smile;
Miölner swang in air the while.

In the worm's front full two-score leagues it fell,
From Gimle to the realms of hell
Echoed Jormungandur's yell.

The ocean yawned; Thor's lightnings rent the sky;
Through the storm, the great Sun's eye
Looked out on the fight *from* high.

Bifrost[2] i' th' east shone forth in brightest green;
On its top, in snow-white sheen,
Heimdal at his post was seen.

On the charmed bolt the dagger hath no power;
The star of Jötunheim 'gan lour;
But now, in Asgard's evil hour,

When all his efforts foiled tall Hymir saw,
Wading to the serpent's maw,
On the kedge he 'gan to saw.

The Sun, dismayed, hastened in clouds to hide;
Heimdal turned his head aside;
Thor was humbled in his pride.

The knife prevails, far down beneath the main
The serpent, spent with toil and pain,
To the bottom sank again.

The giant fled, his head 'mid rocks to save;
Fearfully the god did rave,
With his lightnings tore the wave:

To madness stung, to think his conquest vain,
His ire no longer could contain,
Dared the worm to rise again.

His radiant form to its full height he drew,
And Miölner through the billows blue
Swifter than the fire-bolt flew.

Hoped, yet, the worm had fallen beneath the stroke;
But the wily child of Loke
Waits her turn at Ragnarok.

His hammer lost, back wends the giant-bane,
Wasted his strength, his prowess vain;
And Miölner must with Ran remain.

THE DWARFS.

Loke sat and thought, till his dark eyes gleam
With joy at the deed he 'd done;
When Sif looked into the crystal stream,
Her courage was well-nigh gone.

For never again her soft amber hair
Shall she braid with her hands of snow;

[2] The rainbow.

From the hateful image she turned in despair,
And hot tears began to flow.

In a cavern's mouth, like a crafty fox,
Loke sat, 'neath the tall pine's shade,
When sudden a thundering was heard in the rocks,
And fearfully trembled the glade.

Then he knew that the noise good boded him naught,
He knew that 't was Thor who was coming;
He changed himself straight to a salmon-trout,
And leaped in a fright in the Glommen.

But Thor changed, too, to a huge sea-gull,
And the salmon-trout seized in his beak:
He cried, "Thou traitor, I know thee well,
And dear shalt thou pay thy freak.

"Thy caitiff's bones to a meal I 'll pound,
As a mill-stone crusheth the grain."
When Loke that naught booted his magic found,
He took straight his own form again.

"And what if thou scatter'st my limbs in air?"
He spake: "Will it mend thy case?
Will it gain back for Sif a single hair?
Thou 'lt still a bald spouse embrace.

"But if now thou 'lt pardon my heedless joke,—
For malice, sure, meant I none,—
I swear to thee here, by root, billow, and rock,
By the moss on the Bauta-stone,[1]

"By Mimer's well, and by Odin's eye,
And by Miölner, greatest of all;
That straight to the secret caves I 'll hie,
To the dwarfs, my kinsmen small:

"And thence for Sif new tresses I 'll bring
Of gold, ere the daylight's gone,
So that she shall liken a field in spring,
With its yellow-flowered garment on."

Him answered Thor: "Why, thou brazen knave,
To my face to mock me dost dare?
Thou know'st well that Miölner is now 'neath the wave
With Ran, and wilt still by it swear?"

"O, a better hammer for thee I 'll obtain,"
And he shook like an aspen-tree,
"'Fore whose stroke, shield, buckler, and greave shall be vain,
And the giants with terror shall flee!"

"Not so," cried Thor, and his eyes flashed fire;
"Thy base treason calls loud for blood;
And hither I 'm come, with my sworn brother, Freyr,
To make thee of ravens the food.

"I 'll take hold of thine arms and thy coal-black hair,
And Freyr of thy heels behind,
And thy lustful body to atoms we 'll tear,
And scatter thy limbs to the wind."

"O, spare me, Freyr, thou great-souled king!"
And, weeping, he kissed his feet;
"O, mercy! and thee I 'll a courser bring,
No match in the wide world shall meet.

"Without whip or spur round the earth you shall ride;
He 'll ne'er weary by day nor by night;
He shall carry you safe o'er the raging tide,
And his golden hair furnish you light."

Loke promised so well with his glozing tongue,
That the Aser at length let him go,
And he sank in the earth, the dark rocks among,
Near the cold-fountain,[2] far below.

He crept on his belly, as supple as eel,
The cracks in the hard granite through,
Till he came where the dwarfs stood hammering steel,
By the light of a furnace blue.

I trow 't was a goodly sight to see
The dwarfs, with their aprons on,
A-hammering and smelting so busily
Pure gold from the rough brown stone.

Rock crystals from sand and hard flint they made,
Which, tinged with the rosebud's dye,
They cast into rubies and carbuncles red,
And hid them in cracks hard by.

They took them fresh violets all dripping with dew,—
Dwarf women had plucked them, the morn,—
And stained with their juice the clear sapphires blue,
King Dan in his crown since hath worn.

Then, for emeralds, they searched out the brightest green
Which the young spring meadow wears,
And dropped round pearls, without flaw or stain,
From widows' and maidens' tears.

And all round the cavern might plainly be shown
Where giants had once been at play;
For the ground was with heaps of huge muscle-shells strewn,
And strange fish were marked in the clay.

Here an icthyosaurus stood out from the wall,
There monsters ne'er told of in story,
Whilst hard by the Nix in the waterfall
Sang wildly the days of their glory.

Here bones of the mammoth and mastodon,
And serpents with wings and with claws;

[1] Stones placed over the tombs of distinguished warriors.

[2] Hvergemler.

The elephant's tusks from the burning zone
Are small to the teeth in their jaws.

When Loke to the dwarfs had his errand made known,
In a trice for the work they were ready;
Quoth Dvalin: "O Loptur, it now shall be shown
That dwarfs in their friendship are steady.

"We both trace our line from the selfsame stock;
What you ask shall be furnished with speed,
For it ne'er shall be said that the sons of the rock
Turned their backs on a kinsman in need."

Then they took them the skin of a large wild-boar,
The largest that they could find,
And the bellows they blew till the furnace 'gan roar,
And the fire flamed on high for the wind.

And they struck with their sledge-hammers stroke on stroke,
That the sparks from the skin flew on high;
But never a word good or bad spake Loke,
Though foul malice lurked in his eye.

The Thunderer far distant, with sorrow he thought
On all he 'd engaged to obtain,
And, as summer-breeze fickle, now anxiously sought
To render the dwarfs' labor vain.

Whilst the bellows plied Brokur, and Sindrig the hammer,
And Thror, that the sparks flew on high,
And the sides of the vaulted cave rang with the clamor,
Loke changed to a huge forest-fly.

And he sat him, all swelling with venom and spite,
On Brokur, the wrist just below;
But the dwarf's skin was thick, and he recked not the bite,
Nor once ceased the bellows to blow.

And now, strange to tell, from the roaring fire
Came the golden-haired Gullinbörst,
To serve as a charger the sun-god Freyr,
Sure, of all wild-boars this the first.

They took them pure gold from their secret store,
The piece 't was but small in size,
But ere 't had been long in the furnace roar,
'T was a jewel beyond all prize.

A broad red ring all of wroughten gold;
As a snake with its tail in its head;
And a garland of gems did the rim enfold,
Together with rare art laid.

'T was solid and heavy, and wrought with care,
Thrice it passed through the white flames' glow;
A ring to produce, fit for Odin to wear,
No labor they spared, I trow.

They worked it and turned it with wondrous skill,
Till they gave it the virtue rare,
That each thrice third night from its rim there fell
Eight rings, as their parent fair.

'T was the same with which Odin sanctified
God Balder's and Nanna's faith;
On his gentle bosom was Draupner[3] laid,
When their eyes were closed in death.

Next they laid on the anvil a steel-bar cold,
They needed nor fire nor file;
But their sledge-hammers, following, like thunder rolled,
And Sindrig sang runes the while.

When Loke now marked how the steel gat power,
And how warily out 't was beat
('T was to make a new hammer for Auka-Thor),
He 'd recourse once again to deceit.

In a trice, of a hornet the semblance he took,
Whilst in cadence fell blow on blow,
In the leading dwarf's forehead his barbed sting he stuck,
That the blood in a stream down did flow.

Then the dwarf raised his hand to his brow, for the smart,
Ere the iron well out was beat,
And they found that the haft by an inch was too short,
But to alter it then 't was too late.

Now a small elf came running with gold on his head,
Which he gave a dwarf-woman to spin,
Who the metal like flax on her spinning-wheel laid,
Nor tarried her task to begin.

So she span and span, and the gold thread ran
Into hair, though Loke thought it a pity;
She span, and sang to the sledge-hammer's clang
This strange, wild spinning-wheel ditty:

"Henceforward her hair shall the tall Sif wear,
Hanging loose down her white neck behind;
By no envious braid shall it captive be made,
But in native grace float in the wind.

"No swain shall it view in the clear heaven's blue,
But his heart in its toils shall be lost;

[3] The name of Odin's famous ring.

No goddess, not e'en beauty's faultless queen,[4]
Such long glossy ringlets shall boast.

"Though they now seem dead, let them touch but her head,
Each hair shall the life-moisture fill;
Nor shall malice nor spell henceforward prevail
Sif's tresses to work aught of ill."

His object attained, Loke no longer remained
'Neath the earth, but straight hied him to Thor;
Who owned than the hair ne'er, sure, aught more fair
His eyes had e'er looked on before.

The boar Freyr bestrode, and away proudly rode,
And Thor took the ringlets and hammer;
To Valhalla they hied, where the Aser reside,
'Mid of tilting and wassail the clamor.

At a full, solemn ting,[5] Thor gave Odin the ring,
And Loke his foul treachery pardoned;
But the pardon was vain, for his crimes soon again
Must do penance the arch-sinner hardened.

THE BARD.

O, GREAT was Denmark's land in time of old!
Wide to the South her branch of glory spread;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead:
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
The bossy buckler and the spear of fire;
The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
And poured his notes, amidst the ensanguined heath,
While panting thousands kindled at his lyre:
Then shone the eye with greater fury fired,
Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
The actions died not with the day they graced;
The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
And their hymned names, through ages unefaced,
The weary hours of future Danes beguiled:
When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
On the high column lived the imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
With feats of hardiment done far and wide,
While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
The chiefs, reposing after battle-tide:
Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ;
He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,
And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

LINES ON LEAVING ITALY.

ONCE more among the old gigantic hills
With vapors clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
The rocks ascend before.

They beckon me, the giants, from afar,
They wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
Their cuirasses of stone.

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth,—
Why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle and the vulture's cry,
The nightingale's no more.

Where is the laurel, where the myrtle's blossom?
Bleak is the path around:
Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing?
Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom
A weight appears to flow?
Methinks the Muses come to call me home
From yonder rocks of snow.

I know not how,—but in yon land of roses
My heart was heavy still,
I startled at the warbling nightingale,
The zephyr on the hill.

They said, the stars shone with a softer gleam,—
It seemed not so to me;
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,
My thoughts were o'er the sea.

THE MORNING WALK.

To the beech-grove with so sweet an air
It beckoned me.
O earth! that never the cruel ploughshare
Had furrowed thee!
In their dark shelter the flowerets grew,
Bright to the eye,
And smiled by my foot on the cloudlets blue
Which decked the sky.

. . . . . .

[4] Freya. [5] Public meeting.

O lovely field, and forest fair,
And meads grass-clad!
Her bride-bed Freya everywhere
Enamelled had.
The corn-flowers rose in azure band
From earthy cell;
Naught else could I do, but stop and stand,
And greet them well.

"Welcome on earth's green breast again,
Ye flowerets dear!
In spring how charming 'mid the grain
Your heads ye rear!
Like stars 'midst lightning's yellow ray
Ye shine, red, blue:
O, how your summer aspect gay
Delights my view!"

"O poet! poet! silence keep, —
God help thy case!
Our owner holds us sadly cheap,
And scorns our race.
Each time he sees, he calls us scum,
Or worthless tares,
Hell-weeds, that but to vex him come
'Midst his corn-ears."

. . . . . .

"O wretched mortals! — O wretched man! —
O wretched crowd! —
No pleasures ye pluck, no pleasures ye plan,
In life's lone road, —
Whose eyes are blind to the glories great
Of the works of God,
And dream that the mouth is the nearest gate
To joy's abode.

"Come, flowers! for we to each other belong;
Come, graceful elf!
And around my lute in sympathy strong
Now wind thyself;
And quake as if moved by Zephyr's wing,
'Neath the clang of the chord,
And a morning song with glee we 'll sing
To our Maker and Lord."

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann was born in 1789, in the island of Falster. He has written patriotic songs, an epic poem called "The Black Knights," an allegoric poem in nine cantos, and several tragedies, the best known of which are "Masaniello" and "Blanca." He is also a voluminous prose writer, having published a series of historical romances, in the manner of Walter Scott, illustrating the mediæval history of Denmark. One of his best novels, "Waldemar," was skilfully and elegantly translated into English, by Miss J. F. Chapman, and published in London in 1841. Since then, another, "King Eric and the Outlaws," has appeared from the same able pen. His preface to "Prince Otto of Denmark," which accompanies the translation of "Waldemar," is an interesting exposition of the principles according to which his works are composed. His poem of "Waldemar the Great and his Men" goes back for its subject to the middle of the twelfth century. The two kings, Swend of Zealand, and Knud Magnusson of Jutland, between whom Denmark was divided, "were at war with each other, and at the same time constantly engaged, Swend particularly, in defending the coasts against the piratical hostilities of the heathen Vends. Prince Magnus, the father of King Knud, had murdered Duke Knud Lavard of the Skioldung race, from whence the kings of Denmark were usually, not to say hereditarily, elected; and the young Duke Waldemar, posthumous son of the murdered Knud, ranked with all his personal friends and adherents amongst the supporters of King Swend, although the sovereign of Zealand was in every respect the worse of the rivals. The poem opens with the arrival in Denmark of Waldemar's friend Axel Hwide, recalled from his studies in more civilized lands by the tidings of domestic and foreign war." *

PROGRESS OF AXEL HWIDE.

'T is Epiphany night, and echoes a sound
In Haraldsted wood from the hard frozen ground.
Loud snort three steeds in the wintry blast,
While under their hoof-dint the snow crackles fast.
On his neighing charger, with shield and sword,
Is mounted a valiant and lofty lord;
A clerk and a squire his steps attend,
And their course towards Roskild the travellers bend:
But distant is Denmark's morning!

Silent the leader of the band
Rides, sorrowing, through his native land.
Skjalm Hwide's grandson, bold and true,
No more his studies shall pursue
In foreign university;
Of wit and lore the guerdon high
No longer can he proudly gain;
Needs must be home the loyal Dane:
For distant is Denmark's morning!

A learned man Sir Axel was thought;
But he dropped his book, and his sword he caught,
When tidings arrived from Denmark's strand
That the wolves of discord devoured the land.
Two monarchs are battling there for the realm,
And Danish victories Danes o'erwhelm.
On Slangerup lea, and on Thorstrup hill,
Two summers, the ravens have eaten their fill;
And on Viborg plain, over belt, over bay,
Loud screaming, on Danish dead they prey:

. . . . . .

East Zealand is but a robber's den,

* Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. XXI., p. 133.

Vends are lurking in forest and glen;
Women and men are the Vikings' prey,
Dragged thence to slavery far away.

. . . . .

King Knud to his aid summons Saxon men; —
In Roskild King Swend is arming again;
And proudly, amidst his Zealand hosts,
Of Asbiorn Snare[1] and Duke Waldemar boasts.
Thither his banner bears Axel Hwide,
His two-handed sword belted fast at his side;
On his breast the cuirass of steel shines bright,
And his gray Danish steed bears him glad for the fight.
His ermined cloak falls wide and low,
His battle-axe hangs at his saddle-bow,
The golden spurs on his buff boots ring,
On his shield the golden hart seems to spring.
As king he shows, and all who meet
Sir Axel reverently greet.
But they who beneath the helm of gold
Might in his eyes his soul behold,
The tranquil inward energy
Holding with Heaven communion high,
Had deemed in princely warrior's pride
They saw the church's champion ride,
Seeking, amidst the wars of kings,
But the pure peace religion brings.

By Axel's side in thoughtful guise,
Bent o'er the saddle-bow,
Mute rides his penman, o'er his eyes
His clerkly hood drawn low.
That penman's sunk and sallow cheek,
Seen in the pale moonlight,
The scholar's lamp-lit toil may speak
Through many a winter's night.
Well versed was he in lettered lore,
Far less in chivalry;
His horse's side, like mounted boor,
With heel belabors he.

Stranger shows the henchman good,
On his head a seal-skin hood;
Old Arnold, to his lord endeared,
With bear-skin cloak and shaggy beard,
With club, with dagger on his thigh,
And flag on lance-point waving high,
Muscular and short and stark,
Follows knight and lettered clerk.
Legends he of former days
Knows, and loves to chant the lays
Sung by Skalds long dead.
Learning he but ill abides,
Dust of cloistered lore derides,
Shakes at schools his head.
But the seer's sad gift has he:
Deep as the mysterious sea
Oft the old man's spirit swells;
Then upon his vision loom
Dark the sinner's threatening doom,
Woe that in the future dwells.
Warnings dread his accents tell,
As torrent roars from Northland-fell.

[1] The twin brother of Axel Hwide.

EXTRACT FROM MASANIELLO.

MASANIELLO, MAD, IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

[The church-yard of St. Maria del Carmino. — An open grave, and a skeleton on the side of it. — Moonlight.]

MASANIELLO (alone).

Darker it grows at every step I take;
Soon, then, must it be wholly night. — So long
The deepening clouds have hung around my brow,
Scarce can I recollect how looked of yore
The smiling face of day! Yet unto light
Through darkness must we pass, — 't is but transition! —
Perhaps, perhaps——But dreadful is that hour!
Would it were past! — (Looking back.) I am not here alone!
Still follow me, tried countrymen and friends!
Our march is through a darksome country here, —
But light ere long will dawn. — Ha! now look there! (With gladness, on perceiving the grave.
Look, and rejoice! We had gone far astray:
But here, at last, a friendly port awaits us, —
An inn of rest. I was already tired,
And sought for shelter; — now I find this hut.
Truly, 't is somewhat dusky, low, and narrow;
No matter! 'T is enough, — we want no more.
(Observes the skeleton.
Ha, ha! here lies the owner of the cottage,
And soundly sleeps. — Holla! wake up, my friend! —
How worn he looks! How hollow are his cheeks!
Hu! and how pale, when moonlight gleams upon him!
He has upon our freedom thought so deeply,
And on the blood which it would cost, that he
Is turned himself to naked joints and bones.
(Shakes the skeleton.
Friend! may I go into thy hut awhile,
And rest me there? Thou seest that I am weary, —
Yet choose not like thyself to lay me down,
And bask here in the moonshine. — He is silent. —
Yet hark! — There was a sound, — a strange vibration,
That touched me like a spirit's cooling wing!
Who whispered thus? — Haply it was the wind;
Or was it *he* who spoke so? He, perchance,
Has lost his voice too, by long inward strife,
And whispers thus, even like the night-wind's rustling. (Looks round, surprised.
Ha, ha! Masaniello, thou 'rt deceived!
This is a grave; this man is dead; and here
Around thee are the realms of death. How strangely
One's senses are beguiled! — Hush, hush!
(Music of the choir from the church.
Who sings
In tones so deep and hollow 'mid the graves?
It seems as if night-wandering spirits woke
A death-song. — Ha! there 's light, too, in the church;
I shall go there and pray. Long time has past,
And I have wandered fearfully; my heart
Is now so heavy, I must pray!
(Exit into the church.

THE ASPEN.

What whispers so strange, at the hour of midnight,
From the aspen's leaves trembling so wildly?
Why in the lone wood sings it sad, when the bright
Full-moon beams upon it so mildly?

It soundeth as 'mid the harp-strings the wind-gust,
Or like sighs of ghosts wandering in sorrow;
In the meadow the small flowers hear it, and must
With tears close themselves till the morrow.

"O, tell me, poor wretch, why thou shiverest so,—
Why the moans of distraction thou pourest;
Say, can thy heart harbour repentance and woe?
Can sin reach the child of the forest?"

"Yes," sighed forth the tremulous voice,—"for thy race
Has not alone fallen from its station;
Not alone art thou seeking for comfort and grace,
Nor alone art thou called to salvation.

"I 've heard, too, the voice, which, with heaven reconciled,
The earth to destruction devoted;
But the storm from my happiness hurried me wild,
Though round me joy's melodies floated.

"By Kedron I stood, and the bright beaming eye
I viewed of the pitying Power;
Each tree bowed its head, as the Saviour passed by,
But I deigned not my proud head to lower.

"I towered to the cloud, whilst the lilies sang sweet,
And the rose bent its stem in devotion;
I strewed not my leaves 'fore the Holy One's feet,
Nor bough nor twig set I in motion.

"Then sounded a sigh from the Saviour's breast;
And I quaked, for that sigh through me darted;
'Quake so till I come!' said the voice of the Blest;
My repose then for ever departed.

"And now must I tremble by night and by day,
For me there no moment of ease is;
I must sigh with regret in such dolorous way,
Whilst each floweret can smile when it pleases.

"And tremble shall I till the Last Day arrive,
And I view the Redeemer returning;
My sorrow and punishment long will survive,
Till the world shall in blazes be burning."

So whispers the doomed one at midnight; its tone
Is that of ghosts wandering in sorrow;
The small flowers hear it within the wood lone,
And with tears close themselves till the morrow.

DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN.

Dame Martha dwelt at Karisegaard,
So many kind deeds she wrought:
If the winter were sharp, and the rich man hard,
Her gate the indigent sought.

With her hand the hungry she loved to feed,
To the sick she lent her aid,
The prisoner oft from his chains she freed,
And for souls of sinners she prayed.

But Denmark's land was in peril dire:
The Swede around burnt and slew,
The castle of Martha they wrapped in fire;
To the church the good lady flew.

She dwelt in the tower both night and day,
There unto her none repaired;
'Neath the church-roof sat the dull owl gray,
And upon the good lady glared.

And in the Lord's house she dwelt safe and content,
Till the foes their departure had ta'en;
Then back to her castle in ruins she went,
And bade it be builded again.

There found the houseless a cover once more,
And the mouths of the hungry bread;
But all in Karise by [1] wept sore,
As soon as Dame Martha was dead.

And when the Dame lay in her coffin and smiled
So calm with her pallid face,
O, there was never so little a child
But was brought on her to gaze!

The bell on the day of the burial tolled,
And youth and age shed the tear;
And there was no man so weak and old
But helped to lift the bier.

And when they the bier set down for a space,
And rested upon the church road,
A fountain sprang forth in that very same place,
And there to this hour has it flowed.

God bless for ever the pious soul!
Her blessings no lips can tell:
Oft straight have the sick become sound and whole,
Who 've drank at Dame Martha's well.

The tower yet stands with the gloomy nook,
Where Dame Martha sat of old;
Oft comes a stranger thereon to look,
And with joy hears the story told.

[1] Village.

SWEDISH LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

THE Swedish language, like the Danish, is a daughter of the Old Norse, or Icelandic, and began to assume a separate character at the same period. Petersen * divides its history into four periods, corresponding very nearly with those in the history of the Danish language: 1. Oldest Swedish, from 1100 till 1250; 2. Older Swedish, from 1250 till 1400; 3. Old Swedish, from 1400 till 1527; 4. Modern Swedish, from 1527 till 1700.

The Swedish is the most musical of the Scandinavian languages, its pronunciation being remarkably soft and agreeable. In single words and phrases it bears much resemblance to the English, as, for instance, in the old song,

> "Adam och Eva
> Baka stora lefva;
> När Adam var död
> Baka Eva mindre bröd": †

which is, in English,

> "Adam and Eve
> Baked great loaves;
> When Adam was dead
> Baked Eve less bread."

It is said, also, that a Dalekarlian boy, who visited England in the suite of a Swedish ambassador, was able to converse with English peasants from the northern parts of the country. ‡

The principal dialects of the Swedish are: 1. The Ostrogothic; 2. The Vestrogothic; 3. The Småland; 4. The Scanian; 5. The Upland; 6. The Norland; 7. The Dalekarlian. § The Dalekarlian is subdivided into the three dialects of Elfdal, Mora, and Orsa. The Dalkarls are the Swedish Highlanders. Inhabiting that secluded region which stretches westward from the Silian Lake to the Alps of Norway, they have preserved comparatively unchanged the manners, customs, and language of their Gothic forefathers. "Here," says Serenius, ‖ "are the only remains in Sweden of the ancient Gothic stock, whereof the aspiration of the letters *l* and *w* bears witness upon their tongues, an infallible characteristic of the Mœso-Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Icelandic." In another place, speaking of the guttural or aspirated *l*, he says: "Germans and Danes cannot pronounce it, no more than the aspirated *w*; for which reason this was a fatal letter three hundred years ago in these nations, when Engelbrect, a born Dalkarl, set it up for a shibboleth, and whoever could not say '*Hwid hest i korngulff*' was taken for a foreigner, because he could not aspirate the *w*, nor utter the guttural *l*." * It is even asserted, that, with their ancient customs and language, the Dalkarls long preserved the use of the old Runic alphabet; although, from feelings of religious superstition, it was prohibited by Olaf Shätkonung at the beginning of the eleventh century, and discontinued in all other parts of Sweden. This is mentioned on the authority of Näsman, who wrote in the first half of the last century. †

Hammarsköld, in his "History of Swedish Literature," ‡ divides the subject into six epochs: 1. The Ancient Catholic period, from the earliest times to the Reformation; 2. The Lutheran period, from 1520 to 1640; 3. The Stjernhjelmian period, from 1640 to 1730; 4. The Dalinian period, from 1730 to 1778; 5. The Kellgrenian period, from 1778 to 1795; 6. The Leopoldian period, from 1795 to 1810. These titles, it will be perceived, are taken chiefly from distinguished writers who gave a character to the literature of their times. In the following sketch of Swedish poetry the same divisions will be preserved.

I. The Ancient Catholic period. To this period belong the translations of some of the old romances of King Arthur and Charlemagne, known under the title of "Drottning Euphemias Visor" (Songs of the Queen Euphemia), the translations having been made by her direction. Here, too, we find that characteristic specimen of monkish lore, "The Soul's Complaint of the Body," translated from the Latin. § More important documents of these

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* Det Danske, Norske, og Svenske Sprogs Historie, af H. M. PETERSEN. 2 vols. Copenhagen: 1829. 12mo.

† SVEN ULLGRUND. Dissertatio Philologica de Dialectis Ling. Sviogoth. Upsaliæ: 1756. Pars Tertia, p. 8.

‡ NÄSMAN. Historiola Linguæ Dalekarlicæ. Upsaliæ: 1733. p. 17.

§ SVEN HOF. Dialectus Vestrogothica. Stockholm: 1772. p. 15.

‖ J. SERENIUS's English and Swedish Dictionary, 4to. Nyköping: 1757. Pref. p. iii.

* Ibid. p. ii.

† NÄSMAN. Historiola Linguæ Dalekarlicæ. 4to. Upsaliæ: 1733. p. 30.

For a further account of the Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic, see BOSWORTH'S Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language: London, 1838: Preface; — and MEIDINGER'S Dictionnaire des Langues Teutogothiques: Frankfort, 1833: Introduction.

‡ Svenska Vitterheten, Historiskt-Kritiska Anteckningar, af L. HAMMARSKÖLD. Andra Upplagen, öfversedd och utgifven af P. A. SONDÉN. Stockholm: 1833.

§ The original of this poem, which is found in some form or other in nearly all the languages of Western Europe, and which seems to have been so popular during the Middle

olden times are the two rhymed chronicles, the "Stora Rim-Chrönikan" (Chronicon Rythmicum Majus), and the "Gamla och Minsta Rim-Chrönikan," which have lately been republished by Fant.* But the most valuable remains of these early ages are their popular ballads, two collections of which have been given to the public in our own day. The first, by Geijer and Afzelius, contains one hundred ballads; and the second, by Arwidsson, a still greater number. †

These ballads bear a strong resemblance to the Danish, and many of them are but different versions of the same. "The king is sitting by his broad board," says Geijer, in his Preface, "and is served by knights and swains, who bear round wine and mead. Instead of chairs, we find benches covered with cushions, or, as they are called in the ballads, mattresses (*bolstrar*, bolsters, long pillows); whence comes the expression, '*sitta på bolstrarna blå*' (on the blue cushions seated). Princesses and noble virgins bear crowns of gold and silver; gold rings, precious belts, and gold or silver-clasped shoes, are also named as their ornaments. They dwell in the highest rooms, separate from the men, and their maidens share their chambers and their bed. From the high bower-stair see they the coming of the stranger-knight, and how he in the castle-yard taketh upon him his fine cloak, — may be of precious skins, — or discover out at sea the approaching vessel, and recognize by the flags, which their own hands have broidered, that a lover draweth nigh. The dress of the higher class is adorned with furs of the sable and the martin, and they are distinguished by wearing scarlet, a general name for any finer or more precious cloth (for the ballads call it sometimes red and sometimes green or blue), as opposed to *vadmal* (serge, coarse woollens), the clothing of the poorer sort. Both men and women play upon the harp, and affect dice and tables; song and adventure are a pastime loved by all in common; and occasionally the men amuse themselves at their leisure with knightly exercise in the castle-yard. Betrothals are first decided between the families, if every thing follows its usual course; but love often destroys this order, and the knight takes his beloved upon his saddle-bow, and gallops off with her to his bridal home. Cars are spoken of as the vehicle of ladies; and from an old Danish ballad, in which a Danish princess who has arrived in Sweden laments that she must pursue her journey on horseback, we see that their use did not reach Sweden so early. Violent courtships, club law, and the revenge of blood, &c., which, however, could often be atoned by fines to the avenger, are common. . . . We cannot help remarking, also, that the popular ballads almost constantly relate to high and noble persons. If kings and knights are not always mentioned, still we perpetually hear of sirs, ladies, and fair damsels, — titles, which, according to old usage, could only be properly employed of the gentry. We will not, it is true, assert that the old songs have preserved any distinction of rank; but in the mean time this will prove that their subjects are taken from the higher and more illustrious classes. Their manners are those chiefly represented, and the liveliness of the coloring necessarily excites the supposition that they spring from thence. On the other side, again, they have been and remain as native among the common people as if they had been born among them. All this leads us back to times when as yet the classes of society had not assumed any mutually inimical contrast to each other, when nobility was as yet the living lustre from bright deeds rather than from remote ancestry, and when, therefore, it as yet belonged to the people, and was regarded as the national flower and glory. Such a time we have had; and he only cannot discover it who begins by transplanting into history all the aristocratical and democratical party-ideas of a later time. . . . Further, we find in the old ballads that there is not only no hate of class, but also no national hate, among the Northern peoples. This explains how it is that they are so much in common to the whole North, and this community of sentiment extends itself even to the ancient historical songs." *

II. The Lutheran Period, from 1520 to 1640. The Reformation gave the minds of the North a new impulse and a new direction. The poets drew their inspiration, such as it was, from religious themes. The whole century resounds with psalms.† From "A Little Song-Book to be used in Churches" (*Een liten Song-Book til at bruka i Kyrkionne*), down to Gyllenhjelm's "Psalter in Rhyme," and the hymns of Gustavus Adolphus, there is an unbroken strain of sacred music. Secular matters, however, were not wholly neglected; for the period produced its due proportion of rhymed chronicles, and ends with a translation of the well known German poem of "Reynard the Fox" (*Reyncke Foss*).

To this period belongs also the origin of the Swedish drama. The earliest specimen is the

Ages, is, by some writers, attributed to Saint Bernard, and by others to the hermit Philibert. It was translated into English by William Crashaw, father of the distinguished poet, and published (London, 1616) under the title of "The Complaint, or Dialogue betwixt the Soul and the Bodie of a Damned Man." A few stanzas of it may be found in HONE's "Ancient Mysteries," p. 191.

* Scriptores Rerum Svecicarum Medii Ævi. Edidit E. M. FANT. Upsaliæ: 1818. folio. Vol. I.

† Svenska Folk-Visor från Forntiden, samlade och utgifne af E. G. GEIJER och A. A. AFZELIUS. 3 vols. Stockholm: 1814-16. Svenska Fornsånger, utgifne af A. J. ARWIDSSON. 8vo. Stockholm: 1834. 2 vols.

* GEIJER's Swedish Ballads, Vol. I. pp. 39, 41, 42. See Foreign Quarterly Review for April, 1840.

† "To count them all," says HÖGMARK in his Psalmopœographi, "would be as impossible as to count the stars in heaven or measure the sands on the sea-shore." See Sveriges Sköna Litteratur, af P. WIESELGREN. Lund: 1833. Vol. I. p. 143.

"Tobie Comedia" of Olaus Petri, published in the year 1550. In his Preface, the author says, "Now they that have a desire unto rhyme and such like song, they may read this comedy; but they who have more desire for simple discourse, they may read the same Tobias-book in the Bible." The following extract may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the drama.

YOUNG TOBIAS (to the angel).
Azariah, dear brother, wilt thou here stay?
In the water I will wash my feet straightway.

YOUNG TOBIAS (to the angel).
Help! help! Azariah, that pray I thee,
For this great fish will eat up me.

THE ANGEL.
Into his gills thou thrust thy hand,
And drag him with might upon the land;
Hew him asunder, and do not quake:
His gall and liver shalt thou take;
They are a great medicine, for thy behoof,
As the time cometh well, when thou shalt have proof.

TOBIAS.
Azariah, my brother, now tell unto me,
What sickness can be healed by this remedie?

THE ANGEL.
The smoke of the heart can spirits put to flight,
The gall take away every film from the sight.

TOBIAS.
Azariah, where shall our lodging be made?
For the light of the day beginneth to fade.

THE ANGEL.
Here have we many a trusty friend,
Under whose roof the night we may spend.
Here dwelléth a good man, he hight Raguel,
He shall receive us and treat us well.
He hath a daughter, and Sarah hight she,
She shall be given thee, thy housewife to be;
An only child is this daughter here,
A dutiful damsel, he holdeth dear.

TOBIAS.
Azariah, my brother, I have heard people say
This maiden hath lived in a very strange way.
Seven men as husbands to her have been given;
They are all of them dead, — they fared ill, — the whole seven.
And now full widely the tidings do run
That an evil spirit hath them foredone.
And if I, too, should fall in such a bad way,
In our house there would be the devil to pay.*

Besides this prodigious drama, more than twenty others of the same period have been preserved, the titles of some of which will suffice: "Judas Redivivus, a Christian Tragi-Comedy," by Jakob Rondelitius; "A little Spiritual Tragedy about the Three Wise Men," by Hans Olsson; "A Merry Comedy of King Gustavus," by Andreas Prytz; "The Prodigal Son," and "The Acts and Martyrdoms of the Apostles," by Samuel Brask; "Bele Snack, or a New Comedy containing various Merry Discourses and Judgments concerning Marriage and Courtship," by Jakob Chronander; and the four comedies and two "Merry Tragedies" of Johannes Messenius, whose plan was to turn all Swedish history into fifty dramas, as Mascarille proposed to put all Roman history into madrigals. Into each of his plays he has introduced the *lustig person*, the merryman or clown of the English comedy, and the *gracioso* of the Spanish. Messenius died in Finland in 1637, and his tombstone records his fame in the following epitaph:

"Doctor Johannes Messenius lies here;
His soul is with God, and his name everywhere."*

III. The Stjernhjelmian period, from 1640 to 1730. Georg Stjernhjelm, from whom this period takes its name, and in a great measure its form and character, was born in 1598. He was the son of a Dalekarlian miner; but, instead of following his father's occupation, he devoted himself to books, and became a learned and distinguished man. In 1631, he received from the Crown titles of nobility, and estates in Livonia, and afterwards held various important offices till his death in 1672. He seems to have been a jolly as well as a learned man. When the High Chancellor Oxenstjerna asked him what wine he preferred, he answered, "*Vinum alienum*" (other people's wine), a jest which the Chancellor rewarded with a pipe of Rhenish. Shortly before his death he requested that his epitaph might be: "*Vixit, dum vixit, lætus*" (he lived merrily, whilst he lived). His principal poem is an epic in hexameters, entitled "Hercules," "in which," says one of his critics, "endowed with the pure antique spirit and Hesiod's art, he gives to his ethical opinions of God and the world, life and death, joy and sorrow, clear, plastic precision, artistic form, and poetic life." The poem was so celebrated in its day, that Charles the Tenth of Sweden carried it always with him, even in his wars. He wrote also several small comic operas, under the title of "Balletter," and was the first to introduce the sonnet into Swedish literature. His influence continued long after his death, and his services to the language and literature of his native land are still held in honorable remembrance. Of his immediate followers and imitators nothing need be said, save that one of them wrote a collection of songs under the title of "The Guideboard to Virtue," and another, a poem entitled "The Thundering and Warning Moses," and that to most of them may be applied the distich which Count Lindsköld applied to himself:

"My poetry is poor,
And is not worth the name."

Some eighty names, mostly unknown to fame, complete the catalogue of this long period. I shall mention only Gustaf Rosenhane, author of "Wenerid," a series of a hundred sonnets to a lady, whom he designates by that name; — Haquin Spegel, author of "God's Work and Rest," a translation or paraphrase of Arrebo's "Hexaëmeron" (which itself is but a Danish version of Du Bartas's *Sancte Sepmaine*); — Peter Lagerlöf, author of a quaint

* Tobie Comedia. Stockholm: 1550.

* Notice sur la Littérature et les Beaux Arts en Suède, par MARIANNE D'EHRENSTRÖM. Stockholm: 1826. 8vo.

old love-song,* which was very popular and often imitated, and which, had it been written in English, would have held a conspicuous place in the "Paradise of Daintie Devices"; — and Gunno Dahlstjerna, who translated Guarini's "Pastor Fido," and was the first to introduce the *ottava rima* into Swedish poetry. In fine, this was not a poetic age. "People in general," says Hammarsköld,† "looked upon poetry as little more than a juggler's tricks, which it was well enough to have on holyday occasions, by way of show; and upon the poet himself as a merry-andrew, who should always hold himself ready to amuse the respected public. Spegel, and some others, by treating of spiritual themes, raised themselves above this pickle-herring circle; their poems were esteemed for the sake of the subject only, and were hardly looked upon as poetry, under which name people generally understood occasional verses. The so-called poets, likewise, labored zealously to support this opinion, and to justify that view of Art which considers it as a servant for the menial offices of every-day life. If a maiden were to be won, she was wooed in limping verses (*Käpp-och-Krycke-vers*, cane and crutch verses), and when the wedding came, the Epithalamium could not be omitted. And so they rhymed at baptisms and burials, on birth-days and saints-days, at promotions and inheritances; nay, one could not even eat a fish's liver, without celebrating it with a song. To be ready with wares for all these oft recurring demands, the rhymester was forced to make his labor as light as possible, to choose the easiest form of versification, and to avail himself of all kinds of shifts and short cuts, which the mutilation of words, provincialisms, and far-fetched metaphors could offer him. The rhyme, though it were none of the best, the rhyme was his highest end and aim."

IV. The Dalinian period, from 1730 to 1778. Olof von Dalin, who gives his name to this period in the literary history of his country, was born in 1708, and died in 1763. He occupied several important stations at court, and, among others, those of Chancellor and Royal Historiographer. He was first known to the literary world by the publication of a weekly journal, after the manner of Addison's "Spectator," entitled "Den Svenska Argus" (The Swedish Argus). It commenced its career in 1732, when Dalin was but twenty-four years of age, and soon awakened general attention by the beauty of its criticisms, tales, and essays, and the lively colors in which it painted the changing features of the times. Among his principal writings are to be numbered a heroic poem in four cantos, entitled "Svenska Friheten" (The Freedom of Sweden), the tragedy of "Brynilda," one or two comedies, and numerous fables, songs, and miscellaneous poems. His writings are of a more elevated tone and character than most of those which preceded them, and to him belongs the merit of having raised Swedish poetry from the low state of degradation into which it had fallen.

This period, though less than half a century in duration, added more than a hundred names to the literary history of Sweden. Of these the most distinguished are Olof Celsius, author of "Gustaf Wasa," a heroic poem in seven cantos; — Erik Skjöldebrand, author of "The Gustaviade," a heroic poem in twelve cantos, and of several tragedies; — Jakob Wallenberg, author of a comic book of travels, entitled "Min Son på Galejan" (My Son in the Galley), — a title taken from Molière's "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère!*" — and "Susanna," a drama in five acts; — Count Gustaf Philip Creutz, author of "Atis and Camilla," a pastoral epic in five cantos; — Count Gustaf Fredrik Gyllenborg, an intimate friend of Creutz, and author of "Tåget öfver Bält" (The Passage of the Belt), a heroic poem in twelve cantos; — Olof Rudbeck, author of two comic epics entitled "Borâsiade" and "Neri"; — and Hedvig Charlotta Nordenflycht, a poetess whose singular character and peculiar influence upon the literature of the time deserve a more extended notice. She was born in Stockholm in 1718, and was remarkable in her childhood for her love of reading and her lively fancy in the invention of stories. At the age of sixteen, yielding to her father's dying request, she was betrothed, against her own inclination, to a mechanician of the name of Tideman, whose deformed person seems to have inspired her with disgust, and whose death, three years afterwards, left her at liberty to choose a bridegroom more to the taste of a young and romantic woman. She soon afterwards availed herself of this liberty, and fell in love with a young clergyman named Jacob Fabricius; though various untoward circumstances postponed their marriage for four long years. After marriage they removed to Carlskrona, where, at the end of seven months, her husband died. Overwhelmed with sorrow, she retired to a cottage in Södermanland, hung her chamber in black, and adorned it with gloomy pictures, and, resigning herself to solitude and affliction, poured forth her feelings to her harp in lamentations and elegies, which she afterwards published under the title of "The Sorrowing Turtle-dove" (*Den Sörjande Turturdufvan*). This drew upon her the eyes of all Sweden. This notoriety, together with frequent attacks of illness, induced her to leave her solitude and take up her residence in Stockholm, where her fame was increased by an essay on the "Defence of Poetry," a poem in five cantos entitled "Sweden Delivered," and a kind of poetic diary which she called "Gentle Reveries of a Shepherdess in the North." Her talents and attractions soon drew around her a circle of friends, such as the Counts of Creutz and Gyl-

* Hammarskold, p. 126.

† Ibid. p. 190.

lenborg, and others of like distinction, in conjunction with whom she established a literary society, known by the name of *Utile Dulci*. For ten years she continued to be the central point of this society, whose literary annals were enriched by the productions of her pen; but, unfortunately for her peace, among the members of the *Utile Dulci* was a young man by the name of Fischerström, for whom she conceived a violent and romantic passion, which does not seem to have been returned with equal ardor. The faithless young lover deserted her, and, although she had now reached the mature age of forty-five, urged to despair by love, jealousy, and wounded pride, like another Sappho she threw herself into the sea. She was taken from the water before life was extinct, but died three days afterwards, the martyr of an ill regulated mind. She was at once the founder, and the victim, of the sentimental school in Sweden. Fischerström made all the atonement in his power, by composing an elegy upon her death, and publishing a selection from her writings.

It may be added, in conclusion, that this period is remarkable for the establishment of the Swedish Academy of Belles-lettres, under Queen Louisa Ulrika, and of several literary societies in imitation of Fru Nordenflycht's *Utile Dulci;* for a new impulse given to the drama; and for the appearance of numerous literary periodicals, of which more than twenty were published between the years 1734 and 1774.

V. The Kellgrenian period, from 1778 to 1795. Johan Henrik Kellgren, who gives his name to this period, holds a distinguished place in the literary annals of his native land; a place he well deserves for a life devoted to the cause of letters. After completing his studies at the University of Åbo, he became editor of a literary journal in Stockholm; and, by his writings, soon attracted the attention of King Gustavus the Third, who gave him a secretaryship and a pension, and made him member of the Swedish Academy, which had now been reëstablished on a more permanent foundation. He died at the age of forty-five. His principal works are his lyrical dramas. The most celebrated of these is "Gustavus Vasa," the plan of which was suggested to him by the king. He also left behind him many odes, satires, and songs. Of his own powers he seems to have entertained a very modest opinion, and claims distinction only for his love of letters. Writing to one of his friends a short time before his death, he says of himself, as if anticipating the judgment of posterity: "There was in our literary world an obscure individual, whose talents were but small, who had not even what is called *esprit*, and the greater part of whose writings were without merit, and of no consideration; but this man possessed one quality in a higher degree, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries; he felt for the honor and progress of literature in Sweden a devotion and an enthusiasm which attended him constantly in his painful career, and were his ruling passion at the moment when he traced these lines."

But the most famous poet of this period is Carl Michæl Bellman, the Anacreon of Sweden, as Gustavus the Third called him. He is the most popular song-writer of the country, the bard of the populace. His genius runs riot in scenes of low life, — in taverns and alehouses, and the society of his beloved *Ulla Winblad*, and of such vagabonds and boon companions as *Christian Wingmark*, *Mollberg*, and *Moritz*, true and life-like sketches of the Swedish swash-bucklers of the times of Gustavus the Third. Bellman died in 1795, and in 1829 a colossal bust in bronze, by Byström, was raised to his memory in the park of Stockholm, — the poet's favorite resort during his life-time, where, stretched on the grass beneath the trees, he played with the children, or composed his songs. The artist has been but too faithful in the delineation of the poet; for the huge bust literally leers from its pedestal, with bloated cheeks and sleepy eyes. In midsummer it is crowned with flowers, and a convivial society assembles on the little hillock where it stands, and sings some of Bellman's favorite songs. His principal works are "The Temple of Bacchus," "Fredman's Epistles," and "Fredman's Songs." He also wrote some sacred songs, as if, like a new Belshazzar, he would grace his revels with the holy vessels of the temple.

Of the eighty remaining poets of this period I shall name but few; for to most of them may be applied the words which Leopold used frequently to repeat to Gustaf von Paykull: "Thou art one of the best of the middling poets of Sweden." The most worthy of mention are Johan Gabriel Oxenstjerna, author of "The Harvests," and "The Hours of the Day," and translator of Milton's "Paradise Lost"; — Gudmund Göran Adlerbeth, author of several tragedies, and translator of Ovid, Virgil, and Horace; — Bengt Linders, author of "The Last Judgment," "The Messiah in Gethsemane," and "The Destruction of Jerusalem"; — Thomas Thorild, author of "The Passions," a poem of six cantos in hexameters; — and Anna Maria Lenngren, who threw somewhat into the shade the fame of Fru Nordenflycht, and acquired considerable reputation by her satirical and humorous poems, among which may be mentioned "My Late Husband," and "A Few Words to my Daughter, supposing I had one."

The reign of Gustavus the Third was a kind of *Siècle de Louis XIV.* in Sweden. "Both Kings," says a writer in the Foreign Review, "stamped their personal character on that of the times in which they lived; — both were alike vain, ambitious, haughty, and luxurious; prompted to great exertions by national feeling and love of glory, both were generous, but unprincipled; amiable, but of fatal influence on the morals of their country; and, finally, both

were equally zealous patrons and promoters of the arts and sciences, thus contributing to a new era in the literary history of the people whom they governed. In this last respect, however, Gustavus had the advantage, he himself being a productive laborer in the field of literature; and, though with smaller means than those possessed by the rich and powerful King of France, he effected a comparatively greater revolution in the taste and culture of his time. Gustavus could not only reward literary merit, but he could appreciate it rightly; and, whatever faults the historian may have cause to find with the general character of this monarch, it would be an injustice to deny, that, more than any prince mentioned in history, he sought and cultivated the acquaintance of enlightened men, and, from the recesses of obscurity, led genius forth into the light, even within the encircling splendor of the throne. He made it his pride to nurture the germs of talent, which must, probably, have been stifled, but for such fostering and paternal care. Amongst those whom he favored with his personal esteem and friendship, we may particularly mention Bellman,— a poetical genius of so extraordinary a kind, that we know of none in the history of any nation to whom he can be compared, — and Kellgren, whose works form the subject of our present consideration. Even the adherents of the *Romantic* school in Sweden, which has waged unceasing war against the *French* school patronized by Gustavus, admit the claims of Kellgren as an original and talented writer; and we think, that, without overrating his merits, he may be pronounced a distinguished ornament of the classical literature of his country."

VI. The Leopoldian period, from 1795 to 1810. The poet who gives his name to this period is Carl Gustaf af Leopold, who, from a literary journalist, rose to the dignity of Commander of the Order of the Polar Star and Secretary of State. He has been called the Voltaire of Sweden, and presents the singular phenomenon of an author who is more praised than read, and more read by his enemies than by his friends. One of his most ardent admirers exclaims: "His genius soars into the celestial regions, as the lordly eagle darts upwards towards the sun. Nothing is so beautiful as the talent of Leopold; it is the ideal of perfection. One should have heard him, entirely deprived of sight, repeat his poem upon the statue of Charles the Thirteenth, in order to conceive all the fire of his imagination, and all his resemblance to Homer, Milton, and Délille." * On the other hand, one of his severest critics says: "Leopold has written a poem on *Empty Nothing*, and he was right in doing so, for that is all which we find in the greater part of his rhymed and unrhymed productions. The fate which awaits him hereafter as an author it is not difficult to foresee, indeed, it has already begun to declare itself; in truth, he is — it can no longer be denied — already for the most part forgotten." *

Leopold's most celebrated works are his two tragedies, "Virginia," and "Odin, or the Emigration of the Gods." At the first representation of Odin in 1790, the King, Gustavus the Third, wrote Leopold the following note: "The author of 'Siri Brahe' begs of the author of 'Odin' a pit ticket; it is the only place he dares to ask." His majesty sent him, at the same time, a laurel branch which he had brought from the tomb of Virgil, fastened with a large diamond. He is the author, also, of sundry odes, satires, and tales.

But the most distinguished poets of this period are Franzén, Wallin, and Tegnér, all of them bishops. Frans Michæl Franzén was born in Finland in 1772. His best known poetic labors are the fragments of an epic entitled "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany," three cantos of a poem, to be completed in twenty, on "The Meeting at Alvastra" (the meeting of Gustavus Wasa with his bride Margaret of Leyonhuvud), and his lyric poems, which are marked with great beauty and a kind of apostolic tenderness. Tegnér, in his poem of "Axel," compares the song of the nightingale to one of his songs:

> "From the oak-trees sang the nightingale;
> The song resounded through the vale,
> As tender and as pure a strain,
> As some sweet poem of Franzén."

Johan Olof Wallin was born in Dalekarlia in 1779. As a pulpit orator, his fame is great. As a poet, he is known chiefly by the beauty of his psalms, and through them has won the name of the David of the North. In "The Children of the Lord's Supper," Tegnér takes occasion to laud his psalms: —

> "Anthem immortal
> Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land,
> Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
> Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven."

Of Tegnér and a few others I shall speak more at length hereafter; and for the continuation of this sketch of Swedish Poetry the reader is referred to the "Bibliographisk Öfversigt öfver Svenska Vitterheten," 1810–1832; af P. A. Sondén. This is the sequel to Hammarsköld's work, and is published in the same volume. In conclusion, I have only to regret that the extracts which follow are so few, and from so few authors; and in particular that I have been able to find no English translations from Nicander, one of the most distinguished of the younger Swedish poets; nor from Ling, one of tho most voluminous.

* Ehrenström. Notices, p. 74.

* Hammarsköld, p. 467.

BALLADS.

THE MOUNTAIN-TAKEN MAID.

And now to early matin-song the maiden would away;
(The hour goes heavy by;)
So took she that dark path where the lofty mountain lay.
(Ah! well sorrow's burden know I!)

On the mountain-door she gently tapped, and small her fingers are:
(The hour goes heavy by:)
"Rise up, thou King of the Mountain, and lock and bolt unbar!"
(Ah! well sorrow's burden know I!)

The mountain-king rose up, and quick drew back both bolt and bar;
To his silk bed blue then bore he the bride that came so far.

And thus, for eight long years, I ween, she lived i' th' mountain there;
And sons full seven she bore him, and eke a daughter fair.

The maiden 'fore the mountain-king now stands with looks of woe:—
"Would God, that straight I home to mother dear could go!"

"And home to thy mother dear thou well enough canst go;
But, mind! I warn thee name not the seven young bairns we owe!"

Now when at last she cometh to where her home-halls be,
Outside to meet her standing her tender mother see!

"And where so long, so long a time, dear daughter, hast thou been?
Thou 'st dwelled, I fear me, yonder, in the rose-decked hill so green."

"No! never was my dwelling in the rose-decked hill so green;
This long, long time I yonder with the mountain-king have been!

"And thus, for eight long years, I ween, I 've lived i' th' mountain there;
And sons full seven I 've borne him, and eke a daughter fair."

With hasty steps the mountain-king now treads within the door:—
"Why stand'st thou here, about me such evil speaking o'er?"

"Nay, surely naught of evil I lay now at thy door;
But all the good thou 'st shown me I now am speaking o'er."

Her lily cheek then struck he, her cheek so pale and wan,
So that o'er her slim-laced kirtle the gushing blood it ran.

"A-packing, mistress, get thee; and that, I pray, right fast!
This view of thy mother's gate here, I swear it is thy last!"

"Farewell, dear father! and farewell, my tender mother too!
Farewell, my sister dear! and dear brother, farewell to you!

"Farewell, thou lofty heaven! and the fresh green earth, farewell!
Now wend I to the mountain, where the mountain-king doth dwell."

So forth they rode, right through the wood, all black, and long, and wild;
Right bitter were her tears,—but the mountain-king he smiled.

And now they six times journey the gloomy mountain round;
Then flew the door wide open, and in they quickly bound.

A chair her little daughter reached, with gold it redly shone:—
"O, rest thee, my poor mother, so sad and woe-begone!"

"Come haste thee with the mead-glasses; hither, quick, I say!
Thereout now will I drink my too weary life away!"

And scarce from out the mead-glass bright her first draught doth she take;
(The hour goes heavy by;)
Her eyes were sudden closed, and her weary heart it brake!
(Ah! well sorrow's burden know I!)

HILLEBRAND.

Hillebrand served in the king's halls so gay:
(In the grove there :)
For fifteen round years, I wis, he 'd serve there night and day.
(For her that in his youth he had betrothed there.)

Not so much served he for silver and goud;
(In the grove there;)
'T was the fair Ladie Gulleborg so dearly he loved.
(For her that in his youth he had betrothed there.)

Not so much served he for pay or for place;
'T was that fair Ladie Gulleborg she smiled with such sweet grace.

"And hear, Ladie Gulleborg, listen to my love!
Hence to lands far off, dear, say, wilt thou with me rove?"

"Ah! willing with thee would I haste far away,
Were 't not, love, for so many who watch me night and day.

"For me watches father, and mother also;
For me watches sister, and brother, too, I know.

"For me watch my friends, and me closely watch my kin;
But most that young knight watcheth me to whom I pledged have bin."

"A dress of fine scarlet I 'll cut for thee, my dear!
He then can never know thee by thy rosy cheeks clear.

"And rings will I change on thy fingers so small;
Then never thereby can he know thee at all."

Hillebrand his palfrey gray saddled right soon,
And lightly Ladie Gulleborg he lifted there aboon.

Away so they rode o'er thirty miles' long wood;
When, see! to meet them cometh a knight so stout and good.

"And whence, friend, hast thou taken that fair young page with thee?
Full badly in his saddle he sits, as 't seems to me."

"But yestern I took him from 's mother so kind;
Thereat how many tears, alas! adown her cheeks fast wind!"

"Methinks that once more I that rose-cheek should ken;
But his cloak of such fine scarlet I cannot tell again.

"Farewell, now, farewell! and a thousand times good night!
Salute the Ladie Gulleborg with a thousand times good night!"

But when they had ridden so little a while,
The maiden it listeth to rest her awhile.

"And Hillebrand, Hillebrand, not now slumber here;
My father's seven trumpets I hear loud-pealing clear.

"My father's gray palfrey again now I know;
'T is fifteen long years since through the woodland it did go."

"And when 'mid the battle I ride against the foe,
Then, dearest Ladie Gulleborg, name not my name to woe.

"And when 'mid the battle, as hottest it be,
Ah! dearest Ladie Gulleborg, my horse thou 'lt hold for me!"

"My mother she taught me to broider silk and gold,
But never yet I 've learned me in battle horse to hold."

The first charge he rode, when together they flew,
So slew he her brother and many a man thereto.

The next charge he rode, when together they flew,
So slew he her father and many a knight thereto.

"And Hillebrand, Hillebrand, still now thy fierce brand;
That death, ah! my good father deserved not at thy hand."

Scarce had fair Gulleborg these words uttered o'er,
When seven bloody wounds had Sir Hillebrand gashed sore.

"And wilt thou, now, follow to thy tender mother's home,
Or with thy death-sick childe still onward wilt thou roam?"

"And indeed I will not follow to my tender mother's home,
But sure with my death-sick childe still onward will I roam."

Through dark woods thus rode they, for many a weary mile;
And not one single word spoke Hillebrand the while.

"Is Hillebrand awear'd, or sits care on his brow?
For not one single word he speaketh to me now!"

"Nor wearied I am, nor sits care on my brow;
But fast down from my heart my blood it drippeth now!"

And onward rode Hillebrand to his dearest father's lands;
And there by the hall to meet him his tender mother stands.

"And hear now, how is 't with thee, Hillebrand, sweet knight mine?
For fast the red blood drippeth from off thy mantle fine."

"My palfrey he stumbled, and quickly from my seat
I fell, and right hardly an apple-bough did greet.

"My horse lead, dear brother, to the meadow close by;
And a bed, my dearest mother, make up where I may lie.

"And curl now so gayly my hair-locks, sister dear!
And haste thee, father dearest, to get my burial bier!"

"Ah! Hillebrand, Hillebrand, speak my love not so!
On Thursday right merrily to the wedding we will go!"

"Down in the grave's house of darkness shall we wed;
Thy Hillebrand lives no longer, when night's last star is sped."

And when as night was sped, and the dawn beamed out to day,
So bare they three corpses from Hillebrand's home away;

The one it was Sir Hillebrand, the other his maid, death's bride,
(In the grove there,)
The third it was his mother, of a broken heart she died!
(For her that in his youth he had betrothed there!)

THE DANCE IN THE GROVE OF ROSES.

'T was all upon an evening, when the rime it falleth slow,
That a swain, on good gray palfrey, across the meads would go. —
Ye 'll bide me true!

His saddle it was of silver, his bridle it was of gold;
Himself rides there, so full of grace and virtues all untold. —
Ye 'll bide me true!

So straight to the Grove of Roses the knight he speeds along,
Where a merrie dance he findeth, fair dames and maids among. —
Ye 'll bide me true!

His horse right soon he bindeth where the lily blooms so fair,
And much his heart rejoiceth that he now was comen there. —
Ye 'll bide me true!

"Again we 'll meet, again we 'll greet, when middest summer 's here,
When the laughing days draw out so long, and the nights are mild and clear. —
Ye 'll bide me true!

"Again we 'll meet, again we 'll greet, on middest summer's day,
When the lark it carols lightly, and the cuckoo cooes away. —
Ye 'll bide me true!

"Again we 'll meet, again we 'll greet, on the freshly-flowering lea,
Where the rose so bright, and the lily white, our sweet, soft couch shall be. —
Ye 'll bide me true!"

THE MAIDEN THAT WAS SOLD.

"My father and my mother they need have suffered sore; —
And then, for a little bit of bread, they sold me from their door,
Away into the heathen land so dreadful!"

And the war-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start: —
"God help that may who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"Ah! war-man dear, ye 'll bide now here, one moment more ye 'll stay!
For I see my father coming from yon grove that blooms so gay:
I know he loves me so, —
With his oxen he will ransom me and will not let me go:
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"My oxen, — indeed, now, I have but only twain;
The one I straight shall use, the other may remain:
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

And the war-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start: —
"God help that may who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"Ah! war-man dear, ye 'll bide now here, one moment more ye 'll stay!
For I see my mother coming from yon grove that blooms so gay:
I know she loves me so, —
With her gold chests she will ransom me, and will not let me go!
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"My gold chests, — indeed, now, I have but only twain;
The one I straight shall use, and the other may remain:
Thou canst not scape to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

And the war-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start: —
"God help that may who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"Ah! war-man dear, ye 'll bide now here, one moment more ye 'll stay!
For I see my sister coming from yon grove that blossoms so gay:
I know she loves me so, —
With her gold crowns she will ransom me, and will not let me go!
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"My gold crowns, — indeed, now, I have but only twain;
The one I straight shall use, and the other may remain:
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

And the war-man each oar grasps tight, and quickly will depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start: —
"God help that may who afar shall stray to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"Ah! war-man dear, ye 'll bide now here, one moment more ye 'll stay!
For I see my brother coming from yon grove that blooms so gay:
With his foal-steeds he will ransom me, and will not let me go!
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"My foal-steeds, — indeed, now, I have but only twain;
The one I straight shall use, and the other may remain:
Thou scapest not to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

And the war-man his oar grasps tight, and quickly will depart,
While her hands the pretty virgin wrings till the blood thereout doth start: —
"Ah! woe 's that may who afar must stray to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"Ah! war-man dear, ye 'll bide now here, one moment more ye 'll stay!
For I see my sweetheart coming from yon grove that blooms so gay:
With his gold rings he will ransom me and will not let me go!
So scape I then to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

"My gold rings, — indeed, now, I have but ten and twain;
With six I straight will ransom thee, thyself the rest shall gain:
So scapest thou to wander far to the heathen land so dreadful!"

THE LITTLE SEAMAN.

In her lofty bower a virgin sat
On skins, embroidering gold,
When there came a little seaman by,
And would the maid behold. —
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee:
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?" —
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee." —
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And surely thou canst stake thy jacket,
Canst stake thy jacket gray;
While there against myself will stake
My own fair gold rings twa." —
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

So then the first gold die, I wot,
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
And the pretty maiden won. —
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee:
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Thou surely this old hat canst stake,
Canst stake thy hat so gray;
And I will stake my bright gold crown,—
Come, take it, if ye may."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

And so the second die of gold
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
While the pretty maiden won.—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee:
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Then stake each of thy stockings,
And each silver-buckled shoe;
And I will stake mine honor,
And eke my troth thereto."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

And so the third gold die, I wot,
On table-board did run;
And the pretty maiden lost her stake,
While the little seaman won.—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Come, hear now, little seaman!
Haste far away from me;
And a ship that stems the briny flood
I that will give to thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"A ship that stems the briny flood
I 'll get, if 't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Come, hear now, little seaman!
Haste far away from me;
And a shirt so fine, with seams of silk,
I that will give to thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"A shirt so fine, with seams of silk,
I 'll get, if 't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Nay, hear now, little seaman!
Haste far away from me;
And the half of this my kingdom
I that will give to thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"The half of this thy kingdom
I 'll get, if 't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

And the virgin in her chamber goes,
And parts her flowing hair:
"Ah, me! poor maid, I soon, alas!
The marriage-crown must bear."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

The seaman treads the floor along,
And with his sword he played,—
"As good a match as e'er thou 'rt worth
Thou gettest, little maid!"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"For I, God wot, no seaman am,
Although ye thinken so:
The best king's son I am, instead,
That in Engelande can go."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

SIR CARL,

OR THE CLOISTER ROBBED.

Sir Carl he in to his foster-mother went,
And much her rede he prayed:—
"Say how from that cloister I may win
My own, my dearest maid."—
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

"Lay thee down as sick, lay thee down as dead,
On thy bier all straight be laid;
So then thou canst from that cloister win
Thy own, thy dearest maid!" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And in the little pages came,
And clad in garments blue:
"An' please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to go,
Sir Carl on 's bier to view?" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And in the little pages came,
All clad in garments red:
"An' please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to wend,
And see how Sir Carl lies dead?" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And in the little pages came,
All clad in garments white:
"An' please ye, fair virgin, i' th' chapel to tread,
Where Sir Carl lies in state so bright?" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And the may she in to her foster-mother went,
And much 'gan her rede to speer:
"Ah! may I but into the chapel go,
Sir Carl there to see on his bier?" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

"Nay, sure I 'll give thee now no rede,
Nor yet deny I thee:
But if to the chapel to-night thou goest,
Sir Carl deceiveth thee!" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And the virgin trod within the door,
Sun-like she shone so mild;
But Sir Carl's false heart within his breast
It lay on the bier and smiled! —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And the virgin up to his head she stepped,
But his fair locks she ne'er sees move:
"Ah, me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,
Thou dearly didst me love!" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And the virgin down to his feet she went,
And lifts the linen white:
"Ah, me! while here on earth thou liv'dst,
Thou wert my heart's delight!" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And the virgin then to the door she went,
And good night bade her sisters last;
But Sir Carl, who upon his bier was laid,
He sprang up and held her fast! —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

"Now carry out my bier again,
Come pour the mead and wine;
For to-morrow shall my wedding stand
With this sweetheart dear of mine!" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,
They read within their book:
"Some angel, sure, it was from heaven,
Who hence our sister took!" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

And the cloister-nuns, the cloister-nuns,
They sung each separatelie:
"O Christ! that such an angel came,
And took both me and thee!" —
But Sir Carl alone he sleepeth.

ROSEGROVE-SIDE.

I was a fair young swain one day,
And had to the court to ride;
I set me out at the evening hour,
And listed to sleep on the Rosegrove-side. —
Since I had seen them first!

I laid me under a linden green,
My eyes they sunk to sleep;
There came two maidens tripping along,
They fain with me would speak. —
Since I had seen them first!

The one she patted me on my cheek,
The other she whispered in my ear:
"Rise up, rise up, thou fair young swain,
If of love thou list to hear!" —
Since I had seen them first!

And forth they led a maiden fair,
And hair like gold had she:
"Rise up, rise up, thou fair young swain,
If thou lovest joy and glee!" —
Since I had seen them first!

The third began a song to sing,
With right good will she begun;
The striving stream stood still thereby,
That before was wont to run. —
Since I had seen them first!

The striving stream stood still thereby,
That before was wont to run;
And all the hinds with hair so brown
Forgot which way to turn. —
Since I had seen them first!

I got me up from off the ground,
And on my sword did lean;
The maiden elves danced out and in,
All elvish in look, in mien. —
Since I had seen them first!

Had it not then my good luck been,
That the cock had clapped his wing,
I should have slept in the hill that night,
With the elves in their dwelling. —
Since I had seen them first!

SIR OLOF'S BRIDAL.

Sir Olof rode out at the break of day;
There he came to an elf-dance gay.
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

The elf-father his white hand outstretched he:
"Come, come, Sir Olof, and dance with me!"
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

"Naught can I dance, and naught I may;
To-morrow is my bridal day."
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

The elf-mother her white hand outstretched she:
"Come, come, Sir Olof, and dance with me!"
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

aught can I dance, and naught I may;
morrow is my bridal day."
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

e elf-sister her white hand outstretched she:
"Come, come, Sir Olof, and dance with me!"
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

"Naught can I dance, and naught I may;
To-morrow is my bridal day."
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

And the bride she spoke to her bridemaids so:
"What may it mean that the bells do go?"
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

"It is the custom on this our isle,
Each young swain ringeth home his bride.—
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

"And the truth from thee we no longer conceal;
Sir Olof is dead and lies on his bier."
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

Next morning, when uprose the day,
In Sir Olof's house three corpses lay.
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

They were Sir Olof and his bride,
And his mother who of sorrow died!
The dance it goes well,
So well in the grove!

DUKE MAGNUS.

Duke Magnus looked out from his castle-window,
How the stream so rapidly ran;
There he saw how there sat on the foaming stream
A fair and lovely woman:
"Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely;
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!

"And I will give thee a travelling ship,
The best that knight e'er did guide,
That sails on the water, and sails on the land,
And through the fields so wide.
Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely;
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!"

"I have not yet come to quiet and rest;
How should I betroth me to thee?
I serve my king and my country,
But to woman I 've not yet matched me."
"Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely;
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!

"And I will give thee a steed so gray,
The best that knight e'er did ride,
That goes on the water, and goes on the land,
And through the woods so wide.
Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely;
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!"

"I am a king's son so good,
How can I let thee win me?
Thou dwell'st not on land, but on the flood,
Which would never with me agree."
"Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely;
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!

"And I will give thee so much gold,
As much as can ever be found;
And stones and pearls by the handful,
And all from the sea's deep ground.
Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely,
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!"

"O, fain I would betroth me to thee,
Wert thou of Christian kind;
But thou art only a vile sea-sprite;
My love thou never canst win."
"Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely;
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!

"Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, bethink thee well,
Speak not to me so scornfully!
For, if thou wilt not betroth thee to me,
Then crazed shalt thou for ever be!
Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, betroth thee to me,
I pray thee now so freely;
O, say me not nay, but yes, say yes!"

THE POWER OF THE HARP.

Little Christin she weeps in her bower all day;
Sir Peter he sports in the yard at play.
"My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

"Is it saddle or steed that grieveth thee?
Or grieveth that thou 'rt betrothed to me?
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?"

"Not saddle nor steed is 't that grieveth me;
Nor grieveth that I 'm betrothed to thee.—
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

"Far more I grieve for my fair yellow hair,
That the deep blue waves shall dye it to-day.—
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

"Far more I grieve for Ringfalla's waves,
Where both my sisters have found their graves!—
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

"When a child, it was foretold to me,
My bridal day should prove heavy to me."
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

"I will bid thy horse to have round shoes,
He shall not stumble on four gold shoes.—
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

"Twelve of my courtiers before thee shall ride,
And twelve of my courtiers on either side."
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

But when they Ringfalla forest came near,
There sported with gilded horns a deer.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

And the courtiers to hunt the deer are gone;
Little Christin she must go onward alone.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

And when over Ringfalla bridge she goes,
There stumbled her steed on his four gold shoes:
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

On four gold shoes and gold nails all:
The maid in the rushing stream did fall.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

Sir Peter he spoke to his footpage so:
"Now swiftly for my golden harp go!"
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

The first stroke on the gold harp he gave,
The foul ugly sprite sat and laughed on the wave.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

Once more the gold harp gave a sound;
The foul ugly sprite sat and wept on the ground.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

The third stroke on the gold harp rang;
Little Christin reached out her snow-white arm.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

He played the bark from off the high trees,
He played little Christin upon his knees.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

And the sprite himself came out of the flood,
On each of his arms a maiden proud.
My heart's own dear!
Tell me, why dost thou grieve?

LITTLE KARIN'S DEATH.

The little Karin served
Within the young king's hall;
She glistened like a star,
Among the maidens all.

She glistened like a star,
Of all the fairest maid;
And to the little Karin,
One day, the young king said:

"And hear thou, little Karin,
O, say, wilt thou be mine?
Gray steed and golden saddle
Shall, if thou wilt, be thine."

"Gray steed and golden saddle
Would not with me agree;
Give them to thy young queen,
And leave my honor to me!"

"And hear thou, little Karin,
O, say, wilt thou be mine?
My brightest golden crown
Shall, if thou wilt, be thine."

"Thy brightest golden crown
Would not with me agree;
Give it to thy young queen,
And leave my honor to me!"

"And hear thou, little Karin,
O, say, wilt thou be mine?
One half of all my kingdom
Shall, if thou wilt, be thine."

"One half of all thy kingdom
Would not with me agree;
Give it to thy young queen,
And leave my honor to me!"

"And hear thou, little Karin,
Wilt thou not yield to me?
A cask with spikes all studded
Shall then thy dwelling be."

"If a cask with spikes all studded
Shall then my dwelling be,
God's holy angels know full well
That without guilt I be!"

They put the little Karin
In the spiked tun within;
And then the king's young servants
They rolled her in a ring.

And from the high high heaven
Two snow-white doves there came;
They took the little Karin,
And, lo! they three became.

And from the deep deep hell
Two coal-black ravens came;
They took the wicked king,
And, lo! they three became.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JOHAN HENRIK KELLGREN.

His distinguished poet was born in the parish of Floby, West Gothland, in 1751. In 1772 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University of Abo, and in 1774 became a *Magister Docens*. Three years afterwards he removed to Stockholm as private tutor in a nobleman's family, and in 1778, in connexion with his friend Carl Lenngren, established there a weekly literary journal, under the title of "Stockholms Posten," which exercised considerable influence on Swedish literature. Kellgren soon became a courtier and a favorite with the king, who suggested to him the plan of his three principal dramatic pieces, "Gustaf Wasa," "Christine," "Gustaf Adolf und Ebba Brahe." His reputation rests chiefly upon his satires and upon his lyrical poems. He died in 1795, and his friends showed the esteem in which they held his memory by a medal, on one side of which was the poet's head, and on the reverse the inscription: "*Poetæ, Philosopho, Civi, Amico, Lugentes Amici.*" For a further notice of Kellgren and his times see p. 130.

THE NEW CREATION.

Thou who didst heavenly forms portray
Of bliss and beauty's charm to me,
I saw thee once, — and from that day
Thee only in the world I see!

Dead to my view did Nature lie,
And to my feelings deeply dead;
Then came a breathing from on high,
And light and life around were spread.

And the light came and kindled life,
A soul pervaded every part;
With feeling's features all was rife,
And voices sounding to my heart.

Through space new spheres celestial broke,
And earth fresh robes of verdure found;
Genius and Cultivation woke,
And Beauty rose and smiled around.

Then felt my soul her heavenly birth,
Her godly offspring from on high;
And saw those wonders of the earth,
Yet unrevealed to Wisdom's eye.

Not only splendor, motion, space,
And glorious majesty and might;
Not only depth in vales to trace,
And in the rocks their towering height:

But more my ravished senses found: —
The lofty spheres' sweet harmony;
Heard angel-harps from hills resound,
From darksome gulfs, the demons' cry.

On fields the smile of Peace was bright,
Fear skulked along the shadowy vale;
The groves were whispering of Delight,
The forests breathing sighs of Wail.

And Wrath was in the billowy sea,
And Tenderness in cooling streams;
And in the sunlight, Majesty,
And Bashfulness in Dian's beams.

To point the lightning Hatred sped,
And Courage quelled the raging storm;
The cedar reared its lofty head,
The flower unclosed its beauteous form.

O living sense of all things dear!
O Genius, Feeling's mystery!
Who comprehends thee, Beauty, here?
He who can love, and only he.

When painting Nature to my gaze
In heavens of bliss that brightly roll,
For me what art thou? Broken rays
Of Hilma's image in my soul.

'T is she, within my soul, who, fair,
Stamps bliss on all the things that be,
And earth is one wide temple, where
She is the adored divinity.

Thou, who didst heavenly forms portray
Of bliss and beauty's charm to me,
I saw thee once, — and from that day
Thee only in the world I see!

All things thy borrowed features bear,
O, still the same, yet ever new!
Thy waist, the lily's waist so fair,
And thine her fresh and lovely hue!

Thy glance is mixed with day-beams bright,
Thy voice with Philomel's sweet song,
Thy breath with roses' balm, and light,
Like thee, the zephyr glides along.

Nay, more, — thou lend'st a charm to gloom,
Filling the deep abyss with rays,
And clothing wastes in flowery bloom,
And gladdening dust of former days.

And if perchance the enraptured mind
With eager, anxious search should stray
Through earth and heaven, that it may find
The Author of this blissful clay;

Demanding in some form to view
Him, the All-bounteous and Divine,
To whom our loftiest praise is due, —
His form reveals itself in thine!

In cities, courts, and kingly halls,
'Mong thousands, I behold but thee;
When entering humbler cottage walls,
I find thee there awaiting me.

To Wisdom's depths I turned in vain,
Borne onward by thy thought divine;
I strove to wake the Heroic strain, —
My harp would breathe no name but thine!

To Fame's proud summit I would soar,
But wandered in thy footsteps' trace;
I wished for Fortune's worshipped store,
And found it all in thy embrace!

Thou, who didst heavenly forms portray
Of bliss and beauty's charm to me,
I saw thee once, — and from that day
Thee only in the world I see!

What though, from thee now torn away,
Thy thought alone remains to me?
Still in thy track must memory stray, —
Thee only in the world I see!

THE FOES OF LIGHT.

One eve last winter, — let me see, —
It was, if rightly I remember,
About the 20th of December;
Yes, Reader, — yes, it so must be,
For winter's solstice had set in,
And Phœbus — he, the ruler bright,
Who governs poets and the light
(This latter shines, the former rhyme,
More dimly in the Northern clime) —
At three o'clock would seek the deep
For nineteen hours' unbroken sleep, —
Lucidor on such eve went forth
To join the club upon the North.
A club? — political? — Herein
No trace the manuscript doth sho ,
And nothing boots it now to know.
Enough, — he went, — the club he found, —
Entered, sat down, and looked around;
But very little met his sight,
For yet they had not ordered light;
And heaven's all-glorious President
To rest had long since stole away,
While dim his pale Vice-regent went
Declining on her cloudy way.
Though thus in darkness, soon he knew
The senseless crowd, who kept a pother
With wondrous heat (as still they do
Whene'er they can't conceive each other)
About the form the chamber bore, —
The color of the chairs, — and more.

At length they one and all bethought
Themselves how dull, how worse than naught,
It was to prate of form and hue,
While blindness bandaged thus their view
(For to be blind, and not to see,
The selfsame thing appeared to be);
So various voices mingling cry,
"Light! light!"

Light came, — and then the eye
Was glad; for who doth not delight
To see distinctly black from white?
Yet here and there a friend of gloom
Gave light and lamps — you know to whom:
And now of these there 's more to come.

A blear-eyed man was first to bawl
Against the light; yet this must call,
Not wonder, pity from each heart:
For how should he enjoy the ray,
When even the smallest gleam of day
Falls on his view with deadly smart?

Like him, in evil plight much pained,
An old and nervous man complained: —

"By Heaven!" he cried, "this cruel glare
Of light is more than I can bear."
Nor should *his* murmur much amaze:
The poor old man had all his days
Groped out his path through darksome ways;
But to learn to walk and see
Are both of like necessity,
And custom gives us faculty.

A drowsy man, with startled stare,
Amazed, leaped high from off his chair;
His name was Dulness.—Ever deep
Both soul and body he would steep,
By day and night, in ceaseless sleep.
One well may fancy what a doom
For him to be deprived of gloom.
Now all behold his laziness,
The senseless swine can do no less
Than blush to be discovered, making
The only drone amongst the waking.

The Enthusiast cries: "Most sweet to me
The hour when twilight's veil is drawn;
O blissful twilight! Rapture's dawn!
O darkness mild and soft to see!
While thou dost all in charms array,
What is 't to me, if thou betray?
In thee may Fancy, fearless, stray,
Released from Reason's rigid thrall,
In joyful chaos mingling all!
Through thee, the shadow substance shows,
Through thee, the earth empeopled grows,
Gods, giants, wizards, sprites appear!
Just now I caught a shadow here
From Swedenborg's enchanted sphere.
But light—a cursed trick!—now beams,
Consuming all my blissful dreams.

"A cursed trick!"—This cry, too, rose
Loud from behind the corner screen,
From one whose thriving trade had been
In legerdemain and raree-shows:—
"The Swedish public soon will see
My art's long hidden mystery;
In twilight all went on divinely,
Tricked their eyes and purses finely;
But now they 've brought this devilish light,
Farewell to witchcraft every way;
Farewell to magic,—black and white!"
So said my lord, and sneaked away.

Soon as this last lament was o'er,
The selfsame exit—through the door—
Was taken by a worthy spark,
Who—honest else, we may remark—
Had lately, wandering in the dark,
Mistook—by accident alone—
His neighbour's pocket for his own.

A member of the king's police,
Who loved his knowledge to increase
(In vulgar parlance called a spy),
Now sought the chimney skulkingly.
'T is hard to listen in the light:
Partly for its still flickering glare,
And partly, that, when forced to beat
A swift and unforeseen retreat,
'T will sometimes with the listener fare
That he must be content to spare
An arm or leg, and leave it there.

With hump before and hump behind,
A cripple had for hours depicted
How dear he was to womankind
(In darkness none could contradict it),
And countless blisses called to mind;
But light appeared, and who looked down,
If not this miserable clown?
For not a more revolting creature
Ever yet was seen in nature.

A speaker rose, and said: "'T were vain,
Now that the thing has gone so far,
To strive light's progress to restrain;
Then leave all matters as they are,
So that we can but keep the rays
From spreading to the public gaze.
And to avert this awful scourge
From our dear country, let me urge
'T were best to leave the light to me
An undisturbed monopoly."

"Well said!" another answered straight,
"Farewell to ministerial state,
To court, to customs, honor, birth,
And all we value most on earth,
If we allow the light to fall
In common for the eyes of all!
But, now, as Government alone
Has power to say how every one
May innocently hear and see,
And eat and drink, it seems to me,
For my part,—and by this is meant
My portion of the public rent,—
That we had better fix the light
The Crown's hereditary right."

Of those assembled in the room,
Whom shame constrained, in hate's despite,
To hide the rage they felt at light,
Mine host and each assistant groom
Were found: for guests could now behold
What drugs were given for their gold.
The miracle, admired of yore,
Of turning water into wine,
Is now a trick, and nothing more,
Which, as all may well divine,
Will hardly cheat the taste and sight
Of sober folks, except at night.

"O sin and shame," the Parson cries,
"To jest with Heaven's providing care!
Think that a child of dust should dare
At eve, when darkness veils the skies,
To strike a light and use his eyes!
Then vainly God prescribes the sun
His rising and his going down,
In order that the humankind
May needful warmth and radiance find.

Now man creates a warmth by fires,
And with his tallow-light aspires
To ape the blessed beams of day!
Soon Nature will not have a nook,
No soundless depths, nor darksome caves,
Impervious to his searching look;
His skill can curb the winds and waves,
Nay, — more tremendous still to say, —
He dares, when clouds are torn asunder,
To save his body from the thunder!"

The assembly here in laughter burst.
The priest, preparing to depart,
His brethren most devoutly cursed
To pest and death with all his heart;
When suddenly was heard a sound
Of trumpets, drums, and bells around,
And soon a cry in every mouth
Of "Fire is raging in the South!"
The part, the street, the house are named,
And *Light*, the cause of all, is blamed:
"O Lucifer's and Genius' sons,
(From *Lux* comes *Lucifer*) see here,"
The parson cries, — "ye faithless ones,
What direful fruits from light appear!
Upon the Southern side bursts forth
The fire, and doubt not but the North
Like end will find to crown such crime:
Then let us all resolve in time,
With strictest care, to quench outright
Whatever can conduce to light."

Already have the friends of light
(Such is fanaticism's might),
Now here, now there, by looks expressed
A secret fear that rules the breast.
At length arises one whose voice
Is destined to decide their choice.
All hushed, Lucidor has the word: —
"My friends and brothers!" thus he 's heard, —
"A law there is, prescribed by Heaven,
For every good to mortals given;
And this the precept all-sublime:
That, 'wanting wisdom's due control,
Even virtue's self becomes a crime, —
The cup of bliss, a poisoned bowl.'
All useful things may noxious be:
Sleep strengthens, — sleep brings lethargy;
Meat feeds, — meat brings obstruction after;
Ale warms, — ale causes strangury;
Smiles cheer, — convulsions come from laughter:
Nay, more, — the mother virtue, whence
Arises earth's and heavenly bliss,
The fear of God itself, has this
(When overstretched) sad consequence,
Of voiding certain heads of sense.
And yet, should any man from hence
Induce a Christian soul to think
'T were wrong to sleep, eat, laugh, or drink;
He is, by giving such a rule,
A self-convicted knave — or fool.
As to what concerns the right
Administration of the light,
Wise rulers have two means of might:
Lashes, by which the over-bold
And negligent may be controlled;
And engines, to allay the ire
Of the most infuriate fire."

He ceased; — a general bravo cry, —
A loud and general applause,
Save from the priest and company,
Who took their party prudently,
And mumbled curses 'twixt their jaws.

What happened on the Southern side, —
How quenched they there the flame so feared,
Or what new palace there was reared
Above the former's fallen pride, —
Of this we 'll sing in future lays,
Should Heaven vouchsafe us length of days.

FOLLY IS NO PROOF OF GENIUS.

I GRANT 't is oft of greatest men the lot
To stumble now and then, or darkling grope;
Extremes for ever border on a blot,
And loftiest mountains' sides abruptest slope.

Mortals, observe what ills on genius wait!
Now god, now worm! — Why fallen? — A dizzy head! —
The energy that lifts thee to heaven's gate,
What is it but a hair, a distaff's thread?

He, who o'er twenty centuries, twenty climes,
Has reigned, whom all will first of poets vote,
E'en our good father Homer, nods at times;
So Horace says, — your pardon, I but quote.

Thou, Eden's bard, next him claim'st genius' throne; —
But is the tale of Satan, Death, and Sin,
Of Heaven's artillery, the poet's tone?
More like street-drunkard's prate inspired by gin.

Is madness only amongst poets found?
Grows folly but on literature's tree?
No! wisdom's self is to fixed limits bound,
And, passing those, resembles idiocy.

He, who the planetary laws could scan,
Dissected light, and numbers' mystic force
Explored, to Bedlam once that wondrous man
Rode on the Apocalypse' mouse-colored horse.

Thou, whose stern precept, against sophists hurled,
Taught that to truth doubt only leads the mind,
Thy law forgott'st, — and, in a vortex whirled,
Thou wander'st, as a Mesmer, mad and blind.

But though some spots bedim the star of day,
The moon, despite her spots, remains the moon;
And though great Newton once delirious lay,
Swedenborg 's nothing but a crazy loon.

Fond dunces! ye who claim to be inspired,
In letters and philosophy unversed,
Who deem the poet's fame may be acquired
By faults with which great poets have been cursed!

Ye Swedenborgian, Rosicrucian schools,
Ye number-prickers, ye physiognomists,
Ye dream-expounding, treasure-seeking fools,
Alchymists, magnetizers, cabalists!

Ye 're wrong: — though error to the wisest clings,
And judgments, perfect here, may there be shaken,
That genius therefore out of madness springs
When ye assert, ye 're deucedly mistaken.

Vain reasoning! — all would easily succeed,
Was Pope deformed, were Milton, Homer blind?
To be their very likeness, what should need
But just to crook the back, the eyes to bind?

But leave we jest; — weak weapon jest, in sooth,
When justice and religion bleeding lie,
Society disordered, and 'gainst truth
Error dares strike, upheld by treachery.

Arouse thee, Muse! snatch from the murderer
His dagger, plunging it in his vile breast!
By nature thou reason's interpreter
Wast meant; obey — and nobly — her behest!

Manhem![1] so named from olden Manhood's sense
And olden Manhood's force; from error's wave
What haven shelters thee? Some few years hence
One spacious bedlam shall the Baltic lave.

Virtue from light, and vice from folly springs;
To sin 'gainst wisdom's precept is high treason
Against the majesty of man, and kings!
Fanaticism leads on rebellion's season.

Pardon, my liege, the virtuous honesty
That swells the poet's breast and utterance craves!
The enthusiast for thy fame must blush to see
Thy sceptre raised to favor fools or slaves.

But you who to his eyes obscure the light,
What is 't you seek? what recompense high prized?
I see 't! — O fame! all, all confess thy might;
And even fools would be immortalized.

Ye shall be so! your brows and mind await
A thistle and a laurel crown. To thee,
Posterity, their names I dedicate,
Thy laughing-stock to all eternity!

[1] The abode of men; an ancient poetical name of Sweden.

ANNA MARIA LENNGREN.

This lady, whose maiden name was Malmstedt, was born at Upsala, in 1754. She was known as a poetess as early as the age of eighteen, by a piece called "The Council of the Tea-table"; and not long after produced various translations for the stage. Her best poems are her humorous sketches of characters and scenes in common life, wherein she exhibits her lively fancy to great advantage. She died at Stockholm in 1817.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

Upon an old estate, her father's heritage,
A shrivelled countess dowager
Had vegetated half an age;
She drank her tea mingled with elder-flowers,
By aching bones foretold the weather,
Scolded at times, but not for long together,
And mostly yawned away her hours.
One day, (God knows how such things should occur!)
Sitting beside her chambermaid
In her saloon, whose walls displayed
Gilt leather hangings, and the pictured face
Of many a member of her noble race,
She pondered thus: "I almost doubt
Whether, if I could condescend
Some talk on this dull wench to spend,
It might not call my thoughts off from my gout;
And, though the malkin cannot comprehend
The charms of polished conversation,
'T will give my lungs some exercise;
And then the goosecap's admiration
Of my descent to ecstasy must rise." —
"Susan," she said, "you sweep this drawing-room,
And sweep it almost every day;
You see these pictures, yet your looks betray
You 're absolutely ignorant whom
You clear from cobwebs with your broom.
Now, mind! That 's my great grandsire to the right,
The learned and travelled president,
Who knew the Greek and Latin names of flies,
And to the Academy, in form polite,
Was pleased an earthworm to present
That he from India brought; a prize
Well worth its weight in gold. —
That next him, in the corner hung by chance,
The ensign is, my dear, lost, only son,
A pattern in the graces of the dance,
My pride and hope, and all the family's.
Seven sorts of riding-whips did he invent;
But sitting by the window caught a cold,
And so his honorable race was run.
He soon shall have a marble monument. —
Now, my good girl, observe that other,
The countess grandam of my lady mother,

A beauty in her time famed far and near;
On Queen Christina's coronation-day,
She helped her majesty, they say, —
And truly, no false tale you hear, —
To tie her under-petticoat. —
The lady whose *manteau* you note
Was my great aunt. Beside her see
That ancient noble in the long simar;
An uncle of the family,
Who once played chess with Russia's mighty czar. —
That portrait further to the left
Is the late colonel, my dear wedded lord;
His equal shall the earth, of him bereft,
In partridge-shooting never more afford! —
But now observe the lovely dame
In yonder splendid oval frame,
Whose swelling bosom bears a rose; —
Not that one, ninny; — look this way; —
What haughtiness those eyes display!
How nobly aquiline that nose!
King Frederick once was by her beauty caught;
But she was virtue's self, fired as she ought,
And scolded, reverently, the royal youth,
Till, utterly confused, he cried, 'My charmer,
Your virtue 's positively cased in armor!'
Many can yet attest this story's truth.
Well, Susan, do you know the lady now?
What! do n't you recognize *my* lofty brow?"
But, "Lord have mercy on me!" Susan cries,
And scissors, needle, thread, lets slip;
"Could that be ever like your ladyship?"—
"What! what!" the countess screams, with flashing eyes;
"Could that be like me? Idiot! Nincompoop!
Out of my doors, with all thy trumpery!
Intolerable! But so must it be,
If with such creatures to converse we stoop."
A gouty twinge then seized the countess' toe,
And of her history that 's all I know.

CARL GUSTAF AF LEOPOLD.

This distinguished champion of the French school in Swedish poetry was born in Stockholm in 1756. He was educated at Upsala; became private tutor in the family of Count Douglas; afterwards, private secretary of King Gustavus the Third; and finally, Secretary of State. He died in 1829. For an account of his literary character and influence, see, *ante*, p. 131.

ODE ON THE DESIRE OF DEATHLESS FAME.

Vainly, amidst the headlong course
Of centuries, centuries on that urge,
Earth's self, despite her weight and force,
Becomes the prey of Time's wild surge;
Vainly Oblivion's depths profound
Bury of former names the sound,
With manners, arts, and deeds gone by:
Born amidst ruins, we survey
Sixty long centuries' decay,
And dare Time's sovereignty defy.
Even when by Fame's impetuous car
Our glory round the world is spread,
A breath from Eastern caves afar
Comes poison-fraught, — the hero 's dead! —
A worm, condemned in dust to crawl,
Concealed in grass from thy foot-fall,
Thy soaring flight for ever stays; —
A splinter starts; thy race is run; —
Shines on thy pride the rising sun,
Thine ashes meet his setting rays.

And thou, the insect of an hour,
O'er Time to triumph wouldst pretend;
With nerves of grass wouldst brave the power
Beneath which pyramids must bend!
A slave, by every thing controlled,
Thou canst not for an instant mould
Thine actions' course, thy destiny;
In want of all, of all the sport,
Thou, against all who need'st support,
Boastest o'er Death the mastery!
Recall'st, as they would prove thy right
To honors but to few assigned,
Our Wasa sovereign's annals bright,
The triumphs of a Newton's mind.
Whilst round the globe thy glances rove
On works and deeds that amply prove
Man's strength of intellect, they fall:
Their mysteries Time and Space unfold,
New worlds are added to the old,
Beauty and light adorning all.

Strange creature! go, fulfil thy fate,
Govern the earth, subdue the waves,
Measure the stars' paths, regulate
Time's clock, seek gold in Chile's graves,
Raise towns that lava-buried sleep,
Harvest the rocks, build on the deep,
Force Nature, journey in the sky,
Surpass in height each monument,
On mountains mountains pile, — content,
Beneath their mass then putrefy!

Yes, fruits there are that we enjoy,
Produce of by-gone centuries' toil;
The gifts remain, though Time destroy
The givers, long ago Death's spoil:
And whilst deluded crowds believe
Their guerdon they shall straight receive
In Admiration's empty cries,
Their whitening and forgotten bones
Repose, unconscious as the stones
Where burns the atoning sacrifice.

. . . . . .

The poet's, hero's golden dream,
Olympus' heaven, Memory's days,
Valor enthroned in Earth's esteem,
And Genius' never-fading bays!
Proud names, the solace of our woes,
That often Vanity bestows

On empty shadows, nothing worth ; —
O, have ye given in Memory's shrine
To Virtue honors more divine
Than Vice and Folly gain on earth ?

But grant we that for victory's prize
The hero brave fierce war's alarms ;
His deeds are noble, if unwise,
His valor overawes and charms ;
And pardon him, created strong
For energy in right or wrong ; —
Who darkling with the crowd remains,
A son of Ruin's night is he,
Immersed in dreams of memory,
That sound philosophy disdains.

Go, shake the Neva's banks with dread ;
With liberal arts our Northland grace ;
With Genius' torch, or War's, blood-red,
Enlighten or destroy thy race ;
A deathless name by arms be won
For Ingo or for Marathon ;
Establish thrones, or overturn ;
Our Europe's tottering liberty
Down trample, or exalt on high ; —
Then crown thyself, and danger spurn.

But when a soul of vulgarer mood,
For shadows, fancies, such as these,
Abandons life's substantial good,
Life's humbler duties that displease ;
But when, seduced by dreams of praise
From unborn worlds, idiots would raise
A monument of baseless fame,
Who, with false arrogance elate,
May guilty prove, but never great, —
I blush in human nature's name.

Still may this thirst for men's esteem
Spur Merit forward on his course !
Deprive not Earth of that fair dream,
Her culture's and her honor's source.
Woe worth the day, when Reason's hand,
Unloosing Prejudice's last band,
From the world's eye the veil shall tear,
Shall with her blazing torch reveal
The *nothing* that rewards our zeal,
The errors that our steps ensnare !

Young son of Art, thy bosom's flame
With hopes of centuries' wonder cheer !
Shrink, Monarch, from the voice of blame,
Whose sound shall never reach thine ear !
And Virtue, thou, in life betrayed,
Forgotten, proudly through death's shade
Thy memory see with honors graced !
A god, befriending our weak kind,
Illusion, as our balm assigned,
By the entrance to life's desert placed.

To Genius, in his kindling mood,
Statues are promised by her breath ;
She purchases the warrior's blood
With garlands in the hand of Death ;
She animates the poet's song
With all the raptures that belong
To immortality divine ;
The student, o'er his night-lamp bent,
Sees through her glass, though poor, content,
His light o'er distant ages shine.

Break but her witchery's golden wand ; —
No longer Genius flashes bright ;
Rome shrinks from the Barbarian's brand ;
Athens and Science fade from sight ;
Europe's old dread, our Northern ground,
No more with heroes shall abound,
When threaten danger, blood, and broil ;
And, paid by thanklessness, no more
Shall birth-crowned monarchs, as of yore,
Exchange their joys for duty's toil.

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö, and Knight of the Order of the North Star, was born in the parish of By in Wärmland, in the year 1782. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund, as a student ; and in 1812, was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he still holds. He stands first among the living poets of Sweden ; a man of a grand and gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order. His countrymen are proud of him, and rejoice in his fame. If you speak of their literature, Tegnér will be the first name upon their lips. They will speak to you with enthusiasm of "Frithiofs Saga" ; and of "Axel," and "Svea," and "Nattvardsbarnen" (The Children of the Lord's Supper). The modern Skald has written his name in immortal runes ; not on the bark of trees alone, in the "unspeakable rural solitudes" of pastoral song, but on the mountains of his native land, and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes, whose histories are epic poems. Indeed, the "Legend of Frithiof" is one of the most remarkable productions of the age. It is an epic poem, composed of a series of ballads, each describing some event in the hero's life, and each written in a different measure, according with the action described in the ballad. This is a novel idea ; and perhaps thereby the poem loses something in sober, epic dignity. But the loss is more than made up by the greater spirit of the narrative ; and it seems to us a very laudable innovation, thus to describe various scenes in various metre, and not employ the same for a game of chess and a storm at sea.

The first ballad describes the childhood and youth of Frithiof and Ingeborg the fair, as they grew up together under the humble roof of Hilding, their foster-father. They are two plants in the old man's garden ; — a young oak, whose stem is like a lance, and whose leafy top is rounded like a helm ; and a rose, in whose

folded buds Spring still sleeps and dreams. But the storm comes, and the young oak must wrestle with it; the sun of Spring shines warm in heaven, and the red lips of the rose open. The sports of their childhood are described. They sail together on the deep blue sea; and when he shifts the sail, she claps her small white hands in glee. For her he plunders the highest birds'-nests, and the eagle's eyry; and bears her through the rushing mountain-brook, — it is so sweet when the torrent roars, to be pressed by small, white arms.

But childhood and the sports thereof soon pass away, and Frithiof becomes a mighty hunter. He fights the grisly bear without spear or sword, and lays the conquered monarch of the forest at the feet of Ingeborg.* And when, by the light of the winter evening hearth, he reads the glorious songs of Valhalla, no goddess whose beauty is there celebrated can compare with Ingeborg. Freya's golden hair may wave like a wheat-field in the wind, but Ingeborg's is a net of gold around roses and lilies. Iduna's bosom throbs full and fair beneath her silken vest, but beneath the silken vest of Ingeborg two Elves of Light leap up with rose-buds in their hands.† And she embroiders in gold and silver the wondrous deeds of heroes; and the face of every champion, that looks up at her from the woof she is weaving, is the face of Frithiof; and she blushes and is glad; — that is to say, they love each other a little. Ancient Hilding does not favor their passion, but tells his foster-son that the maiden is the daughter of King Belé, and he but the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, a thane; he should not aspire to the love of one who has descended in a long line of ancestors from the star-clear hall of Odin himself. Frithiof smiles in scorn, and replies, that he has slain the shaggy king of the forest, and inherits his ancestors with his hide; and moreover, that he will possess his bride, his "white lily," in spite of the very god of thunder; for a puissant wooer is the sword.

Thus closes the first fit. In the second, old King Belé stands leaning on his sword in his hall, and with him is his faithful brother-in-arms, Thorsten Vikingsson, the father of Frithiof, silver-haired, and scarred like a runic stone. The king complains that the evening of his days is drawing near, that the mead is no longer pleasant to his taste, and that his helmet weighs heavily upon his brow. He feels the approach of death. Therefore he summons to his presence his two sons, Helgé and Halfdan, and with them Frithiof, that he may give a warning to the young eagles, before the words slumber on the dead man's tongue. Foremost advances Helgé, a grim and gloomy figure, who loves to dwell among the priests and before the altars, and now comes, with blood upon his hands, from the groves of sacrifice. And next to him approaches Halfdan, a boy with locks of light, and so gentle in his mien and bearing, that he seems a maiden in disguise. And after these, wrapped in his mantle blue, and a head taller than either, comes Frithiof, and stands between the brothers, like mid-day between the rosy morning and the shadowy night. Then speaks the king, and tells the young eaglets that his sun is going down, and that they must rule his realm after him in harmony and brotherly love; that the sword was given for defence, and not for offence; that the shield was forged as a padlock for the peasant's barn; and that they should not glory in their fathers' honors, as each could bear his own only. "If we cannot bend the bow," says he, "it is not ours. What have we to do with worth that is buried? The mighty stream goes into the sea with its own waves." These, and many other wise saws, fall from the old man's dying lips; and then Thorsten Vikingsson, who means to die with his king, as he has lived with him, arises and addresses his son Frithiof. He tells him that old age has whispered many warnings in his ear, which he will repeat to him; for as the birds of Odin descend upon the sepulchres of the North, so words of manifold wisdom descend upon the lips of the old. Then follows much sage advice; — that he should serve his king, for one alone shall reign; the dark Night has many eyes, but the Day has only one; that he should not praise the day, until the sun had set, nor his beer until he had drunk it; that he should not trust to ice but one night old, nor snow in spring, nor a sleeping snake, nor the words of a maiden on his knee. Then the old men speak together of their long tried friendship; and the king praises the valor and heroic strength of Frithiof, and Thorsten has much to say of the glory which crowns the kings of the Northland, the sons of the gods. Then the king speaks to his sons again, and bids them greet his daughter, the rose-bud. "In retirement," says he, "as it behoved her, has she grown up; protect her; let not the storm come, and fix upon his helmet my delicate flower." And he bids them bury him and his ancient friend by the sea-side; — "by the billow blue, for its song is pleasant to the spirit evermore, and like a funeral dirge ring its blows against the strand."

And now King Belé and Thorsten Vikingsson are gathered to their fathers, Helgé and Halfdan share the throne between them, and Frithiof retires to his ancestral estate at Framnäs; of which a description is given in the third ballad, conceived and executed in a truly Homeric spirit.

Among the treasures of Frithiof's house are three of transcendent worth. The first of these is the sword Angurvadel, brother of the light-

* A lithographic sketch represents Frithiof bringing in a bear by the ears, and presenting it to Ingeborg; a delicate little attention on the part of the Scandinavian lover.

† In the Northern mythology two kinds of elves are mentioned; the Ljus Alfer, or Elves of Light, who were whiter than the sun, and dwelt in Alfheim; and the Svart Alfer, or Elves of Darkness, who were blacker than pitch, and had their dwelling under the earth.

ning, handed down from generation to generation, since the days of Björn Blåtand, the Blue-toothed Bear. The hilt thereof was of beaten gold, and on the blade were wondrous runes, known only at the gates of the sun. In peace these runes were dull, but in time of war they burned red as the comb of a cock when he fights; and lost was he who in the night of slaughter met the sword of the flaming runes.

The second in price is an arm-ring of pure gold, made by Vaulund, the limping Vulcan of the North; and containing upon its border the signs of the zodiac, — the Houses of the Twelve Immortals. This ring had been handed down in the family of Frithiof from the days when it came from the hands of Vaulund, the founder of the race. It was once stolen and carried to England by Viking Soté, who there buried himself alive in a vast tomb, and with him his pirate-ship and all his treasures. King Belé and Thorsten pursue him, and through a crevice of the door look into the tomb, where they behold the ship, with anchor, and masts, and spars; and on the deck, a fearful figure, clad in a mantle of flame, sits gloomily scouring a blood-stained sword; though the stains cannot be scoured off. The ring is upon his arm. Thorsten bursts the doors of the great tomb asunder with his lance, and, entering, does battle with the grim spirit, and bears home the ring as a trophy of his victory.*

The third great treasure of the house of Frithiof is the dragon-ship Ellida. It was given to one of Frithiof's ancestors by a sea-god, whom this ancestor saved from drowning, somewhat as Saint Christopher did the angel. The ancient mariner was homeward bound, when, at a distance, on the wreck of a ship, he espied an old man, with sea-green locks, a beard white as the foam of waves, and a face which smiled like the sea when it plays in the sunshine. The Viking takes this old man of the sea home with him, and entertains him in hospitable guise; but at bed-time the green-haired guest, instead of going quietly to his rest, like a Christian man, sets sail again on his wreck, like a hobgoblin, having, as he says, a hundred miles to go that night, at the same time telling the Viking to look the next morning on the sea-shore for a gift of thanks. And the next morning, behold! the dragon-ship Ellida comes sailing up the harbour, like a phantom ship, with all her sails set, and not a man on board. Her prow is a dragon's head, with jaws of gold; her stern, a dragon's tail, twisted and scaly with silver; her wings black, tipped with red; and when she spreads them all, she flies a race with the sousing storm, and the eagle is left behind.

These were Frithiof's treasures, renowned in the North; and thus in his hall, with Björn his bosom friend, he sat, surrounded by his champions twelve, with breasts of steel and furrowed brows, the comrades of his father, and all the guests that had gathered together to pay the funeral rites to Thorsten Vikingsson. And Frithiof, with eyes full of tears, drank to his father's memory, and heard the song of the Skalds, a dirge of thunder.

"Frithiof's Courtship" is the title of the fourth canto.

"High sounded the song in Frithiof's hall,
And the Skalds they praised his fathers all;
But the song rejoices
Not Frithiof, he hears not the Skalds' loud voices.

"And the earth has clad itself green again,
And the dragons swim once more on the main;
But the hero's son
He wanders in woods, and looks at the moon."

He had lately made a banquet for Helgé and Halfdan, and sat beside Ingeborg the fair, and spoke with her of those early days when the dew of morning still lay upon life; of the reminiscences of childhood; their names carved in the birch-tree's bark; the well known vale and woodland; and the hill where the great oaks grew from the dust of heroes. And now the banquet closes, and Frithiof remains at his homestead to pass his days in idleness and dreams. But this strange mood pleases not his friend, the Bear.

"It pleased not Björn these things to see;
'What ails the young eagle now,' said he,
'So still, so oppressed?
Have they plucked his wings? — have they pierced his breast?

"'What wilt thou? Have we not more than we need
Of the yellow lard and the nut-brown mead?
And of Skalds a throng?
There 's never an end to their ballads long.

"'True enough, that the coursers stamp in their stall,
For prey, for prey, scream the falcons all;
But Frithiof only
Hunts in the clouds, and weeps so lonely.'

. . . . . .

"Then Frithiof set the dragon free,
And the sails swelled full, and snorted the sea;
Right over the bay
To the sons of the king he steered his way."

He finds them at the grave of their father, King Belé, giving audience to the people, and promulgating laws, and he boldly asks the hand of their sister Ingeborg; this alliance being in accordance with the wishes of King Belé. To this proposition Helgé answers, in scorn, that his sister's hand is not for the son of a thane; that he needs not the sword of Frithiof to protect his throne; but, if he will be his serf, there is a place vacant among the house-folk, which he can fill. Indignant at this reply, Frithiof draws his sword of the flaming runes, and at one blow cleaves in twain the golden shield of Helgé, as it hangs on a tree; and, turning away, in disdain, departs over the blue sea homeward.

* Not unlike the old tradition of the Brazen Ring of Gyges; which was found on a dead man's finger in the flank of a brazen horse, deep buried in a chasm of the earth. — PLATO. Rep. II. § 3.

In the next canto the scene changes. Old King Ring pushes back his golden chair from the table, and arises to speak to his heroes and Skalds, — old King Ring, a monarch renowned in the North, beloved by all, as a father to the land he governs, and whose name each night goes up to Odin with the prayers of his people. He announces to them his intention of taking to himself a new queen, as a mother to his infant son, and tells them he has fixed his choice upon Ingeborg, "the lily small, with the blush of morn on her cheeks." Messengers are forthwith sent to Helgé and Halfdan, bearing golden gifts, and attended by a long train of Skalds, who sing heroic ballads to the sound of their harps. Three days and three nights they revel at the court; and on the fourth morning receive from Helgé a solemn refusal, and from Halfdan a taunt, that King Graybeard should ride forth in person to seek his bride. Old King Ring is wroth at the reply, and straightway prepares to avenge his wounded pride with his sword. He smites his shield as it hangs on the bough of the high linden-tree, and the dragons swim forth on the waves, with blood-red combs, and the helms nod in the wind. The sound of the approaching war reaches the ears of the royal brothers, and they place their sister for protection in the temple of Balder.*

In the next canto, which is the sixth, Frithiof and Björn are playing chess together, when old Hilding comes in, bringing the prayer of Helgé and Halfdan, that Frithiof would aid them in the war against King Ring. Frithiof, instead of answering the old man, continues his game, making allusions, as it goes on, to the king's being saved by a peasant or pawn, and the necessity of rescuing the queen at all hazards. Finally, he bids the ancient Hilding return to Belé's sons, and tell them, that they have wounded his honor, that no ties unite them together, and that he will never be their bondsman. So closes this short and very spirited ballad.

The seventh canto describes the meeting of Frithiof and Ingeborg in Balder's temple, when silently the high stars stole forth, like a lover to his maid on tip-toe. Here all passionate vows are retold; he swears to protect her with his sword, while here on earth, and to sit by her side hereafter in Valhalla, when the champions ride forth to battle from the silver gates, and maidens bear round the mead-horn, mantled with golden foam. The parting of the lovers at day-break resembles the parting of Romeo and Juliet in Shakspeare. "Hark! 't is the lark," says Ingeborg:

> "Hark! 't is the lark! O, no, a dove
> Murmured his true-love in the grove."

And again, farther on:

> "See, the day dawns! No, 't is the flame
> Of some bright watch-fire in the east."

* Balder, the son of Odin; — the Apollo of the Northern mythology.

The eighth canto commences in this wise. Ingeborg sits in Balder's temple, and waits the coming of Frithiof, till the stars fade away in the morning sky. At length he arrives, wild and haggard. He comes from the Ting, or council, where he has offered his hand in reconciliation to King Helgé, and again asked of him his sister in marriage, before the assembly of the warriors. A thousand swords hammered applause upon a thousand shields; and the ancient Hilding with his silver beard stepped forth and "held a talk" (*höll et tal*), full of wisdom, in short, pithy language, that sounded like the blows of a sword. But all in vain. King Helgé says him nay, and brings against him an accusation of having profaned the temple of Balder, by daring to visit Ingeborg there. Death or banishment is the penalty of the law; but, instead of being sentenced to the usual punishment, Frithiof is ordered to sail to the Orkney Islands, in order to force from Jarl Angantyr the payment of an annual tribute, which since Belé's death he had neglected to pay. All this does Frithiof relate to Ingeborg, and urges her to escape with him to the lands of the South, where the sky is clearer, and the mild stars shall look down with friendly glance upon them, through the warm summer nights. By the light of the winter evening's fire, old Thorsten Vikingsson had told them tales of the Isles of Greece, with their green groves and shining billows; — where, amid the ruins of marble temples, flowers grow from the runes, that utter forth the wisdom of the past, and golden apples glow amid the leaves, and red grapes hang from every twig. All is prepared for their flight; already Ellida spreads her shadowy eagle-wings; but Ingeborg refuses to escape. King Belé's daughter will not deign to steal her happiness. In a most beautiful and passionate appeal, she soothes her lover's wounded pride, and at length he resolves to undertake the expedition to Jarl Angantyr. He gives her the golden arm-ring of Vaulund, and they part, she with mournful forebodings, and he with ardent hope of ultimate success. This canto of the poem is a dramatic sketch, in blank verse. It is highly wrought up, and full of poetic beauties.

"Ingeborg's Lament" is the subject of the ninth ballad. She sits by the sea-side, and watches the westward-moving sail, and speaks to the billows blue, and the stars, and to Frithiof's falcon, that sits upon her shoulder, — the gallant bird whose image she has worked into her embroidery, with wings of silver and golden claws. She tells him to greet again and again her Frithiof, when he returns and weeps by her grave. The whole ballad is full of grace and beauty.

And now follows the ballad of "Frithiof at Sea"; one of the most spirited and characteristic cantos of the poem. The versification, likewise, is managed with great skill; each strophe consisting of three several parts, and

each in its respective metre. King Helgé stands by the sea-shore, and prays to the fiends for a tempest; and soon Frithiof hears the wings of the storm, flapping in the distance, and, as wind-cold Ham and snowy Heid beat against the flanks of his ship, he sings:

"Fairer was the journey,
In the moonbeams' shimmer,
O'er the mirrored waters,
Unto Balder's grove.
Warmer than it here is,
Close by Ingeborg's bosom;—
Whiter than the sea-foam,
Swelled the maiden's breast."

But the tempest waxes sore:—it screams in the shrouds, and cracks in the keel, and the dragon-ship leaps from wave to wave like a goat from cliff to cliff. Frithiof fears that witchcraft is at work; and calling Björn, he bids him gripe the tiller with his bear-paw, while he climbs the mast to look out upon the sea. From aleft, he sees the two fiends, riding on a whale; Heid with snowy skin, and in shape like a white bear,—Ham with outspread, sounding wings, like the eagle of the storm. A battle with these sea-monsters ensues. Ellida heard the hero's voice, and with her copper keel smote the whale, so that he died; and the whale-riders learned how bitter it was to bite blue steel, being transfixed with Northern spears, hurled from a hero's hand. And thus the storm was stilled, and Frithiof reached, at length, the shores of Angantyr.

In the eleventh canto, Jarl Angantyr sits in his ancestral hall, carousing with his friends. In merry mood, he looks forth upon the sea, where the sun is sinking into the waves like a golden swan. At the window the ancient Halvar stands sentinel, watchful alike of things within doors and without; for ever and anon, he drains the mead-horn to the bottom, and, uttering never a word, thrusts the empty horn in at the window, to be filled up anew. At length he announces the arrival of a tempest-tost ship; and Jarl Angantyr looks forth, and recognizes the dragon-ship Ellida, and Frithiof, the son of his friend. No sooner had he made this known to his followers, than the Viking Atlé springs up from his seat and screams aloud: "Now will I test the truth of the tale, that Frithiof can blunt the edge of hostile sword, and never begs for quarter." Accordingly he and twelve other champions seize their arms, and rush down to the sea-shore to welcome the stranger with warlike sword-play. A single combat ensues between Frithiof and Atlé. Both shields are cleft in twain at once; Angurvadel bites full sharp, and Atlé's sword is broken. Frithiof, disdaining an unequal contest, throws his own away, and the combatants wrestle together unarmed. Atlé falls; and Frithiof, as he plants his knée upon his breast, tells him, that, if he had his sword, he should feel its sharp edge and die. The haughty Atlé bids him go and recover his sword, promising to lie still and await his death, which promise he fulfils. Frithiof seizes Angurvadel, and when he returns to smite the prostrate Viking, he is so moved by his courage and magnanimity, that he stays the blow, seizes the hand of the fallen, and they return together as friends to the banquet-hall of Angantyr. This hall is adorned with more than wonted splendor. Its walls are not wainscoted with rough-hewn planks, but covered with gold-leather, stamped with flowers and fruits. No hearth glows in the centre of the floor, but a marble fireplace leans against the wall. There is glass in the windows, there are locks on the doors; and instead of torches, silver chandeliers stretch forth their arms with lights over the banquet-table, whereon is a hart roasted whole, with larded haunches, and gilded hoofs lifted as if to leap, and green leaves on its branching antlers. Behind each warrior's seat stands a maiden, like a star behind a stormy cloud. And high on his royal chair of silver, with helmet shining like the sun, and breastplate inwrought with gold, and mantle star-spangled, and trimmed with purple and ermine, sits the Viking Angantyr, Jarl of the Orkney Isles. With friendly salutations he welcomes the son of Thorsten, and in a goblet of Sicilian wine, foaming like the sea, drinks to the memory of the departed; while Skalds, from the hills of Morven, sing heroic songs. Frithiof relates to him his adventures at sea, and makes known the object of his mission; whereupon Angantyr declares that he was never tributary to King Belé; that, although he pledged him in the wine-cup, he was not subject to his laws; that his sons he knew not; but that if they wished to levy tribute, they must do it with the sword, like men. And then he bids his daughter bring from her chamber a richly embroidered purse, which he fills with golden coins, of foreign mint, and gives it to Frithiof, as a pledge of welcome and hospitality. And Frithiof remains his guest till spring.

In the twelfth canto we have a description of Frithiof's return to his native land. He finds his homestead at Framnäs laid waste by fire; house, fields, and ancestral forests are all burnt over. As he stands amid the ruins, his falcon perches on his shoulder, his dog leaps to welcome him, and his snow-white steed comes, with limbs like a hind, and neck like a swan; he will have bread from his master's hands. At length old Hilding appears from among the ruins, and tells a mournful tale; how a bloody battle had been fought between King Ring and Helgé; how Helgé and his host had been routed, and in their flight through Framnäs, from sheer malice, had laid waste the lands of Frithiof; and finally, how, to save their crown and kingdom, the brothers had given Ingeborg to be the bride of King Ring. He describes the bridal, as the train went up to the temple, with virgins in white, and men with swords, and Skalds, and the pale bride seated on a black steed, like a

spirit on a cloud. At the altar the fierce Helgé had torn the bracelet, the gift of Frithiof, from Ingeborg's arm, and adorned with it the image of Balder. And Frithiof remembers that it is now mid-summer, and festival time in Balder's temple. Thither he directs his steps.

Canto thirteenth. The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red on the mountains of the North. It is not day, it is not night, but something between the two. The fire blazes on the altar in the temple of Balder. Priests with silver beards, and with knives of flint in their hands, stand there, and King Helgé with his crown. A sound of arms is heard in the sacred grove without, and a voice commanding Björn to guard the door. Then Frithiof rushes in, like a storm in autumn. "Here is your tribute from the western seas," he cries; "take it; and then be there a battle for life and death between us twain, here by the light of Balder's altar; shields behind us, and bosoms bare; — and the first blow be thine, as king; but forget not that mine is the second. Look not thus toward the door; I have caught the fox in his den. Think of Framnäs; think of thy sister with golden locks!" With these words he draws from his girdle the purse of Angantyr, and throws it into the face of the king with such force, that the blood gushes from his mouth, and he falls senseless at the foot of the altar. Frithiof then seizes the bracelet on Balder's arm, and, in trying to draw it off, he pulls the wooden statue from its base, and it falls into the flames of the altar. In a moment the whole temple is in a blaze. All attempts to extinguish the conflagration are vain. The fire is victorious. Like a red bird the flame sits upon the roof, and flaps its loosened wings. Mighty was the funeral pyre of Balder.

The fourteenth canto is entitled "Frithiof in Exile." Frithiof sits at night on the deck of his ship, and chants a song of welcome to the sea, which, as a Viking, he vows to make his home in life and his grave in death. "Thou knowest naught," he sings, "thou Ocean free, of a king who oppresses thee at his own wild will." He turns his prow from shore, and is putting to sea, when King Helgé, with ten ships, comes sailing out to attack him. But anon the ships sink down into the sea, as if drawn downward by invisible hands, and Helgé saves himself by swimming ashore. Then Björn laughed aloud, and told how, the night before, he had bored holes in the bottom of each of Helgé's ships. But the king now stood on a cliff, and bent his mighty bow of steel against the rock with such force that it snapped in twain. And Frithiof, jeering, cried, that it was rust that had broken the bow, not Helgé's strength; and to show what nerve there was in a hero's arm, he seized two pines, large enough for the masts of ships, but shaped into oars, and rowed with such marvellous strength, that the two pines snapped in his hands like reeds. And now uprose the sun, and the land-breeze blew off shore, and, bidding his native land farewell, Frithiof the Viking sailed forth to scour the seas.

The fifteenth canto contains the Viking's Code, the laws of the pirate-ship. "No tent upon deck, no slumber in house; but the shield must be the Viking's couch, and his tent the blue sky overhead. The hammer of victorious Thor is short, and the sword of Frey but an ell in length; and the warrior's steel is never too short, if he goes near enough to the foe. Hoist high the sail, when the wild storm blows; 't is merry in stormy seas; onward and ever onward. He is a coward who strikes; rather sink than strike. There shall be neither maiden nor drunken revelry on board. The freighted merchantman shall be protected, but must not refuse his tribute to the Viking; for the Viking is king of the waves, and the merchant a slave to gain, and the steel of the brave is as good as the gold of the rich. The plunder shall be divided on deck, by lot and the throwing of dice; but in this the sea-king takes no share; glory is his prize; he wants none other. They shall be valiant in fight, and merciful to the conquered; for he who begs for quarter has no longer a sword, is no man's foe; and Prayer is a child of Valhalla, — they must listen to the voice of the pale one." — With such laws, sailed the Viking over the foaming sea, for three weary years, and came at length to the Isles of Greece, which in days of yore his father had so oft described to him, and whither he had wished to flee with Ingeborg. And thus the forms of the absent and the dead rose up before him, and seemed to beckon him to his home in the North. He is weary of sea-fights, and of hewing men in twain, and of the glory of battle. The flag at the mast-head pointed northward; there lay the beloved land; he resolved to follow the course of the winds of heaven, and steer back again to the North.

Canto sixteenth is a dialogue between Frithiof and his friend Björn, in which the latter gentleman exhibits some of the rude and uncivilized tastes of his namesake, Bruin the Bear. They have again reached the shores of their fatherland. Winter is approaching. The sea begins to freeze around their keel. Frithiof is weary of a Viking's life. He wishes to pass the Jule-tide on land, and to visit King Ring, and his bride of the golden locks, his beloved Ingeborg. Björn, dreaming all the while of bloody exploits, offers himself as a companion, and talks of firing the king's palace at night, and bearing off the queen by force. Or if his friend deems the old king worthy of a *holmgång*,* or of a battle on the ice, he is ready for either. But Frithiof tells him that only gentle thoughts now fill his bosom. He wishes only to take a

* A duel between the Vikings of the North was called a *holmgång*, because the two combatants met on an island to decide their quarrel. Fierce battles were likewise fought by armies on the ice; the frozen bays and lakes of a mountainous country being oftentimes the only plains large enough for battle-fields.

last farewell of Ingeborg. These delicate feelings cannot penetrate the hirsute breast of Bruin. He knows not what this love may be, — this sighing and sorrow for a maiden's sake. The world, he says, is full of maidens; and he offers to bring Frithiof a whole ship-load from the glowing South, all red as roses and gentle as lambs. But Frithiof will not stay. He resolves to go to King Ring; but not alone, for his sword goes with him.

The seventeenth canto relates, how King Ring sat in his banquet-hall at Jule-tide, and drank mead. At his side sat Ingeborg his queen, like spring by the side of autumn. And an old man, and unknown, all wrapped in skins, entered the hall, and humbly took his seat near the door. And the courtiers looked at each other with scornful smiles, and pointed with the finger at the hoary bear-skin man. At this, the stranger waxed angry, and, seizing with one hand a young coxcomb, he "twirled him up and down." The rest grew silent; he would have done the same with them. "Who breaks the peace?" quoth the king. "Tell us who thou art, and whence, old man." And the old man answered, —

"In Anguish was I nurtured, Want is my homestead hight,
Now come I from the Wolf's den, I slept with him last night."

"Once on a dragon's back I rode; strong wings had he, and flew with might. But now he lies wrecked and frozen on the strand, and I am grown old and burn salt by the sea-shore." But King Ring is not so easily duped, and bids the stranger lay aside his disguise. And straight the shaggy bear-skin fell from the head of the unknown guest, and down from his lofty forehead, over his shoulders broad and full, floated his shining ringlets, like a wave of gold. Frithiof stood before them, in a rich mantle of blue velvet, with a hand-broad silver belt around his waist; and the color came and went in the cheek of the queen, like the northern light on fields of snow; *

"And as two water-lilies, beneath the tempest's might,
Lie heaving on the billow, so heaved her bosom white."

And now a horn blew in the hall, and kneeling on a silver dish, with haunch and shoulder hung "with garlands gay and rosemary," and holding an apple in his mouth, the wild boar was brought in.* And King Ring rose up in his hoary locks, and, laying his hand upon the boar's head, swore an oath that he would conquer Frithiof, the great champion, so help him Frey and Odin and the mighty Thor. With a disdainful smile, Frithiof threw his sword upon the table, so that the hall echoed to the clang, and every warrior sprang up from his seat, and turning to the king he said: "Young Frithiof is my friend; I know him well; and I swear to protect him, were it against the world; so help me Destiny and my good sword." The king was pleased at this great freedom of speech, and invited the stranger to remain their guest till spring; bidding Ingeborg fill a goblet with the choicest wine for him. With downcast eyes and trembling hand, she presented Frithiof a goblet, which two men, as men are now, could not have drained; but he, in honor of his lady-love, quaffed it at a single draught. And then the Skald took his harp, and sang the song of Hagbart and fair Signé, the Romeo and Juliet of the North. And thus the Jule-carouse (*Julcrus*) was prolonged far into the night, and the old fellows drank deep, till, at length,

"They all to sleep departed, withouten pain or care."

The next canto describes an excursion on the ice. It has a cold breath about it. The short, sharp stanzas are like the angry gusts of a northwester.

"King Ring, with his queen, to the banquet did fare,
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

"'Fare not o'er the ice,' the stranger cries;
'It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies.'

"'The king drowns not easily,' Ring out-spake;
'He who's afraid may go round the lake.'

"Threatening and dark looked the stranger round,
His steel-shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

"The sledge-horse starts forth strong and free;
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

"'Strike out,' screamed the king, 'my trotter good,
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's * blood.'

"They go as a storm goes over the lake;
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

"But the steel-shod champion stands not still,
He passes by them as swift as he will.

"He carves many runes in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide."

Thus they speed away over the ice, but beneath them the treacherous Ran † lies in ambush. She breaks a hole in her silver roof, the sledge is sinking, and fair Ingeborg is pale with fear, when the stranger on his skates comes sweeping by like a whirlwind. He seizes the steed by his mane, and, at a single pull, places the sledge upon firm ice again. They return together to the king's palace, where the stranger, who is none else than Frithiof, remains a guest till spring.

The nineteenth canto is entitled "Frithiof's Temptation." The spring comes, and King Ring and his court go forth to hunt; but the old king cannot keep pace with the chase. Frithiof rides beside him, silent and sad. Gloomy mu-

* The old English custom of the boar's head at Christmas dates from a far antiquity. It was in use at the festivals of Jule-tide among the pagan Northmen. The words of Chaucer in the Franklein's Tale will apply to the old hero of the North:

"And he drinketh of his bugle-horn the wine,
Before him standeth the brawne of the tusked swine."

* The steed of Odin.

† A giantess, holding dominion over the waters.

sings rise within him, and he hears continually the mournful voices of his own dark thoughts. Why had he left the ocean, where all care is blown away by the winds of heaven? Here he wanders amid dreams and secret longings. He cannot forget Balder's grove. But the grim gods are no longer friendly. They have taken his rose-bud, and placed it on the breast of winter, whose chill breath covers bud and leaf and stalk with ice. — And thus they come to a lonely valley shut in by mountains, and overshadowed by beeches and alders. Here they alight; the quiet of the place invites to slumber. Frithiof throws down his mantle, and the king, stretching himself upon it, pretends to sleep. Frithiof is tempted to murder him, but resists the temptation, and the king, starting up, declares that he has not been asleep, but has feigned sleep, merely to put Frithiof — for he has long recognized the hero in his guest — to the trial. He then upbraids him for having come to his palace in disguise, to steal away his queen; he had expected the coming of a warrior with an army; he beheld only a beggar in tatters. But now he has proved him, and forgiven; has pitied, and forgotten. He is soon to be gathered to his fathers. Frithiof shall take his queen and kingdom after him. Till then he shall remain his guest, and thus their feud shall have an end. But Frithiof answers, that he came not as a thief to steal away the queen, but only to gaze upon her face once more. He will remain no longer. The vengeance of the offended gods hangs over him. He is an outlaw. On the green earth he seeks no more for peace; for the earth burns beneath his feet, and the trees lend him no shadow. "Therefore," he cries, "away to sea again! Away, my dragon brave, to bathe again thy pitch-black breast in the briny wave! Flap thy white wings in the clouds, and cut the billow with a whistling sound; fly, fly, as far as the bright stars guide thee, and the subject billows bear. Let me hear the lightning's voice again; and on the open sea, in battle, amid clang of shields and arrowy rain, let me die, and go up to the dwelling of the gods."

In the twentieth canto the death of King Ring is described. The sunshine of a pleasant spring morning plays in the palace hall, when Frithiof enters to bid his royal friends a last farewell. With them he bids his native land good night.

"No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave;
The Fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean,
There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

"Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Washed up by the tide,
The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

"Then quoth the king,
'T is mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry,
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die.'"

He then says that he himself is about to depart for Valhalla; that a death on the straw (*strâdöd*) becomes not a king of the Northmen. He would fain die the death of a hero: and he cuts on his arms and breast the runes of death, — runes to Odin. And while the blood drops from among the silvery hairs of his naked bosom, he calls for a flowing goblet, and drinks a health to the glorious North; and in spirit hears the *Gjallar Horn*,* and goes to Valhalla, where glory, like a golden helmet, crowns the coming guest.

The next canto is the "Dirge of King Ring"; in the unrhymed, alliterative stanzas of the old Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon poetry. The Skald sings how the high-descended monarch sits in his tomb, with his shield on his arm and his battle-sword by his side. His gallant steed, too, neighs in the tomb, and paws the ground with his golden hoofs.† But the spirit of the departed rides over the rainbow, which bends beneath its burden, up to the open gates of Valhalla. Here the gods receive him, and garlands are woven for him, of golden grain with blue flowers intermingled, and Bragé sings a song of praise and welcome to the wise old Ring.

The twenty-second canto describes, in a very spirited and beautiful style, the election of a new king. The yeoman takes his sword from the wall, and, with clang of shields and sound of arms, the people gather together in a public assembly, a Ting, whose roof is the sky of heaven. Here Frithiof harangues them, bearing aloft on his shield the little son of Ring, who sits there like a king on his throne, or a young eagle on the cliff, gazing upward at the sun. Frithiof hails him as King of the Northmen, and swears to protect his kingdom; and when the little boy, tired of sitting on the shield, leaps fearlessly to the ground, the people raise a shout, and acknowledge him for their monarch, and Jarl Frithiof as regent, till the boy grows older. But Frithiof has other thoughts than these. He must away to meet the Fates at Balder's ruined temple, and make atonement to the offended god. And thus he departs.

Canto twenty-third is entitled "Frithiof at his Father's Grave." The sun is sinking like a golden shield in the ocean, and the hills and vales around him, and the fragrant flowers, and song of birds, and sound of the sea, and shadow

* The Gjallar Horn was blown by Heimdal, the watchman of the gods. He was the son of nine virgins, and was called "the God with the Golden Teeth." His watch-tower was upon the rainbow, and he blew his horn whenever a fallen hero rode over the Bridge of Heaven to Valhalla.

† It was a Scandinavian as well as a Scythian custom, to bury the favorite steed of a warrior in the same tomb with him.

of trees awaken in his softened heart the memory of other days. And he calls aloud to the gods for pardon of his crime, and to the spirit of his father, that he should come from his grave and bring him peace and forgiveness from the city of the gods. And, lo! amid the evening shadows, from the western wave uprising, landward floats the *Fata Morgana*, and, sinking down upon the spot where Balder's temple once stood, assumes itself the form of a temple, with columns of dark blue steel, and an altar of precious stone. At the door, leaning upon their shields, stand the Destinies. And the Destiny of the Past points to the solitude around, and the Destiny of the Future to a beautiful temple newly risen from the sea. While Frithiof gazes in wonder at the sight, all vanishes away, like a vision of the night. But the vision is interpreted by the hero, without the aid of prophet or of soothsayer.

Canto twenty-fourth; "The Atonement." The temple of Balder had been rebuilt, and with such magnificence, that the North beheld in it an image of Valhalla. And two by two, in solemn procession, walked therein the twelve virgins, clad in garments of silver tissue, with roses upon their cheeks, and roses in their innocent hearts. They sang a solemn song of Balder, how much beloved he was by all that lived, and how he fell, by Höder's arrow slain, and earth and sea and heaven wept. And the sound of the song was not like the sound of human voice, but like the tones which come from the halls of the gods, like the thoughts of a maiden dreaming of her lover, when the nightingale is singing in the midnight stillness, and the moon shines over the beech-trees of the North. Frithiof listened to the song; and as he listened, all thoughts of vengeance and of human hate melted within him, as the icy breastplate melts from the bosom of the fields, when the sun shines in spring. At this moment the high-priest of Balder entered, venerable with his long silver beard; and welcoming the Viking to the temple he had built, he delivered for his special edification a long homily on things human and divine, with a short catechism of Northern mythology. He told him, likewise, very truly, that more acceptable to the gods than the smoke of burnt-offerings was the sacrifice of one's own vindictive spirit, the hate of a human soul. He then spake of his hatred to Belé's sons; and informed him that Helgé was dead, and that Halfdan sat alone on Belé's throne, urging him, at the same time, to sacrifice to the gods his desire of vengeance, and proffer the hand of friendship to the young king. This was done straightway, Halfdan having opportunely come in at that moment; and the priest removed forthwith the ban from the *Varg-i-Veum*, the sacrilegious and outlawed man. And then Ingeborg entered the vaulted temple, followed by maidens, as the moon is followed by stars in the vaulted sky; and from the hand of her brother Frithiof receives the bride of his youth, and they are married in Balder's temple.

EXTRACTS FROM FRITHIOFS SAGA.

CANTO I.

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

Two plants, for fostering nurture placed,
The rural Hilding's hamlet graced;
And, peerless since the birth of time,
Exulted in North's vigorous clime.

One rose to seek the bright expanse,
An Oak, its stem a warrior's lance;
Its wreath, which every gale unbound,
A warrior's helmet, vaulted round.

The other reared its blushing head,
A Rose, when wintry storms are fled;
Yet spring, which stores its richer dyes,
Still in the rose-bud dreaming lies.

When earth's bright face rude blasts deform,
That Oak shall wrestle with the storm;
When May's sun tints the heaven with gold,
That Rose its ruddy lips unfold.

Jocund they grew, in guileless glee;
Young Frithiof was the sapling tree;
In budding beauty by his side,
Sweet Ingeborg, the garden's pride.

The noontide beam which gilt their sport,
Say, showed it not like Freya's court;
Where bride-guests flit in spriteful rings,
With glistening locks and roseate wings?

Whilst, 'neath the moon-lit silver spray,
They wheeled in evening roundelay,
Say, showed it not a fairy scene,
Where elf-king danced with elfin-queen?

. . . . . .

Her pilot soon he joyed to glide,
In Viking-guise, o'er stream and tide:
Sure, hands so gentle, heart so gay,
Ne'er 'plauded rover's young essay!

No beetling lair, no pine-rocked nest,
Might 'scape the love-urged spoiler's quest:
Oft, ere an eaglet-wing had soared,
The eyry mourned its parted hoard.

He sought each brook of rudest force,
To bear his Ing'borg o'er its source:
So thrilling, 'midst the wild alarm,
The tendril-twining of her arm.

The earliest flower, spring's infant birth,
The earliest fruit that gemmed the earth,
The ear that earliest graced the plain,
Oft told his love, nor told in vain.

But years of childhood smiling fled,
Youth came with light advancing tread;
New hopes the stripling's glance betrayed,
Maturing charms adorned the maid.

A hunter grown, through den and dale,
Such chase might see the stoutest quail:
For, waging desperate stake of life,
The spearless met in equal strife.

Breast closed to breast, they struggling stood:
Those savage teeth are wet with blood!
Yet laden home the victor hies,
And could the nymph his boon despise?

Since dear to beauty valorous deed,
The fair one e'er the hero's meed:
Assorted for the mutual vow,
As martial helm to softer brow.

When clustering near the social blaze,
A tale beguiled the icy days,
Of mystic names, supernal all,
Rife in Valhalla's beaming hall;

He mused: "Though Freya's braid is bright
As corn-land waving amber light,
My Ing'borg's meshy tresses throw
O'er rose and lily rival glow.

"Iduna! mortal vision fails,
Dazed by the orbs thy mantle veils;
And, ah! what venturous look may dare,
Where light-elves move, a bud-crowned pair?

"O! blue and clear is Frigga's eye,
Dazzling as heaven's unclouded sky:
But hers the eye whose sparkling ray
Eclipses e'en spring's sapphire day.

"What, Gerda, though thy cheeks may glow
Like Northern-light on drifted snow?
The cheeks I see, whene'er they dawn,
Blush forth at once a twofold morn.

"I know a heart whose truth might claim
A portion, Nanna, in thy fame!
Well, Balder, may each poet's song
The gratulating strain prolong!

"Ah! by one Nanna might my bier
Be watered with as true a tear,
The proofs of tenderness she gave
Would bid me hail an early grave."

The feats of many a storied king
The royal maid would sit and sing;
And, broidering, paint the blood-stained scene
'Midst wave of blue and grove of green.

In snow-white wool is seen to spread
The ample shield of gilded thread;
Red lances pierce the mascled side,
In burnished mail the champions ride.

Yet, though she proves her various skill,
Each face bears Frithiof's semblance still:
And forth the tissue as they gaze,
She blushes, but with pleased amaze.

His steel imprints with runic mark
The living rolls of birchen bark;
Where blent initials frequent show
The hearts that thus together grow.

When Day's bright train invests the air,
King of the world with splendent hair,
And men in noiseful courses move,
Their only thoughts are thoughts of love.

When Night's dark train invests the air,
Queen of the world with raven hair,
And stars in silent courses move,
Their only dreams are dreams of love.

"Thou earth, which, bathed in April showers,
Weav'st thy green locks with wreathy flowers!
Culled from the fairest of the spring,
A garland for my Frithiof bring."

"Thou sea, which, in thy caves below,
Strew'st lucid pearls in countless row!
Here bear the treasures of the main,
That love may thread a silken chain."

"Brilliant on Odin's seat of state,
Heaven's eye, whose glance no years abate!
If thou wert mine, thy orb should yield
My Frithiof a golden shield."

"All-father's lamp, whose evening beam
Illumes his dome with softened gleam!
If thou wert mine, my maid should bow
Thy silver crescent o'er her brow."

But Hilding's sager counsel came,
To damp the youth's presumptuous flame:
"Fan not," he warned, "forbidden fire;
The virgin boasts a royal sire.

"To Odin, throned in starry space,
Ascends the lineage of her race:
Let Thorsten's son the prize resign,
Best thrive whom equal lots combine."

"My race," young Frithiof gayly said,
"Descends to regions of the dead:
My sway the forest-king confessed,
His lineage mine, and bristling vest.

"The world his realm, what daunts the free?
He heeds not partial fate's decree:
Smiles may dispel stern fortune's frown,
'T is hope's to wear and point a crown.

"In pedigree all might excels,
Its parent, Thor, in Thrudvang dwells:
Valor by him, not birth, is weighed,
A potent wooer is the blade.

"In combat for my youthful bride
Were thunder's-god himself defied:
Grow blithe, my flower, in sure defence,
Woe to the hand would pluck thee hence!"

CANTO III.

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead; on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch-woods crowned the summits, but over the down-sloping hill-sides
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys, full widely around, there fed on the green-sward
Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail.
'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast, countless number
Of white-woolled sheep, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.
Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fettered storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder,
Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened with steel shoes.
The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)[1]
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule-tide.
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the high-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;
Odin[2] with lordly look, and Frey[3] with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin, it was coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon among the night clouds flew, related the old man
Wonders from far distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings[4]
Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North Sea.
Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of Bragé,[5]
Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated
Under the leafy beach, and tells a tradition by Mimer's[6]
Ever murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
Mid-way the floor (with thatch was it strewn), burned forever the fire-flame
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and through the wide-mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there in among them
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots.
More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-hall glistened,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board and filled up the drink-horns;
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her reflection
Blushed too, even as she; — this gladdened the hard-drinking champions.

CANTO IV.

FRITHIOF'S SUIT.

THE songs are loud-pealing in Frithiof's hall,
And the praise of his sires is the burden of all:
But the Skald's art is vain,
He heeds not the music, and hears not the strain.

Now a vest of bright green mantles vale, hill, and tree,
And dragons are swimming the dark blue sea:
But the son of the brave,
The moon is his pole-star, the wood-flower his wave.

O, the hours had been joyous, how rapid their speed,
Whilst merry King Halfdan late quaffed of his mead!
For, though Helgé dark-frowned,
The smile of fair Ing'borg spread sunshine around.

He sat by her side, and he pressed her soft hand,
And he felt a fond pressure responsive and bland:

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1 An old fashion of reckoning in the North.

2 Odin, the All-father; the Jupiter of Scandinavian mythology.

3 Frey, the god of Liberty; the Bacchus of the North. He represents the sun at the winter solstice.

4 The old pirates of the North were called Vikingar, Kings of the Gulf.

5 Bragé, the god of Song; the Scandinavian Apollo.

6 Mimer, the god of Eloquence. He sat by the wave of Urda, the Destiny of the Past.

Whilst his love-beaming gaze
Was returned as the sun's in the moon's placid rays.

They spoke of days by-gone, so gladsome and gay,
When the dew was yet fresh on life's new-trodden way:
For on memory's page
Youth traces its roses, its briers old age.

She brought him a greeting from dale and from wood,
From the bark-graven runes and the brook's silver flood;
From the dome-crowned cave,
Where oaks bravely stream o'er a warrior's grave.

"From the pomp of the palace 't were sweet to return,
For Halfdan was puerile, Helgé was stern:
And the two royal heirs
Savored only the incense of praises and prayers.

"There was no one," she said, as she blushed like a rose,
"To whom her sad heart could unbosom its woes:
From a king's halls, in truth,
Freedom fled to respire in the scenes of her youth.

"Of the doves he had given, purloined from the nest,
Which had fed from her hand and reposed on her breast,
Lo!" she lisped, "a last pair:
These brave the near falcon; let one be thy care.

"For homeward the swift-pinioned turtle will wend,
Like another it yearns to rejoin a lost friend:
Let its faith-guided wing
A kind token concealed to the desolate bring."

Such whispers Day heard, as he rode his gay round,
And the ear of the Evening still caught the soft sound, —
To the leaves of the grove
Thus the zephyrs of Spring whisper accents of love.

But now she has left him, and with her are flown
Joy and Peace its sweet sister, he wanders alone,
And with Astrild's warm dyes
Young blood stains his cheek, as he burns and he sighs.

His sorrow, his plaint, to the dove he consigned,
And love's messenger joyous outstrips the fleet wind:
Ah! how envied her fate!
Could he ask her return? She had found her lost mate.

This unmartial demeanour Björn's anger inflamed:
"What means our plumed eagle?" displeased he exclaimed;
"Why so mute, so reserved?
Has his breast been pierced through, or his wing been unnerved?

"Say, groans not thy board, — canst thou covet aught more,
With the foaming brown mead and fat chine of the boar?
And of Skalds what a throng!
They could weary thy walls with the echo of song.

"The stalled coursers, indeed, they paw restless and neigh,
And the falcon shrieks wildly, 'To prey! to prey!'
But their lord's dreamy chase
Is pursued in the clouds, and he faints with the race.

"Ellida, 't is true, on the wave has no rest,
She tugs at the anchor and rears her high crest:
Cease thy hiss, dragon, cease!
For Frithiof wars not, his watchword is Peace.

"There 's a death on the straw, and a death by the spear,
I can carve me, like Odin, for blood on the bier:
Not a fear we should fail,
Seeking shadowy welcome with Hela the pale."

Then he loosed his sea-dragon and donned his bright mail;
There was snorting of billow and swelling of sail,
And light furrowed the bay,
As straight to the monarchs he steered his bold way.

On the cairn of King Bele they were seated in state,
With the balance and ensign of awful debate.
Soon the echoes awoke,
And far caverns repeated the voice, as he spoke.

"To the hand of fair Ing'borg, ye kings, I aspire,
Be the nuptial torch lit with a spark of love's fire:
'T was a parent's behest;
Bind his flower, as he bade, to this helm-mounted crest.

"He had left us to grow, to sage Hilding assigned,
Like saplings whose branches are closely entwined;

And bright Freya above
Had linked the young tops with the gold knot of love.

"Grant my sire was no monarch, nor high-titled thane,
But he lives in the song, and is hymned with the slain;
My ancestors' fame
Their high-vaulted Bauta-stones proudly proclaim.

"It were easy to win me a sceptre and land,
But the home of my choice is my own native strand:
There the cot and the court
My shield shall o'erscreen, and my spear shall support.

"'T is the death-mound of Bele, of the honored, we tread,
Now hearkening he raises his time-silvered head:
E'en the dead intercedes,
And bethink ye for whom? 't is for Frithiof he pleads."

Then spake Helgé, uprising, with scorn-breathing ire,
"To a sister of kings shall the serf-born aspire?
Can the pine and crab blend?
Let monarchs for Valhall's fair scion contend!

"For the first in the North dost thou burn to be sung?
Win men with thy sword-arm, and maids with thy tongue.
But Odin's blood-tide
Shall disdain to be poured in the veins of thy pride.

"My realm I defend; vain intruder, forbear,
It can yield stalworth yeomen enough and to spare;
Yet a place in my train
Thy humble entreaty might haply obtain."

"A retainer?" he thundered, and grasped his dread brand:
"Thorsten's son, like his sire, knows alone to command:
From thy sheath's silver stay
Fly forth, Angurvadel! it brooks not delay."

In the sunshine the blue steel then brilliantly beamed,
And redly the flaming rune-characters gleamed:
"Thou," he cried, "my good blade,
Thou, at least, art in birth's ancient honors arrayed!

"But I bow to the peace of this grave-hallowed mound,
On the spot it should hew thee, swarth chief, to the ground;
Yet learn, from this hour,
That my sword has some edge, and my arm has some power."

He said; and, lo! cloven in twain at a stroke,
Fell King Helgé's gold shield from its pillar of oak:
At the clang of the blow,
The live started above, the dead started below.

"Well rived, Angurvadel! thy runic fires hide,
And, of higher feats dreaming, repose by my side:
Thou shalt wake thee again.
Now home be our course o'er the purple-clad main."

—

CANTO VI.

FRITHIOF AT CHESS.

Beside a chess-board's chequered frame
Frithiof and Björn pursued their game:
Silver was each alternate plane,
And each alternate plane of gold.

Aged Hilding came: to throne of beech
The chieftain led with courteous speech:
"Sire, when the mead's bright horn shall wane,
Our field be won, thy tale unfold."

The sage began: "From Bele's high heirs
I come with courteous words and prayers:
Disastrous tidings rouse the brave,
On thee a nation's hope relies."

"Check to thy king!" then Frithiof cried,
"Prompt means of rescue, Björn, provide;
His crown a yeoman's life may save,
And who would heed the sacrifice?"

"Naught 'gainst a king, my son, presume;
Strong the young eagle's beak and plume:
Measured with Ring's, the weaker power
Were adamant, opposed to thine."

"My castle, Björn, thou threat'st in vain,
My yeomen rout thy royal train:
'T will cost thee much to win its tower,
Shielded secure in bastion-line."

"In Balder's fane, grief's loveliest prey,
Sweet Ing'borg weeps the live-long day:
Say, can her tears unheeded fall,
Nor call her champion to her side?"

"Thy fruitless quest, good Björn, forbear!
From earliest youth I held her dear;
The noblest piece, the queen of all,
She must be saved, whate'er betide."

"Is brief rejoinder yet deferred?
And must thy foster-sire, unheard,
Or quit this hall, or menial wait
Thy sport's procrastinated close?"

Then Frithiof, moved, approached his guest,
The old man's hand he kindly pressed:
"I have replied," he said elate,
"My soul's resolve my father knows.

"Haste! tell the sons of royal Bele
I wear not a retainer's steel:
For wounded honor bids divide
The sacred bond it once revered."

"Well, tread thy path," the answer came,
"Thy wrath 't were chance unmeet to blame.
May Odin all in mercy guide!"
Thus Hilding spake, and disappeared.

CANTO X.

FRITHIOF AT SEA.

Helgé on the strand
Chants his wizard-spell,
Potent to command
Fiends of earth or hell.
Gathering darkness shrouds the sky;
Hark, the thunder's distant roll!
Lurid lightnings, as they fly,
Streak with blood the sable pole.
Ocean, boiling to its base,
Scatters wide its wave of foam;
Screaming, as in fleetest chase,
Sea-birds seek their island-home.
"Hard 's the weather, brother!
List the storm's wild pinions
Flapping in the distance;
Yet we tremble not.
Tranquil in the high-grove,
Sighing, think of Frithiof,
In thy tears most beauteous,
Lovely Ingeborg!"

Two foul imps of air
Toward Ellida glide:
Frosty Ham is there;
There is snowy Heyd.
Now, the hoarse-winged storm, set free,
Delves in depths their coral road;
Now, aloft on mountain-sea,
Whirls them to the gods' abode.
Courage, proved in many a fight,
Shudders at emprisé like this,
Scaling the ethereal height,
From the bottomless abyss.
"Fairer was the passage
O'er the watery mirror,
Silvered by the moon-beam,
Bound to Balder's grove:
Warmer than this region,
Near my Ing'borg's bosom;
Whiter than the sea-foam
Heaved her swelling breast."

"See, Solundar Isle
Peers amid the spray;
Try its calm awhile,
Run to make the bay."
But, secure in sea-tight keel,
Desperate Viking scorns the port;
Grasps the helm with hand of steel,
Joying in the whirlwind's sport.
More he girds the groaning mast,
Cleaves the surge with keener force,
Vantaging by wave and blast,
West, due west, pursues his course.
"Lists me with the tempest
Yet an hour of combat;
Here the storm and Northman
Cope with like advantage.
What were Ing'borg's blushes,
Should her proud sea-eagle,
By a gust disheartened,
Drooping seek the land!"

Deeper and more oft
Yawn the gulfs of death:
There is whistling aloft,
There is cracking beneath.
Yet, amidst the war of waves,
Now pursuing, now opposed,
Shock and blast Ellida braves,
Gods her seamless fabric closed:
As a meteor's scudding light,
Shoots athwart the flashing deep;
As a chamois launched in flight,
Bounds o'er cataract and steep.
"Better 't were to gather,
For the spray's salt kisses,
Sweets in Balder's temple,
From thy lips distilling:
Better 't were, than grappling
Thus the impatient rudder,
Hold in fond embraces
Thee, my royal bride!"

Snow-flakes ride the gale;
Nature seems congealed;
Fast the pattering hail
Beats on deck and shield.
Full between the rampant beaks
Night her canopy hath spread;
Not a darker dawning breaks
O'er the chambers of the dead.
As with demon-wrath endued,
Fiercely roars each spell-bound wave;
As with heroes' ashes strewed,
Soundless gapes each foamy grave.
"Rana in sea-caverns
Streeks our beds of azure;
But the couch of Ing'borg
Waits her weary wanderer.
Mariners undaunted
Man the oared Ellida;
Sea-gods framed her timbers:
Still an hour she bides."

Now a torrent stream,
Threatening instant wreck,
Swift as lightning gleam,
Swept the laden deck.
Frithiof from his arm released,
Three marks' weight, a solid ring,

Brilliant as the glowing East,
Relic of the honored king.
Portioning, he hewed the gold,
Wrought by dwarfs with artful care;
Crew and fragments nicely told,
No one lacked his equal share.
"Love's persuasive herald,
Gold, befits the suitor;
Hands devoid of tribute
Press not sea-green Rana.
Cold she shuns fond ardor,
Fleeting flies caresses,
Yet the burnished metal
Sea-bride shall enchain."

As mad with defeat,
It blows more and more hard;
There is bursting of sheet,
There is splintering of yard.
O'er and o'er the half-gulfed side,
Flood succeeding flood is poured;
Fast as they expel the tide,
Faster still it rolls aboard.
Now e'en Frithiof's dauntless mind
Owned the triumph of his foe;
Louder yet than wave and wind,
Thus his thundering accents flow:
"Haste and grasp the tiller,
Björn, with might of bear-paw!
Tempest so infuriate
Comes not from Valhalla.
Witchcraft is a-going;
Sure, the coward Helgé
Spells the raging billows!
Mine the charge to explore."

Light as marten-tread
Up the pine he sprung;
From its dizzy head
Eagle-glances flung.
Floating as an isle loose-torn,
Lo! a whale's terrific form;
On whose scaly ridge upborne,
Two fell demons rule the storm.
Like a shaggy mammoth, Heyd
Shook his mane of drifting snow:
Ham, with ospray wings spread wide,
Taught the tempest where to blow.
"Iron-braced sea-dragon,
Boots one gallant onset,
Prove that heart of prowess
Tenants breast of oak.
Hear my voice accordant:
Boast'st thou birth celestial,
Up! with ore-edged bosom
Gore the charmed whale!"

Chafing, as he spake,
With expanded crest,
Flew the hissing drake,
Cleft the monster's breast.
Burst a blood-spout from the wound,
Mingling with the reeking clouds,
Ere the beast in mire profound,
Bellowing, its death-strife shrouds.

Fate-winged lances, two allied,
Hurtling from their nervous rest,
Pierced the Mammoth's shaggy hide,
Pierced the Ospray's plumed vest.
"Bravely struck, Ellida!
Not, I ween, so quickly
Helgé's sloop emerges
From the bloody slime.
Ham and Heyd, its pilots,
Keep the brine no longer;
Bitter is the morsel,
Biting cold blue steel."

Straight the sky was cleared;
Calmed the angry flood,
Save a swell that steered
Where an island stood.
Suddenly the orb of day,
Leading on its pageant train,
Gladdened with reviving ray
Vale and mountain, ship and plain.
Snow-capped cliff and wood-veiled slope
Shone, with parting radiance crowned:
Instinct all with kindling hope,
Hailed the strands of Efje-sound.
"Ing'borg's prayers have risen,
Maiden pale, to Valhall,
At the golden altar
Her fair knees have bowed.
Tears in eyes of crystal,
Sighs in swandown-bosom,
Touched the obdurate Asar;
Theirs be all the praise!"

Yet Ellida's prow
Rued the fierce affray;
Wearily and low,
Ploughed its watery way.
Still more weary of the main,
Scarce the stoutest of the band
Now their toilworn limbs sustain,
Aided by the trusty brand.
Of the frozen seamen, four
Björn's gigantic shoulders raise;
Frithiof's, eight; and, borne to shore,
Seat them round the cheering blaze.
"Nay, blush not, ye pale ones!
Viking, brave the billow!
Desperate is the conflict,
Waged with ocean-maids.
See, on hastening gold-foot
Moves the sparkling mead-horn,
Warmth and strength diffusing.
Health to Ingeborg!"

—

CANTO XI.

FRITHIOF AT THE COURT OF ANGANTYR.

'T is time to tell how Angantyr,
The earl, was seated then
High in his hall of stately fir,
Carousing with his men.

Thence he surveyed, in merry mood,
The day-car as it rolled;
Now cleaving through the purple flood,
All like a swan of gold.

The window near, a trusty swain,
Old Halvar, kept good heed;
One eye upon the foamy main,
One on the frothy mead.
Oft as the veteran's dole came round,
He quaffed till all was drawn;
Then straight, with gravity profound,
Replaced the exhausted horn.

Now hurled, it bounded on the floor,
Whilst loud the warder cried,
"The billows, laboring toward the shore,
I see a vessel ride.
Wrestling with death, pale rowers strain,
And now they touch the land;
And ghastly forms, by giants twain,
Are strewed along the strand."

The chieftain o'er the glassy vale
Looked from his hall on high:
"Yon pennon is Ellida's sail;
Frithiof, I ween, is nigh.
That noble port, that lofty brow,
Old Thorsten's son declares;
Such cognizance, brave youth, as thou,
No gallant Northman bears."

Swift from the bench, with maddening air,
The Berserk Atlé flew;
O'er whose gaunt visage, gore-stained hair
A sable horror threw.
"I haste," he roared, "intent to brave
This sword-subduer's spell,
Who peace or truce ne'er deigned to crave,
As vaunting rumors tell."

Then twice six followers from the board
Rushed forth with fierce delight;
They whirled the club, they waved the sword,
Impatient for the fight.
Thus storming, to the beach they hied,
Where Frithiof on the sand
Seated, by spent Ellida's side,
Cheered his disheartened band.

"Conquest," he 'gan, with thundering voice,
"Were feat of light emprise,
Yet generous Atlé grants a choice,
Ere luckless Frithiof dies.
For proffered peace deign once to sue,
Else all unwont to plead,
Thy steps, myself, as comrade true,
To yonder keep will lead."

"Though worn with conflict fell and long,"
In ire, the Bold replied,
"Ere Frithiof wear a suppliant tongue,
Be the fresh battle tried."
Then from each sun-burnt warrior's steel
The lightning flashes came,
And Angurvadel's runes reveal
Dark fate, in signs of flame.

Now on their bucklers, showered like hail,
The clattering death-strokes beat;
Till, cleft at once, each shield's bossed mail
Falls clanging at their feet.
Yet, proof alike 'gainst fear and ruth,
They played the desperate stake;
But keen was Angurvadel's tooth,
And Atlé's falchion brake.

Said Frithiof, "Swordless foeman's life
Ne'er dyed this gallant blade:
So, list thee to prolong the strife,
Be equal war essayed."
Like billows driven by autumn's blast,
The champions met and closed;
In mutual clutch locked firm and fast,
Their steel-clad breasts opposed.

They hugged like bears, that, wandering free,
Meet on their cliff of snow;
Grappled like eagles o'er the sea,
That frets its waves below.
Such force had well-nigh torn the rock,
Deep-rooted, from its bed;
And, shaken less, the iron oak
Had bowed its leafy head.

Big from their brows the heat-drops roll,
Cold heaves each laboring chest,
Touched by their tread, stone, bush, and knoll
Start from their ancient rest.
Trembling, their sturdy followers wait
The issue of the fray;
And oft shall Northern lips relate
The wrestling of that day.

'T is o'er; for Frithiof's matchless strength
Has felled his ponderous size;
And 'neath that knee, a giant length,
Supine the Viking lies.
"But fails my sword, thou Berserk swart!"
The voice rang far and wide,
"Its point should pierce thy inmost heart,
Its hilt should drink the tide."

"Be free to lift the weaponed hand,"
Undaunted Atlé spoke,
"Hence, fearless quest thy distant brand!
Thus I abide the stroke:
To track Valhalla's path of light,
In arms immortal shine,—
My destiny, perchance, this night,
To-morrow may be thine!"

Nor Frithiof long delayed; intent
To close the dread debate,
His blade redeemed 'gainst Atlé bent,
And aimed the expected fate.
But reckless courage holds a charm
Can kindred wrath surcease;
This quelled his ire, this checked his arm,
Outstretched the hand of peace.

The warder growled, and eyed the cheer,
Waving his staff of white:
"But little boots our banquet here,
That Hödur's cates invite;

For you must stand the savory meat
Untouched in reeking row,
For you these lips be parched with heat,
Halvar his horn forego."

Now, brothers sworn, the former foes
Have passed the spacious gate,
Whose valves to Frithiof's view disclose
Wonders of wealth and state.
For planks, his walls' rude vest, scant aid
To exclude the piercing cold,
Rich skins with glittering flowers o'erlaid,
Berries of pendent gold.

No central balefire in the hall
With stifling splendor shone;
But glowed within the caverned wall
A hearth of polished stone.
No sooty clouds the roof defaced,
The polished plank distained;
Glass neatly squared the windows graced;
The door a lock restrained.

For torch of pine, whose crackling blaze
Diffused a flickering gleam,
From branching silver shed, bright rays
Rivalled the solar beam.
He saw the table's ample sweep
A larded hart adorn,
With gold-hoof raised for menaced leap,
And leaf in grove of horn.

Behind the seated chief, serene,
Appeared a virgin-form;
So looks the star of beauty's queen,
Soft, o'er a sky of storm.
There nut-brown ringlets circling flowed;
There sparkled eyes of blue;
And, as a flower 'midst runes, there glowed
Small lips of roseate hue.

High on a throne of ore-clad elm
Sat Angantyr sedate;
Bright as the sun his burnished helm,
As bright his gilded plate.
His mantle, rich with many a gem,
Strewed the bespangled ground;
Along whose border's purple hem
The spotless ermine wound.

He strode three paces from the dais,
His gallant guest to greet,
And led, with many a gracious phrase,
To honor's nearest seat.
"What place a comrade's cherished name
Might ask for Thorsten's son
Is thine, brave youth; the due of fame,
By peerless valor won."

Now flagons from Sicilia's store
Their treasured nectar gave;
Not Etna's fire could sparkle more,
More froth Charybdis' wave.
"Come, pledge the memory of my friend,
Be welcome pledged," he said,
"And let the brimming goblet blend
The living and the dead."

A chief of Morven's bards of old
Then 'gan his harp essay;
In Gaelic numbers darkly trolled
The wild heroic lay.
He ceased. When straight the chords along
A Norrlæne finger flies,
Thorsten's exploits its customed song:
And this obtained the prize.

Now much the curious earl would learn
Of friends and scenes of youth,
And well might listening ear discern
The answering voice of truth.
To partial doom in vain esteem
Or honest hate excites;
So calm, by Time's absorbing stream,
Saga her tale indites.

When Frithiof spake of hair-breadth 'scape,
Proved on the watery plain;
Of Helgé's imps and monster shape,
Which ne'er shall float again:
Then laughed the champions' festive ring,
Great Angantyr then smiled,
Whilst back the echoing rafters fling
Plaudits more rude and wild.

But when he told how dearly loved
The sister of his chief,
What tears her fond affection proved,
How noble in her grief;
Then deep sighed many a maiden-breast,
Love tinted many a cheek,
And many a palm had fain expressed
What maiden may not speak.

At length the youth his embassade
Announced in firmer tone;
Each champion frowned, trembled each maid,
Calm spake the earl alone:—
"No feudatory sceptre mine,
Free men the free obey;
Oft have we pledged Bele's royal line,
But never owned its sway.

"To those unknown, degenerate heirs,
That tribute-craving king,
Bear back: 'The vassal count prepares
What offering warriors bring.
Behoves that power should wait on pride:—
Yet was thy father dear.'"
He paused. His beck, her instant guide,
An elf-like form drew near.

The sandal 'neath her foot was mute;
Her frame the elastic sprig;
Her bosom was the rounded fruit;
Her waist its slender twig.
Close-nestled in her dimpled chin,
Arch knave, young Astrild lay;
So lurks the honey-fly within
The flower-cup borne by May.

She, flitting through a deep alcove,
From its recesses drew
A purse, by maiden fingers wove,
With scenes of various view.

There deer enjoyed the verdant shade;
Sails thronged the liquid lea;
Soft sheaves of gold its pendants made;
Rubies supplied a key.

With filial air, this web of price
To Angantyr conveyed,
He heaped with coin, whose strange device
A Southern mint betrayed.
"This guest-gift take," he said benign,
"To render or retain;
But here, till winter rules the sign,
Must Thorsten's son remain.

"Though desperate valor oft avails,
'T is winter's stormy tide;
It bears, believe me, on its gales,
Another Ham and Heyd.
Ellida with so nice assault
May threat her foe in vain;
And ocean in its soundless vault
Has whales in plenteous train."

Whilst jest and social joys engage,
Swift the night-watches fled;
Freighted with mirth, not fraught with rage,
The golden goblet sped;
A health to Angantyr they shout,
At the close of each regale:
And Frithiof wears the winter out,
Ere swells Ellida's sail.

—

CANTO XIX.

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rose-buds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport;
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor is assembled all the court;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white,
Half of Freya,[1] half of Rota,[2] yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

. . . . . .

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her, after them Valkyria[3] comes.

. . . . . .

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head;
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon a bough:
"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow;
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave;
Now no human eye beholds thee; deep and silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough:
"Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward, wilt thou murder slumber? a defenceless old man slay?
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble; Frithiof took his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand;[4] but on light unfolded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet has been my sleep," he said;
"Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in the North are other swords;
Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words,
Murky spirits dwell in steel-blades, spirits from the Niffelhem,
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them."

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1 The goddess of Love and Beauty.
2 One of the Valkyries.

3 The Valkyries are celestial virgins, who bear off the souls of the slain in battle.
4 The Strand of Corpses; a region in the Niffelhem, or Scandinavian Hell.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the church-yard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new-twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among the departed
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birth-day is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the swift-changing moment,
While all around, at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
In which the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of Heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner were swept and cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions[1]
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,[2]
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft, like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,
Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land,
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the reverend teacher.
Father he hight, and he was, in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds; but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As, in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation),
The Artist, the friend of Heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered;
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

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[1] The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

[2] The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Afterwards, when all was finished, the teacher recntered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming;
But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens, —
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear; for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when spring-tide approaches,
Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes, —
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line, from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar; — and straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate teacher.
Like the Lord's prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment,
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.
Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were transparent,
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered;
This is, moreover, the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor
Rains from the heaven downward; — to-day on the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, only conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession; bethink ye before ye make answer!
Think not, O, think not with guile to deceive the questioning teacher!
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on life's journey; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge Everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him
Grave your confession, in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal.
Thus, then, — believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?
Him who redeemed it, the Son? and the Spirit where both are united?
Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?
Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith by your living, —
The heavenly faith of affection? — to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?" — With a clear voice
Answered the young men, Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the teacher
Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake on in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!
Yet, — for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,
Ruling them as his own household, — forgiving in turn and chastising:
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine
Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross suffered and died for.
O, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
O, how soon will ye come, — too soon! — and long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father Eternal
Gave to me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
Known them all, all again; — they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take, from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows, so long as she may, her friend; O, do not reject her,
For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of the heavens. —
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flyeth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowers,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again; and the spirit's longings are worship;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the grave-yard, —
Then it is good to pray unto God, for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.
Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?
Therefore fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who
Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world he created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.
Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger,
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roe-buck.
Yet, why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,
Not in the fire nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.

Love is the root of creation, — God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his Spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
Quench, O, quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
Loved you as God has loved you; for 't was that you may be happy
Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour,
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart; and the dead, from their sepulchres rising,
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
The answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma, — Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection; —
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was, before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing,
Lost like thyself, on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate, then, thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; — on earth it is called Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him who forgave, with the crown of thorns round his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example;
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings;
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures; and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope, — so is called upon earth his recompense, — Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope been illumined,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Prophet's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
Fears not the winged crowd; in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed, — but what they were, only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth, until Death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,

Places the ransomed child, new-born, 'fore the face of its Father.
Sounds of his coming already I hear, — see dimly his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him.
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and, face to face standing,
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,
Never forgets he the weary; — then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter!
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise;
Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;
Earth is but dust, and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the Universe, hear me! thou Fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word; again may they know me,
Fall on their teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
'Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!'"

Weeping, he spake in these words; and now, at the beck of the old man,
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling, he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them. —
Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the teacher silent, and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday, — who knows? — perhaps I shall rest in the grave-yard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth! Why delay I? The hour is accomplished;
Warm is the heart. I will so! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; for what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens newcome in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.
Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.
See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
Brought forth is Sin full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms,
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence reascended;
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead, if the things do not live. The light everlasting

Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed,
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying, the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
Yes! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:
"O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!"
The old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
O, then seemed it to me, as if God, with the broad eye of mid-day,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver!
But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; there saw they
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand; but all of them pressed he,
Moved, to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

EXTRACTS FROM AXEL.

THE VETERAN.

I LOVE the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory,
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story;
For he was blithe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high, there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
O, reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff and swords of giant height!

One of his oldest veterans
I knew before my boyhood's prime;
He seemed like some triumphal pillar,
Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years;
'T was all that old man had.
The stranger, gazing on his door,
Might sigh to think on one so poor;
But Time had trained his soul, and he
Had shaken hands with Poverty;
He was nor sick, nor sad.
With two possessions, all his pride,
Yet dearer than the world beside,—
The sword that earned his soldier fame,
A Bible, with King Charles's name,—
He lived, beneath a forest's shade,
Within a hut, himself had made,
And fancied like a tent.
And all that Sweden's hero did,
Of valor praised, or craven chid,
Or Cossack foeman bent,—
That now the child who runs may read
(For Fame, the Eagle, flew with speed),—
Were stored within that soldier's mind,
Each in their own heroic kind,
Like monumental urns beneath
A barrow in the field of death.
Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue,
That soldier seemed to rise in height,
Flashed from his eyes unwonted light,
And all his gestures, all his words,
Sprang out like flame from Swedish swords.
Why say, that, in the winter nights,
He loved to tell his former fights;
And, grateful, only spoke to praise
King Charles; and never failed to raise,

When mention of his name was made,
His rimless hat and torn cockade?
My infant height scarce reached his knees,
And yet I loved his histories.
His sunken cheek and wrinkled brow
Have lived with me from then till now,
And, with his stories strange and true,
Keep rising in my mind anew;
Like snowdrop bells, that wait to blow
Beneath the winter's shielding snow.

KING CHARLES'S GUARD.

He was of Charles's body-guard,
Swedish soldiers' best reward;
Seven in number, like the train
Of sister stars in King Charles's Wain;
Or nine at most, as the maidens be
Who weave the songs of Eternity.
They were trained to scorn of death,
And tried by fire and steel and blood,
And hardened, by their Christian faith,
Beyond the Viking hardihood
Of their sires, that, fast and free,
Ploughed with keels the subject sea.
They lay to sleep on turf or plank,
With northern winds for lullaby,
And curtained by the colder sky,
As softly as on mossy bank.
Little they cared for the flames' red aid,
Save for the sake of the cannonade,
Casting light as fierce and dun
As a winter's blood-red sun.
They deemed no battle lost or won
To lesser odds than seven to one;
And then retreated, soft and slow,
With their faces to the foe.
But harsher laws than these, I ween,
Lay upon those hardened men:
Never to look on a maiden's eye,
Never turn ear to a maiden's sigh,
Never to heed the sweet words she said,
Ere Charles, that cold, stern chief was wed.
No matter how soft voices strove
To match the music of the grove;
How lips might mock the rosebud's hue,
How eyes, the violets steeped in dew;
How breasts might heave for love's sweet sake,
Like floating swan on silver lake,—
Vain were eyes, and breasts, and words;
They were wedded to their swords.

LOVE.

Love! our being's waking bliss!
Spirit garb of Happiness!
Heaven's halo, sent to shine
O'er a world no more divine!
Nature's heart, whose choicest measure
Beats in time to promised pleasure;
Drop to drop, within the ocean;
Star to star, in heaven above,
Moving, with harmonious motion,
Round the sun they love;
Brotherhood and Sympathy
Are the laws that flow from thee.
Love! that art, within the mind
Of our erring, hapless kind,
Even this,—a recollection
Of a holier affection,
Born in heaven; fairest then,
With the silver chaplets round it
Of the singing stars that bound it,
Then nestled on its father's breast,
With angel-wings to shade its rest,—
Reflected last on men.
Ere then, as rich as Thought, as fair
As minstrel-dreams, its speech was Prayer;
Its kindred sweet, those forms that bless
This world with their own loveliness;
And fill the sense with music, flung
From harps unearthly, Spirit-strung.
What if it fell to mix with men,
And none must feel it pure again?
At some sweet times, it seems to wear
The seraph-robes that erst it bare;
At some sweet times, its whispers come
Like echoes from its heavenly home,
When heart meets heart, and life is love.
The breath that fans the spring's blue sky,
The minstrel's magic melody,
In such soft numbers move;
But liker still, for that they be
Themselves the brood of Memory,
Those recollected distant chants
Of homes for which the Switzer pants,
That raise beneath the tropic's glow
His old, familiar Alpine snow.

PER DANIEL AMADEUS ATTERBOM.

This poet is the son of a country clergyman, and was born at Åbo, in 1790. After completing his college education at Upsala, inspired with the love of German literature, he established, in 1810, a monthly periodical, called "Phosphorus," in which open war was declared against the French school of poetry. This war was carried on with unabated vigor for many years, and Atterbom was always kept in the field, as one of the prominent champions of the German, or Romantic, school. In 1817–18, he travelled through Germany, Italy, and Denmark; and on his return, in 1819, was appointed *tutor* of the German language and literature to the Crown Prince. In 1824, he was appointed Adjunct Professor of Philosophy, and, in 1828, Professor of Metaphysics, in the University of Upsala. His principal poetic work is entitled "Lycksalighetens Ö" (the Island of the Blest), a dramatic romance in five adventures. The following analysis and extract are taken from the "Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany," No. IV.

"Asdolf, a Northern king, wearied by the monotony of life, longs for some adventurous deviation from his daily round of duties and

amusements. He has an indistinct idea that he may somewhere find a state of unalloyed felicity, and is impatient to discover it; for which purpose he defers his union with Svanhvit, a young and amiable princess, to whom he is betrothed. At length this restless wish is gratified. On one of his hunting parties, he finds the haunt of Anemotis, Mother of the Winds, and there meets with Zephyr, who wafts him to the Island of the Blest, where the fair Felicia reigns as queen. At first sight, she believes the stranger to be a wonderful bird (the phœnix), of which many strange accounts had been related to her; but Asdolf soon dispels this notion, and, forgetting earth, with all its ties, asks and obtains Felicia's hand in marriage. They pass three hundred years in mutual bliss, though to Asdolf the time has appeared only so many minutes, when he is unfortunately awakened to the recollection of his earthly life, which, notwithstanding the caresses of Felicia, he determines to resume. Finding his resolution immovable, she gives him a splendid equipment, with sundry spells and amulets, in order to insure his safe return, when he sets out on a winged horse, of the highest mettle, and arrives on earth with wondrous expedition. As will be readily conceived, his majesty finds matters marvellously altered from what they were at the period of his departure. His own subjects are much infected with revolutionary notions of general equality; and our hero, being a high autocrat, is disgusted by this manifestation of new-fangled feeling. He fails, however, in his endeavours to restore the customs of 'the olden time,' and resolves on returning to Felicia and the Island of the Blest; but on his way back, being beguiled by the artifices of Time, who, disguised as an infirm old man, allures him from his horse, he loses the charm of fadeless youth, which had been bestowed on him in the island, and which, during his earthly journey, depended on his possession of the horse intrusted to him by Felicia. Time then seizes and stifles him, and his faithful friend the Zephyr carries the corse to the Island of the Blest, when Felicia, for the first time, discovers that happiness is nowhere truly lasting. Unable with all her art to restore life to her beloved, she resolves to watch his body unceasingly, when her mother, Nyx (Night), shows her the region of eternal bliss, and Thanatos (Death), lighting his torch, leads her to eternal day.

"The pervading idea of this poem would appear to be, that death, as the metamorphosis of the human being, is necessary, in order to conduct it to immortal bliss, and that the search for happiness in earthly life is vain and unproductive. This the author has represented in his romantic and didactic drama, amplifying and illustrating, in much beautiful poetry, what Fouqué has finely said in the following lines:

"'Man geht aus Nacht in Sonne,
Man geht aus Graus in Wonne,
Aus Tod in Leben ein.'

"The drama is divided into five adventures. The first is 'The Aërial Journey,' when Asdolf is carried by Zephyr to the Happy Island; the second, 'Love,' when Felicia is united to Asdolf (a masterly erotic effusion, of almost Southern coloring); the third, 'The Farewell,' when Asdolf sets forth on his return to earth (this is by far the weakest part of the poem; the author puzzles himself and his readers with politics, and proves that they are by no means his province); the fifth, 'The Return,' treating of Asdolf's death, and the final destruction of the Happy Island."

EXTRACT FROM THE ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

SVANHVIT (alone in her chamber).

No Asdolf yet, — in vain and everywhere
Hath he been sought for, since his foaming steed,
At morn, with vacant saddle, stood before
The lofty staircase, in the castle yard.
His drooping crest, and wildly rolling eye,
And limbs with frenzied terror quivering,
All seemed as though the midnight fiends had urged
His swiftest flight, through many a wood and plain.
O Lord! that know'st what he hath witnessed there,
Wouldst thou but give one single speaking sound
Unto the faithful creature's silent tongue,
That momentary voice would be, for me,
A call to life, or summons to the grave.

[She goes to the window.

And yet what childish fears are these! How oft
Hath not my Asdolf boldest feats achieved
And ever home returned, unharmed and beautiful!
Yes, beautiful, alas! like this cold flower
That proudly glances on the frosty pane.
Short is the violet's, short the cowslip's spring; —
The frost-flowers live far longer; cold as they
The beautiful should be, that it may share
The splendor of the light without its heat;
For else the sun of life must soon dissolve
The hard, cold, shining pearls to liquid tears:
And tears — flow fast away.

[She breathes on the window.

Become transparent, thou fair Asdolf-flower,
That I may look into the vale beneath!
There lies the city, — Asdolf's capital. —
How wondrously the spotless vest of snow
On roof, and mount, and market-place now smiles
A glittering welcome to the morning sun,
Whose blood-red beams shed beauty on the earth!
The Bride of Sacrifice makes no lament,
But smiles in silence, — knowing sadly well
That she is slighted, and that he, who could
Call forth her spring, doth not, but rather dwells
In other climes, where lavishly he pours
His fond embracing beams, while she, alas!
In wintry shade and lengthened loneliness

Cold on the solitary couch reclines. —
[After a pause.
What countless paths wind down, from divers points,
To yonder city gates! — O, wilt not thou,
My star, appear to me on one of them?
Whate'er I said, — thou art my worshipped sun.
Then pardon me; — thou art not cold; — O, no!
Too warm, too glowing warm, art thou for me.
Yet thus it is! Thy being's music has
A thousand chords with thousand varying tones,
Whilst I but one poor sound can offer thee
Of tenderness and truth. At times, indeed,
This, too, may have its power; — but then it lasts
One and the same for ever, sounding still
Unalterably like itself alone;
A wordless prayer to God for what we love,
'T is more a whisper than a sound, and charms
Like new-mown meadows, when the grass exhales
Sweet fragrance to the foot that tramples it.
Kings, heroes, towering spirits among men,
Rush to their aim on wild and stormy wings,
And far beneath them view the world, whose form
For ever varies on from hour to hour.
What would they ask of love? That, volatile,
In changeful freshness it may charm their ears
With proud, triumphant songs, when high in air
Victorious banners wave; or sweetly lull
To rapturous repose, when round them roars
The awful thunder's everlasting voice!
Mute, mean, and spiritless to them must seem
The maid who is no more than woman. How
Should she o'er-sound the storm their wings have raised? —
[Sitting down.
Great Lord! how lonely I become within
These now uncheerful towers! O'er all the earth
No shield have I, — no mutual feeling left!
'T is true that those around me all are kind,
And well I know they love me, — more, indeed,
Than my poor merits claim. Yet, even though
They raised me to my Asdolf's royal throne,
As being the last of all his line, — ah, me!
No solace could it bring; — for then far less
Might I reveal the sorrow of my soul!
A helpless maiden's tears like rain-drops fall,
Which in a July night, ere harvest-time,
Bedew the flowers, and, trembling, stand within
Their half-closed eyes unnumbered and unknown.
[She rises.
Yet One there is, who counts the maiden's tears; —
But when will their sad number be fulfilled? —
[Walking to and fro.
How calm was I in former days! — I now
Am so no more! My heart beats heavily,
Oppressed within its prison-cave. Ah! fain
Would I that it might burst its bonds, so that
'T were conscious, Asdolf, I sometimes had seemed
Not all unworthy in thine eyes.
[She takes the guitar.
A gentle friend — the Master from Vallandia —
Has taught me how I may converse with thee,
Thou cherished token of my Asdolf's love!
I have been told of far-off lakes, around
Whose shores the cypress and the willow wave,
And make a mournful shade above the stream,
Which, dark, and narrow on the surface, swells
Broad and unfathomably deep below; —
From those dark lakes at certain times, and most
On Sabbath morns and eves of festivals,
Uprising from the depths, is heard a sound
Most strange and wild, as of the tuneful bells
Of churches and of castles long since sunk;
And, as the wanderer's steps approach the shore,
He hears more plainly the lamenting tone
Of the dark waters, whilst the surface still
Continues motionless and calm, and seems
To listen with a melancholy joy,
While thus the swelling depths resound.
So let me strive to soften and subdue
My heart's dark swelling with a soothful song.
[She plays and sings.

"The maiden bound her hunting-net
At morning fresh and fair — "

Ah, no! that lay doth ever make me grieve.
Another, then! that of the hapless flower,
Surprised by frost and snow in early spring.
[Sings.

Hush thee, O, hush thee,
Slumber from snow and stormy sky,
Lovely and lone one!
Now is the time for thee to die,
When vale and streamlet frozen lie.
Hush thee, O, hush thee!

Hours hasten onward; —
For thee the last will soon be o'er.
Rest thee, O, rest thee!
Flowers have withered thus before, —
And, my poor heart, what wouldst thou more?
Rest thee, O, rest thee!

Shadows should darkly
Enveil thy past delights and woes.
Forget, O, forget them!
'T is thus that eve its shadow throws;
But now, in noiseless night's repose,
Forget, O, forget them!

Slumber, O, slumber!
No friend hast thou like kindly snow;
Sleep is well for thee,
For whom no second spring will blow; —
Then why, poor heart, still beating so?
Slumber, O, slumber!

Hush thee, O, hush thee!
Resign thy life-breath in a sigh,
Listen no longer,
Life bids farewell to thee, — then die!
Sad one, good night! — in sweet sleep lie!
Hush thee, O, hush thee!

[She bursts into tears.
Would now that I might bid adieu to life;
But, ah! no voice to me replies, "Sleep well!"

THE HYACINTH.*

The heart's blood am I of expiring strength,
Engraved on mine urn is its cry.
My dark glowing pangs, to thee are they known?
Art thou, too, a stranger 'mid life's shadows thrown,
Deceived by its dreamery?
Learn that youth-giving joy to the stars alone
Was allotted! Their youth in the sky
With circling dances they celebrate,
And our steps from the cradle illuminate
To the grave.

Why longer endeavours thine earnest glance
To a merciless Heaven to pray?
An adamant door bars its tower of light;
To earth's abyss from its dizzying height
What bridge may open a way?
There Blessedness, Truth, may be throned in might;
But thou, canst thou destiny sway?
Of suffering only can dust be secure;
Who rises, thy happier lot to insure,
From the grave?

Hope points, indeed, to a verdant shore,
Where the beautiful Sirens sing,
And waken their harps, while bright shines the sun;
But the bone-whitened coast shows where murder is done,
And treachery dwells on each string.
Illusions, on distaffs of Nornas spun,
To the feeble distraction bring:
He is wise who disdains to fear or implore;
But wisest he who desires nothing more
Than a grave.

Yet within thee, to battle with time and fate,
There blazes a fire divine:
Whate'er 's evanescent its flame shall consume;
And if clouded the course of the planets in gloom,
Thy star on the conflict shall shine;
And soon shall the long, happy night of the tomb,
With peace and her laurels, be thine.
He, whose bosom of heaven and hell holds the fires,
Suffices himself, and no solace requires
But the grave.

ERIC JOHAN STAGNELIUS.

The most signal specimen of a genius at once precocious and productive, which the annals of Swedish literature afford, is Stagnelius. He died at the age of thirty, but has left behind him three epic poems,—one of which, though never completed, was written at the age of eighteen,—five tragedies, and seven other dramatic sketches, and a very large collection of elegies, sonnets, psalms, ballads, and miscellaneous lyrics; making, in all, three large octavo volumes, written in the space of twelve years, and marked with the impress of a high poetic genius.

Stagnelius was the son of a parish priest in Öland (afterwards bishop of Kalmar), and was born in 1793. He studied first at the University of Lund, and then at Upsala, where, upon passing his examination in 1814, he was made clerk in the Department of Ecclesiastical Affairs. This, or some similar office, he held until his death, in 1823. His brief existence, though completely barren of incident, was rich in intellectual achievements. "Stagnelius," says a writer in the "Foreign Review" (No. I.), "was one of those truly poetic beings, to whom Goethe's beautiful comparison, likening the life of a poet to the gentle, ever-working existence of the silkworm, may be justly applied. He was so thoroughly a poet, that all his thoughts, words, deeds, and even his errors and excesses, bore the stamp of poetic impulse. He is remarkable for a strain of deep melancholy, a profound mystical intuition of life and nature, and a longing for the moment when the imprisoned *anima* might burst its earthly tenement, and soar to the *pleroma*, as he terms it,—the purer regions of celestial air. These sentiments, cherished by the philosophy of Schelling, and the Gnostic doctrines of the Nazarenes, contained in the "Adam's Book," * distinguished the poems of Stagnelius from all that we have seen of Swedish poetry. Among foreign poets, we can only compare him with the German Novalis. Both thought they saw in this visible world merely the symbolic expression of a more ecstatic order of things, and both were early summoned to those blissful regions after which they so fervently aspired,—whose bright effulgence seems to have enchanted their mental gaze, while yet inhabitants of earth."

To this article the reader is referred for a more detailed account of the writings of Stagnelius.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF THE MARTYRS.

EMILIA AND PERPETUA.

EMILIA.

If that thou love me, wherefore not intrust
Thy sorrows and thy pleasures to my bosom?
Confidence is the holy aliment
That nourishes the fire of tender feeling,
As the lamp's flame by Pallas' oil is fed.

* The old Greek fable makes the Hyacinth spring from the blood of Ajax.

* Edited by the late Dr. Norberg, the famous Swedish Orientalist, and published at Lund.

Believe me, he, who, silent, visionary,
Shuts up within himself his joy and grief,
Naught but self-love within his bosom kindles.
For even as the fire will in its eddy
Whirl up towards heaven whatever owns its power;
As iron, by the magnet's witchery
Attracted, will forsake its resting-place;
So tenderness, wherever found, rests not,
Until united to its likeness. Where,
O, where are fled those former happy days,
When in thy laughing eye each new-born thought
I read? — when into a fond mother's breast
Thy hopes and fears, thy weal and woe were poured?
Now, bathed in tears, a gloomy wanderer
I find thee evermore. Thou sufferest; —
May not thy mother with thee mourn? Is she
Unworthy to compassionate her child?

PERPETUA.

Mother, I suffer not! O, couldst thou know
The blessedness of tears! Not sweeter falls,
I' th' hour of evening's crimson glow, the dew
On Syria's nardus-rose. The myrrh-tree's sweat-drops
In Saba's groves less precious are than tears.

EMILIA.

Ay, truly, they yield solace; but that solace
By burning agony must be preceded;
Their balm, Fate's sun, with scorching noontide rays,
Expresses. Hapless child, thou sufferest!
Strive not to laugh, — a ghost-like laughter only
Hovers round thy cold lips.

PERPETUA.

Alas! this earth
Deserves not gladness. Like the butterfly
That has outlived the rose's day of bliss,
Our soul on dusky pinions here below
Round deserts flies, pining incessantly.

EMILIA.

My daughter, others praise life's plenteousness;
Why pinest thou alone? Youth's cup for thee
Still mantles, and each wafture of heaven's breath
Should pleasure thee. Thou lovest not. Lo! this,
The single reason of thy melancholy.
Love, and be happy! With a hundred tongues
Nature exhorts thee thus. Obey her voice!
The hand of Death quenched thy first nuptial torch:
Venus for thee superior bliss prepares
I' th' second's light. O, bid her kindle it,
And by its golden beams begin a new
Olympian life! Cornelius loves thee. Yet
In life's mid season, like the stately palm
He blooms, and Fortune dwells in his proud halls.
Present him with thy hand at Hymen's altar,
And bid the Fates spin a rose-colored thread
Of many joyful years for both of you.

PERPETUA.

O, I conjure you, utter not a word
Of earthly happiness, of earthly love!
Not theirs to satisfy the soul; — I know them.
O, force me not on my heart's higher longings
To act a murder, and false sacrifices
Offer to gods whose impotence I 've proved!

EMILIA.

Wilt thou, then, daughter, haughtily reject
Each solace proffered by a mother's heart?
Like the delusive light in forest shades,
Fli'st thou injuriously our outstretched arms?
Then let my tenderness no longer speak,
But mine upbraidings storm thy soul! Now hear,
And answer. Wherefore dost thou thus forsake
Thy mother's home, thy father's ancient halls?
Wherefore dost thou no longer celebrate
Our yearly festivals? no longer crown
Our household gods with rosemary and myrtle,
Or offer holy salt on their chaste altars?
Hast thou thy heart changed with thy residence,
And to the house that sheltered thee in childhood
Does no soft fire now draw thy soul? Have all
The rosy recollections of thy youth
Fled with the hours' still circling dance?

PERPETUA.

My heart
God sees, and in high heaven hears the sighs
I for your welfare breathe.

EMILIA.

With fiction's blossoms
Thou 'dst decorate the winter of thy heart.
Like serpent amidst roses does thy soul
Conceal itself. Thou breathe a sigh for us
To Heaven? No! The cloudy heights, to which
In solitary piety thou prayest,
For us have only wrath and thunderbolts.
O grievous word, die not upon my lips!
Infernal thought, embody thee in sound!
Let it howl mournful as the north wind's sigh
In forest, or owl's hoot from moss-clad grave!
Come hither, daughter! Look into mine eyes.
Traitress, come hither! Sink not to the ground
Like vapor; what thou thinkest in night eternal
To hide, before thy mother's gaze severe
It lies unveiled. Wretched one, thou 'rt a Christian!

PERPETUA.

O, woe is me, unhappy, that myself
I was not first mine honor to proclaim!
Yes, mother, I 'm a Christian. Holy waves
Have purified my soul; from darkness' errors
The blessed mystery of the high Cross
Has called me to the path of light and truth.
The hidden manna I 've already tasted
That feeds the soul in deserts; I have gathered
The golden fruit, in Eden's morning dew,

That shines seraphically o'er life's stream.
O, grudge not to thy daughter her delight,
But share thyself her happiness, her glory!

EMILIA.

Alas! What sorceress from Thessalian huts
Has with her witcheries bewildered thee?
What dream, of subterranean vapors formed,
Deceives thy heart? Which of the Eumenides
Has lured thee criminally to abandon
Thy childhood's faith, thy maidhood's golden gods?

PERPETUA.

Those gods are visionary, and the poets
Say truly, that by Night, black, desolate,
Void, unexisting Night, they were engendered.
. . . . . .

EMILIA.

O cruel daughter, that into her grave
Precipitat'st thy mother! Ne'er believe
I can survive thee. Thou 'rt the sun, whose rays
Of softened purple brighten my late autumn
And open life's last flowers of gladsomeness.
If thou art lost, what should remain for me
Save Death's cold winter night and sleep eternal?
. . . . . .
Believe as likes thee, but conceal thy faith.

PERPETUA.

Thy tender counsel I may not obey;
Thou biddest me against my conscience act:
Believe, and own thy faith, are life's conditions.

EMILIA.

Have mercy on the heart *that* throbbed for thee
Whilst thine was yet unmoved! O, turn again!
Be as thou wast of yore!

PERPETUA.

Thou, who in sorrow
To sorrow bor'st me, and a deathful life,
Take back thy gift! I to the sacrifice
Offer me willingly.
. . . . . .
O God! amongst the many habitations
That shine above, the thousand rose-formed bowers
In Paradise, is there no place for her?

—

MARCION AND EUBULUS.

MARCION.

In the vale of Tiber,
Near to the gates of high and awful Rome,
There dwelt a saint. The humble hut still stands,
Covered with weeds and shaded by tall pines,
In which she spent her earthly life, — alone
Her earthly life; for, soaring far above
The crystal vault of stars, that purer flame
Of life, which earth could not retain, was borne
Unto the Tabernacle's kindred rays.
A maid she was as daylight chaste and fair,
Pure as the jewel in the kingly crown,
Spotless and beautiful as is the lily.
Her name was Theodora. Blessed within
That humble hut's obscurity, the care
Of Christian parents watched her infant steps,
And trained her for the heritage of light.
The sun of all creation's systems gave
To her a glorious growth, and yet in spring
The plant bore golden fruits, purpureal blooms.
For God alone the maiden's bosom burned;
And ever, when upon the eastern hills
Aurora raised the flag of day, or when
The evening star-lamp trembled in the west,
The lovely maiden prostrate prayed in tears
Before the sacred cross, nor thought upon
That cruel world of darkness and of crime,
So near the shelter of her blooming groves.

A VOICE.

O blissful knowledge! knowing nothing more
Beyond the Saviour's wounds and heavenly love;
Dissolving in a tearful stream, to glide
In Love's wide ocean, heedless of the world!

MARCION.

Thus life flowed on, — no change its course disturbed, —
Until one eve, returning from the chase,
The emperor beheld her steal along
The valley's path with timid steps, to seek
The cave of congregation. And a beam
Celestial from her pure blue eyes inflamed
The tyrant's tiger-breast, and kindled there
Wild passion's lawless fire: for natures vile
Forget how far above them shine the pure
(As children vainly wish to play with stars).
To the imperial halls the weeping maid
Was forced to follow in the tyrant's train.

A VOICE.

Who was this emperor? He who governs now?

MARCION.

My friends, what boots it if his name we know?
Not ours is it to judge, or hate, or curse.
Yet duty bids me tell you all. Know, then,
'T was cruel Commodus, Aurelius' son,
He, who, all-clothed like Hercules, was seen
To drench the sand of amphitheatres
With streams of blood from elephants and slaves.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Speak! speak! Our eager bosoms beat to learn
The triumph of a Christian's piety.

MARCION.

Two sceptres have the lords of earth, wherewith
Their slaves to sway, — with promises and threats.
With promises the Cæsar long besieged
The heart of Theodora. All that most
On earth is praised by man's inebriate mind —

Gold, songs of lutes, and soft voluptuousness —
Was held before the captive maiden's gaze,
In long perspective of delight. But vain,
My friends, are life's allurements, weak
Their spell, against a Christian breast, inspired
And penetrated by celestial love!
Then furiously the tyrant turned to threats.
O wrath most impotent! The heart whose strength
Is proof 'gainst Pleasure's overpowering smiles
Can ne'er be conquered by the throb of Pain;
For, manacled with heavy chains, within
The dungeon's depth was Theodora plunged.

EUBULUS.

All hail, all hail, ye dungeons, bonds, and death!
O sons of darkness, you, yourselves, thus lead
The longing martyr to the gates of heaven!
Your murky cells present a boon to him, —
A sweet asylum from a world of woe!
There Love divine in secret breathes, and there
Calm Contemplation lights her golden flame,
And Silence o'er the germ of inward life
Spreads the warm shelter of a mother's wings!
'Mid dreariest darkness true light beams and smiles,
To bless the soul's fond gaze! And when the frame
With iron bonds is rudely bound, O, then
The mind shakes off its chains with joy! But say,
How suffered and how died the Christian maid?

MARCION.

Hunger, and cold, and darkness, now combined
In vain to bend her lofty heart to crime.
Fierce serpents hissed within the prison-walls,
And there did loathsome lizards dwell, and there
The toads crawled forth upon the clammy earth,
While from the roof monotonously fell
The chilly, ceaseless drops. No sunbeam came
That gloom to cheer. But, as among
The mouldering tombs a lonely lily rears
Its balmy crest, so bloomed that pious maid,
And sweetly smiled amidst surrounding gloom!
Calm was her soul; — for, when celestial love
Is burning on the altar of the heart,
We heed not outward things; and while illumed
By beams from the unclouded sun, what cares
The body if its earthward shadow be
Of morning or of eve? The tyrant, thus
Beholding Theodora's heart unmoved
Alike by pain and pleasure, gave revenge
The place of hot desire, and doomed her death.
He sent a chosen freedman with a slave
To execute his fierce and murderous will, —
Who, when they reached the dungeon cave, beheld
Amid the darkness, like an angel's look,
The beaming light of Theodora's smile!
She heard the word with joy, and calmly clasped
Her hands in prayer; then, with enraptured thought,
Exclaimed, "All hail, blessed isles of Paradise!
Even now the breath of roses from your bowers
Is wafted towards me!" And the freedman smiled
In scorn, and, jesting, said, "Send me, fair maid,
From those celestial groves, for which you leave
Our sinful world, some wreath of purple blooms."
Then Theodora bound her flowing hair,
And, gently blushing, bared her ivory neck; —
One cruel blow — and down that fair head fell, —
Its golden locks ensanguined, but the smile
In death unaltered still! The sand drank in
The crimsom tide of life. An earthquake shook
The vault, the torch extinguished, and around
Impenetrable darkness spread, — when, lo!
A light, like spring-time's golden eves, illumed
The cave, and showed a lovely, beaming boy,
Whose snow-bright robe a starry girdle bound.
A basket on his lily arm he bore,
With flowerets of the rainbow's thousand hues;
And calling on the freedman by his name,
In tones whose sound was musically sweet
As bridal songs, the heavenly envoy said,
"Behold, how Theodora sends you flowers
From Paradise! then come, O, come, and choose!"
Senseless to earth the freedman fell, — and lay
Till wakened by a mighty earthquake's voice.
The vision then had fled; but day-beams through
The shattered cavern shone, and lit their steps,
'Mid crumbling ruins, from the awful scene.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Behold! the birds fly
From Gauthiod's strand,
And seek with a sigh
Some far foreign land.
The sounds of their woe
With hollow winds blend:
"Where now must we go?
Our flight whither tend?"
'T is thus unto heaven that their wailings ascend.

"The Scandian shore
We leave in despair,
Our days glided o'er
So blissfully there:
We there built our nest
Among bright blooming trees;
There rocked us to rest
The balm-bearing breeze: —
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

"With rose-crown all bright
On tresses of gold,
The midsummer night
It was sweet to behold:
The calm was so deep,
So lovely the ray,
We could not then sleep,
But were tranced on the spray,
Till wakened by beams from the bright car of Day.

"The trees gently bent
O'er the plains in repose;
With dew-drops besprent
Was the tremulous rose:
The oaks now are bare,
The rose is no more;
The zephyr's light air
Is exchanged for the roar
Of storms, and the May-fields have mantles of hoar.

"Then why do we stay
In the North, where the sun
More dimly each day
His brief course will run?
And why need we sigh?
We leave but a grave,—
To cleave through the sky
On the wings which God gave;—
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave!"

Of rest thus bereaved,
They soar in the air,
But soon are received
Into regions more fair;
Where elms gently shake
In the zephyr's light play,
Where rivulets take
Among myrtles their way,
And the groves are resounding with Hope's happy lay.

When earth's joys are o'er,
And the days darkly roll,
When autumn winds roar,—
Weep not, O my soul!
Fair lands o'er the sea
For the birds brightly bloom;
A land smiles for thee,
Beyond the dark tomb,
Where beams never fading its beauties illume!

AMANDA.

Where sun and flower are beaming,
Amanda's charms appear;
Her beauty's rays are streaming
Round all this earthly sphere:
The breeze, when gently blowing,—
The rose that scents the grove,—
The vine, when brightly glowing,—
All tell of her I love.

I hear her song's sweet numbers,
When Zephyr's breezy wings
Sweep o'er the gold harp's slumbers,
And wake its tuneful strings.
All — all the charms of nature
Amanda's beauty bear,
And show, in every feature,
Her godhead imaged there.

The spirits of the dying
Must quit this clay's control;
But they to rest are flying
In regions of the soul;—
The floods, now onward striding,
Are foaming, fierce, and free;
Yet soon their waves, subsiding,
Will slumber in the sea.

But I must vainly languish
For joys I ne'er can know,
And wear a cureless anguish
In loneliness and woe!
Fair goddess! I shall ever
Behold thy beauty shine
Like stars above,—but never
Can hope to call thee mine!

ERIC SJÖGREN (VITALIS).

Eric Sjögren, who wrote under the pseudonym of *Vitalis*, has a distinguished name and place among the modern poets of Sweden. He is one of those poets, who, struggling with want and disease, die young, and leave behind them a melancholy fame. His poems are chiefly lyrical; and though some of them are of a humorous nature, yet through them all "the features of settled despondency are still distinctly seen." The genius of this poet will be seen in the passages of his works which follow. They show great tenderness and delicacy of feeling; a profound sense of the beauties of nature; a sensibility tremblingly alive to the whispering leaves of the woods, the tints of the flowers, the warbling of the birds, and to the silent language of the landscape, which he interprets in a gentle moralizing vein. The beautiful poem entitled "Spring Fancy," which is very well translated, will remind the reader, by its flowing verse, its graceful imagery, the pensive melancholy of its tone, and the delicate and gentle sentiment which pervades it, of some of Bryant's best pieces. This poet's exquisite organization seems to have been touched even to finer issues by the ill health which shed a subduing influence over his brief existence. The following well written sketch of his life is from the "Foreign Review," No. VII.

"Eric Sjögren was born in 1794, in the province of Södermanland. While yet in his cradle, he was exposed to the frowns and storms of life. Poverty attended the steps of the boy, checked the free and soaring genius of the youth, and stood beside the death-bed of the man. Sjögren's father, a poor journeyman, could do nothing to assist the education of his son, who, thus thrown upon his native resources, felt himself strengthened for exertions, of which the wealthy have no need and no knowledge. From a want of other materials, he was induced to exercise the art of writing in the primitive mode, on the bark of trees, which he

did in conjunction with a young companion, with whom he thus established a correspondence. The school of the small town of Trosa soon became too bounded a sphere for the spirit of Sjögren, and the schoolmaster, a man of sense and penetration, recommended that the boy should be removed to Strengnäs, an episcopal see in Westmanland, where the severity of the school discipline was such, that in 1814 he quitted the college or gymnasium before the usual period of probation, and proceeded to the University of Upsala.

"Two pounds and ten shillings, the gratuity of a friend, was the entire capital possessed by our young student when he sought the classic shades at Upsala Thenceforward his sole reliance was on the resources of a mind strengthened by constant exercise in the struggle with want,—resources, on which the poor students at the universities of Sweden must not unfrequently depend. He gained his livelihood by instructing some fellow-students younger and wealthier than himself.

"There is something awful in the struggling of a noble mind against the never-clearing storms of a life, throughout which hunger and misery have fastened their fangs upon the sufferer's heart. The greater his magnanimity, the more poignant is the pain which, like a lingering malady, attacks the energies of the soul; and, if we sometimes see men come victorious from the conflict, we may with more reason number them among the heroes of mankind, than those whose brows are wreathed with laurels stained by the tears and blood of thousands. If, on the other hand, human nature sink subdued by the woes and adversities of such a life, a heartless sneer but too often supplies the place of sympathy. 'He ought to have struggled and withstood,—he ought not to have been overpowered,' are the sage and feeling remarks of dull and callous natures. The soul of Sjögren was never subdued, but his bodily frame was too weak to sustain the strife, and thus he fell unconquered.

"The poetical genius of our author developed itself under the most unfavorable circumstances. Considering his life of want and misery, his poetical productions may be likened to those Northern flowers, the snow-drops, which blossom before Spring has wholly disengaged herself from the cold embraces of Winter. His first appearance, as a poet, before the literary world, was in 1820, when he wrote some verses in an Annual for Ladies; and with this first appearance he became so universally admired, that, in the following year, a collection of his poems was published and read with great avidity.

"When, in the year 1822, the crown prince, Oscar, visited Upsala, Sjögren was recommended to his notice; and as the prince, who is Chancellor of the University, has been invariably distinguished by his bountiful and delicate liberality in the encouragement of the votaries of literature and science, it may be readily conceived that the young poet was not passed over with neglect. The support extended to him by the prince will appear inconsiderable to our English notions of pecuniary assistance. It consisted of a pension of two hundred dollars *banco*, about twenty pounds *per annum*, and was an important sum for a man who had been taught by necessity to accommodate his wants to his resources. His biographer says, that the year 1822 was perhaps the most free from care which Sjögren had experienced; but he belonged not to those who were content to eat the bread of bounty, and, while basking in the sunshine of princely favor, he felt a blush of honest shame for his dependent condition. Professor Geijer, through whom the remittances were made to Sjögren, took occasion to inquire after his poetical pursuits, and at the same time expressed a wish that he should devote his powers to an object of greater extent than any in which he had been hitherto engaged. From these inquiries and suggestions Sjögren concluded that his royal patron required something more for his money than minor poems, or that the grant had perhaps been made under the supposition that his abilities were greater than he felt them to be. Such being his impression, the year had hardly elapsed when he spontaneously resigned the pension, and threw himself once more within the grasp of penury. The reason which he alleged for this step was, the weakened state of his health, which would not admit of his prosecuting his studies with the energy necessary for enabling him to graduate, and thus attain that end which his patron had probably had in view when he so liberally honored him with his support. He now depended sölely on his own exertions; but he had a foe to battle with,—disease,—and this he could not overpower. Notwithstanding, however, the interruptions in his studies,—interruptions caused rather by want of health and means than of application,—he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1824. Having failed in an attempt to procure the appointment of *Docens* at the University, he turned his attention to the capital, but life now became for him still more dark and gloomy. Private tuition and translations from the English afforded him but a scanty subsistence till the spring of 1828, when he fell dangerously ill; and though it would appear that every possible kindness was shown to him by the family in which he was then employed as tutor, he insisted on being removed to a public hospital, where he expired on the 4th of March, 1828."

TO THE MOON.—A DEDICATION.

My gentle book I take beneath my arm,
And audience, O Moon! I here implore;
Led by a secret, sympathetic charm
To thee, for thou art rich in silvery store.

Enlightened patron! tell me, wilt thou give
What may be deemed a reasonable fee?
If thou refuse, thy service I must leave,
And dedicate to other than to thee.

Yet no! for kindly thou wilt earthward wend,
Where, cap in hand, submissively I stay;
And from thy height to me wilt downward send
At times a little, little silvery ray.

SPRING FANCY.

Love now is found; — for from the lips of all
He murmurs forth in tones most wonderful;
Is manifest alike in hues and sounds,
And beautiful alike in every tongue.
Within the verdant sanctuary of groves
The zephyr steals along to kiss the earth,
And by his kiss gives life to fragrant flowers:
The children of Platonic love are they.
So, too, the trees with green and various tongues
In gentle whisperings own, at eventide,
Their mutual and mysterious love; as low
They downward bend their heads embracingly
In twilight, when no watchful eyes are on them.
The flowerets also love; and though no tongue
Have they, to tell their tenderness, they gaze
With streaming looks into each others' eyes,
And understand each other, although dumb:
Earth never hears a sweeter language spoken
Than that invented by these fond ones, who
With fervent glance fulfil the want of tongues.
The streamlet, too, clasping, with constant arms,
And folding to its breast the green Lemoniade,
Arrayed in living rubies and in gold,
Sighs forth its tender love in broken tones.
Nature! I know thy heart's deep meaning well,
Thy flowery writings and discourse of birds,
Whereof the fair interpreting by thee
Was written on my heart's pure page with fire.
A word it was of holy flame, long stifled,
But now set free; like to the enfranchised bird,
Which high upsoars and fills the air with songs,
Forgetting how of late the prison pressed
That love of song within his heart to pain,
While with a voiceful flight he mounts to heaven,
His home. Though o'er the wide earth none these sounds
May understand, they still are known to God.
Ye flowerets! I will gently dream among ye;
And I will give to ye a human heart,
And thus empower ye to return my love.
Sweet, even as childhood's sinless beauty, shines
The glance that greets me through your trembling tears.
Fair angels! blooming in eternal youth,
Ye ne'er survive your early loveliness,
But even in death itself are beautiful.
And yet ye do not die, — but sink to rest,
When ruthless northern tempests raging come.
Ye will not look on life when stormful; ne'er
Save when, in child-like sweetness, it disports
With Nature in the western breeze. But when
Destruction, striding o'er the fresh green fields,
Goes forth to battle with this blissful life,
Then ye close down your lovely lids in slumber,
And on your mother's beauteous breast repose,
Until, the contest done, victorious life
In light and song reveals itself once more.
Then God arouses ye again from sleep,
Sending sweet May to whisper in your ears
That spring is blooming in the vaulted heaven,
And that 't is time for you yourselves to bloom.
Ye then put off your verdant veil, — and feel
The spring-breeze spreading life upon your cheeks,
Which vie with roses planted by the Morn
Along the Garden of the East. And when
The sun shall come, your forms so bright and fair
Will shine forth more magnificently still.
Thus I, too, shall not die; — men call it death,
When mortals soar unto the eternal Father,
Who yonder dwells upon the horizon's verge,
Where earth and heaven mingle in harmony and joy!

LIFE AND DEATH.

At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
In its May-wreath crowned, and there
Saw day-rise in gold and in purple glow,
And I cried, — "O Life, how fair!"

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,
When the dawning time was nigh,
So wakened for song in the breast of man
A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar
From home afar in its flight,
To roam, like the sun, still from shore to shore,
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
And, rapt in devotion and prayer,
Saw night-rise in silver and purple glow,
And I cried, — "O Death, how fair!"

And when that the soft evening wind, so meek,
With its balmy breathing came,
It seemed as though Nature then kissed my cheek
And tenderly sighed my name!

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children the stars to her came;
The exploits of man then seemed to me small, —
Naught great save the Infinite's name.

Ah! how unheeded, all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While the eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,
Like stars in the heavens, arise!

GERMAN LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

THE earliest specimen of the ancient Gothic tongue is Ulfila's translation of the Bible. He was Bishop of the West Goths in the latter half of the fourth century. Only fragments of this translation remain. The celebrated "Codex Argenteus," so called from the letters being overlaid with silver leaf, now in the library of the University of Upsala, contains the greater part of the Evangelists. Other portions of the work have been discovered by Knittel, in Brunswick, and by Abbé Maj and Count Castiglione in Milan. A complete edition of Ulfila's writings, so far as discovered, was published at Altenburg in 1836. This language is generally spoken of as the Mœso-Gothic, indicating its Eastern or Scythian origin, and may be regarded as the parent of all the Scandinavian and Germanic dialects.

Of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries no literary monuments remain, at least, none well authenticated. At the beginning of the eighth century, however, we find that the Gothic language, in Germany, had assumed the two forms of, 1., Upper German (*Ober Deutsch*), spoken in the South of Germany, and embracing two dialects, the Frankish (sometimes called *Althochdeutsch*, old High German), and the Alemannic or Swabian; and, 2., Low German (*Nieder Deutsch, Platt Deutsch, Altsächsisch*), spoken in the North, and the parent of the Anglo-Saxon, Frisic, Dutch, and Flemish. The Frankish was the language of the court of Charlemagne; and the Swabian was carried to its greatest refinement by the Minnesingers, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

From the union of the Upper and Lower German sprang the modern High German (*Hoch Deutsch*), the character of which may be considered as made permanent by Luther, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Speaking of his translation of the Bible, he says, "I have not a distinct, particular, and peculiar kind of language, but I use the common German language, in order that the inhabitants of both Upper and Lower Countries may understand me." Since Luther's time the High German has been exclusively the language of literature and science. The other forms of the language, on account of the predominance of the High German, have sunk to the rank of dialects, but still exist in popular use, under a great variety of subdivisions. Some of them are occasionally employed by patriotic poets and writers of popular songs.

These dialects have been classed as follows, by Radlof:* 1. The German dialects in Italy; 2. The Tyrolian; 3. The Salzburg; 4. The Bavarian; 5. The Austrian; 6. The East Middle-German, embracing the Upper Saxon; 7. The South and West Middle-German, embracing the Nuremberg; 8. The Swabian; 9. The Swiss in its various forms; 10. The dialects of the Upper and Middle Rhine; 11. The Western Lower Rhine, embracing Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Bonn; 12. The Low German dialects between the Rhine and the Elbe; 13. The Frisic; 14. The Lower Saxon; 15. The dialects east of the Elbe; 16. The Pomeranian; 17. The Holstein and Schleswig; 18. The corrupted dialects, as the Pennsylvanian and Jewish. These are the principal classes, some of which embrace as many as eight or ten subdivisions.

The translations from German poetry into English are so numerous, and extended through so many centuries, that they form in themselves almost a complete history. It will be necessary, therefore, in this introductory sketch, only to indicate the successive periods of this history, with a few remarks upon their prominent characteristics. The history of German poetry may be conveniently divided into seven periods.†

I. From the earliest times to 1100. The earliest remains of German poetry belong to the eighth century. As might naturally be expected, they are the song of a hero and the prayer of a monk; "The Song of Hildebrand" and "The Wessobrun Prayer," which have been published together by Grimm (Cassel, 1812); who has also published a curious *facsimile* of the manuscript of the former (Göttingen, 1830). The former is in the old Saxon dialect, the latter in the Frankish.

The remains of the ninth century are more numerous and important. They are, "The Harmony of the Evangelists," in old Saxon, which has been published by Schmeller, under the title of "Heliand" (Stuttgart, 1830); and in Frankish, Otfried's "Krist, or Book of the Evangelists," published by Graff (Königsberg, 1831); — "Ludwigslied," or "Song of King Lewis the Third," in celebration of his victory over the Normans in 883 (Schilter, Thesau-

* Mustersaal aller Deutschen Mundarten, von J. G. RADLOF. 2 vols. Bonn: 1821–2.

† See Leitfaden zur Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur, von F. A. PISCHON. Berlin: 1843. 8vo.; and Denkmäler der Deutschen Sprache, von den frühesten Zeiten bis jezt, von F. A. PISCHON. 3 vols. 8vo. 1838–40–43, — a fourth volume to follow.

rus, Vol. II.);—"The Legend of Saint George" (editions by Sandvig, Copenhagen, 1783; Docen, Munich, 1813);—"The Song of the Samaritan Woman" (Schilter, II.);—and fragments of one or two psalms, and a poem on the Last Judgment.

The only relic of the tenth century is a Frankish fragment entitled "The Song of the two Henries," which has been published in Hoffmann's "Fundgruben" (Breslau, 1830); and of the eleventh century we have only "The Rhyme of Saint Anno," who was Archbishop of Cologne; and a fragment of an old rhyme chronicle entitled "Merigato," meaning the Great Home, or Garden of the World (edition by Hoffmann, Prague, 1834).

II. From 1100 to 1300. The poetry of the twelfth century, of which numerous monuments remain, consists chiefly of legends, prayers, hymns, and benedictions. Among these is heard occasionally the voice of a Minnesinger, chanting some fragment of chivalrous romance, as if by way of prelude to the universal chorus of love and heroism which bursts forth from the century following. Most worthy of note are, "The Legend of the Virgin Mary," by Wernher, monk of Tegernsee (edition by Oetter, Altdorf, 1802);—"The Song of Kaiser Karl," by Pfaffe Chunrat (edition by Grimm, under the title of "Ruolandes Liet," Göttingen, 1838);—"The Poem of Alexander," by Pfaffe Lamprecht;—the heroic romance of "King Rother;"—the legends of Pilate, of King Orendel, and of Saints Oswald and Ulrich, together with "The Litany of All Saints," "Contemplation of Death," "The Life and Passion of Christ," "The Laud of the Virgin Mary," and the oldest German form of "Reinhart Fuchs," by Heinrich der Glichsenäre.

The thirteenth century is the age of the Minnesingers, who filled the Swabian court with their love-songs, and poetic romances of chivalry. The names of more than a hundred of these have been preserved, with portions, at least, of their writings.* Of these the most celebrated are, Hartmann von Aue, author of "The Knight of the Lion," "Poor Henry," and "The Legend of Saint Gregory on the Stone";—Wolfram von Eschenbach, author of "Titurel, or the Guardian of the Grail," "Parcival," "Wilhelm von Oranse," and "Gottfried von Bouillon";—Heinrich von Ofterdingen, author of "King Laurin, or the Little Garden of Roses," forming part of the "Heldenbuch," to whom also some critics attribute the authorship of the "Nibelungenlied";—Konrad Fleck, author of "Flor and Blankflor";—Wirin von Gravenberg, author of "Vigalois, the Knight of the Wheel";—Gottfried von Strasburg, author of "Tristan";—Konrad von Würtzburg, author of "The Trojan War," "The Golden Smithy,"* "The Knight of the Swan," and several legends and tales;—Walther von der Vogelweide;—Herr Nithart;—Hugo von Trinberg;—Dietmar von Ast.

Speaking of the lyric poems of the Minnesingers, Mr. Taylor, to whom we are indebted for our numerous extracts, remarks: "Nothing can breathe more clearly the sentiments of innocent and tender affection than many of these little productions. Narrow and circumscribed as the field of such poetry may appear, its charms are diversified by the varied attractions of natural beauty and the impassioned tones of feeling. Admiration of his lady's perfections, joy in her smiles, grief at her frowns, and anxiety for her welfare, are expressed by the poet in a thousand accents of simplicity and truth; and if extravagance or affectation sometimes offends, it ought to be recollected that the bounds of taste were not then so accurately defined, nor the gallant spirit of chivalry so chastened, as to render unnecessary some allowance for the extravagance of a principle which was in the main generous, and at any rate conferred incalculable blessings on society, in advancing the interests and elevating the station of its most defenceless portion.

"It is surely difficult, in the perusal of many of these ancient songs, to abstain from partaking in the joyous hilarity, the frolic festivity of spirit, with which they seem to revel in the charms of Nature, as clothed in her most smiling forms. The gay meadows, the budding groves, the breezes and flowers

. . . 'di primavera candida e vermiglia,'

sparkle in the song; and the buoyant effervescence of youthful gayety is often in delightful keeping with the bounding rhythm and musical elegance of the verse." *

But the most important remains of this period are the noble old epic of the "Nibelungenlied,"† and a collection of heroic poems known by the name of the "Heldenbuch," or "The Book of Heroes."

The first stanzas of the song of the Nibelungen, like the overture of an opera, contain the theme of the whole piece.

"In ancient song and story, marvels high are told,
Of knights of high emprise, and adventures manifold;
Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting woe and fear,
Of champions' bloody battles, many marvels shall ye hear.

* Bodmer and Manessen. Sammlung von Minnesingern aus dem Schwäbischen Zeitpuncte, CXL. Dichter enthaltend. Zürich: 1758-9. 2 vols. 4to.

Benecke. Minnelieder, Ergänzung der Sammlung von Minnesingern. Göttingen: 1810-32. 2 vols. 8vo.

Müller. Sammlung Deutscher Gedichte aus dem XII., XIII., und XIV. Jahrhundert. 3 vols. Berlin: 1784-5. 4to.

Von der Hagen. Minnesinger. 4 vols. Leipzig: 1838. 4to. This collection of the Minnesingers embraces the Manessen, Jena, Heidelberg, and Weingarten collections.

Von der Hagen and Büsching. Deutsche Gedichte des Mittelalters. 3 vols. Berlin: 1808-20-25. 4to.

* Lays of the Minnesingers or German Troubadours of the 12th and 13th Centuries (London: 1825). pp. 123, 124.

† The most beautiful edition of the Nibelungenlied is Wigand's: Leipsic: 1840. It is adorned with numerous illustrations, and is a very beautiful specimen of typography.

"A noble maid and fair grew up in Burgundy,
In all the land about, fairer none might be;
She became a queen full high, Chrimhild was she hight;
But for her matchless beauty fell many a blade of might."

The "Heldenbuch," though somewhat similar in character, is more heterogeneous in its materials. A brief account of both these works will be given hereafter, in connexion with the extracts from them. For a more complete analysis and criticism, the reader is referred to Weber and Carlyle.*

Passing over the Latin plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, who wrote in the eleventh century, and the Easter play of "Anti-Christ," also in Latin,† which is only a pantomime interspersed with songs, belonging to the twelfth century, the earliest traces of the German drama belong to the close of this period. At a much earlier time, and as far back as the eleventh century, mention is made by the chroniclers of mimes and players who frequented the courts of princes and amused their audiences with all kinds of pantomime. Nothing, however, is said of their enacting plays, and it is evident that they were not comedians, but jugglers; a race of vagabonds, who, early in the twelfth century, came under the ban of the civil law, being ranked with prize-fighters and common thieves.‡ The earliest play in which the German language is introduced is a Mystery entitled "The Passion of Christ" (*Das Leiden Christi*).§ It is written for the most part in Latin, but with here and there a song in German, and contains a representation of the principal events of the Saviour's life, which are made to follow each other in rapid succession, without interlude or change of scene. In fact, the whole piece is little more than certain portions of the Evangelists, changed from the narrative to a dramatic form; and this so unskilfully, that, at times, the extracts are brought into curious juxtaposition by the omission of the context. For example, when Zaccheus is called down from the sycamore-tree with the words, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house," he replies immediately, "Lord, if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." In the course of the play, the Devil enters, seizes upon Judas, and hangs him in the most summary manner. The stage direction is, "*Statim veniat diabolus, et ducat Judam ad suspendium, et suspendatur.*" In one point of view this mystery is of some importance. It shows the transition from Latin to German in dramatic composition, and fixes this transition as early as the thirteenth century. That plays, entirely in the German language, were written before the close of this century, seems probable from a fragment still extant, entitled "The Nativity of Christ."* In this fragment, Saint Augustine is represented as calling upon Virgil to give an account of what he knows concerning Christ; the author being apparently one of those theologians of the Middle Ages who regarded Virgil as a prophet, on account of the well known passage in his fourth Eclogue.

III. From 1300 to 1500. This period, though far less important than the preceding, is marked by the same general characteristics. We have still romances, rhyme-chronicles, songs, legends, paraphrases, prayers, hymns, and finally a death-dance, and the lamentation of that damned soul which goes wailing in the darkness of the Middle Ages through all lands. But the Muse assumes a more prosaic garb, the Minnesingers give place to the Mastersingers, the artist sinks to the artisan, the profession to a trade.

"Far back towards the thirteenth century," says Grimm,† "until which time nothing but the long-drawn strains of old heroic poems had been sung and heard, a wondrous throng of tones and melodies resounds at once, as if rising from the earth. From afar we fancy we hear the same key-note, but, if we come nearer, no tune is like another. One strives to rise above the rest, another to fall back and softly to modulate the strain; what the one repeats, the other but half expresses. If we think, too, of the accompanying music, we feel that this, on account of the multitude of voices, for which the instruments would not have been enough, must have been simple in the highest degree. It must have rested mainly on the rhymes, and have been wanting in harmony, though not, indeed, devoid of melody. A thousand pure and varied colors lie there outspread, succeeding each other in glaring brilliancy, and very seldom intermixed; and this is the reason that all the Minnesongs, even the most diversified, seem still to resemble each other. These poets called themselves Nightingales; and, certainly, no comparison can express, more strikingly than that of the song of birds, their rich and unattainable notes, in which, at every moment, the ancient warblings recur always with new modulations. In the fresh and youthful Minnepoesy, all art has acquired the appearance of nature, and is, too, in a certain sense, purely natural. Never before, and never since, has a poetry so innocent, so loving, so unaffected, left the human soul to step upon the earth, and it may be said with truth, that the mysterious nature of rhyme was never so fully recognized nor so publicly employed by a poetizing people.

"A few centuries later, we no longer see courts, at which minstrels arrive to gladden the

* Illustrations of Northern Antiquities (by Weber and Jamieson). Edinburgh: 1814. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by Thomas Carlyle. 4 vols. Boston: 1838-9.

† Published in Pezius, Thesaurus, Vol. II., Part III., 187.

‡ See Sachsenspiegel, Book I., Art. 38.

§ Published in Aretin, Beiträge zur Geschichte und Literatur. Vol. VII., p. 497.

* Published in Dietrichius, Specimen Antiquitatum Biblicarum. Marburg: 1642. p. 122.

† Über den altdeutschen Meistergesang. Von Jacob Grimm. Göttingen: 1811. 8vo.

revel with their songs, and to exalt the liberality of the lord with their ingenious eulogy. We find quiet shut-up cities, within whose walls honest burghers dwell, who practise among themselves a singular and rigid art. If we examine this more closely, it has not at all the aspect of a new invention. No reason whatever can be imagined, why the burgher class should have introduced among themselves a peculiar art of rhyme. Many affirm, that they guarded with pride and fidelity what had come down from former times. Every other ornament is far removed from their poetry; but the rhymes stand solitary in the ancient places, where they no longer rightfully belong, and without significance, as the memorials of a lost possession are continued long after their meaning has ceased to be remembered. The later Mastersong has been hitherto entirely misapprehended, and its ancient origin has not been observed, in its very awkwardness. I affirm, that its appearance would be inexplicable to us, if we could not go back to the very first bloom of the Minnesong. For, the more firmly and fatally any thing whose glory has departed is adhered to, the more excellent and solid must have been the groundwork; and without enthusiasm at the beginning, it is impossible to understand the reverence with which a people can remain faithful to the empty dogmas of a creed. These two periods, therefore, must necessarily refer to each other; and yet in each there is a point not easily settled, where they are not intimately united."

The most noted poetic writers of the fourteenth century are *Ulrich Boner*, author of the "Edelstein," a collection of one hundred fables (edition by Benecke, Berlin, 1816); — Johannes Frankenstein, author of a poem on the Life and Passion of Christ; — Heinrich Frauenlob, the last of the Minnesingers; — Ottokar von Horneck, author of a rhyme chronicle; — Peter der Suchenwirth, author of a hymn to the Virgin; — Heinrich der Teichner, author of poetic aphorisms; — Halb Suter of Lucerne, famous for his ballad of "The Battle of Sempach"; — and two Mastersingers, Muscatbluth, and Heinrich von Müglin. Two allegorical poems also grace the century: "Gott Amor, or the Lore of Love," and "The Chase, a Poem on Love."

In the poetic catalogue of the fifteenth century the most distinguished names are Heinrich von der Neuenstadt, author of the romance of "Apollonius of Tyre"; — Hans von Bühel, author of "The Seven Wise Masters"; — Hermann von Sachsenheim, author of the romance of "The Moorish Princess"; — Veit Weber, the Swiss ballad-singer; — Sebastian Brant, author of "The Ship of Fools" (edition of Basel, 1494), upon which Geiler von Kaisersberg wrote sermons in Latin, and preached them in German; — Kaspar von der Roen, who rewrote most of "The Book of Heroes"; — and three dramatic writers, Hans Rosenblüt, a Nuremberg painter, Hans Folz, a Nuremberg barber, both authors of sundry Shrove-tide plays; — and Theodorich Schernberg, a priest, who wrote the solemn mystery of "The Apotheosis of Pope Joan, or the Play of Frau Jutta," the grandest drama Germany had yet wondered at. No less than five and twenty personages are introduced; the most remarkable of which are eight Devils, Lillis, the Devil's mother, three Angels, Christ, the Virgin Mary, Pope Basilius, four Cardinals, a Roman Senator, and Death. The scene changes from Hell to Heaven, from Earth to Purgatory. The first scene is in Hell. The devils hold counsel how to lead Jutta into some deadly sin against the church. A priest seduces her, and she elopes with him to Paris, where, disguised as a man, she studies theology. From Paris she goes to Rome; is made Cardinal in one scene, and Pope in the next. This strange anomaly in the apostolic succession calls down the vengeance of Heaven; and an angel is sent to her to ascertain whether she prefers eternal perdition, or humiliation and repentance. She promises the latter. Death enters, and, after a long disputation, she dies in child-bed, and a devil bears her away to Hell, where she is tormented by Lucifer and his attendants, in the vain hope that she will deny God. She prays to the Virgin for mercy; and finally an angel descends and conducts her up to Heaven. * — To the close of the fifteenth century belongs also the renowned "Reineke Fuchs" of Heinrich von Alkmaar.

IV. From 1500 to 1600. The sixteenth century was the golden age of the Mastersingers. These poets were for the most part mechanics, who had incorporated themselves into guilds or singing schools, and beautified their daily toil by the charms of song.

"As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flower of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom."

The corporation boasted of great antiquity; dating from a very early though rather indefinite period, far back in the Middle Ages. It was originally called the Corporation of the Twelve Wise Masters. The Mastersingers flourished chiefly in the southern cities of Germany, and in the sixteenth century Nuremberg was the great metropolis of their song-craft. The following sketch of their art is from the "Retrospective Review," Vol. X., p. 113.†

"In the fourteenth century, while Germany was kept in continual agitation by the feuds and broils of rival princes and barons, there sprang up among the inhabitants of the towns, who devoted themselves to commerce and the

* See Bouterwek. Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit. Vol. IX., p. 363.

† See also Lays of the Minnesingers, p. 309, and Bouterwek's Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit, Vol. IX., p. 270.

arts, the first perceptible germ of those municipal orders, which for so long a time rendered prosperous and flourishing the incorporated cities of that country; and which, in England, even at this day, is a remarkable feature among our popular institutions. Already in the thirteenth century, the masons in all parts of Germany had formed themselves into a strict corporation, which with uniform laws and ceremonies received into its bosom apprentices, companions, and masters; and which, throughout all Europe, erected to the Divinity those sublime temples which have since been denominated *Gothic*. In the fourteenth century, all the arts and trades imitated the example of the masons, by dividing themselves into different societies; and, as moral bodies, took part in the administration of public affairs, and deliberated in municipal council upon laws for their internal regulation. These incorporated mechanics usually met together on holidays; and, after the disposal of civil business, either read, in the long winter evenings, the chronicles of their country, or the ancient Nordic poems and erotic ballads. These readings could hardly fail to suggest in many the idea of entertaining the company with some composition of their own. And there can be little doubt, that the readings of these assembled artisans were the main cause that awakened in many a bosom the dormant spirit of poetry, in that unlettered age.

"The elementary step towards organization being thus imperceptibly compassed, they proceeded quite naturally to select the most excellent from among their company, and, by common consent, established a poetic corporation under the name of *Master-singers*. Adopted in a particular city, the genius of the German population soon fastened on the fascinating novelty, and bore it onwards. The intimate, uniform, and constant relations, which subsisted between the artisans of those times and those countries, materially hastened its dissemination, and rendered it universal. The birthplace of this poetic phenomenon was Mentz. Thence it passed rapidly into the other cities of Germany, particularly Augsburg and Nuremberg. The masters of Mentz, to give celebrity to their new institution, taught their pupils that this school of Magistral Song was founded from ancient time, by very noble and illustrious persons, — and they named the following: —

"1. Walter, Lord of the Vogelweide; 2. Wolfgang Eschenbach, cavalier or knight; 3. Konrad Marner, cavalier; 4. H. Frauenlob, of Mentz, and, 5. H. von Müglin, of Mentz, theologicians; 6. M. Klingsohr; 7. M. Starke Papp; and five honorable burghers, namely, 8. Bartholomew Regenbogen, a blacksmith; 9. The Roman of Zwickau; 10. The Chancellor, a fisherman; 11. Konrad of Würtzburg; and, 12. Stoll, senior.

"They affirmed, moreover, that the Emperor Otho the First, in the year 962, cited these twelve to appear at the University of Pavia. There they were publicly examined by the professors, in the presence of a multitude of learned persons, and acknowledged masters in their art. On this occasion, Otho presented these masters and their academy with a diadem of gold, to adorn and crown him who should come off the victor in song. The documents relative to these transactions were preserved for seven hundred years in the archives of Mentz, whence they were taken and carried into Alsace, at the time of the Smalkaldic war.

"It is easy to perceive that this history is an artful invention of the founders of the Magistral Song, to give more importance and sanctity to their corporation. The singers of Augsburg and Nuremberg had, notwithstanding, each of them their own *protomasters*, — twelve, also; but they dated from more recent times, and did not clash with the preëminence of Mentz: on the contrary, they mentioned the masters of that school in their songs always with profound respect.

"Be that as it may, we have indicated with great historical precision the epoch in which this sect originated, whose aim was to promote the development of music and poetry among the German people. To accomplish this, the Masters of the Song assembled together on holidays, generally in the evening, either in the halls of the arts, or in the churches, and there performed their poetico-musical exercises.

"It was their custom, by written placards, handsomely ornamented, and exposed in all the public places, to invite the lovers of the fine arts to these assemblies; and the ceremony was arranged as follows. The concurrents for the distinction of *Master* placed themselves, one after the other, in a high chair, whose elevation gave it the appearance of a cathedral throne. By the side of the concurrent sat four judges, — *Mercker*, — one of whom was to pronounce upon the subject of the song; to the second belonged its prosody; the rhymes to a third; and a fourth kept an account of its melody. So that, to arrive at the mastership, it was not simply requisite to be a good poet, but the candidate must set his verses to music, and sing them too!

"On mounting the rostrum, the performer first briefly complimented the masters and the audience. He then set forth the subject of his poem, — its particular form, whether of three, five, or seven strophes, — the quality of the rhymes, or verses, — and lastly, the melody he proposed to adopt. Of all this the judges kept an exact account. In this manner, one after the other, the contending parties sang their compositions from the chair; and when they had all finished, the judges began to examine, from hand to hand, the poem of each competitor, in the quadruple relation already pointed out. This examination over, they called the ordinary president of the assembly, if he did not happen to be among the concurrents; but if otherwise, one of the ancient masters; and gave in their judgment to him. The president

then ascended *in cathedram*, having at each side two judges, and proceeded, with a loud, intelligible voice, to announce the judgment. This comprehended, first, the adjudication of the crown to the most distinguished poet; then, that of the garland to the next best; and finally, the penal sentence against those who had neglected the rules of the art. At the sound of trumpets and other instruments, the two victor poets now approached the president, who placed upon their heads the insignia of their triumph, amid the shouts of the acclaiming auditory. The bursar went his rounds with a bag, into which all who had incurred a penalty dropped it acquiescingly, as he passed along. This was the signal for the society to separate, which they now did, with a handsome *renvoy* to the audience; and its members, in good harmony, repaired either to one of their *cafés*, or some public room. There, seated at the festive board, their only themes poetry and the fine arts, they passed the brimming beaker in quick succession; and improvisation, in those rhymed couplets which are called *knittelverse*, became the order of the night. Woe to him who had not always a rhyme at his fingers' ends, or some burlesque idea to compensate for it! for he would have been the butt of the company.

"Such were the singular customs of the Mastersingers; but yet more singular than these customs were the laws upon which they grounded their judgments. It would be foreign to the purpose of an article like the present, to particularize the many strange regulations and absurdities of their poetic code; but it may be remarked, that they fettered the freedom of the Muse with every impediment that an ingenious fancy could devise.* They had thirty-two laws for the *minutiæ* of composition, which it was compulsory on each candidate to observe; and to the infraction of any one of these was annexed a penalty, often as fanciful as the law itself. With such obstacles to the attainment of perfection, even upon their own principles, a freedom from faults was almost altogether impossible; consequently, those performers who numbered the fewest errors were crowned as conquerors. Deducting these aberrations of the victors, the next business was to count the faults of the vanquished; and every syllable in excess of such deduction was expiated by a small pecuniary fine, the product of which went towards the entertainments, and similar expenses.* All the certaminal or *master* songs were performed in the high German language, from which no deviation was tolerated under any circumstances. Nor was the plea of his own particular provincial idiom of any service to the offending singer. If he was ignorant of the Teutonic language, he was desired to go back and study in the received standards: — these were the Bibles of Wittemberg, Nuremberg, and Frankfort, and the public records of the lordships and principalities of the empire. It ought to be mentioned here, that the *harmonies* or tunes of the Mastersingers were of high antiquity, and held in great reverence by that extraordinary body. They are said, indeed, to have preserved, traditionally, the ancient melodies of the Minnesingers, or love-minstrels; more especially those which were supposed to belong to the twelve founders of the school of song. According to some writers, there were not less than four hundred of these melodies; and their names were singular enough. There was the *Feilweis*, or Melody of the File; the *Preisweis*, or Melody of Praise; *Zarte Buchstabenweis*, the Tender Melody of Letters; *Geschwinde Pflugweis*, the Quick Melody of the Plough. Besides these, the High *Allegro* Melody of Praise, the Hard Melody of the Field, the Long Tail of the Swallow, and the Long, Double Harmony of the Dove, were among their constant and familiar favorites. In the certaminal exercises, the singers were confined to a rigorous observation of the ancient metres as well as notes of these melodies. But the composition of original airs was not, on that account, discouraged; and many of these, in manuscript, are to be found in the library of Traubot at Leipzig, and in that of Vienna, and others.

"Such rules and institutions, it is evident,

* "Every song or poem, for instance, had its given number of rhymes and syllables, prescribed and limited by the master; and every singer, poet, or judge, was obliged to count them upon his fingers. The song (*Bar*) was confined to three, five, or seven stanzas, or verses (*Gesetze*), which were divided into two principal strophes (*Stollen*), each finishing with a crotchet, and sung to the same air; then followed the antistrophe (*Abgesang*), in a different melody; and, ordinarily, the song terminated with a strophe, set to the same melody as the two former. The rhymes, or verses, employed in these songs, or poems, were of seven sorts. They had their dumb or mute rhymes, called *Stumpfe Reime;* sounding rhymes, or *Klingende Reime;* sounding and beating rhymes, *Klingende Schlagreime;* modes, or blank verses, *Weisen, oder einfache Verse;* pauses, *Pausen;* coronets, *Krönlein;* and their mute, beating rhymes, or *Stumpfe Schlagreime.* To each and all of these verses were assigned their several stations in the poem, and often under such hampering restrictions as must have been very prejudicial to the sense. Neither was it allowable to change this arbitrary location, under any color of poetic license; for the principal merit in these compositions was their punctilious adaptation to a mechanical standard, from which any signal departure was punished by fine and disqualification for the prize."

* "This syllabical assessment of the penalties was another peculiar feature in the institution of the Mastersingers; and, from the impossibility of a strict adherence, on the part of any performer, to such a vexatious canon of composition, must have been a very material and equally certain source of revenue. *Exempli gratiâ:* a verse too long, or too short, received its punishment syllable by syllable; a word too hard, or too soft, — a note too high, or too low, — a change of measure, or of melody, — a pause omitted, or introduced, — a strophe more, or less, than the regulation, — rhythm violated, — rhyme neglected, — and twenty other such mechanical *minutiæ*, paid their forfeit according to the syllabic tariff."

were little calculated to kindle the flame of poetry in ordinary bosoms. And if these meetings of the United Artisans did not produce any first-rate geniuses, where is the wonder? Has even one, among all the literary academies of cultivated Europe, been able to achieve more? The Society of the Mastersingers has not been wanting, for all this, in many excellent consequences. Music and metre constituted its essential elements, and civilization felt her march quickened by their influence. It preserved, too, among the people recollections of antiquity, which else had undoubtedly perished; and called forth that patriarcho-biblical spirit, which rendered so venerable the burgher families and artisans of the cities of Germany; nay, more, universalized the high German idiom, and made it the language of the people. In the midst of its many curious arrangements, and fantastical and useless formalities, it had the peculiar merit to become the guardian of its native tongue, and transmit it pure through the deflux of barbarous ages."

The greatest poet of this period is Hans Sachs, the son of a barber, and by trade a cobbler. He was born in Nuremberg in 1494, and died there in 1575 at the age of eighty-two. Eight years before his death, he took an inventory of his poetic stock, and found that he had written, between the years 1514 and 1567, the immense number of 6181 pieces; namely, 4200 Mastersongs; 208 comedies and tragedies; 1700 comic tales; 73 miscellaneous lyrics; in all, thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, of which three have been published (Nuremberg, 1558 – 61). His writings are marked by shrewdness, good sense, and mother wit; and the portrait of him, by Hans Hoffmann, has a mingled expression of intelligence, drollery, and good nature. Adam Puschmann, his contemporary and friend, describes him, in a song upon his death, as seen in a vision on Christmas eve: "In the midst of the garden stood a fair summer-house, wherein there was a hall paved with marble, with beautiful escutcheons and figures bold and daring; and round about the hall were windows, through which were seen the fruits in the garden without; and in the middle, a round table covered with green silk; whereat sat an old man gray and white, and like a dove; and he had a great beard, and read in a great book with golden clasps." *

The other poetic names of this century are few in number. The most distinguished are Martin Luther, Johann Fischart, Ulrich von Hutten, Bartholomew Ringwaldt, Joachim Belitz, Heinrich Knaust, Paul Schede, Peter Denaisius, Ambrose Metzger, and Georg Hager. These, and a few others, are writers of songs and spiritual poems, which, with the anonymous popular ballads, make the chief part of the poetry of the period.

* Erlach. Volkslieder der Deutschen. Vol. I. p. 69.

V. From 1600 to 1700. This is, perhaps, the darkest period in German poetry. The distractions of the Thirty Years' War were fatal to literature. The old romantic spirit was entirely gone, and the little intellectual energy which remained was employed on the imitation of foreign models. The language, too, was much corrupted by the admixture of foreign words. Epic poetry had almost entirely disappeared; and lyric poetry, particularly that of the church, affords the most favorable specimens of the poetic talent of the age. The principal poets of this period are Jacob Ayrer, author of thirty tragedies and comedies and thirty-six Shrove-tide plays, in one of which, Priam, Ulysses, and Achilles are represented as suffering with the gout, and choose Hans Sachs to accuse Queen Podagra before the court of Jupiter, where Petrarch appears as her advocate; — Martin Opitz, author of various didactic, descriptive, and dramatic poems, and many translations; — Simon Dach; — Paul Flemming; — Andreas Gryphius, author of seven tragedies in rhymed Alexandrines; — Paul Gerhardt; — Johann Klai, author of legendary melodramas; — Hofmann von Hofmannswaldau; — Johann Rist; — Andreas Tscherning; — Kaspar von Lohenstein; — and Friedrich von Canitz. From these, and some twenty other poets of the seventeenth century, few translations have been made into English. The reader will find, however, numerous extracts from them in the collections of Matthisson and Erlach.*

VI. From 1700 to 1770. We at length begin to emerge from the Black Forest of German literature, "whence issuing, we again behold the stars." This first half of the eighteenth century is marked by a better and more national taste. The more congenial influence of English writers gains steadily upon that of the French; while the study of the ancient classic models becomes more and more apparent, and the language advances in purity, copiousness, and vigor.

The poets of this period are usually divided into groups or schools, as the Swiss, the Saxon, the Hamburg, and the Berlin schools. This division, though rather arbitrary, may conveniently be followed here; but, as the literary history of the period will be given more completely in the biographical sketches accompanying the extracts, it will be necessary to mention only some of the most distinguished names in the several schools. 1. The Swiss school; Haller, Bodmer, Breitinger, and Gessner. 2. The Saxon; Gottsched, Gellert, Gärtner, Lichtwer, Giseke, Kreuz, Weisse, and Cronegk. 3. The Hamburg; Hagedorn, Kramer, and Klopstock. 4. The Berlin; Gleim, Kleist, Uz, Ramler, and Lessing.

* Lyrische Anthologie, von Friedrich Matthisson. 20 vols. Zürich: 1803–7. 12mo. — Volkslieder der Deutschen, durch Friedrich Karl von Erlach. 4 vols. Mannheim: 1834–5. 8vo.

VII. From 1770 to the present time. This is the last and most important period of German literary history; illustrious with the names of Herder, Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller, and many others, which, though subordinate here, would have been of the highest distinction in any former age. This period is divided into three subdivisions. First, the Storm and Pressure Period (*Sturm-und-Drang-Periode*), so called from the restless spirit at work in literature, the best exponents of which are Schiller's "Robbers," and Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen." This period extends from 1770 to 1794. Second, the union of Goethe and Schiller, the Schlegel and Tieck school, and the modern Romanticists. This period extends from 1794 to about 1813. Third, the most recent period, from 1813 to 1844, embracing the patriotic poets of the War of Liberation, as Schenkendorf, Körner, and Rückert, the writers of the Destiny dramas, as Werner, Müller, and Grillparzer, and the living poets, as Uhland, Freiligrath, Auersperg, Herwegh, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and others.

Such is, in the briefest view possible, this wide and important portion of the field of German culture which lies between the present day and the middle of the last century. Here are the dwellings of Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing; there the farms of Voss, and Herder, and Jean Paul; and yonder the grave-yard, with Matthisson making an elegy, and other sentimental poets leaning with their elbows on the tomb-stones. And then we have the old and melancholy tale, — the struggle against poverty, the suffering, sorrowful life, the early, mournful death, — still another confirmation of the fact, that men of genius too often resemble the fabled son of Ocean and Earth, who by day was wafted through the air to distribute corn over the world, but at night was laid on burning coals to render him immortal.

One important portion of German poetry still remains to be noticed, — the great mass of Popular Songs, of uncertain date, and by unknown authors. The ancient German ballads are certainly inferior, as a whole, to the English, Danish, Swedish, and Spanish; but the German popular songs, blooming like wild-flowers over the broad field of literature from the fifteenth century to the present time, surpass in beauty, variety, and quantity those of any other country. Among their thousand sweet and mingled odors criticism often finds itself at fault, as the hunter's hounds on Mount Hymettus were thrown off their scent by the fragrance of its infinite wild-flowers. They exhibit the more humble forms of human life, as seen in streets, workshops, garrisons, mines, fields, and cottages; and give expression to the feelings of hope, joy, longing, and despair, from thousands of hearts which have no other records than these.

Many collections of these songs have been made, among which those of Eschenburg, Görres, Wolf, Bardale, Zarnach, Meinert, Erlach, Büsching, and Von der Hagen may be particularly mentioned. But the most popular collection of all is that published by Arnim and Brentano, under the title of "The Boy's Wonder-horn."* A youth on a swift steed comes riding up to the castle of the empress, bearing in his hand a beautiful ivory horn adorned with precious stones and little silver bells, which a fairy has sent to the empress as a reward for her purity. He leaves the horn in her hand, saying:

> "One pressure of your finger,
> One pressure of your finger,
> And all these bells around
> Will breathe a sweeter sound
> Than e'er from harp-string rang,
> Than e'er a woman sang."

"I know not how to praise this book as it deserves," says Heine.† "It contains the most beauteous flowers of the German mind; and he, who would become acquainted with the German people in their most love-inspiring aspect, must study these traditionary songs. At this moment the 'Wunderhorn' lies before me, and it appears as if I were inhaling the fragrance of the German linden. The linden plays a leading character in these songs; lovers commune beneath its evening shade; it is their favorite tree, perhaps because the linden leaf bears the shape of the human heart. This remark was once made to me by a German poet who is my greatest favorite, namely, — myself. Upon the title-page of the volume is a boy blowing a horn, and when a German in a strange land looks upon it for any length of time, the most familiar notes seem to greet his ear, and he is almost overcome with homesickness; as was the Swiss soldier who stood sentinel on the Strasburg tower, and when he caught the herdsman's note, flung down his pike, swam across the Rhine, but was soon retaken, and shot as a deserter. The 'Knaben Wunderhorn' contains the most touching song upon it, a song full of beauty.

"In these popular ballads there is an indescribable fascination. The poets of Art strive to imitate these productions of Nature, as men concoct artificial mineral-waters. Yet, when by chemical process they have discovered the component parts, the all-important something escapes them still, namely, the sympathetic power of Nature. In these songs one feels the heart-beatings of the German people; here reveals itself all the sombre joyousness, all the idle wisdom of the nation; here German anger drums its measure, here German jest pipes its notes, and here German love blends its kisses; here drop the generous wines, and here, the unaffected tears of Germany; the latter are oft

* Des Knaben Wunderhorn. Alte Deutsche Lieder gesammelt von L. A. v. Arnim und Clemens Brentano. 3 vols. Heidelberg: 1809-19. 8vo.

† Letters Auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by G. W. Haven. Boston: 1836. 16mo.

more costly than the former, for iron and salt are there commingled.

"It is, for the most part, wanderers, vagabonds, soldiers, travelling scholars, and journeymen,* who composed such songs. The greater part, however, we owe to the journeymen. How often, in my pedestrial journeys, have I associated myself with this last class of travellers, and remarked, how, when they were excited by any unusual event, they would improvisate a snatch of native song, or whistle aloud in the free air! Even the little birds that rested upon the branches listed to the song, and when another lad, with knapsack and wanderer's staff, came sauntering by, the little birds whistled the fragment in his ear, then he adjoined the wanting lines, and the song was finished. The words fall from heaven upon the lips of such a wanderer, and he has only to speak them forth, and they are sweeter than all the beautiful poetic phrases which we delve from the depths of our hearts."

In conclusion, it may be remarked, that what Thomas Fuller said of the Bible may also be said of German literature: "Wheresoever its surface doth not laugh and sing with corn, there the heart thereof within is merry with mines, affording, where not plain matter, hidden mysteries." But until recently a great portion of the English public perceived only the hidden mysteries, and not the laughing and singing of the corn. They seemed to think that German literature consisted only of ghost-stories, sentimental novels, and mystic books of philosophy. They started back in terror from the appalling spectre of a German metaphysician, as Dante from the form of Lucifer, when he beheld it looming through the misty atmosphere, and, like a windmill, whirling in the blast:

"*Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni*
Verso di noi; però dinanzi mira,
Disse 'l maestro mio, se tu 'l discerni.
Come quando una grossa nebbia spira,
O quando l' emisperio nostro annotta,
Par da lungi un mulin che 'l vento gira,
Veder mi parve un tal dificio allotta."

Many still form their idea of this literature from a poor translation of "The Sorrows of Werther"; others from some of Hoffmann's wild tales. Not finding these to their taste, they lose all patience; call the whole literature silly, rhapsodical, absurd, and immoral; and finally exclaim, with Danton in the French Assembly, "Gentlemen, in future let us have prose and decency!"

Before closing, it may be well to explain in a few words a form of speech that has been of late years much used in literary criticism, namely, the convenient expressions, *Objectivity* and *Subjectivity*. *Objectivity* is the power of looking upon all things as objects of art. The objective writer is an artist, who, forgetful of himself, sees only the object before him. All scenes and persons are described without betraying any of the describer's own peculiarities. The author is not seen in his book. He never speaks in his own person, nor is the reader reminded of him. Shakspeare and Scott are, perhaps, the most objective of writers. Their heroes are not portraits of themselves, but of objects out of themselves. In the same way, the old classic writers are for the most part objective. *Subjectivity*, on the other hand, is the power by which a writer stamps himself on all he writes, and gives it the coloring of his own mind. The author is never lost sight of in his work. We hear always the same voice, though somewhat counterfeited; see always the same face, though partially concealed under various masks. Most modern writers are subjective. Like Snug, the joiner, in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," they let half the face be seen through the lion's neck, and say, "I one Snug the joiner am!" or, like Moonshine in the same play, exclaim: "All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog." Such are the expressions, *Objectivity* and *Subjectivity;* from which the not very transparent mixture has been formed, called *Subjective-Objectivity*. This is the desirable power of seeing ourselves as others see us. Launce, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," seems to have a confused notion of it, when he says: "I am the dog; — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog; — O, the dog is me, and I am myself: — Ay, so, so."

In addition to the works already cited, for a more complete history of German literature, the reader is referred to Madame de Staël's "Allemagne"; — Franz Horn's "Poesie und Beredsamkeit der Deutschen," 3 vols., Berlin, 1822–4, 8vo.; — Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry," 3 vols., London, 1830, 8vo.; — Gervinus, "Geschichte der Poetischen National-Literatur der Deutschen," 5 vols., Leipzig, 1840–3, 8vo.; an excellent analysis of which may be found in the "North American Review," for January, 1844; — Menzel's "German Literature," translated by C. C. Felton, 3 vols., Boston, 1840, 12mo.; — Peschier's "Histoire de la Littérature Allemande," 2 vols., Paris, 1836, 8vo.; — Henry and Apffel's "Histoire de la Littérature Allemande," Paris, 1839, 8vo. Vast stores of the German literature of the Middle Ages may be found in the publications of the "Literarischer Verein," in Stuttgart, and the "Bibliothek der gesammten Deutschen National-Literatur," which was commenced in 1839, by Basse, in Quedlinburg. See also Mailáth and Köffinger's "Koloczaer Codex altdeutscher Gedichte," Pesth, 1817, and Grimm's "Altdeutsche Wälder," 3 vols., Cassel, 1813–16, 8vo.

* "In many of the German states, mechanics, after they have finished their apprenticeship, are obliged to wander through the country for two or three years, as alluded to in the text, and to sojourn for a longer or shorter period in the different cities and towns, in the capacity of journeymen, under the masters of their respective guilds."

FIRST PERIOD.—CENTURIES VIII.-XI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SONG OF OLD HILDEBRAND.

I HAVE heard say, that Hildebrand and Amelung agreed to go on a warlike expedition. These kinsmen made ready their horses, prepared their war-shirts, and girded on their chain-hilted swords.

As they rode to the meeting of heroes, Hildebrand, Herbrand's son (he was one of the wise, and questioned in few words), said to his companion: "If thou wilt tell me who was thy father, and of what people thou art sprung, I will give thee three garments."

"I am a child of the Huns," answered Amelung, "and our old people have told me that my father's name was Hildebrand. In former times he came from the East, flying the enmity of Otto-asa, and put himself with Theodoric and his blades.

"He left behind, in the land, a bride in child-bed, and a child without inheritance; and went to the South with Theodoric, where he stood many brunts.

"He was a man without connexions, not a match for Otto-asa; but he was a good soldier, while he strove under Theodoric, acquired domains, was his people's father, and dear to brave men. I do not believe that he is living."

"My worthy god Irmin in heaven above," quoth Hildebrand, "do not let me fight with so near a kinsman!" Then he untwisted golden bracelets from his arm, and imperial rings, which his king had given him, saying: "This I give thee, not without good will; I am thy father Hildebrand."

Amelung answered: "With willing soul be gifts taken, tit for tat. Thou art not of his age. Craftily thou seekest to deceive me: but I will convict thee out of thine own mouth. Thou art so advanced in years, that thou must be older than he. And shipwrecked men told me, that he died by the Wendel-sea,* in the West."

Then Hildebrand answered: "I well see thou hast in thy breast no Lord God, and carest naught for his kingdom. Go now, so God be willing," said Hildebrand; "I would we were parted. Sixty summers have I wandered out of my country, and sometimes I have joined archers, but in no borough did they ever fasten my legs; and now my nearest kinsman would aim his battle-axe at my neck, or I must bind his legs. Yet you may now easily, if your valor is up, win the spoils of the dead from one you should venerate, if you have any sense of right. He would be a base Ostrogoth," continued Hildebrand, "who should refuse thee battle, seeing thou so greatly desirest it. Good commoners, be judges which it is who flinches in the field, and which it is who ought to have our two coats of mail."

Then they let fly their ashen spears with such force that they stuck in the shields. Then they struck together their stone axes, and uplifted hostilely their white shields, till their loins and bellies quivered.

But the lady Utta rushed in between them: "I know," said she, "the cross of gold which I gave him for his shield; this is my Hildebrand. You, Amelung, sheathe your sword; this is your father."

Then she led both champions into her hall, and gave them meal and wine and many embraces.

* The Sea of Venice, the Adriatic.

FRAGMENT OF THE SONG OF LOUIS THE THIRD.

THEN took he shield and spear,
And quickly forward rode;
Willing to wreak revenge
Against his gathering foes.

Erelong he saw from far
The Norman force approach:
"Thank God!" said he aloud:
He saw what he desired.

The king rode bravely on,
And sang a Frankish hymn,
And all his people joined:
"Kyrieleison."

The song was sung;
The fight begun:
The blood shone in the cheeks
Of the merry Franks:
But no blade of them all
Fought so bravely as Ludovic.

FROM THE RHYME OF ST. ANNO.

BEFORE St. Anno
Six were sainted
Of our holy bishops;
Like the seven stars,

They shall shine from heaven.
Purer and brighter
Is the light of Anno
Than a hyacinth set in a golden ring.
This darling man
We will have for a pattern;
And those that would grow
In virtue and trustiness
Shall dress by him as at a mirror.
As the sun in the air,
Which goes between heaven and earth,
Glitters to both:
So went Bishop Anno
Between God and man.
Such was his virtue in the palace,
That the empire obeyed him.
He behaved with honor to both sides,
And was counted among the first barons.
At worship, in his gestures,
He was awful as an angel.
Many a man knew his goodness;
Hear what were his manners:
His words were frank and open;
He spoke truth, fearing no man.
Like a lion he sat among princes,
Like a lamb he walked among the needy.
To the unruly he was sharp,
To the gentle he was mild.
Widows and orphans
Praised him always.
Preaching and praying
Nobody could do better.
Happy was Cologne
To be worthy of such a bishop.

SECOND PERIOD.—CENTURIES XII., XIII.

MINNESINGERS.

CONRAD VON KIRCHBERG.

Count Conrad von Kirchberg was a Swabian, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century. He was the author of several songs, and this is all that is known of him.

May, sweet May, again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children, up, and see
All her stores of jollity!
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths, rejoice! In sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! we will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see:
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart and sight and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song:
Hark! how soft it floats along!
Courtly dames, our pleasures share!
Never saw I May so fair;
Therefore dancing will we go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

. . . . . .

Our manly youths,—where are they now?
Bid them up and with us go
To the sporters on the plain:
Bid adieu to care and pain
Now, thou pale and wounded lover!
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover.
Many a laughing lip and eye
Speaks the light heart's gayety;
Lovely flowers around we find,
In the smiling verdure twined,
Richly steeped in May-dews glowing.
Youths, rejoice! the flowers are blowing!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

O, if to my love restored,—
To her, o'er all her sex adored,—
What supreme delight were mine!
How would care her sway resign!
Merrily in the bloom of May
Would I weave a garland gay.
Better than the best is she,
Purer than all purity;
For her spotless self alone
I will praise this changeless one;
Thankful or unthankful, she
Shall my song, my idol be.
Youths, then join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

HEINRICH VON RISPACH.

Heinrich von Rispach, or the Virtuous Clerk, flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century, and lived as late as 1207, as he was

one of the combatants at the poetical battle of the Wartburg, which took place in that year.

THE woodlands with my songs resound,
As still I seek to gain
The favor of that lady fair
Who causeth all my pain.

My fate is like the nightingale's,
That singeth all night long,
While still the woodlands mournfully
But echo back her song.

What care the wild woods, as they wave,
For all the songster's pains?
Who gives her the reward of thanks
For all her tuneful strains?

In dull and mute ingratitude
Her sweetest songs they hear,
Their tenants roam the desert wild,
And want no music there.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH.

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH, one of the most voluminous poets of the Middle Ages, belonged to a noble family of the Upper Palatinate. He lived in the latter part of the twelfth century, and the first part of the thirteenth. But little is known of his private life, except that he supported himself by his poetical genius, and the liberality of the princes at whose courts he was entertained. Early in the thirteenth century, he was a dependent of Hermann, the landgrave of Thuringia. Towards the close of his life he returned to the castle of his ancestors, and about the year 1228, died and was buried in the church of our Lady of Eschenbach.

Wolfram von Eschenbach is more renowned for long narrative poems than for amorous ditties. Besides his traditional fame, as one of the champions in the poetic tourney at the Wartburg, his poems of "Parcival," "Titurel," and "William and Kiburg" have given him a lofty place among the German bards. The poem of "Parcival" treats of the Saint-Gréal, or Holy Grail, a relic in the form of a vase, made of a single emerald, and containing the holy sacrament, or, according to other traditions, the blood of the Saviour, collected by Joseph of Arimathea, and intrusted to the care of angels, who had long held it suspended in the air, beyond the sight of mortals. Titurel built a temple, according to a design traced by the hand of God, which contained the consecrated vase, and became the abode of a monastic and chivalrous order, who took the name of Templars. These persons were charged with the duty of watching over the relic, guarding the edifice, and protecting the kingdom. The king of Saint-Gréal was at the same time the ecclesiastical chief. The election of the king was determined by the will of God, the name of the chosen monarch being written miraculously on the vase itself. Parcival, one of the Knights of the Round Table, owed his elevation to a similar intimation of the divine will.

When sin had made great progress in the West, the Saint-Gréal was ordered by the Almighty to be transferred to the East. Parcival was at this time king of Saint-Gréal. The vase, the temple, the kingdom, and the order of defenders were all transported, in a single day, to India. A Christian tribe, who had preserved their religion in its primeval purity, lived there, surrounded by pagans, under the government of the renowned but mysterious Prester John. This treasure, according to the ancient traditions, had been in the possession of Titurel before Parcival, although the poem which bears his name was composed at a later period.

Another epic poem of Eschenbach is on the subject of William and Kiburg; the latter was the wife of William of Orange, whose sister had married Louis le Débonnaire, the son of Charlemagne. These poems, as Eschenbach left them, did not form a complete whole, but were afterwards arranged and completed by other poets. Eschenbach was received into the ranks of chivalry, as he takes good care to inform us; and it was in the character and quality of knight that he appeared at the poetic combat of the Wartburg. Like most cavaliers of the age, it is stated that Eschenbach could neither read nor write. A local tradition informs us, that he was visited in the chamber he occupied at Eisenach, in the house of one Gottschalk, by the familiar spirit of Klinsor the magician, who had arrived at Eisenach through the air, and taken lodgings with a warm citizen named *Hellegrave*, or Count of Hell. This malicious demon wrote on the wall of Eschenbach's chamber words signifying that the poet was no better than a *layman*, which meant in those days an ignoramus. The host of Eschenbach, in his zeal for the reputation of his guest, caused the stone on which the inscription was written to be taken out of the wall and thrown into the neighbouring stream of the Hörsel; but the room is still called "the dark chamber."

In consequence of the defect above mentioned in Eschenbach's education, — a serious one, it must be confessed, for a poet, — he was compelled to employ a reader, when he had occasion to make use of books, and to dictate to an amanuensis, whenever he composed. His poems generally were imitations of the Romance or Provençal literature, in which the spirit of chivalry was first breathed into verse. These poems sometimes took the form of a monologue, and sometimes that of a conversation with his characters, one of whom, a special favorite of the poet, was Dame Aventure.

As a poet, Wolfram betrays more of his own

individual character than is common in the poets of an early age. Many significant allusions occur in his works to his amours, successful or unsuccessful. He blames those who attempt to sing of love without having felt its ardors. In "Parcival," he complains at times of the mischievous god, and launches his reproaches against some hard-hearted fair one who had refused to listen to his wooings. His minor poems, however, breathe a satisfied spirit, and hint strongly that all the dames to whom his courtesies were offered did not turn a deaf ear to his prayers. In the poem of "Parcival," however, he shows more of the inspiration of chivalry and devotion than of love. He describes the untaught and simple youth of his hero, his chaste love, his innocence, his fidelity, and his trust in God. The practice of these virtues exposes him to great misfortunes, but also prepares him for the highest dignity, that of being king of the Saint-Gréal in the paradisaical country of the early Christians.

The poem of "William and Kiburg" bears a strong resemblance to the ancient épopée. The style is pure, vigorous, and concise, and the tone of the poem has less of the romantic exaltation and enthusiasm than was common at the time. The descriptions of battles are minute and faithful, and show the ready skill of one who has seen, and perhaps taken part in, actions similar to those he delineates. The love and constancy of William and Kiburg are fully and characteristically represented; and her heroic defence of the castle, during her husband's absence, is told with epic animation.

But of all his poems, that of "Titurel" contributed the most to his renown, as is proved by the numerous copies of it that were made during a series of ages. Many other productions of note, in the early periods of the German language, have been attributed to him, — as, for example, "The Adventures of Wolfdietrich," in the "Heldenbuch," — just as a great number of epic compositions by nameless bards among the early Greeks were popularly assigned to the mighty name of Homer.

Would I the lofty spirit melt
Of that proud dame who dwells so high,
Kind Heaven must aid me, or unfelt
By her will be its agony.
Joy in my soul no place can find:
As well might I a suitor be
To thunderbolts, as hope her mind
Will turn in softer mood to me.

Those cheeks are beautiful, are bright
As the red rose with dewdrops graced;
And faultless is the lovely light
Of those dear eyes, that, on me placed,
Pierce to my very heart, and fill
My soul with love's consuming fires,
While passion burns and reigns at will;
So deep the love that fair inspires!

But joy upon her beauteous form
Attends, her hues so bright to shed
O'er those red lips, before whose warm
And beaming smile all care is fled.
She is to me all light and joy;
I faint, I die, before her frown;
Even Venus, lived she yet on earth,
A fairer goddess here must own.

. . . . . .

While many mourn the vanished light
Of summer, and the sweet sun's face,
I mourn that these, however bright,
No anguish from the soul can chase
By love inflicted: all around,
Nor song of birds, nor ladies' bloom,
Nor flowers upspringing from the ground,
Can chase or cheer the spirit's gloom.

. . . . . .

Yet still thine aid, beloved, impart;
Of all thy power, thy love, make trial;
Bid joy revive in this sad heart,
Joy that expires at thy denial:
Well may I pour my prayer to thee,
Beloved lady, since 't is thine
Alone to send such care on me;
Alone for thee I ceaseless pine.

THE EMPEROR HENRY.

It is doubtful which Henry this is. Pischon hesitatingly calls him Henry, sixth emperor of that name, and the son of Frederic Barbarossa. If he was so, he died in 1197.

I greet in song that sweetest one
Whom I can ne'er forget,
Though many a day is past and gone
Since face to face we met.
Who sings this votive song for me,
Or man or woman, he or she,
To her, my absent one, shall welcome be.

Kingdom and lands are naught to me,
When with her presence weighed;
And when her face no more I see,
My power and greatness fade;
Then of my wealth I reckon none,
But sorrow only, for mine own:
Rising and falling, thus my life moves on.

. . . . . .

He errs, whose heart will not believe
That I might yet be blest,
Though never crown again had leave
Upon my head to rest:
This loss I might supply; but when
Her love was gone, what had I then?
Nor joy, hope, solace could I know again.

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Walther von der Vogelweide, one of the most distinguished of the Minnesingers, was

born in the latter half of the twelfth century, of a noble family belonging to the Upper Thurgau. The name Vogelweide (Bird-meadow) appears to have been taken from that of their castle. The poet led a wandering life; sometimes at the court of Frederic, the duke of Austria and Stiria; then kindly received by Philip Augustus, king of France; then remaining long at the magnificent court of the Landgrave of Thuringia, the great patron of the poets of his age, who instituted the poetical contest, called the War of the Wartburg, in which Walther took part. A work is still preserved, called "The Wartburg War," consisting of the alternate songs of the bards who took part in this poetical joust.

Tradition places the date of this tuneful tourney in the year 1207, the most brilliant epoch of ancient German poetry, not only for the illustrious names that have been handed down to our day, but for the impulse given to the ancient national and heroic poetry by unknown minstrels. Hermann, landgrave of Thuringia, had gathered round his court many of the most famous Minnesingers, who had celebrated in lays and ballads the warlike deeds of his martial house. Heinrich von Ofterdingen appears as the champion of the Austrian prince, throws down the gauntlet to all the poets, and offers to maintain the virtues of his hero against all the singing tribe, under penalty of being hanged in case of defeat. Walther, as court poet of the Thuringian prince, accepts the challenge, and enters the lists against Heinrich von Ofterdingen. Walther regrets that he is obliged to declare against the Duke of Austria and his brave cavaliers; then he praises the King of France, Philip Augustus, in whose reign the poetry of the North of France rivalled the glory of the Provençal muse, as the poet could testify from his own knowledge, for he had crossed the Rhine and visited the banks of the Seine. But in the course of the contest he partially recants, and sets the gracious duke above the monarch, calling him the sun; but the landgrave he compares to the brightness that precedes the sun. Ofterdingen complains of Walther, accuses him of playing an unfair game, and resorts to Klinsor of Hungary to sustain the supremacy of Austria. The other champions call for Stempfel of Eisenach, who stands ready with the halter; but Ofterdingen is protected by the landgravine, who intercedes in his defence. — The place of this scene was the great hall of the Wartburg castle, — a hall that still exists, and is shown as a monument of the joust.

After the arrival of Frederic the Second in Germany, Walther revisited the court of Vienna, where he was kindly received by Leopold the Seventh. In the contests between the temporal and spiritual powers, the poet showed himself an ardent friend of the empire, though he bewailed the bloody quarrels, and described them as accompanied by awful signs in the sky. These quarrels began with the excommunication of Otho, and ended only with the deposition of Frederic the Second, and the annihilation of the Hohenstaufen family; an event which Walther did not live to witness. The apparent cause of these conflicts was the promise made by Frederic to undertake a crusade immediately upon his elevation; a promise he was unable to keep, on account of domestic wars. The heart of Walther was divided between two great desires; the reëstablishment of the universal dominion of the German-Roman empire, and the power and majesty of his temporal chief. Since 1187, the Holy Sepulchre had been in the hands of the infidels, and Walther many times entreated the emperor to undertake the crusade he had promised at his coronation. Pressed by the importunities of Walther, the emperor finally resolved, in spite of many unfavorable circumstances, to embark at Otranto; but, falling sick, he was compelled to return, and encounter a new excommunication from the pope. Walther censures the bulls fulminated from the Vatican. The crusade, however, on which Walther's heart was set, at length came to pass, and the poet had the satisfaction and joy to bow, with his great emperor, at the tomb of the Saviour, redeemed from the infidels.

From this time forth, the poet's "life seemed to him rich and noble, because his sinful eyes had seen the Holy Land." The Emperor Frederic had made a triumphal entry into Jerusalem, at the head of his faithful Germans, on the 27th of March, 1229; the following Sunday he appeared in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and, taking the crown from the altar, placed it upon his own head. During this ceremony, the Germans sang a chant, and the grand-master of the Teutonic order pronounced a discourse in German. Walther was probably present at this spectacle, and saw the desire of his soul fulfilled, — the chief of the German empire and of the Christian world crowned with glory on the most sacred spot on earth.

No later events are mentioned in the poems of Walther, and the swan of ancient Germany appears to have died a short time after. His voice had resounded, as he says himself, more than forty years.

Walther seems to have adopted all the habits and manners of the wandering minstrels of the times. He travelled from court to court, generally received with honor, tarrying with the German princes who protected the arts of poetry and music, and sometimes at foreign courts, and was welcomed everywhere. He made no scruple to accept pensions and entertainments for his services. "It is true," says Raczynski,* "that knights possessing fiefs received presents of dresses, armor, and horses, and a great number of knights-errant, as well as bards and troubadours, resorted to the tourneys for this kind of alms; but the latter accepted whatever was offered them, particularly second-hand clothes. Walther boasts of never having taken

* Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne.

any such present. He sings his ballads, accompanying himself with the violin. He played this instrument also to enliven the dance, in imitation of the Dukes of Austria, Leopold and Frederic, who sung and managed the ball themselves." The proud and chivalrous baron and fiddler, Volker of the Nibelungenlied, did the same at the nuptials of Chrimhild.

But Walther sang not for princes alone. Love formed the theme of many a gentle ditty chanted by the bard, until late in life. He sings of the fair one's cruelty, by whose side he becomes like a feeble child; even a refusal, accompanied by her angelic smile, makes him happy. He paints her beauties with brilliant colors, and prefers the sight of her cheeks, clothed with the peach's downy hue, to the contemplation of the empyrean and the celestial car. Her praise of his poetry puts him in an ecstasy; and she it is, who inspires him to say, that "he who possesses the love of a noble woman holds all vice in scorn." Thus had love exalted the soul of Walther.

Walther's residence at the courts of princes, his superior genius, the dignity of his poetry, the cutting satire which he knew how to use with great effect, and his vehement patriotism gave him a powerful influence. His poems were the favorites of the emperor and the princes. His chief desire is the honor and repose of his country and of Christianity. The disunion of the temporal and spiritual powers, and the universal degeneracy of all classes and all ages, are the cause of his sorrows, and the theme of his perpetual complaints. He venerates the pope, as the spiritual head of the Christian religion; but he disapproves of the abuse of papal power. Among the vices of his time, the one which meets with his severest reprehension is that of immoderate drinking.

When old age approaches, Walther piously fixes his thoughts upon the region beyond the grave. "In this valley of tears, every joy departs, like the fleeting tints of the flowers, and dries up like the grass of the field." And therefore he lifts his eyes towards eternal felicity. His poems assume a graver character, and the gloomy feelings and dark anticipations, common to old men, often find utterance in them. He was deeply versed in the history of the saints. He had travelled much, and the old heroic spirit of Germany breathes with manly vigor in his patriotic songs. For Walther was a true poet; his voice was heard with respect and admiration, and he stood among the foremost men of his age.

There is a tradition that Walther was buried beneath a tree, within the precincts of the Minster at Würtzburg, and that he directed in his will that the birds should be fed at stated times on his tomb. This is the subject of one of the pictures recently executed at Munich, which is thus described by Raczynski, in his great work on German art. "The picture in the middle of the second wall shows us the figure of the poet reclining on the tomb. About it are flying little birds, which the children of the choir are feeding. This picture, executed by a modern artist with great simplicity, is the most pleasing of all. The idea is taken from an old tradition. Walther, according to all the testimonies, died at Würtzburg; his tomb was found in the court of the new Minster, surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation. A tree with heavy branches bent over the tombstone, and in its foliage were sporting thousands of little birds, drawn thither by the water and the food which, according to the last will of Walther, were daily placed upon his tomb. At a later period, this birds' food was altered by the monks into small loaves for themselves, on the anniversary of the poet's birth. An epitaph in Latin verse explains this pious legacy."

The poems of Walther have been published by Lachmann in the original text (Berlin, 1827–28), and translated into modern German by Simrock and Wackernagel.

When from the sod the flowerets spring,
And smile to meet the sun's bright ray,
When birds their sweetest carols sing,
In all the morning pride of May,
What lovelier than the prospect there?
Can earth boast any thing more fair?
To me it seems an almost heaven,
So beauteous to my eyes that vision bright is given.

But when a lady chaste and fair,
Noble, and clad in rich attire,
Walks through the throng with gracious air,
As sun that bids the stars retire,—
Then, where are all thy boastings, May?
What hast thou beautiful and gay,
Compared with that supreme delight?
We leave thy loveliest flowers, and watch that lady bright.

Wouldst thou believe me,—come and place
Before thee all this pride of May;
Then look but on my lady's face,
And which is best and brightest say:
For me, how soon (if choice were mine)
This would I take, and that resign,
And say, "Though sweet thy beauties, May,
I 'd rather forfeit all than lose my lady gay!"

'T was summer,—through the opening grass
The joyous flowers upsprang,
The birds in all their different tribes
Loud in the woodlands sang:
Then forth I went, and wandered far
The wide green meadow o'er;
Where cool and clear the fountain played,
There strayed I in that hour.

Roaming on, the nightingale
Sang sweetly in my ear;
And by the greenwood's shady side
A dream came to me there;

Fast by the fountain, where bright flowers
Of sparkling hue we see,
Close sheltered from the summer heat,
That vision came to me.

All care was banished, and repose
Came o'er my wearied breast,
And kingdoms seemed to wait on me,
For I was with the blest.

Yet, while it seemed as if away
My spirit soared on high,
And in the boundless joys of heaven
Was rapt in ecstasy,—
E'en then, my body revelled still
In earth's festivity;
And surely never was a dream
So sweet as this to me.

Thus I dreamed on, and might have dwelt
Still on that rapturous dream,
When, hark! a raven's luckless note
(Sooth, 't was a direful scream!)
Broke up the vision of delight,
Instant my joy was past:
O, had a stone but met my hand,
That hour had been his last!

HEINRICH VON MORUNG.

Very little is known of this poet. He lived in the first half of the thirteenth century.

My lady dearly loves a pretty bird,
That sings, and echoes back her gentle tone;
Were I, too, near her, never should be heard
A songster's note more pleasant than my own;
Sweeter than sweetest nightingale I 'd sing.
For thee, my lady fair,
This yoke of love I bear:
Deign thou to comfort me, and ease my sorrowing.

Were but the troubles of my heart by her
Regarded, I would triumph in my pain;
But her proud heart stands firmly, and the stir
Of passionate grief o'ercomes not her disdain.
Yet, yet I do remember how before
My eyes she stood and spoke,
And on her gentle look
My earnest gaze was fixed: O, were it so once more!

Hast thou seen
My heart's true queen
At the window gazing;
Her whose love
Can care remove,
All my sorrows easing?
Like the sun at first uprising,
She was shrouded,
And o'erclouded
Was my spirit,— now rejoicing.
Is there none
Whose heart can own
A generous, kindly feeling?
Let him aid me
Find that lady
Who from me is stealing;
That her beauteous smile may cheer me
Ere I go;
For love and woe
To the silent grave fast bear me.

Then upon
My burial-stone
Men shall write how dearly
She was prized,
And I despised,
I that loved sincerely;
Then the passing swain shall see
My complaining,
Her disdaining;
Such sad fate she dealt to me.

BURKHART VON HOHENFELS.

This poet also lived in the first half of the thirteenth century. Many of his poems were published by Bodmer.

Like the sun's uprising light
Shines that maid, before whom fade
Other charms, however bright;
As the stars at break of day,
Late so brilliant, fade away.

When my spirit light had flown
Wanton forth in pleasure's quest,
Then those beaming eyes have shone
O'er the rover's path, and led
Home to her from whom it sped.

When again its wing it took
Falcon-like for joy to soar,
Ne'er the gentle spell it broke;
Soon again it sought its home
In that breast it wandered from.

O'er it fear was ever coming
Lest its mistress, at the thought
That for other loves 't was roaming,
Vengeful all its joys might blight;
Therefore back it winged its flight.

GOTTFRIED VON NIFEN.

Gottfried von Nifen also belongs to the early part of the thirteenth century. Some of his songs were published by Bodmer, and others by Benecke in his "Ergänzung der Sammlung von Minnesingern." In a war with the Bishop of Costnitz, he and his brother were taken prisoners by the martial prelate.

Up, up! let us greet
The season so sweet!
For winter is gone,
And the flowers are springing,
And little birds singing,
Their soft notes ringing,
And bright is the sun!
Where all was dressed
In a snowy vest,
There grass is growing,
With dewdrops glowing,
And flowers are seen
On beds so green.

All down in the grove,
Around, above,
Sweet music floats;
As now loudly vying,
Now softly sighing,
The nightingale 's plying
Her tuneful notes,
And joyous at spring
Her companions sing.
Up, maidens, repair
To the meadows so fair,
And dance we away
This merry May!

Yet, though May is blooming,
And summer is coming,
And birds may sing,
What boots me the joy,
If my fair, too coy,
This heart will wring;
If that auburn hair,
Those eyes so fair,
Those lips so smiling,
Are only beguiling
And piercing my heart
With witching art?

DIETMAR VON AST.

Dietmar von Ast, Aist, or Eist, in the Thurgau, belongs to the twelfth, or, at the latest, to the beginning of the thirteenth century. In point of literary merit, he is one of the best of the Minnesingers. Some of his pieces are given by Pischon, Vol. I. p. 570.

By the heath stood a lady
All lonely and fair;
As she watched for her lover,
A falcon flew near.
"Happy falcon!" she cried,
"Who can fly where he list,
And can choose in the forest
The tree he loves best!

"Thus, too, had I chosen
One knight for mine own,
Him my eye had selected,
Him prized I alone:
But other fair ladies
Have envied my joy;
And why? for I sought not
Their bliss to destroy.

"As to thee, lovely summer,
Returns the birds' strain,
As on yonder green linden
The leaves spring again,
So constant doth grief
At my eyes overflow,
And wilt not thou, dearest,
Return to me now?

"Yes, come, my own hero,
All others desert!
When first my eye saw thee,
How graceful thou wert;
How fair was thy presence,
How graceful, how bright!
Then think of me only,
My own chosen knight!"

There sat upon the linden-tree
A bird and sang its strain;
So sweet it sang, that, as I heard,
My heart went back again:
It went to one remembered spot,
I saw the rose-trees grow,
And thought again the thoughts of love
There cherished long ago.

A thousand years to me it seems
Since by my fair I sat,
Yet thus to have been a stranger long
Was not my choice, but fate:
Since then I have not seen the flowers,
Nor heard the birds' sweet song;
My joys have all too briefly passed,
My griefs been all too long.

CHRISTIAN VON HAMLE.

Nothing is known of the history of this poet, except that he flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century.

Would that the meadow could speak!
And then would it truly declare
How happy was yesterday,
When my lady-love was there;
When she plucked its flowers, and gently pressed
Her lovely feet on its verdant breast.

Meadow, what transport was thine,
When my lady walked across thee,
And her white hands plucked the flowers,
Those beautiful flowers that emboss thee!
O, suffer me, then, thou bright green sod,
To set my feet where my lady trod!

Meadow, pray thou for the ease
Of a heart that with love is panting!

And so will I pray, that, her feet
On thy sod my lady planting,
No wintry snows may ever lie there,
And my heart be green as your vesture fair.

RUDOLPH VON ROTHENBERG.

This poet sprang from a noble family of the same name in the Aar-gau, in the time of Frederic the Second. He appears to have taken part in one of the crusades.

A stranger pilgrim spoke to me,
Unquestioned, of my lady bright:
He told me of her beauty rare,
How kind she was, how courteous, fair;
A tale it was of soft delight,
That o'er my heart came pleasantly.

"Heaven grant my love a happy day!"
Each other greeting thus denied,
Still does my spirit fondly say,
Ever, at morning's earliest ray;
And, ne'er forgot, at eventide,
My kind "goodnight" I constant pay.

Almost by reason was my frame
Deserted, when I left her last,
When fair she beamed upon my eye,
Bright as the glowing evening sky;
Joy in her favor was o'ercast
By sorrowing thoughts that o'er me came.

She bade me, when I from her went,
My sorrowing song to her convey;
And I would pour it now to her,
Could I but find a messenger,
Who, bearing to her hand the lay,
Might gracefully my song present.

And should one herald fail, away
Straight would I send a thousand more;
And should they all convey the song,
And dwell in concert soft and long
Upon the strain, — *perhaps* that hour
A thankful word my toil might pay.

HEINRICH HERZOG VON ANHALT.

This prince, surnamed "the Fat," was a poet of considerable distinction in his time. He died in 1267.

Stay! let the breeze still blow on me
That passed o'er her, my heart's true queen!
Were she not sweet as sweet can be,
So soft that breeze had never been.

O'ercome, my heart to her bows down;
Yet Heaven protect thee, lady, still!
O, were those roseate lips my own,
I might defy e'en age's chill!

Before that loveliest of the land
Well may the boaster's tongue run low:
I view those eyes, that lily hand,
And still toward where she tarries bow.

O, might I that fair form enfold,
As evening sweetly closed on us!
No, — that were more than heart could hold;
Enough for me to praise her thus.

COUNT KRAFT OF TOGGENBURG.

This poet belonged to the thirteenth century. His death took place in 1270.

Does any one seek the soul of mirth,
Let him hie to the greenwood tree,
And there, beneath the verdant shade,
The bloom of the summer see;
For there sing the birds right merrily,
And there will the bounding heart upspring
To the lofty clouds on joyful wing.

On the hedgerows spring a thousand flowers,
And he, from whose heart sweet May
Hath banished care, finds many a joy;
And I, too, would be gay,
Were the load of pining care away;
Were my lady kind, my soul were light,
Joy crowning joy would raise its flight.

. . . . . .

The flowers, leaves, hills, the vale, and mead,
And May with all its light,
Compared with the roses, are pale indeed,
Which my lady bears; and bright
My eyes will shine, as they meet my sight,
Those beautiful lips of rosy hue,
As red as the rose just steeped in dew.

STEINMAR.

This poet belongs to the middle of the thirteenth century. He sprang from a family in the Zürich-gau, or the Tyrol.

With the graceful corn upspringing,
With the birds around me singing,
With the leaf-crowned forests waving,
Sweet May-dews the herbage laving,
With the flowers that round me bloom,
To my lady dear I 'll come:
All things beautiful and bright,
Sweet in sound and fair to sight;
Nothing, nothing is too rare
For my beauteous lady fair;
Every thing I 'll do and be,
So my lady solace me.

She is one in whom I find
All things fair and bright combined;
When her beauteous form I see,
Kings themselves might envy me,

Joy with joy is gilded o'er,
Till the heart can hold no more.
She is bright as morning sun,
She my fairest, loveliest one;
For the honor of the fair,
I will sing her beauty rare;
Every thing I 'll do and be,
So my lady solace me.

Solace me, then, sweetest! — be
Such in heart as I to thee;
Ope thy beauteous lips of love,
Call me thine, and then above
Merrily, merrily I will sail
With the light clouds on the gale.
Dear one, deign my heart to bless,
Steer me on to happiness,
Thou, in whom my soul confideth,
Thou, whose love my spirit guideth!
Every thing I 'll do and be,
So my lady solace me.

CONRAD VON WÜRTZBURG.

CONRAD VON WÜRTZBURG flourished in the latter part of the thirteenth century. He died in 1287. His poems are very numerous, and have much merit.

SEE how from the meadow grass
Brilliant flowers and verdant grass!
All their hues now they lose: o'er them hung,
Mournful robes the woods invest,
Late with leafy honors dressed:
Yesterday the roses gay blooming sprung,
Beauteously the fields adorning;
Now their sallow branches fail:
Wild her tuneful notes at morning
Sung the lovely nightingale;
Now in woe, mournful, low, is her song.

Nor for lily nor rose sighs he,
Nor for birds' sweet harmony,
He to whom winter's gloom brings delight:
Seated by his leman dear,
He forgets the altered year;
Sweetly glide at eventide the moments bright.
Better this than culling posies;
For his lady's love he deems
Sweeter than the sweetest roses;
Little he the swain esteems
Not possessing that best blessing, — love's delight.

OTHO, MARGRAVE OF BRANDENBURG.

THIS prince reigned from 1266 to 1304. He was called "Otto mit dem Pfeile," Otho with the Arrow.

AGAIN appears the cheerful May,
On many a heart its joy it pours,
A thousand flowers their sweets display,
And what more blooming than the bowers?
Sweet is the various music there,
New clad in leaves the wild woods are,
And many a pensive heart this hour to joy restores.

And all the live-long day I 'll strive
For favor in my lady's eyes;
And must I die in gloom, nor live
To win and wear that peerless prize,
Yet am I still consoled to know,
That she the death-wound doth bestow,
That from her rosy lips the fatal sentence flies.

MAKE room unto my loved lady bright,
And let me view her body chaste and fair;
Emperors with honor may behold the sight,
And must confess her form without compare.
My heart, when all men praise her, higher swells;
Still must I sing how far the maid excels,
And humbly bow toward the region where she dwells.

O lady-love, be thou my messenger!
Say, I adore her from my inmost soul,
With faith entire, and love no maid but her;
Her beauties bright my senses all control;
And well she might my sorrowing fears beguile:
If once her rosy lips on me would smile,
My cares would all be gone, and ease my heart the while.

Two bitter woes have wounded me to death;
Well may ye ween, all pleasures did they chase;
The blowing flowers are faded on the heath;
Thus have I sorrow from her lovely face.
'T is she alone can wound my heart and heal:
But if her heart my ardent love could feel,
No more my soul would strive its sorrows to conceal.

THE CHANCELLOR.

THE name of the person designated by this title is unknown. An ancient ballad of "The twelve old Masters," calls him "a *fisher* in Steiermark."

WHO would summer pleasures try,
Let him to the meadows hie.
O'er the mountain, in the vale,
Gladsome sounds and sights prevail:
In the fields fresh flowers are springing,
In the boughs new carols singing,
Richly in sweet harmony
There the birds new music ply.

This is all thine own, sweet May!
As thy softer breezes play,
Snow and frost-work melt away.

Old and young, come forth! for ye
Winter-bound again are free;
Up! ye shall not grieve again.
Look upon that verdant plain,
Its gloomy robe no more it wears;
How beauteously its face appears!
He who 'mid the flowers enjoys
The sweetness of his lady's eyes,
Let him cast his cares away,
And give the meed of thanks to May.

From the heart's most deep recess,
Hovering smiles, intent to bless,
Gather on my lady's lips;
Smiles, that other smiles eclipse;
Smiles, more potent, care-dispelling,
Than the bank with flowers sweet-smelling,
Than the birds' melodious measures,
Than our choicest woodland treasures,
Than the flower-besprinkled plains,
Than the nightingale's sweet strains;
Fairer, sweeter, beauty reigns.

HEINRICH HERZOG VON BRESLAU.

Henry, the fourth of that name, entitled Herzog Heinrich von Pressela, reigned from 1266 to 1299. His poem, "The Poet's Complaint," has been much admired.

POET.

To thee, O May, I must complain,—
O Summer, I complain to thee,—
And thee, thou flower-bespangled Plain,—
And Meadow, dazzling bright to see!
To thee, O Greenwood, thee, O Sun,
And thee, too, Love, my song shall be
Of all the pain my lady's scorn
Relentlessly inflicts on me.
Yet, would ye all with one consent
Lend me your aid, she might repent:
Then, for kind heaven's sake, hear, and give
me back content!

MAY, &c.

What is the wrong? Stand forth and tell us
what;
Unless just cause be shown, we hear thee not.

POET.

She lets my fancy feed on bliss;
But when, believing in her love,
I seek her passion's strength to prove,
She lets me perish merciless;
Ah! woe is me, that e'er I knew
Her from whose love such misery doth ensue!

MAY.

I, May, will straight my flowers command,
My roses bright, and lilies white,
No more for her their charms expand.

SUMMER.

And I, bright Summer, will restrain
The birds' sweet throats; their tuneful notes
No more shall charm her ear again.

PLAIN.

When on the Plain she doth appear,
My flowerets gay shall fade away;
Thus crossed, perchance to thee she 'll turn
again her ear.

MEAD.

And I, the Mead, will help thee too;
Gazing on me, her fate shall be,
That my bright charms shall blind her view.

WOOD.

And I, the Greenwood, break my bowers
When the fair maid flies to my shade,
Till she to thee her smile restores.

SUN.

I, Sun, will pierce her frozen heart,
Till from the blaze of my bright rays
Vainly she flies,— then learns a gentler part.

LOVE.

I, Love, will banish instantly
Whatever dear and sweet I bear,
Till she in pity turn to thee.

POET.

Alas! must all her joys thus flee?
Nay, rather I would joyless die,
How great soe'er my pain may be.

LOVE.

Seek'st thou revenge? — saith Love,— then at
my nod
The paths of joy shall close, so lately trod.

POET.

Nay, then,—O, leave her not thus shorn of bliss!
Leave me to die forlorn, so hers be happiness.

ALBRECHT VON RAPRECHTSWEIL.

Of this poet nothing is known.

Once more mounts my spirit gay,
Once more comes the bloom of May;
See! upon the branches spring
Green buds, almost opening,
And the nightingale so fair
Sings herself to slumber there.
Honored be the songstress dear,
She who trains the branches here;
Ever may she happy be
Who inspires the birds and me
With this gladsome gayety.

She has angel loveliness;
Would she deign my heart to bless,—
She that sends me health and joy,—
Blest above all bliss were I,

Heaven would then be mine on earth,
For in her lies all my mirth.
With each lovely color she
Decks her fair face daintily;
Red, and white, and auburn there
Blend their beauties rich and rare;
And embosomed in her mind
All things fair and pure we find.

ULRICH VON LICHTENSTEIN.

Ulrich von Lichtenstein, a celebrated Minnesinger about the middle of the thirteenth century, has left the romance, "Frauendienst" (Lady-service); a curious and interesting picture of his age. It is in reality the chivalric life of the author; "having served," he says, "thirty-three years as a true knight, when he wrote his book." — He was educated in the chivalric virtues by the Margrave Henry of Austria, who taught him to talk of the ladies, to ride on horseback, and to write soft verses. — This romance is a series of wild adventures, illustrated by "dance-songs," "watch-songs," &c.

"Lady beauteous, lady pure,
Lady happy, lady kind,
Love, methinks, has little power,
So proud thy bearing, o'er thy mind.
Didst thou feel the power of love,
Then would these fair lips unclose,
And be taught in sighs to move."

"What is love, then, good sir knight?
Is it man or woman? say;
Tell me, if I know it not,
How it comes to pass, I pray.
Thou shouldst tell me all its story,
Whence, and where, it cometh here,
That my heart may yet be wary."

"Lady, love so mighty is,
All things living to her bow;
Various is her power, but I
Will tell thee what of her I know.
Love is good, and love is ill,
Joy and woe she can bestow,
Spreading life and spirit still."

"Can love banish, courteous knight,
Pining grief and wasting woe,
Pour gay spirits on the heart,
Polish, grace, and ease bestow?
If in her these powers may meet,
Great is she, and thus shall be
Her praise and honor great."

"Lady, I will say yet more:
Lovely are her gifts, her hand
Joy bestows, and honor too;
The virtues come at her command,
Joys of sight and joys of heart
She bestows, as she may choose,
And splendid fortune doth impart."

"How shall I obtain, sir knight,
All these gifts of lady-love?
Must I bear a load of care?
Much too weak my frame would prove.
Grief and care I cannot bear;
Can I, then, the boon obtain?
Tell me, sir knight, then, how and where."

"Lady, thou shouldst think of me
As I of thee think, — heartily:
Thus shall we together blend
Firm in love's sweet harmony, —
Thou still mine, I still thine."

"It cannot be, sir knight, with me;
Be your own, I 'll still be mine."

GOESLI VON EHENHEIM.

This poet, of whom only a few verses remain, belongs to the first half of the thirteenth century.

Now will the foe of every flower
Send forth the tempest of his rage;
List! how his winds the battle wage,
And blow the fields and woodlands o'er!
Him naught withstands: his giant power
Tears from the plat the rose away,
And withers up each floweret gay;
So sharp his rage is to devour.
For this the meads are sorrowing,
The birds are dumb, no longer song
Bursts the mute groves and hills among,
Chilled by cold snows; — yet still my love I sing.

THE THURINGIAN.

The name of this poet is unknown. He has been supposed by some to be the Landgrave of Thuringia, the patron of the Minnesingers at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and by others to be the same as Christian von Lupin.

The pleasant season must away,
The song of birds no more
Must echo from the verdant spray;
Chill frost asserts its power.
Where now is gone thy bloom,
Thy flowers so fair?
The verdant pride of mead and grove,
The leaf-crowned forest, where?
In the whitening frost their bloom is lost,
And gone are their joys as the things that were.

Nor frost nor snow o'er me have power
E'er since my heart hath known
Those laughter-loving lips, whose charms,
Just like a rose new-blown,

More sweet each passing hour,
The last outvie;
So lovely shines that lady fair,
Of deathless memory,
Whose form so bright is my heart's delight,
Like the eastern day to the watching eye.

WINCESLAUS, KING OF BOHEMIA.

This king belongs to the middle of the thirteenth century. Two songs and a watch-song by him have been preserved.

Now that stern winter each blossom is blighting,
And birds in the woodlands no longer we hear,
I will repair to a scene more inviting,
Nor will he repent who shall follow me there.
Instead of the flowers the plain so adorning,
Beautiful fair ones shall bloom like the morning;
O, what a vivid and glorious dawning!
Sweet smiles, sprightly converse, the drooping heart cheer.

Dares any one now, as in joy he reposes,
His happy hours crowned by the smiles of the fair,
Still love and lament for the summer's past roses?
Ill, then, deserves he a blessing so rare.
Mine be the joys which his heart cannot measure;
Might I behold but my heart's dearest treasure,
Forgotten were all in that exquisite pleasure,
E'en the tale I once told thee, — forgive it, my fair!

Beautiful one, to my heart ever nearest,
The solace of joy that remaineth to me
Rests in thy favor, thou brightest and dearest,
Me shall thy beauty from misery free;
Long may it cheer me, to happiness guide me,
And O might it be, when thou smilest beside me,
In that blessed moment such joy might betide me,
To touch those bright lips as they smile upon me!

LÜTOLT VON SEVEN.

Luithold von Savene, or Lütolt von Seven, was the lord of Hagenau. He died about 1230.

In the woods and meadows green,
May shines forth so pleasantly,
That the lovely prospect there
Joy enough might bring to me:
But I covet for my mind
Solace *none*,
Save this alone,
That my lady should be kind.

Happy, whom the song of birds
Gladdens, and the bloom of May;
He may take his fill of each,
Freely revel and be gay:
He may take his choice of joy;
Flowers fresh springing,
Birds sweet singing,
All in loveliest harmony!

Me my lady's favor glads
More than flowerets red or fair;
Song I want not, for her grace
Frees me from each pining care.
Well, then, may her noble smile
Pleasure give,
Pain relieve,
And my heart of grief beguile.

JOHANN HADLOUB.

Johann Hadloub, a native of Zürich, lived at the end of the thirteenth century. With him and two or three contemporaries closes the line of true Minnesingers, and for a long time also the poetic fame of Germany. He was the friend of Rudiger von Manesse, the judicious patron and protector of the Minnesingers, whose poems he collected and copied. This collection, embracing works of one hundred and thirty-six Minnesingers, was published by Bodmer and Breitinger.

Far as I journey from my lady fair,
I have a messenger who quickly goes,
Morning, and noon, and at the evening's close;
Where'er she wanders, he pursues her there.
A restless, faithful, secret messenger
Well may he be, who, from my heart of hearts,
Charged with love's deepest secrets, thus departs,
And wings his way to her!
'T is every thought I form that doth pursue
Thee, lady fair!
Ah! would that there
My wearied self had leave to follow too!

I saw yon infant in her arms caressed,
And as I gazed on her my pulse beat high:
Gently she clasped it to her snowy breast,
While I, in rapture lost, stood musing by:
Then her white hands around his neck she flung,
And pressed it to her lips, and tenderly
Kissed his fair cheek, as o'er the babe she hung.

And he, that happy infant, threw his arms
Around her neck, imprinting many a kiss;
Joying, as I would joy, to see such charms,
As though he knew how blest a lot were his.
How could I gaze on him and not repine?
"Alas!" I cried, "would that I shared the bliss
Of that embrace, and that such joy were mine!"

Straight she was gone; and then that lovely child
Ran joyfully to meet my warm embrace:
Then fancy with fond thoughts my soul beguiled;—
It was herself! O dream of love and grace!
I clasped it, where her gentle hands had pressed,
I kissed each spot which bore her lips' sweet trace,
And joy the while went bounding through my breast.

WATCH-SONGS.

The watch-song was a species of ballad, cultivated by the Minnesingers, representing stolen interviews between the lover and his mistress. They begin generally with a parley between the knight and the warder of the castle where his lady-love is dwelling, and end with the reluctant parting of the lovers.

The sun is gone down,
And the moon upward springeth,
The night creepeth onward,
The nightingale singeth.
To himself said a watchman,
"Is any knight waiting
In pain for his lady,
To give her his greeting?
Now, then, for their meeting!"

His words heard a knight,
In the garden while roaming:
"Ah! watchman," he said,
"Is the daylight fast coming,
And may I not see her,
And wilt not thou aid me?"
"Go, wait in thy covert,
Lest the cock crow réveillé,
And the dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that watchman
And called for the fair,
And gently he roused her:
"Rise, lady! prepare!
New tidings I bring thee,
And strange to thine ear;
Come, rouse thee up quickly,
Thy knight tarries near;
Rise, lady! appear!"

"Ah, watchman! though purely
The moon shines above,
Yet trust not securely
That feigned tale of love:
Far, far from my presence
My own knight is straying;
And sadly repining,
I mourn his long staying,
And weep his delaying."

"Nay, lady! yet trust me,
No falsehood is there."
Then up sprang that lady
And braided her hair,
And donned her white garment,
Her purest of white;
And, her heart with joy trembling,
She rushed to the sight
Of her own faithful knight.

I heard before the dawn of day
The watchman loud proclaim:
"If any knightly lover stay
In secret with his dame,
Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
Fly ere the daylight dawn!

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
In silvery splendor gay,
Rejoicing that the night is spent,
The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!
Take leave, before the night is done,
And jealous eyes appear!"

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
And banished my delight:
"Alas! the envious sun will part
Our loves, my lady bright!"
On me she looked with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
"We tarry here too long!"

Straight to the wicket did she speed:
"Good watchman, spare thy joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
The morning sun has broke:
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warned! on roof and mead
The dewdrops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hying to their covert dark,
And stags to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I viewed
In tears my lady's face:
She gave me many a token good,
And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourned;
The hearts, which erst with rapture burned,
Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,
Gave me that lady sheen,
And with me from the castle sped
Along the meadow green;
And whilst I saw my leman bright,
She waved on high her 'kerchief white:
"Courage! To arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
Reminds me of her love;
In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
I see her 'kerchief move;

Through foes I hew, whene'er I view
Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
"Lady, I fight for thee!"

THE HELDENBUCH, OR BOOK OF THE HEROES.

THIS is the title of a collection of old German poems, embodying a great variety of national traditions, from the time of Attila and the irruption of the German nations into the Roman Empire. They were written at different times, by various poets, the oldest of them belonging to the Swabian period. Among their authors, the names of Heinrich von Ofterdingen and Wolfram von Eschenbach are enumerated. Some of the old poems were remodelled in 1472, by Kaspar von der Roen, a Frank, and the oldest printed copies give the revised text. An edition was published at Berlin, in 1820–25, under the title of "Der Helden Buch, in der Ursprache, herausgegeben von Friedrich Heinrich von der Hagen, und Anton Primisser." It forms the second and third volumes of "Deutsche Gedichte des Mittelalters," the first volume of which appeared in 1808.

The first part contains the poem of "Gudrun," consisting of 6824 lines; "Biterolf and Dietlieb," consisting of 13510 lines; "The Great Rose-garden," consisting of 2464 lines; and a part of the "Heldenbuch" of Kaspar von der Roen. The second part contains the remainder, together with fragments of "The Song of Hildebrand."

The poem of "Gudrun" is made up of a variety of shorter pieces, and consists of three parts. The first relates the adventures of Hagen, son of Siegebant, the king of Ireland, who was stolen by a griffin, and grew up in the forests; and then, returning home a stout and stately hero, succeeded to the throne of Ireland. The second relates the adventures of Hagen's beautiful daughter Hilde, who is wooed and carried off by King Hetel of Hegelingen. The third and most important part relates the fortunes of Gudrun, the daughter of Hetel and Hilde, who is betrothed to Herwig of Seeland, but is seized and borne away into captivity by Hartmut, king of Normandy. Under all her trials she remains faithful to Herwig; and at last, after several years of endurance, is rescued by her brother Ortwin, and her lover, whom she thereupon marries.

The poems of "Biterolf and Dietlieb" and "The Great Rose-garden" come within the circle of the adventures of the Nibelungen. Many of the personages are the same in both; and the battles are but the preludes to the "Nibelungen Noth," with which they have the closest connexion.

But what is usually understood by the "Heldenbuch" is the collection of poems, as it was reproduced under this title by Kaspar von der Roen, consisting of four parts. The following analysis of these poems is given by Carlyle.*

"'The Hero-Book, which is of new corrected and improved, adorned with beautiful Figures. Printed at Frankfurt on the Mayn, through Weygand Han, and Sygmund Feyerabend.

"'*Part First* saith of Kaiser Otnit and the little King Elberich, how they with great peril, over sea, in Heathendom, won from a king his daughter (and how he in lawful marriage took her to wife).'

"From which announcement the reader already guesses the contents: how this little King Elberich was a Dwarf, or Elf, some half-span long, yet full of cunning practices and the most helpful activity; nay, stranger still, had been Kaiser Otnit of *Lampartei*, or Lombardy's father, — having had his own ulterior views in that indiscretion: how they sailed with Messina ships into Paynim land; fought with that unspeakable Turk, King Machabol, in and about his fortress and metropolis of Montebur, which was all stuck round with Christian heads; slew from seventy to a hundred thousand of the Infidels at one heat; saw the lady on the battlements; and at length, chiefly by Dwarf Elberich's help, carried her off in triumph; wedded her in Messina; and without difficulty, rooting out the Mahometan prejudice, converted her to the creed of Mother Church. The fair runaway seems to have been of a gentle, tractable disposition, very different from old Machabol; concerning whom it is here chiefly to be noted, that Dwarf Elberich, rendering himself invisible on their first interview, plucks out a handful of hair from his chin; thereby increasing to a tenfold pitch the royal choler; and, what is still more remarkable, furnishing the poet Wieland, six centuries afterwards, with the critical incident in his 'Oberon.' As for the young lady herself, we cannot but admit that she was well worth sailing to Heathendom for; and shall here give the description of her, as she first appeared on the battlements during the fight, in a version as verbal and literal as the plainest prose can make it. Considered as a detached passage, it is perhaps the finest we have met with in the 'Heldenbuch.'

* CARLYLE'S Miscellanies, Vol. II., pp. 326–333.

"'Her heart burnt (with anxiety) as beautiful just as a red ruby, like the full moon her eyes (eyelings, pretty eyes) gave sheen. Herself had the maiden pure well adorned with roses, and also with pearls small. No one there comforted the maid. She was fair of body, and in the waist slender; right as a (golden) candlestick well fashioned everywhere: her two hands proper, so that she wanted naught; her little nails fair and pure, that you could see yourself therein. Her hair was beautifully girt with noble silk (band) fine; she let it flow down, the lovely maidling. She wore a crown with jewels, it was of gold so red: for Elberich the very small the maid had need (to console her). There in front of the crown lay a carbuncle-stone, which in the palace fair even as a taper seemed; on her head the hair was glossy and also fine, it shone as bright even as the sun's sheen. The maid she stood alone, right sad was her mind; her color it was pure, lovely as milk and blood: out through her pure locks shone her neck like the snow. Elberich the very small was touched with the maiden's sorrow.'

"Happy man was Kaiser Otnit, blessed with such a wife, after all his travail; — had not the Turk Machabol cunningly sent him, in revenge, a box of young dragons, or dragon-eggs, by the hands of a caitiff Infidel, contriver of the mischief; by whom in due course of time they were hatched and nursed, to the infinite woe of all Lampartei, and ultimately to the death of Kaiser Otnit himself, whom they swallowed and attempted to digest, once without effect, but the next time too fatally, crown and all!

"'*Part Second* announceth (*meldet*) of Herr Hugdietrich and his son Wolfdietrich; how they, for justice' sake, oft by their doughty acts succoured distressed persons, with other bold heroes that stood by them in extremity.'

"Concerning which Hugdietrich, Emperor of Greece, and his son Wolfdietrich, one day the renowned Dietrich of Bern, we can here say little more than that the former trained himself to sempstress' work, and for many weeks plied his needle, before he could get wedded and produce Wolfdietrich; who, coming into the world in this clandestine manner, was let down into the castle-ditch, and like Romulus and Remus nursed by a wolf, whence his name. However, after never-imagined adventures, with enchanters and enchantresses, pagans and giants, in all quarters of the globe, he finally, with utmost effort, slaughtered those Lombardy dragons; then married Kaiser Otnit's widow, whom he had rather flirted with before; and so lived universally respected in his new empire, performing yet other notable achievements. One strange property he had, sometimes useful to him, sometimes hurtful: that his breath, when he became angry, grew flame, red hot, and would take the temper out of swords. We find him again in the 'Nibelungen,' among King Etzel's (Attila's) followers; a staid, cautious, yet still invincible man; on which occasion, though with great reluctance, he is forced to interfere, and does so with effect. Dietrich is the favorite hero of all those Southern fictions, and well acknowledged in the Northern also, where the chief man, however, as we shall find, is not he, but Siegfried.

"'*Part Third* showeth of the Rose-garden at Worms, which was planted by Chrimhild, King Ghibich's daughter; whereby afterwards most part of those Heroes and Giants came to destruction and were slain.'

"In this Third Part, the Southern or Lombard Heroes come into contact and collision with another as notable Northern class, and for us much more important. Chrimhild, whose ulterior history makes such a figure in the 'Nibelungen,' had, it would seem, near the ancient city of Worms, a Rose-garden, some seven English miles in circuit; fenced only by a silk thread; wherein, however, she maintained twelve stout fighting men; several of whom, as Hagen, Volker, her three brothers, above all the gallant Siegfried, her betrothed, we shall meet with again: these, so unspeakable was their prowess, sufficed to defend the silk-thread Garden against all mortals. Our good antiquary, Von der Hagen, imagines that this Rose-garden business (in the primeval Tradition) glances obliquely at the Ecliptic with its Twelve Signs, at Jupiter's fight with the Titans, and we know not what confused skirmishing in the Utgard, or Asgard, or Midgard, of the Scandinavians. Be this as it may, Chrimhild, we are here told, being very beautiful, and very wilful, boasts, in the pride of her heart, that no heroes on earth are to be compared with hers; and hearing accidentally that Dietrich of Bern has a high character in this line, forthwith challenges him to visit Worms, and, with eleven picked men, to do battle there against those other twelve champions of Christendom that watch her Rose-garden. Dietrich, in a towering passion at the style of the message, which was 'surly and stout,' instantly pitches upon his eleven seconds, who also are to be principals; and with a retinue of other sixty thousand, by quick stages, in which obstacles enough are overcome, reaches Worms, and declares himself ready. Among these eleven Lombard heroes of his are likewise several whom we meet with again in the 'Nibelungen'; beside Dietrich himself, we have the old Duke Hildebrand, Wolfhart, Ortwin. Notable among them, in another way, is Monk Ilsan, a truculent, graybearded fellow, equal to any Friar Tuck in 'Robin Hood.'

"The conditions of fight are soon agreed on: there are to be twelve successive duels, each challenger being expected to find his match; and the prize of victory is a Rose-garland from Chrimhild, and *ein Helssen und ein Küssen*, that is to say virtually, one kiss from her fair lips, to each. But here, as it ever should do, pride gets a fall; for Chrimhild's bully-hectors are,

in divers ways, all successively felled to the ground by the Berners; some of whom, as old Hildebrand, will not even take her kiss when it is due: even Siegfried himself, most reluctantly engaged with by Dietrich, and for a while victorious, is at last forced to seek shelter in her lap. Nay, Monk Ilsan, after the regular fight is over, and his part in it well performed, calls out, in succession, fifty-two other idle champions of the Garden, part of them giants, and routs the whole fraternity; thereby earning, besides his own regular allowance, fifty-two spare garlands, and fifty-two several kisses; in the course of which latter, Chrimhild's cheek, a just punishment as seemed, was scratched to the drawing of blood by his rough beard. It only remains to be added, that King Ghibich, Chrimhild's father, is now fain to do homage for his kingdom to Dietrich; who returns triumphant to his own country; where, also, Monk Ilsan, according to promise, distributes these fifty-two garlands among his fellow-friars, crushing a garland on the bare crown of each, till 'the red blood ran over their ears.' Under which hard, but not undeserved treatment, they all agreed to pray for remission of Ilsan's sins: indeed, such as continued refractory he tied together by the beards, and hung pair-wise over poles; whereby the stoutest soon gave in.

"'So endeth here this ditty
Of strife from woman's pride:
God on our griefs take pity,
And Mary still by us abide!'

"'In *Part Fourth* is announced (*gemelt*) of the little King Laurin, the Dwarf, how he encompassed his Rose-garden with so great manhood and art-magic, till at last he was vanquished by the Heroes, and forced to become their Juggler, with,' &c., &c.

"Of which Fourth and, happily, last Part we shall here say nothing; inasmuch as, except that certain of our old heroes again figure there, it has no coherence or connexion with the rest of the 'Heldenbuch'; and is simply a new tale, which, by way of episode, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, as we learn from his own words, had subsequently appended thereto. He says:

"'Heinrich von Ofterdingen
This story hath been singing,
To the joy of princes bold:
They gave him silver and gold,
Moreover pennies and garments rich:
Here endeth this book, the which
Doth sing our noble Heroes' story:
God help us all to heavenly glory!'

"Such is some outline of the famous 'Heldenbuch'; on which it is not our business here to add any criticism. The fact that it has so long been popular betokens a certain worth in it; the kind and degree of which is also in some measure apparent. In poetry, 'the rude man,' it has been said, 'requires only to see something going on; the man of more refinement wishes to feel; the truly refined man must be made to reflect.' For the first of these classes our 'Hero Book,' as has been apparent enough, provides in abundance; for the other two scantily; indeed, for the second not at all. Nevertheless, our estimate of this work, which, as a series of antique traditions, may have considerable meaning, is apt rather to be too low. Let us remember that this is not the original 'Heldenbuch' which we now see; but only a version of it into the knight-errant dialect of the thirteenth, indeed, partly of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with all the fantastic monstrosities, now so trivial, pertaining to that style; under which disguises the really antique earnest groundwork, interesting as old Thought, if not as old Poetry, is all but quite obscured from us. But antiquarian diligence is now busy with the 'Heldenbuch' also, from which what light is in it will doubtless be elicited, and here and there a deformity removed. Though the Ethiop cannot change his skin, there is no need that even he should go abroad unwashed."

I.—OTNIT.

SIR OTNIT AND DWARF ELBERICH.

"If thou wilt seek the adventure, don thy armor strong;
Far to the left thou ride the towering rocks along:
But bide thee, champion, and await, 'where grows a linden-tree;
There, flowing from the rock, a well thine eyes will see.

"Far around the meadow spread the branches green,
Five hundred armed knights may stand beneath the shade, I ween.
Below the linden-tree await, and thou wilt meet full soon
The marvellous adventure; there must the deed be done."

. . . . .

And now the noble champion to a garden did he pass,
Where all with lovely flowers sprinkled was the grass;
The birds right sweetly chanted, loud and merry they sung:
Rapidly his noble steed passed the mead along.

Through the clouds with splendor gleamed the sun so cheerfully;
And suddenly the prince beheld the rock and the linden-tree.
To the ground the earth was pressed, that saw the champion good;
And there he found a foot-path small, with little feet was trod.

Quickly rode the fearless king along the rocky mount,
Where he viewed the linden-tree standing by the fount:

The linden-tree with leaves so green was laden heavily;
On the branches many a guest chanted merrily:

Many a duel sang the birds, with loud and joyous cheer.
Then spake the noble emperor, "Rightly did I speer."
Up spake the champion joyfully, "The linden have I found";
By the bridle took his steed, and leaped upon the ground.

By the hand the noble courser led the champion stout,
And eagerly he looked the linden-tree about:
He spake: "No tree upon the earth with thee may compare."—
He saw where in the grass lay a child so fair.

Much did the hero marvel who that child might be:
Upon his little body knightly gear had he;
So rich, no princess' son nobler arms might bear;
Richly were they dighted with gold and diamonds fair.

And as the child before him lay all in the grass so green,
Spake Otnit, "Fairer *infant* in the world may not be seen.
I rode to seek adventures all the murky night,
And along with me I 'll bear thee, thou infant fair and bright."

Lightly he weened the child to take, and bear him o'er the plain,
But on his heart he struck him with wondrous might and main;
That loudly cried Sir Otnit, writhing with pain and woe,
"Where lies thy mighty power hid?— for full weighty was the blow."

. . . . . .

Forced by the hero's strength, he knelt upon his knee:
"Save me, noble Otnit, for thy chivalry!
A hauberk will I give thee, strong, and of wondrous might:
Better armor never bore champion in the fight.

"Not eighty thousand marks would buy the hauberk bright.
A sword of mound I 'll give thee, Otnit, thou royal knight:
Through armor, both of gold and steel, cuts the weapon keen;
The helmet could its edge withstand ne'er in this world was seen.

"Better blade was never held in hero's hand:
I brought it from afar, Almary hight the land:
'T was wrought by cunning dwarfs, clear as the clearest glass:
I found the glittering falchion in the mountain Zeighelsass."

II. — WOLFDIETRICH.

WOLFDIETRICH'S INFANCY.

In the moat the new-born babe meanwhile in silence lay,
Sleeping on the verdant grass, gently, all the day;
From the swathing and the bath the child had stinted weeping:
No one saw or heard its voice in the meadow sleeping.

But, prowling for his prey, roved a savage wolf about;
Hens and capons for his young oft in the moat he sought:
In his teeth the infant suddenly he caught;
And to the murky forest his sleeping prey he brought.

Unto a hollow rock he ran the forest-path along:
There the two old wolves abode, breeding up their young:
Four whelps, but three days old, in the hollow lay;
No wiser than the child they were, for they never saw the day.

The old wolf threw the babe before his savage brood;
To the forest had he brought it, to serve them for their food:
But blind they were, and sought about their mother's teat to gain;
And safely lay the infant young, sleeping in the den.

—

WOLFDIETRICH AND THE GIANTS.

Rapidly the Greeks pursued, all the day, until the night:
Hastily the heroes fled, while their steeds had strength and might;
To the forest green they hied them, there lay they all concealed,
Till the morning chased the night, and the rising sun revealed.

Down they laid them on the grass gently to repose
(But long they rested not, for with terror they arose):
Their bloody armor they unlaced, their weapons down they laid;
By a fountain cool they rested, beneath a linden's shade.

But one did keep his armor on; Wolfdieterich he hight;
Would not lay down his weapons, nor unlace his helmet bright;
Silently he wandered through the forest wide,
And left his weary champions by the fountain's side.

Twelve giants found the knights all on the grass reclined:
Silently did creep along those sworn brothers of the fiend;
In their hands huge iron poles and falchions did they hold;
Naked and unarmed, they seized and bound the heroes bold.

Quick they sent the tidings to the castle of Tremound:
Glad was Palmund, giant fierce, when he saw the champions bound;
Cast them in a dungeon dark; heavily he chained them:
Of their woe and sad mischance there to God they plained them.

Scornfully fierce Palmund spake with bitter taunt:
"Alfan in the field ye conquered; but where is now your vaunt?
Would I had in prison dark King Hughdietrich's son!
He should feed on bread and water, in a dungeon all alone."

But now Wolfdieterich back to the fountain sped,
Beneath the linden's shade, where he weened the kemps were laid:
All around he sought them: wofully he cried,
"Alas, that e'er I left them by the fountain's side!"

He threw him on the grass, and sighed in mournful mood;
Many a blow upon his breast struck the hero good;
Loudly on their names he called, the forest all around:
Up the giants started, when they heard his voice resound.

"Arise, and seize your weapons!" Palmund cried aloud;
"Quickly to my prison bring that champion proud."
Many falls they caught, running down the mountain,
Ere they viewed Wolfdieterich standing by the fountain.

Giant Wilker led them on; before the king he sprung,
Stamping on the grass with his pole of iron long:
"Little wight!" he shouted, "straight thy falchion yield;
Captive will I lead thee quickly o'er the field."

"Proudly I bore my weapon from all the Grecian host;
No hand but this shall wield it, for all thy taunting boast;
If thou wilt gain the blade, hotly must thou fight:
Come near, and shield thee well; I defy thee, monstrous wight!"

—

WOLFDIETRICH AND WILD ELSE.

When soundly slept Sir Bechtung, came the rough and savage dame,
Running where the hero stood watching by the flame:
On four feet did she crawl along, like to a shaggy bear:
The champion cried, "From savage beasts why hast thou wandered here?"

Up and spake the hairy Else: "Gentle I am and mild:
If thou wilt clip me, prince, from all care I will thee shield;
A kingdom will I give thee, and many a spacious land;
Thirty castles, fair and strong, will I yield to thy command."

With horror spake Wolfdieterich: "Thy gifts will I not take,
Nor touch thy laithly body, for thy savage kingdom's sake:
The devil's mate thou art, then speed thee down to hell:
Much I marvel at thy visage, and I loathe thy horrid yell."

She took a spell of grammary, and threw it on the knight:
Still he stood, and moved not (I tell the tale aright):
She took from him his falchion, unlaced his hauberk bright:
Mournfully Wolfdietrich cried, "Gone is all my might.

"If my faithful kemps eleven should from their sleep awake,
How would they laugh, that woman's hand could from me my weapon take!
Scornfully the knights would say, that, like a coward slave,
My falchion I had yielded, this wretched life to save."

But vain were his laments; for through the forest dark,
With arts of witching grammary, a pathway she did mark:
Following through the woods, with speed along he passed;
For sixty miles he wandered, till he found the Else at last.

"Wilt thou win me for thy wife, hero young and fair?"
Wrathfully Wolfdieterich spake with angry cheer:

"Restore my armor speedily; give back my weapon bright,
Which thou with witching malice didst steal this hinder night."

"Then yield thy gentle body, thou weary wight, to me;
With honors will I crown thy locks right gloriously."
"With the devil may'st thou sleep; little care I for my life:
Well may I spare the love of such a laithly wife."

Another spell of might she threw upon the hero good;
Fearfully she witched him; motionless he stood:
He slept a sleep of grammary, for mighty was the spell:
Down upon his glittering shield on the sod he fell.

All above his ears his golden hair she cut;
Like a fool she dight him, that his champions knew him not:
Witless roved the hero for a year the forest round;
On the earth his food he gathered, as in the book is found.

—

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Now roved Wolfdieterich, the prince without a peer,
Around the murky forest, witless for a year;
But God his sorrows pitied, when he saw the hero shent;
Quickly to the ugly witch message did he send.

An angel bright before her suddenly she viewed:
"Say, wilt thou bring," he questioned, "to his death the hero good?
God has sent his sond, to warn thee, woman fell;
If thou wouldst save thy life, quickly undo the spell."

When the threatening message the savage woman heard,
And that at God's supreme command the angel had appeared,
Rapidly she sped her where roved the champion
Around the murky forest, witless and alone.

There, naked, like an innocent, run the hero bold:
Straight the spell of grammary from his ear she did unfold:
His wits he soon recovered, when the spell was from his ear,
But his visage and his form were black and foul of cheer.

"Wilt thou win me for thy wife? gentle hero, say."
Speedily he answered to the lady, "Nay;
Never will I wed thee, here I pledge my fay,
Till in holy fount thy sins are washed away."

"Son of kings, O, care thee not! If thou my love wilt gain,
Soon, baptized in holy fount, will I wash me clean:
In joy and sweet delight merry shalt thou be,
Though now my body rough and black with loathing thou dost see."

"No, since my knights are lost, not for woman's love I long,
When wild about the woods drove me thy magic strong."
"To thy brothers hied they, gentle hero, hark!
But heavily they chained them; threw them in dungeon dark."

"How may I woo thee in the woods? lady, quickly speak;
Or how embrace thy hairy form, or kiss thy bristly cheek?"
"Fear not: I will guide thee safely to my realm;
Give thee back thy falchion, thy hauberk, and thy helm."

By the hand she led Wolfdietrich unto the forest's end;
To the sea she guided him; a ship lay on the strand:
To a spacious realm she brought him, hight the land of Troy.
"Wilt thou take me to thy wife, all around thou shalt enjoy."

To a rich and gorgeous chamber she led the wondering knight:
There stood a well of youth, flowing clear and bright;
The left side was full cold, but warmly flowed the right:
She leaped into the wondrous well, praying to God of might.

Rough Else, the mighty queen, in the baptism did he call
Lady Sieghemínn,[1] the fairest dame of all.
Her bristly hide she left all in the flowing tide:
Never gazing champion lovelier lady eyed.

Her shape was formed for love, slender, fair, and tall,
Straight as is the taper burning in the hall;
Brightly gleamed her cheeks, like the opening rose:
Wondering stood Wolfdieterich, and forgot his pains and woes.

"Wilt thou win me to thy love? gentle hero, say."
Quickly spake Wolfdieterich, — "Gladly, by my fay;

[1] The name is compounded of *sieg*, victory, and *minne*, love.

Mirror of ladies lovely, fain would I lay thee near,
But, alas! my form is laithly, and black am I of cheer."

To the loving youth she said, "If beauteous thou wilt be,
In the flowing fountain bathe thee speedily;
Fair thy visage will become, as before a year;
Nobly, champion bold and brave, will thy form appear."

Black and foul he leaped into the well of youth,
But white and fair he issued, with noble form, forsooth.
In his arms, with gentle love, did he clip the maid;
Merrily he kissed the dame, as she led him to her bed.

—

WOLFDIETRICH AND THE STAG WITH GOLDEN HORNS.

They sped them to the forest in the merry month of May,
When for the glowing summer the fruit-trees blossomed gay.
A gorgeous tent was pitched upon the meadow green:
Straight a stag of noble form before the tent was seen.

Round his spreading antlers was wound the glittering gold;
Full of joy and marvel, gazed on the stag the hero bold:
'T was done with arts of magic, by a giant fierce and wild,
With subtle sleights to win to his bed Dame Sieghminn mild.

And when Wolfdieterich beheld the noble deer,
Hearken how the hero spake to his gentle peer:
"Await thou, royal lady; my meiny soon returns;
With my hounds I 'll hunt the stag with the golden horns."

To their palfreys speedily the king and his meiny flew:
Through the woods they chased the stag, with many a loud halloo.
But silently the giant came where the lady lay;
With the tent he seized her, and bore the prize away.

O'er the sea he brought the dame, to a distant land,
Where, deep within a forest, his castle strong did stand.
Though for half a year they sought all around that lady fair,
They never found the castle where she lay in woe and care.

Around the forest hunted Wolfdietrich and his men;
Down they brought the noble stag, and proudly turned again:
Merrily they spurred through the wood with speed,
Where they left the gorgeous tent on the verdant mead.

—

WOLFDIETRICH IN THE GIANT'S CASTLE.

He led the weary pilgrim into the castle-hall,
Where brightly burned the fire, and many a taper tall:
On a seat he sat him down, and made him right good cheer:
His eyes around the hall cast the hero without fear.

With anxious care he looked for his lady bright,
And he viewed the gorgeous tent once in the forest pight.
Cheerfully the hero thought, "Rightly have I sped:
In the perilous adventure God will be mine aid!"

From the glittering flame straight the champion sprung;
Sharply he eyed the tent, which the giant stole with wrong.
Wondering, spake Sir Tressan,—"Weary palmer, stay;
Rest thee by the fire, for long has been thy way."

Up and spake Wolfdieterich,—"Strange marvels have I seen,
And heard of bold adventures, in lands where I have been;
Once I saw an emperor, Otnit is his name,
Would dare defy thee boldly, for mighty is his fame."

When he had spoke the speech to the giant old,
Grimly by the fire sat him down the palmer bold;
Waiting with impatience, long the time him thought
Till into the glittering hall the supper-meat was brought.

But to call them to their meat, loud did a horn resound:
Soon entered many high-born men, and stood the hall around:
In the giant's courtly hall, winsome dwarfs appeared,
Who the castle and the mount with cunning arts had reared.

Among the dwarfs the gentle queen up to the deas was led:
The palmer straight she welcomed, her cheeks with blushes red:

"With that palmer will I sit at the board," she cried:
Soon they placed Wolfdieterich by the lady's side.

. . . . . .

Suddenly Sir Tressan seized his struggling bride.
Ho! how soon Wolfdieterich his sclaveyn threw aside!
Out he drew his falchion: "Hold!" spake he wrathfully;
"That lovely bride of thine, Sir Giant, leave to me."

Dar'st thou fight me, silly swain?" cried Sir Tressan fierce;
"But shame befall the champion who an unarmed knight would pierce!
Dight thee in hauberk quickly; and he who in the fight
Strikes his opponent down, let him take the lady bright."

Glad was the palmer when he heard that thus the giant said.
Speedily the cunning dwarfs upon the ground have laid,
Right between the champions, three weighty coats of mail:
"Palmer, choose in which thou wilt the giant fierce assail."

Here lay an ancient hauberk, fast was every ring;
There lay two of glittering gold, fit for the mightiest king:
But soon the palmer seized the hauberk old and black.
"Who bade thee take that hauberk old?" in wrath the giant spake.

—

WOLFDIETRICH AND SIR BELLIGAN.

"Look to thy foot, Sir Knight," spake the heathen Belligan;
"Thou must leave it here to pledge, nor bear it hence again;
Fast unto the ground I will pin it with my knife;
Such is my skill and mastery: Christian, guard thy life!"

The heathen threw the weapon rathly through the air;
But cunningly Wolfdieterich leaped quickly from the chair,
And down upon the sticks again he did alight:
No bird in air had done it, to tell the truth aright.

Foully cursed the pagan, when he had tint that throw,
And to Mahomet, his god, he plained him of his woe:
"Never will I leave thee, thou god of might and main,
If thou wilt grant thy help, when I throw the knife again.

"Who taught thee thus to leap? say, thou bold compeer."
But Sir Wolfdieterich spake with cunning cheer:
"Say no more, Sir Belligan: what boots that speech of thine?
With thy second throw, alas! I must lose this life of mine."

Again the heathen cried, "That leap I learned of yore,
From my noble master, Bechtung; right wondrous was his lore.
Say, is thy name Wolfdieterich, and art thou bred in Greece?
If thou be, thou shalt baptize me, and our enmity shall cease."

But when the Christian knight his fear and terror viewed,
"May knight be born of savage wolves?" cried the champion good:
"Alas! my rank I must conceal; but thou shalt know my name,
When thrice thy blows have missed. Come, renew the bloody game."

Again with wrath the pagan heaved his hand on high;
Again he threw the weapon, and prayed for victory:
Two locks from the hero's temple he cut with cunning skill,
As if the shears had clipped them; but he did none other ill.

Speedily Wolfdieterich cried to God his life to save.
"Heathen hound, how cunningly a tonsure thou canst shave!
I shall need a priest no more, to shrive me of my sin;
By the help of God on high, I hope the fight to win."

"Have I not hit thee yet?" spake Belligan with wrath.
"Ay, thou hast shaved my crown, but done no other scath:
As yet I bear no wound, then throw the other knife:
If once again thy weapon miss, it 's I have gained the strife."

"Christian, guard thy heart!" cried the heathen king accursed;
"Soon a bloody well from thy side shall burst.
Keen is the trusty weapon, and bears the name of Death!
Thou need'st not guard thy life; thou hast breathed thy latest breath."

The Christian wound St. George's shirt his body all about:
Quickly passed the weapon keen through the buckler stout;
But from the wondrous shirt to the ground the knife did start,
Shivered into splinters, nor touched the champion's heart.

"I have stood thy throws, Sir Belligan," spake the knight aloud:
"Better I can cast than thou the knife, thou pagan proud!"
"Boast not of thy cunning," cried King Belligan;
"Thy knives with magic art are dight, thou foolish Christian man."

Safe he thought his body; but the knight bade him beware
His right foot and his left eye, that the heathen cried, with care,
"How may I guard them both? In this fearful stound,
Save me from that Christian fell, with thy power, Sir Mahound!"

Wolfdietrich quickly threw the knife, and he heaved his hand on high;
He pinned the right foot on the chair, and laughing did he cry,
"My skill it is but little; much I feared thy flight,
So I pinned thee to the chair: now thou canst not quit my sight."

The second knife he threw, and he hit him in the side:
"Heathen, thou must die, for all thy boast and pride."
Wofully spake Belligan,—"Knight without a peer,
Quickly tell thy name, for much thy throws I fear."

"I am the king of Greece, Wolfdietrich is my name."
Trembling, cried the pagan, "Save me, thou knight of fame!
In the fount thou shalt baptize me, and teach me Christian lore:
Save me, noble champion! I pray thee, throw no more."

"Thou must die, Sir Belligan; many Christians hast thou shent:
Alas! I view their bloody heads upon thy battlement."
The pagan bade his meiny his gods before him bring:
Vainly by their might he weened to quell the Grecian king.

But over them Wolfdieterich signed the holy cross,
And instantly the idols false broke down to dust and dross.

Up and spake fair Marpaly,—"He works with magic sleight:
Much I dread the malice of that Christian knight."

With sorrow cried Sir Belligan, "Mahoun, help with thy might!
I will give thee to thy spouse Marpaly the bright."
Laughing, cried the champion, "A god full strange is thine!
Does he seek to spouse the dame? but his marrow he shall tine.

"Guard thy heart, Sir King; I warn thee, guard it well;
Quickly will I pierce it with this weapon fell;
If I fail asunder straight thy heart to cleave,
This head upon the battlement, in forfeit, will I leave."

Speedily Wolfdieterich the third knife heaved on high:
Trembling stood Sir Belligan, for he felt his death was nigh.
The pagan's heart asunder with cunning skill he cleft:
Down upon the grass he fell, of life bereft.

—

WOLFDIETRICH AND THE FIENDS.

With magic art all o'er the lake a broad bridge threw the dame;
But onward as they rode, still narrower it became:
In wonder stood the hero; to the maiden he 'gan say,
"Damsel, truly tell, who has borne the bridge away?"

"Little care I though thou drown," cried Dame Marpaly.
"Then graithe thee," spake Wolfdieterich; "'t is thou must plunge with me."
"No harm the waves can do me; with magic am I dight."
"Then speed we to the castle back," cried the Christian knight.

Back the fearless hero turned his trusty horse;
But down the bridge was broken, by the lady's magic force.
In his sorrow, cried the champion, "Help, God, in this my need!
Say, how may we hither pass? damsel, right arede.

From the courser Marpaly suddenly would fly.
"Stay thee here, thou woman fell! quickly must thou die."
Piteously she wept, prayed him her life to save.
He tied her to his body fast, and plunged into the wave.

In the name of God he leaped into the lake amain;
But the water suddenly was gone; on the mead he stood again.
"Lady, say, how passed the waters? How bloomed the mead so green?"
"Alas!" she cried, "thy God is strong, or dead thou sure hadst been.

"Let me pass, Wolfdieterich, for thy chivalry!
Knightly deed it were not, but evil treachery,
If thy hand thou didst imbrue in gentle lady's blood."
Straight her bonds he loosened, and she leaped from the courser good.

Suddenly, upon the mead her garments down she threw,
And showed her beauteous form to the wondering champion's view.
Her hands she clapped together, on the hero did she look,
And straight, by arts of grammary, a raven's form she took.

High upon a tree perched the raven black.
"The devil's fere thou art; to hell, then, speed thee back!
Had I done thy will, by the foul fiend had I lain."
He grasped his courser's bridle, and away he rode amain.

But suddenly around him a laithly fog she cast;
Fouler it grew, and thicker still, as he onward passed;
And straight beside his courser stood a champion fell;
A club the black man brandished, and seemed the hound of hell.

Up and spake Wolfdieterich, — "Say, thou doughty knight,
Why wilt thou give me battle? I have done thee no despite."
But fiercely struck the monster on his helm a blow of might:
Down he fell upon the mead, and saw nor day nor night.

Full of shame he rose again; his glittering shield he clasped,
Run against the fiend of hell, and fast his falchion grasped:
In the dreadful stour he took the monster's life.
Fondly he weened the fight was done, nor thought of further strife.

But suddenly two other fiends, fouler than the other,
Brandished on high their iron clubs, to avenge their fallen brother.
Down they struck him to the ground, in deadly swoon he fell;
Gone was all his strength, and his face grew wan and pale.

But God on high was with him: quickly he arose,
Run upon the hell-hounds, and struck them mortal blows.
When the two were dead, behold! by his side four others stood,
And rushed upon the Christian, thirsting for his blood.

Hotter was the battle, bolder the champion grew;
Quick his might o'ercame them; to the ground the fiends he threw;
Down he felled the four, dead lay they by his side;
But, alas! upon the plain, eight fouler he descried.

The uncouth champions black upon the hero rushed;
With their weighty clubs of steel him to the ground they pushed;
Mickle was his pain and woe; his force was well-nigh spent:
Loudly of his sorrow to the heavens did he lament.

Again he grasped his buckler, and from the plain arose;
Again, with his good falchion, he dealt them heavy blows,
And all the evil hell-hounds rathly made he bleed;
Deep were the wounds his weapon carved; dead fell they on the mead.

But the battle was not over; he came in greater pain;
Sixteen fouler fiends than they stood upon the plain;
And as their clubs they wielded, the champion cried amain,
"When a fiend, alas! I vanquish, two fiercer come again."

Amongst the hell-hounds fierce he rushed, and thought to be awroke:
With their iron clubs they struck him, that his helmet seemed to smoke.
He feared his fatal hour was nigh; astounded and dismayed,
On the ground in crucial form he fell, and called to Heaven for aid.

O'er him stood the foul fiends, and with their clubs of steel
Struck him o'er the helmet, that in deadly swound he fell:
But God his sorrow saw; to the fiends his sond he sent:
From the earth they vanished, with howling and lament.

And with them to the deep abyss they bore the sorceress fell:
Loudly did she shriek, when they cast her into hell.

The Christian hero thanked his God; from the ground he rose with speed;
Joyfully he sheathed his sword, and mounted on his steed.

—

THE TOURNAMENT.

Count Herman spurred his courser, and gallopped o'er the plain;
With anger burned his heart, and he hoped the prize to gain:
Against the Grecian hero he ran with envious force,
But he could not stand the shock, and tumbled from his horse.

Firmly sat Wolfdieterich, his shield repelled the spear,
From his courser to the ground leaped he without fear;
But Sir Herman bowed full courteously to the unknown knight:
"Take the gold, thou champion, for I may not stand thy might."

"Nay," cried the king of Greece, "it must not, Count, be so,
For first before the lady my power must I show."
A long and weighty spear he chose, as in the book is told;
And the spear a fathom in the ground thrust the hero bold.

Amongst the knights resounded a loud, a joyful cry,
When, withouten stirrups, on his steed he leaped on high.
Count Herman on his courser mounted, full of care;
But through his shirt of mail ran the sweat of fear.

O'er the court in full career the Grecian did advance,
And above the saddle-bow he hit him with the lance:
Little could the count withstand that thrust of might and main;
Fathoms eight it cast him down upon the plain.

—

WOLFDIETRICH'S PENANCE.

Strictly Sir Wolfdieterich kept his holy state,
But to cleanse him of his sins he begged a penance great:
His brethren bade him on a bier in the church to lay,
There to do his penance all the night until the day.

When the night was come, to the church the hero sped:
Sudden all the ghosts appeared who by his sword lay dead:
Many a fearful blow they struck on the champion good;
Ne'er such *pain* and woe he *felt* when on the field he stood.

Sooner had he battle fought with thousands in the field,
Striking dints with falchions keen on his glittering shield.
Half the night against the ghosts he waged the battle fierce:
But the empty air he struck, when he weened their breasts to pierce.

Little recked they for his blows: with his terror and his woe,
Ere half the night was past, his hair was white as snow.
And when the monks to matins sped, they found him pale and cold:
There the ghosts in deadly swoon had left the champion bold.

—

III.—THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

FRIAR ILSAN IN THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

'Mongst the roses Staudenfuss trod with mickle pride;
With rage and with impatience, his foe he did abide;
Much he feared no Longobard would dare to meet his blade:
But a bearded monk lay ready for the fight arrayed.

"Brother Ilsan, raise thine eyes," spake Sir Hildebrand,
"Where, 'mongst the blooming roses, our threatening foe does stand:
Staudenfuss, the giant hight, born upon the Rhine.
Up, and shrive him of his sins, holy brother mine!"

"It 's I will fight him," cried the monk; "my blessing shall he gain;
Never 'mongst the roses shall he wage the fight again."
Straight above his coat of mail his friar's cowl he cast,
Hid his sword and buckler, and to the garden passed.

Among the blooming roses leaped the grisly monk:
With laughter ladies viewed his beard, and his visage brown and shrunk;
As he trod with angry step o'er the flowery green,
Many a maiden laughed aloud, and many a knight, I ween.

Up spake Lady Chrimhild,—"Father, leave thine ire!
Go and chant thy matins with thy brothers in the choir."

"Gentle lady," cried the monk, "roses must I have,
To deck my dusky cowl in guise right gay and brave."

Loudly laughed the giant, when he saw his beard so rough:
"Should I laughing die to-morrow, I had not laughed enough:
Has the kemp of Bern sent his fool to fight?"
"Giant, straight thy hide shall feel that I have my wits aright."

Up heaved the monk his heavy fist, and he struck a weighty blow,
Down among the roses he felled his laughing foe.
Fiercely cried Sir Staudenfuss, "Thou art the devil's priest!
Heavy penance dost thou deal with thy wrinkled fist."

Together rushed the uncouth kemps; each drew his trusty blade;
With heavy tread below their feet they crushed the roses red;
All the garden flowed with their purple blood;
Each did strike full sorry blows with their falchions good.

Cruel looks their eyes did cast, and fearful was their war,
But the friar cut his enemy o'er the head a bloody scar;
Deeply carved his trusty sword through the helmet bright:
Joyful was the hoary monk, for he had won the fight.

They parted the two champions speedily asunder:
The friar's heavy interdict lay the giant under.
Up arose Queen Chrimhild, to Sir Ilsan has she sped,
On his bald head did she lay a crown of roses red.

Through the garden roved he, as in the merry dance;
A kiss the lady gave him, where madly he did prance.
"Hear, thou lady fair; more roses must I have;
To my two-and-fifty brothers I promised chaplets brave.

"If ye have not kemps to fight, I must rob thy garden fair,
And right sorry should I be to work thee so much care."
"Fear not, the battle shalt thou wage with champions bold and true:
Crowns and kisses may'st thou gain for thy brothers fifty-two."

. . . . . .

Up spake the queen, — "Monk Ilsan, see your chaplets ready dight;
Champions two-and-fifty stand waiting for the fight."
Ilsan rose, and donned his cowl, and run against them all;
There the monk has given them many a heavy fall.

To the ground he felled them, and gave them his benison;
Beneath the old monk's falchion lay twelve champions of renown:
And full of fear and sorrow the other forty were;
Their right hand held they forth, begged him their lives to spare.

Rathly ran the monk, to the Queen Chrimhild he hied:
"Lay thy champions in the grave, and leave thy mickle pride:
I have dight them for their death; I did shrive them and anoint them:
Never will they thrive or speed in the task thou didst appoint them.

"When again thy roses blow, to the feast the monk invite."
The Lady Chrimhild gave him two-and-fifty chaplets bright.
"Nay, Lady Queen, remind thee! By the holy order mine,
I claim two-and-fifty kisses from your lips so red and fine."

And when Chrimhild, the queen, gave him kisses fifty-two,
With his rough and grisly beard full sore he made her rue,
That from her lovely cheek 'gan flow the rosy blood:
The queen was full of sorrow, but the monk it thought him good.

Thus should unfaithful maiden be kissed, and made to bleed,
And feel such pain and sorrow, for the mischief she did breed.

—

FRIAR ILSAN'S RETURN TO THE CONVENT.

"Brothers mine, approach! coronets I bring:
Come, your bald heads will I crown, each one like a king."
He pressed a thorny chaplet on each naked crown,
That o'er their rugged visages the gory flood ran down.

They sighed that all their prayers for his death had been in vain;
Loud they roared, but silently they cursed him in their pain.

"Brothers we are," so spake the monk, "then
must ye have your share;
For me to bear the pain alone, in sooth it were
not fair.

"See how richly ye are dight! beauteous still
ye were;
Now ye are crowned with roses, none may with
ye compare."
The abbot and the prior and all the convent
wept,
But no one, for his life, forth against him stepped.

"Ye must help to bear my sins, holy brethren
all;
For if ye do not pray for me, dead to the ground
ye fall."
A few there were who would not pray for
Monk Ilsan's soul:
He tied their beards together, and hung them
o'er a pole.

Loud they wept, and long they begged, "Brother, let us go;
At vesper and at matins will we pray for you."
Ever since, where'er he went, they knelt, and
feared his wrath;
Helped to bear his heavy sins, until his welcome death.

IV.—THE LITTLE GARDEN OF ROSES.

KING LAURIN THE DWARF.

Wittich, the mighty champion, trod the roses
to the ground,
Broke down the gates, and ravaged the garden
far renowned:
Gone was the portals' splendor, by the heroes
bold destroyed;
The fragrance of the flowers was past, and all
the garden's pride.

But as upon the grass they lay withouten fear,
No heed they had of danger, nor weened their
foe was near:
Behold, where came a little kemp, in warlike
manner dight;
A king he was o'er many a land, and Laurin
was he hight.

A lance with gold was wound about, the little
king did bear:
On the lance a silken pennon fluttered in the air;
Thereon two hunting greyhounds lively were
portrayed;
They seemed as though they chased the roebuck through the glade.

His courser bounded like a fawn, and the golden foot-cloth gay
Glittered with gems of mound brighter than
the day.
Firmly in his hands he grasped a golden rein;
And with *rubies red* his saddle gleamed, as he
pricked along the plain.

In guise right bold and chivalrous in the stirrups rich he stood:
Not the truest blade could cut his pusens red as
blood:
Hardened was his hauberk in the gore of dragons fierce,
And his golden bruny bright not the boldest
knight might pierce.

Around his waist a girdle he wore of magic
power;
The strength of twelve the strongest men it
gave him in the stour.
Deeds of noble chivalry and manhood wrought
the knight;
Still had he gained the victory in every bloody
fight.

Cunning he was, and quaint of skill, and, when
his wrath arose,
The kemp must be of mickle might could stand
his weighty blows.
Little was King Laurin, but from many a precious gem
His wondrous strength and power and his bold
courage came.

Tall at times his stature grew, with spells of
grammary;
Then to the noblest princes fellow might he
be:
And when he rode, a noble blade bore he in his
hand;
In many fights the sword was proved worth a
spacious land.

Silken was his mantle, with stones of mound
inlaid,
Sewed in two-and-seventy squares by many a
cunning maid.
His helmet, strong and trusty, was forged of the
weighty gold,
And when the dwarf did bear it, his courage
grew more bold.

In the gold, with many gems, a bright carbuncle lay,
That where he rode the darkest night was
lighter than the day.
A golden crown he bore upon his helmet bright;
With richer gems and finer gold no mortal king
is dight.

Upon the crown and on the helm birds sung
their merry lay;
Nightingales and larks did chant their measures blithe and gay;
As if in greenwood flying, they tuned their
minstrelsy:
With hand of master were they wrought, and
with spells of grammary.

On his arm he bore a gilded buckler bright;
There many sparhawks, tame and wild, were portrayed with cunning sleight,
And a savage leopard ranging, prowling through the wood,
Right in act to seize his prey, thirsting for their blood.

—

THE COURT OF LITTLE KING LAURIN.

Before the hollow mountain lay a meadow green;
So fair a plain upon this world never may be seen:
There with the fruit full many a tree was laden heavily;
No tongue e'er tasted sweeter, fairer no eye might see.

All the night and all the day the birds full sweetly sung,
That the forest and the plain to their measures loudly rung;
There they tuned their melody, and each one bore his part,
That with their merry minstrelsy they cheered each hero's heart.

And o'er the plain were ranging beasts both wild and tame,
Playing, with merry gambols, many a lusty game:
On the noble champions fondly 'gan they fawn:
Each morn, beneath the linden-tree, they sported on the lawn.

The meadow seemed so lovely, the flowers bloomed so fair,
That he who had the plain in rule would know nor woe nor care.
Up and spake the knight of Bern, — "So high my heart doth rise,
So full of joy the meadow, that I hold it paradise."

Up spake hero Wolfort, — "Bless him who brought us here!
So fair a sight did ne'er before to mortal eye appear."
"Enjoy the scene, young kemps," cried Hildebrand the proud;
"Fair day should in the evening be praised with voice aloud."

But Wittich spake a warning word, — "Hark to my rede aright!
The dwarf is quaint, and full of guile, then beware his cunning sleight;
Arts he knows right marvellous: if to his hollow hill
We follow, much I dread me, he will breed us dangerous ill."

"Fear not," cried King Laurin; "doubt not my faith and truth;
The meadow blithe your own shall be, and my treasures all, forsooth."
Proudly cried bold Wolfort, — "Wittich, stay thee here;
Enter not the hollow hill, if his treachery thou fear."

"Never," cried fierce Wittich; "here will I not stay."
In wrath he left his courser; without fear he sped away:
Before the mountain-gate he run, there hung a horn of gold;
Quick he blew a merry strain: loud laughed Sir Dietrich bold.

Soon toward the mountain sped the little knight,
And with him all the heroes of high renown and might:
King Laurin blew upon the horn a louder note, and shrill,
From all the mountains echoing, and resounding on the hill.

Quickly ran the chamberlain where he found the golden key,
And threw the spacious portals open speedily:
King Laurin led his guests through the golden gate;
There many dwarfs, alert and fair, their coming did await.

When through another gate of steel the noble knights had passed,
At the little king's command, were closed the portals fast.
A necromancer, old and sage, dwelt in the hollow hill;
Soon he came to Laurin, and asked his master's will.

"Look upon those strangers," spake the little knight;
"Kemps they are of high emprise, and love the bloody fight:
Cast upon them, master mine, for the love of me,
A magic spell, that none of them may the others see."

Upon the knights his magic charms cast the sorcerer fell;
None could behold his brothers, so mighty was the spell.
Loudly cried Sir Wittich, "Mark my counsel now;
I told ye that the little king would breed ye cares enow.

"What think ye now, Sir Wolfort?" spake the hero stern:
"I warned ye all to shun the dwarf, and speed ye back to Bern."

About the cavern roved they, in mickle woe and care:
Fiercely to the king they cried, "Is this thy promised fare?"

But up spake little Laurin: "Fear not, my noble guests;
All my courtiers shall obey quickly your behests."
Many a winsome dwarf was seen, graithed in rich attire;
Garments bright with gold and gems bore each little sire.

From the gems full mighty strength had the dwarfish chivalry:
Quaintly they danced, and on their steeds they rode right cunningly;
Far they cast the heavy stone, and, in their warlike game,
They broke the lance, and tourneyed before the knights of fame.

There many harpers tuned their lay, and played with mirth and glee,
Loudly, in the royal hall, their merry minstrelsy.
Before the table high appeared four learned singing men,
Two short, and two of stature tall, and sung in courtly strain.

Soon to the table sped the king, and bade his meiny all
Wait upon his noble guests, in the royal hall:
"Chosen knights and brave they are," he spoke with friendly cheer:
Guile was in his heart, and cunning; but his treachery bought he dear.

Similt, the lady fair, heard of the royal feasts:
Of her meiny did she spier, "Who are the stranger guests?"
"Noble knights of German birth," spake a kemp of stature small;
"Laurin bids ye speed to court, for well ye know them all."

Quickly spake the lady,—"Up, my damsels fair!
Deck ye in your richest guise, for to court we will repair."

Soon they dight them royally in glittering array;
Full blithe they were to speed to court with Similt, the gentle may.

There came many a minstrel, tuning his lay of mirth;
Shawms and trumpets shrill they blew, the sweetest on the earth.
There full many a song was sung by learned singing men;
Of war and chivalrous emprise they tuned the noble strain.

Now to court, in bright array, all the maids are gone,
With many a knight not two feet long; one leaped, the other run;
Merry were they all: and before the lovely dame,
Two tall, two little gleemen sung the song of fame.

Before the queen they chanted the merry minstrelsy,
And all who heard their master-notes dwelt in mirth and glee.
There fiddlers quaint appeared, though small their stature were,
Marching, two and two, before the lady fair.

Similt into the palace came, with her little maidens all;
Garments they wore which glittered brightly in the hall,
Of fur and costly ciclatoun, and brooches of the gold:
No richer guise in royal courts might mortal man behold.

The gentle Lady Similt bore a golden crown;
There full many a precious stone around the cavern shone;
But one before the others glittered gorgeously;
The wight who wore that noble gem ever blithe must be.

And now the spell was ta'en away from the champions bold:
Full glad they were when openly their feres they might behold.
Right noble cheer was offered to the champions brave;
In royal guise the feast was held the whole day in the cave.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

The "Nibelungenlied" is the greatest and most complete of all the German popular epics. The historical basis of the poem is found in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era; and the name, Nibelungen, is said to be derived from an ancient and powerful Burgundian race, whose terrible downfall is the subject of the work. The traditions upon which it is founded are connected with the old Scandinavian sagas, particularly the "Wilkina-Saga."

It belongs partly to the same cycle of adventures, characters, and traditions as the "Heldenbuch," and springs from the same great heroic age of Germany. The present form of the poem is undoubtedly the work of a single author, who, with a soundness of judgment and felicity of genius rarely equalled, combined the separate songs, sagas, and traditions relating to Attila and the Huns, and their connexions with the Burgundian tribe, into one beautiful and harmonious whole; and this poet, according to the conjecture of William Schlegel, Von der Hagen, and others, was the Minnesinger, Heinrich von Ofterdingen. The fabulous Klingsor of Hungary has also been mentioned, but his claims are feebly supported.

The scene of the poem is on the Rhine and in Austria and Hungary. The poem opens with a description of Chrimhild, the principal heroine of the piece, her three brothers, King Günther, King Ghernot, and "Ghiseler the Young," who held their court at Worms, on the Rhine, and of their principal warriors, Hagen of Tronek and Dankwart his brother, Ortwin and Eckewart and Ghere, and Folker of Alsace. The ominous dream of Chrimhild, which she told "with fear" to her mother, Dame Ute, and the interpretation by the latter, are then related. This dream, and the interpretation, which are afterwards terribly fulfilled, stamp the character of a solemn and mysterious destiny upon the whole poem.

Then follows the *adventure* of Siegfried, the son of King Siegmund and Queen Siegelind, of Netherland. In his youth he has visited many lands, performing feats of arms and displaying all gentleness and courtesy of behaviour. Having thus been trained to the practice of every knightly virtue, when the time arrives that he shall be received into the order of chivalry, his father makes a splendid festival, and his mother distributes costly gifts. Having heard of the matchless beauty of Chrimhild, he resolves to visit Worms to woo her; and arrives at the gate of this renowned city with great pomp and splendor. As he approaches with his attendants, King Günther inquires of Hagen who these strangers are; whereupon the old warrior relates the marvellous exploits of Siegfried, the conquest of the Nibelungen, the possession of the hoard, or treasure, the magic cap, and the bathing in the dragon's blood, which rendered him invulnerable save in a spot between his shoulders, where a leaf fell upon him as he bathed. Siegfried is courteously received by Günther and his knights, but his haughty language rouses the ire of the champions, and Ortwin and Hagen defy him. Their wrath, however, is soon appeased, and Siegfried passes a whole year at Worms, taking part in all the revels and joustings, and excelling all the Burgundian champions. But he has not yet seen the Lady Chrimhild, though she has stolen many a glance at him from the window. At length King Lüdger of Saxony and King Liudgast of Denmark threaten King Günther with war, unless he will pay them tribute. Siegfried joins the Burgundian knights, drives the Saxons out of Hessia, conquers and captures King Liudgast; whereupon a bloody battle follows, and, chiefly through the bravery of Siegfried, the mighty host of Danes and Saxons is defeated, and Lüdger himself surrenders. Ghernot's messengers carry to Worms the news of the victory. Chrimhild sends for one of them to her chamber at evening, to hear from him the tidings of Siegfried's warlike deeds. The victorious army, returning with the captive kings, is received with joyful welcome. Günther liberates the kings when they have sworn fealty to him, and prepares a high festival, to which, on Whitsunday morning, five thousand guests or more assemble. Chrimhild and her women are busy in making the most magnificent preparations for the mighty revel; and she and her mother are commanded to grace it with their presence. And this is the first time that Siegfried beholds Chrimhild. For twelve days the feast continues, and each day the hero sees the lady of his love. The kings are allowed to depart unransomed, and Siegfried also proposes to leave the court, but is easily persuaded by Ghiseler to remain.

The fame of the beauty of Brunhild, a princess of matchless strength in Iceland, moves King Günther to seek to win her. He requests Siegfried to aid him in the doubtful enterprise, and promises him his sister as a reward. Siegfried consents; takes with him the magic cap, which makes him invisible and gives him the strength of twelve men; and well it is for Günther that such magical aid is at hand, for Brunhild is a terrible Amazon, who forces all her suitors to contend with her in the games of throwing the spear, leaping, and hurling the stone, under penalty of losing their lives in case of defeat. Chrimhild prepares them splendid garments, which cost her and her maidens seven weeks' hard work to get ready; and Günther, Siegfried, Hagen, and Dankwart set out from Worms, embarking in a ship, which Siegfried pilots. On the twelfth day they reach the castle of Isenstein in the country of Brunhild. It is agreed that Siegfried shall appear in the character of vassal to Günther. They land in full view of a troop of fair women, among whom Brunhild stands; the castle is opened to receive them, and they enter, after having given up their arms, which old Hagen reluctantly consents to do. Brunhild approaches her guests, and inquires of Siegfried wherefore they have come. He replies, that his sovereign lord, King Günther, is a suitor for her love. The conditions are explained, and the preparations for the contest speedily made. Siegfried returns to the ship, and puts on the tarn-cap, which makes him invisible. Brunhild arms herself, and the Burgundians very naturally begin to get a little frightened for their king. Old Hagen, even, grows nervous, and exclaims:

"And how is't now, King Günther? here must you tine
your life!
The lady you would gain, well may she be the devil's wife."

By the aid of the invisible Siegfried, Günther conquers Brunhild in each of the three trials, and she is compelled, by her own terms, to take him for her lord and master. As Brunhild, before she consents to follow Günther to Worms, calls her relatives and vassals together, Siegfried, to calm the fears of the Burgundians, assembles from the Nibelungen land a thousand heroes, and then Brunhild departs with Günther. Siegfried is sent forward to Worms to announce their approach. Ute and Chrimhild receive the tidings joyfully, and make great preparations for their reception. Brunhild is royally welcomed, and all sit down to a magnificent feast, during which Siegfried reminds the king of his promise to give him his sister to wife. Günther willingly keeps his word, and Siegfried and Chrimhild celebrate their marriage festival together with the king, that same night; but Brunhild laments that her sister-in-law should marry beneath her rank, a mere vassal, and though Günther assures her that he is a powerful monarch, she refuses to be satisfied. When they retire to their chamber, she renews her entreaties to be informed of the true reason of his giving his sister to Siegfried. A singular kind of quarrel follows this first matrimonial jar, in which the strength of the Amazon is more than a match for the king; she ties his hands and feet together with her girdle, hangs him on a nail in the wall, and goes to sleep, leaving him to make the best he can of his very anomalous situation. The next day the unlucky monarch complains sorely to Siegfried, saying:

"With shame and woe I sped;
I have brought the evil devil, and took her to my bed."

But Siegfried proves to be a friend in need, and by the aid of his tarn-cap subdues the strong-armed princess, depriving her, in the contest, of her ring and girdle, which he afterwards presents to his wife. Fourteen days of revelry having ended, the guests take their departure, loaded with presents.

Siegfried also now bethinks him of returning home. Arriving with Chrimhild at the castle of Santen, where his parents dwell, they are magnificently received. Siegmund and Siegelind are overjoyed with the beauty of their daughter. Siegmund resigns the kingdom into the hands of his son, who reigns in all honor for the space of ten years. Meantime a son is born to them, whom they name Günther; a son is also born to Brunhild and Günther, who receives the name of Siegfried, and is educated with the greatest care. But Brunhild has not yet forgotten that Siegfried is liegeman to her lord, and wonders that he renders so little service. At her request, Günther invites Siegfried, Chrimhild, and Siegmund to Worms. The invitation is accepted, and they are received with courtesy at the Burgundian court. Eleven days pass away in knightly pastimes, when a dispute takes place between the two queens with regard to the merits of their respective husbands; Chrimhild saying that her lord excels the other champions as much as the moon the stars, while Brunhild places Günther far above him, and declares that Siegfried is but his vassal. The dispute waxes warm, and Chrimhild swears she will enter the church before the queen, and be held in higher honor; but Brunhild exclaims: "No! a vassal's wife shall never go before a king's"; Chrimhild retorts and calls her opponent Siegfried's leman, and enters the minster before the weeping Brunhild. Chrimhild afterwards, being asked for proofs of the accusation, shows the girdle and ring which Siegfried had taken from Brunhild. The latter complains to her husband, who calls Siegfried to account, saying to him, "I am sore troubled; my wife, Brunhild, hath told me a tale, that thou hast boasted of being the first to have her love; thus saith thy wife, Chrimhild." To which Siegfried replies, "If she hath spoken thus, it shall be the worse for her; before all thy men, I will swear by my high oath, that I have never said the thing."

And now the tragical part of the story begins. The death of Siegfried is plotted between Brunhild and Hagen, and Günther at last consents to the assassination. False messengers are sent, as if from King Lüdger, to threaten war, and Siegfried's aid is required. Hagen hypocritically promises Chrimhild to defend her husband, and draws from her an account of the fatal spot between his shoulders, where the dragon's blood has not hardened his skin; she promises to embroider a cross over the place, and Hagen joyfully departs. But another embassy comes, announcing peace. A great hunt is prepared; Siegfried takes leave of his wife, who is filled with anxiety while thinking of her conversation with Hagen. So they cross the Rhine; Siegfried enters a forest alone with his hound; makes great havoc with the wild beasts, and among other exploits catches a bear alive, who does a deal of mischief among the eatables. Hagen has treacherously omitted the wine, and Siegfried, thirsty with the labors of the chase, while stooping to drink from a spring, is stabbed by him in the back. The dead body is carried to the palace, and placed by the ferocious Hagen before the door of Chrimhild's chamber, where she finds it as she goes out to morning mass. She breaks forth into vehement lamentations, and charges the deed at once to the machinations of Brunhild and the hand of Hagen. The father of Siegfried and the Nibelungen champions are roused from sleep, and are only hindered by Chrimhild's entreaties from avenging the murder on the spot. A sound of mourning is heard in all directions; and when the test is tried, the blood flows from the wounds at the approach of Hagen, which shows him to be the murderer.

Siegfried is buried with great pomp, costly offerings are made for the repose of his soul, and his death is sorrowfully lamented. At the grave, Chrimhild causes the coffin, all studded with silver and gold and steel, to be broken open, that she may once more behold her husband.

After the burial, Siegmund proposes to Chrimhild to return with him; but by the urgent prayers of Ute, Ghernot, and Ghiseler, she is persuaded to remain in Burgundy, especially as she has no kindred in Nibelungen-land. Siegmund and his knights depart without taking leave. Chrimhild dwells at Worms, near the tomb of her husband, four years and a half, without speaking a word to Günther and Hagen, who at last advises the king to be reconciled with his sister in order to obtain the Nibelungen treasure; this is accomplished, but Chrimhild forgets not the crime of Hagen. The treasure is brought to the Rhine, twelve wagons passing twelve times to and fro, heavily laden. She is so liberal in her gifts, that Hagen's fears are roused for the safety of the Burgundians, and he counsels the king to take the treasure from her; the king demurs, and the grim old warrior steals it himself, in the absence of the princess, and sinks it in the Rhine, whereby Chrimhild's hate is still more increased. For thirteen long years after Siegfried's death, she lives faithful to his memory, and ever mourning his loss.

About this time it chances that Dame Helche, wife of Etzel, dies, and the pagan king looks about him for another. His friends advise him to send into the Burgundian land and demand the proud widow, Dame Chrimhild. He has some scruples at first, since he is a pagan, but Rüdiger of Bechlar puts them to rest and takes it upon himself to do the wooing. With a retinue of five hundred men, he passes through Vienna, where they are supplied with magnificent dresses, and goes to Bechlar to visit the wealthy Gotelind, his wife, and the young margravine, his daughter, and thence through Bavaria to the Rhine, where they are kindly received. Günther favors the proposal of the embassy, but old Hagen, foreboding mischief, advises against it. Chrimhild, too, who is still overwhelmed in sorrow, at first refuses to listen to the messengers, though supported by the prayers of her mother and her brothers; until Rüdiger hints that he will fulfil her commands, and with all his men swears fealty to her. Now she consents, prepares for her journey, and departs with a train of a hundred maidens. Eckewart goes with her, and Ghiseler and Ghernot accompany her as far as the Danube, but Günther goes only a short distance from the city. On the way, they are entertained by Bishop Pellegrin, the brother of Ute, and by Gotelind, the wife of Rüdiger, and his daughter, the fair Dietelind. At Vienna, the nuptials of Chrimhild and Etzel are celebrated with festivities that last seventeen days, and rich gifts are distributed; but still Chrimhild's eyes are filled with tears at thinking of Siegfried. Finally they pass into the land of the Huns, where the noble Chrimhild is received with all honorable observance into Etzel's castle.

Thirteen years Queen Chrimhild has dwelt in the land of the Huns. She has borne a son, named Ortwin, but still she longs to avenge the murder of Siegfried. By her entreaty, Etzel invites the Burgundians to visit his court. The good fiddlers Sämelin and Wärbelin bear the message, charged by Chrimhild not to leave Hagen of Tronek behind. Hagen and Rumolt dissuade from the journey with all their might, but to no purpose; the invitation is accepted, great preparations are made for the journey, and the messengers return with rich presents. Volker, the noble fiddler, joins the champions; and, with the anxious forebodings of those who stay behind, the company set out. From this time forth, the Burgundians bear the name of Nibelungen. In twelve days they reach the Danube; and there occurs the adventure with the mermaids, from whom they receive an ominous warning. At length, Hagen, his thousand knights, and nine thousand vassals, are all ferried over the river, and the boat is destroyed, that any coward, who should wish to run away, may perish here. They continue their march, and by night are attacked by Else and Gelfrat. Arriving at Passau, they are hospitably entertained by Bishop Pellegrin. As they approach Rüdiger's marches, he meets them, and conducts them to a feast, at which the margravine, his daughter, is betrothed to Ghiseler. After four days, they continue their journey, having received rich presents, Hagen taking the shield of Rudung, and Volker twelve rings for his hands. Rüdiger accompanies the departing guests, and messengers precede them to the land of the Huns; Chrimhild hears of their coming with joy, and hopes that the hour of vengeance is at hand.

As the heroes enter Etzel's country, Dietrich of Berne meets them with his men, and warns them solemnly, but they will not return. Chrimhild receives the Nibelungen with dissembling heart, kisses Ghiseler and takes him by the hand, whereat old Hagen fastens his helmet tighter. Chrimhild taxes Hagen with his crime, and he hesitates not to confess it; she instigates her men to take vengeance on him, but the Huns withdraw in fear from the Nibelungen heroes. At evening they feast in a large and splendid hall. Hagen anticipates some evil design during the night, and, with Volker, undertakes to stand sentinel. As the night advances, the bold fiddler, Volker, sees helmets shining, and says to Hagen, "I see armed people stand before the house; I think they mean to assail us." But as the Huns approach, they see the mighty warders, and shrink from the conflict. In the morning, the guests go to the church, and Hagen, ever suspicious, makes them put on their armor. Etzel wonders at this, but Hagen informs him it is the custom in Burgundy to go armed three days, on high festivals. The morn-

ing mass is succeeded by knightly games, in which Volker stabs a rich Hun through the body with his spear. An immense uproar follows, and a fierce battle is on the point of breaking out, but Etzel interferes and stops it. The Burgundians and the Huns sit at the banquet in arms. Chrimhild now applies to Dietrich, but without success, to avenge her on Hagen; but at last, by promises, she persuades Blödelin to undertake the deed. He attacks Dankwart with his men, who, having vainly urged him to desist from the fight, strikes off his head. Blödelin's men then fall upon Dankwart's vassals, and, being supported by two thousand Huns, slay them all, and Dankwart fights his way alone to the banqueting hall, where Etzel and many of the Christian host are feasting. He tells the tale to Hagen, who bids him guard the door that no Hun may escape, and begins the slaughter by cutting off the head of Etzel's son, Ortlieb, which rolls into Chrimhild's lap. A terrible and bloody fight ensues, and the Burgundians throw seven thousand slain Huns out of the banquet hall. Chrimhild promises great treasures to him who shall kill Günther. Iring of Denmark attempts it, but is struck to the ground by Ghiseler, and is compelled to hasten back to his friends; and when the battle is renewed, he falls by Hagen's hand, and all who assail the old warrior meet with a like fate. Having fought till night, the kings propose a truce to Etzel; but as Chrimhild demands the surrender of Hagen, and Ghiseler haughtily refuses to desert a faithful friend, they are driven back into the hall, which Chrimhild causes to be set on fire. The heat of the conflagration so torments the heroes, that they have to quench their thirst with the blood of the slain; but in the morning six hundred brave men are still alive. The onslaught is again renewed. Rüdiger looks upon the scene of slaughter with sorrow and tears. In wrath he slays a Hun who reproaches him with doing nothing for Etzel; Etzel and Chrimhild then demand his aid as their vassal, and Chrimhild reminds him that he has already sworn fealty to her in Worms. On their knees they implore him; slowly and reluctantly, and with a heavy heart, he at length consents, and proceeds with his men to the attack. The Burgundians fall by Rüdiger's hand, until he and Ghernot slay each other in the fight. Rüdiger's men are all killed or wounded, and many of the wounded are drowned in the blood. Old Etzel bewails the death of Rüdiger so loudly that the sound is like the roar of a lion. The lamentation is heard by Dietrich and his men, who rush to the hall and demand the body of Rüdiger, when the conflict is fiercely renewed by reason of Volker's scoffing speech. Volker slays Dietrich's nephew, Siegestab of Berne, and is himself killed by bold Hildebrand. Wolfart and Ghiseler kill each other, and Hildebrand alone of Dietrich's men remains. Hagen rushes upon him to avenge the death of Volker, but he escapes with a wound. Dietrich sorrowfully arms himself, reproaches Hagen and Günther with the woe they have brought upon him, and commands them to surrender as hostages. Hagen refuses with an oath, and a battle between them begins. Dietrich inflicts a deep wound on Hagen, overpowers him, and delivers him bound to Chrimhild, charging her to spare his life. Then he subdues Günther, and gives him up in like manner to the queen. She takes a ferocious vengeance, by slaying them both; but old Hildebrand, indignant at her cruelty, springs upon her and stabs her to the heart; and Dietrich and Etzel with bitter tears bewail these dire mischances.

The Lament (*die Klage*) is an addition by a later hand. It contains the lamentations of Etzel, Hildebrand, and Dietrich over the dead, and Etzel's penitential confession of his sin in apostatizing from the Christian faith, for which God has punished him. One after another the principal champions are taken up, and their deaths bewailed.

This great romantic epic is a poem well calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of a people like the Germans. Nothing can exceed the delight with which that old poem was studied, when, within the memory of man, the newborn nationality of German feeling rose to an unexampled pitch, and led to an excess of admiration for every thing that belonged to German antiquity, which is, perhaps, without a parallel in modern times. This swelling enthusiasm is, at present, somewhat abated; but the poem of the Nibelungen still maintains its hold upon the German mind, and is acknowledged by other nations to be a most interesting and remarkable monument of early Teutonic genius. Students of German literature must admit that the unknown author of this poem shows a bold hand in drawing characters, a deep and passionate feeling, a sense of just proportion, and a plastic power in moulding the rude materials of the old German language into metrical forms of considerable beauty and melody. The gigantic figures of the chivalrous heroic age are set before us in all their majestic proportions; their passions are delineated with a tremendous strength of expression; and their superhuman deeds are told with a confidence equal to that of Homer, when he chants the resistless prowess of the godlike Achilles. The characters of Günther, Siegfried, and Hagen are conceived and represented with admirable distinctness and power; they move before us in the poem like so many living forms of more than mortal strength, bravery, and beauty. The poet is no less felicitous in the delineation of his heroines. Brunhild, with her Amazonian strength of will and strength of arm, which nothing short of the magic aid of the tarn-cap can conquer, and Chrimhild, with her feminine beauty and gentleness, her smiles, blushes, and tears, are represented with great tact, propriety, and consistency. The din of war, the terrible onset, the clash of shields, and the shivering of spears are described in the

'Nibelungenlied' with the graphic force and the sounding energy of verse which we so much admire in the Iliad. There is, too, in the poem, a minuteness of homely details, an unshrinking readiness to go into the plainest and most unpoetical matters, as we should now regard them, which remind us often of the cooking in Achilles's tent, and the "domestic manufactures" at the houses of Hector and Ulysses. When Günther prepares to go a-wooing the terrible Brunhild, the weaving, stitching, and sewing, the silks, and satins, and furs, the gold and embroidery, that occupy the fair fingers of the ladies of the household, are an amusing illustration of the fondness for finery, the passion for gorgeous costume, which marked the characters of the semi-barbarous barons who stormed to and fro in the Middle Ages. The poet remained unconsciously true also to the ancient maxim, that woman was ever the direful cause of war. A quarrel between the two heroines, Chrimhild and Brunhild, leads first to the assassination of the noble Siegfried. The gentle Chrimhild cherishes henceforth in her heart nothing but a hoarded and ever increasing desire for revenge. The poet has ventured on the bold experiment of changing her mild and lovely character into one of fearful ferocity, yet all the stages of the transformation are marked by a clear poetic probability. She consents to marry Attila, or Etzel, king of the Huns, for the purpose of exacting from Hagen, and all the Burgundian court, a terrible retribution for her beloved and ever deplored Siegfried's murder. Considering the wild passions that had their run unrestrained in the Middle Ages, and the poetical coloring which the creative imagination in all ages lavishes upon its scenes to heighten their effect, we must admit that the bard of the Nibelungen has traced the changes in Chrimhild's character with a hand at once delicate and masterly. The interest of the story rises to the very end. The most enthusiastic lover of battle-scenes must be satisfied with the deluge of blood which is shed after the arrival of the Burgundians in the land of the Huns. The terrible energy, with which these extraordinary passages are written, again reminds us of the Iliad, and of the bloody revenge which Achilles takes for the death of Patroclus.

The enthusiasm of the Germans for this singular poem was perfectly natural. They did not hesitate to compare it with the Iliad, and some of the more extravagant worshippers of the Middle Ages ventured to place it even higher than the old Grecian epic. This, however, is a claim which the cooler opinions of the present time promptly reject. With all its extraordinary merits of impersonation and description, its fiery utterance of passion, its elaborate arrangement and combination, its genuine epic sweep of incident and language, it falls far below the Iliad in variety, consistency, just proportion, and completeness, and in melody of verse. The German language of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is not to be compared for a moment with the richness, grace, and plastic beauty of the Greek, as it flowed from the harmonious lips of Homer. Heinrich Heine, in his amusing letters on German literature, translated by Mr. Haven, says: "For a long time nothing else was spoken of but the 'Nibelungenlied,' and the classic philologists were not a little vexed when they heard this epos compared with the Iliad, and when it was even a contest which of the two were the more excellent. The public on that occasion looked precisely like a child whom some one asks, 'Had you rather have a horse or a cake of gingerbread?'

"Nevertheless, this 'Nibelungenlied' is a poem of nervous energy. A Frenchman can hardly form an idea of it, much less of the language in which it is written. It is a language of stone, and the verses are, as it were, rhythmical stone blocks. Here and there, from out the rifts, red flowers well forth like drops of blood, or the lank ivy trails downward like green tears. Of the giant passions that stir themselves in this poem, no idea whatever can be formed by a race of men so diminutive and gentle as our own. Picture to yourselves a serene summer night; the stars pallid as silver, yet large as suns, stepping forth into the blue heavens; and all the gothic domes of Europe giving themselves a rendezvous upon some illimitable plain. Lo! the Strasburg Minster advances with calm and measured step; the Dome of Cologne, the Campanile of Florence, the Cathedral of Rouen, and many others, following in her train, and graciously paying their court to Notre-Dame-de-Paris. True, their step is somewhat helpless, some among them limp a little by the way, and oftentimes one cannot but smile at their wavering; this smile, however, soon ceases when we see their stormy passions kindling, and how they strive to murder one another. Notre-Dame-de-Paris raises, in desperation, both her stony arms to heaven, suddenly grasps a sword, and strikes from her body the head of the mightiest of all the domes. But no! even then you can form to yourself no idea of the leading characters of the 'Nibelungenlied'; no tower is so high, and no stone so hard, as the wrathful Hagen and the revengeful Chrimhild."

In the preceding analysis it has been mentioned that Heinrich von Ofterdingen is supposed by many to be the author of the "Nibelungenlied" in its present form. A brief notice of his life is, therefore, here subjoined. He was a native of Eisenach, and his life falls in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He is said to have passed a part of his youth in Austria, at the court of Leopold the Seventh. He held a distinguished rank as a Minnesinger, and at the court of Hermann, landgrave of Thuringia, sang

the praises of his emperor in the famous contest at the Wartburg, with Wolfram von Eschenbach for his opponent. Besides the "Nibelungenlied" nothing remains of his poetry except some passages of the "War of the Wartburg." A part of the "Heldenbuch," however, the "King Laurin," is, with some confidence, attributed to him. In modern times, Novalis has made him the hero of the beautiful romance which bears his name.

FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

THE NIBELUNGEN.

In ancient song and story marvels high are told
Of knights of high emprise and adventures manifold;
Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting, woe, and fear,
Of champions' bloody battles, many marvels shall ye hear.

A noble maid, and fair, grew up in Burgundy;
In all the land about fairer none might be:
She became a queen full high; Chrimhild was she hight;
But for her matchless beauty fell many a blade of might.

For love and for delight was framed that lady gay;
Many a champion bold sighed for the gentle may:
Full beauteous was her form, beauteous without compare;
The virgin's virtues might adorn many a lady fair.

Three kings of might and power had the maiden in their care,—
King Günther and King Ghernot (champions bold they were),
And Ghiseler the young, a chosen, peerless blade:
The lady was their sister, and much they loved the maid.

These lords were mild and gentle, born of the noblest blood;
Unmatched for power and strength were the heroes good:
Their realm was Burgundy, a realm of mickle might;
Since then, in the land of Etzel, dauntless did they fight.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, dwelt they with their meiny bold;
Many champions served them, of countries manifold,
With praise and honor nobly, even to their latest day,
When, by the hate of two noble dames, dead on the ground they lay.

Bold were the kings, and noble, as I before have said;
Of virtues high and matchless, and served by many a blade;
By the best of all the champions whose deeds were ever sung;
Of trust and truth withouten fail; hardy, bold, and strong.

There was Hagen of Tronek, and Dankwart, Hagen's brother
(For swiftness was he famed), with heroes many other;
Ortwin of Metz, with Eckewart and Ghere, two margraves they;
And Folker of Alsace; no braver was in his day.

Rumolt was caterer to the king; a chosen knight was he;
Sir Sindold and Sir Hunold bore them full manfully;
In court and in the presence they served the princes three,
With many other knights; bolder none might be.

Dankwart was the marshal; his nephew Ortewin
Was sewer to the king; much honor did he win:
Sindold held the cup the royal prince before:
Chamberlain was Hunold: braver knights ne'er hauberk bore.

Of the court's gay splendor, of all the champions free,
Of their high and knightly worth, and of the chivalry,
Which still they held in honor to their latest day,
No minstrel, in his song, could rightly sing or say.

One night the Queen Chrimhild dreamed her, as she lay,
How she had trained and nourished a falcon wild and gay,
When suddenly two eagles fierce the gentle hawk have slain:
Never, in this world, felt she such bitter pain.

To her mother, Dame Ute, she told her dream with fear:
Full mournfully she answered to what the maid did spier:
"The falcon whom you nourished, a noble knight is he;
God take him to his ward! thou must lose him suddenly."

"What speak you of the knight? dearest mother, say:
Without the love of champion, to my dying day,
Ever thus fair will I remain, nor take a wedded fere,
To gain such pain and sorrow, though the knight were without peer."

"Speak thou not too rashly," her mother spake again;
"If ever in this world thou heartfelt joy wilt gain,
Maiden must thou be no more; leman must thou have:
God will grant thee for thy mate some gentle knight, and brave."

"O, leave thy words, lady mother, nor speak of wedded mate!
Full many a gentle maiden has found the truth too late;
Still has their fondest love ended with woe and pain:
Virgin will I ever be, nor the love of leman gain."

In virtues high and noble that gentle maiden dwelt
Full many a night and day, nor love for leman felt;
To never a knight or champion would she plight her truth,
Till she was gained for wedded fere by a right noble youth.

That youth he was the falcon she in her dream beheld,
Who by the two fierce eagles dead to the ground was felled:
But since right dreadful vengeance she took upon his foen;
For the death of that bold hero died full many a mother's son.

—

CHRIMHILD.

And now the beauteous lady, like the rosy morn,
Dispersed the misty clouds; and he, who long had borne
In his heart the maiden, banished pain and care,
As now before his eyes stood the glorious maiden fair.

From her broidered garment glittered many a gem,
And upon her lovely cheek the rosy red did gleam:
Whoever in his glowing soul had imaged lady bright
Confessed that fairer maiden never stood before his sight.

And as the moon, at night, stands high the stars among,
And moves the murky clouds above, with lustre bright and strong;
So stood before her maidens the maid without compare:
Higher swelled the courage of many a champion there.

And full of love and beauty stood the child of Siegelind,
As if upon the parchment by master's hand designed:
He gained the prize of beauty from all the knightly train;
They swore that lady never a lovelier mate could gain.

—

SIEGFRIED AT THE FOUNTAIN.

In gorgeous guise the hero did to the fountain ride:
Down unto his spurs his sword hung by his side;
His weighty spear was broad, of mighty length, and strong;
A horn, of the gold so red, o'er the champion's shoulder hung.

Of fairer hunting garments ne'er heard I say before:
A coat of the black velvet the noble hero wore;
His hat was of the sable, full richly was it dight;
Ho, with what gorgeous belts was hung his quiver bright!

A fleece of the panther wild about the shafts was rolled;
A bow of weight and strength bore the huntsman bold:
No hero on this middle earth, but Sir Siegfried, I avow,
Without some engine quaint, could draw the mighty bow.

His garment fair was made of the savage lynx's hide;
With gold the fur was sprinkled richly on every side;
There many a golden leaf glittered right gorgeously,
And shone with brightest splendor round the huntsman bold and free.

And by his side hung Balmung, that sword of mickle might;
When in the field Sir Siegfried struck on the helmets bright,
Not the truest metal the noble blade withstood:
Thus right gloriously rode the huntsman good.

If right I shall arede the champion's hunting guise,
Well was stored his quiver with shafts of wondrous size;
More than a span in breadth were the heads of might and main:
Whom with those arrows sharp he pierced, quickly was he slain.

HAGEN AT THE DANUBE.

HAGEN of Tronek rode before the noble host,
Guiding the Niblung knights, their leader and their boast:
Now from his horse the champion leaped upon the ground;
Full soon unto an oak the courser has he bound.

. . . . . .

The ferryman he sought by the river far and wide:
He heard the water bullering closely by his side:
In a fountain fair, sage women he espied,
Their lovely bodies bathing all in the cooling tide.

And when he saw the mermaids, he sped him silently;
But soon they heard his footsteps, and quickly did they hie,
Glad and joyful in their hearts, that they 'scaped the hero's arm:
From the ground he took their garments, did them none other harm.

Up and spake a mermaid, Hildburg was she hight:
"Noble hero Hagen, your fate will I rede aright,
At King Etzel's court what adventures ye shall have,
If back thou give our garments, thou champion bold and brave."

Like birds they flew before him upon the watery flood,
And as they flew, the mermaid's form thought him so fair and good,
That he believed full well what of his fate she spoke;
But for the hero's boldness she thought to be awroke.

"Well may ye ride," she said, "to the rich King Etzel's court;
I pledge my head in troth, that in more royal sort
Heroes never were received in countries far and near,
Nor with greater honors; then hie ye without fear."

Glad of their speech was Hagen, right joyous in his heart:
He gave them back their garments, and sped him to depart:
But when their bodies they had dight in that full wondrous guise,
Rightly the journey to the Huns told the women wise.

Then spake the other mermaid, Sighlind was her name:
"I will warn thee, son of Aldrian, Hagen, thou knight of fame;
For the garments fair, my sister loudly did she lie:
Foully must ye all be shent, if to the Hûns ye hie.

"Turn thee back, Sir Hagen, back unto the Rhine,
Nor ride ye to the Huns with those bold feres of thine;
Ye are trained unto your death into King Etzel's land:
All who ride to Hungary their death may they not withstand."

Up and spake Sir Hagen,—"Foully dost thou lie:
How might it come to pass, when to the Huns we hie,
That I, and all our champions bold, should to the death be dight?"
The Niblung knights' adventures they told unto the knight.

Lady Hildburg spoke:—"Turn ye back to Burgundy:
None will return from Etzel, of all your knights so free;
None but the chaplain of the king; your cruel fate to tell,
Back to Lady Brunhild comes he safe and well."

Fiercely spake Sir Hagen to that prophetic maid,—
"Never to King Günther your tidings shall be said,
How he and all his champions must die at Etzel's court.
How may we pass the Danube? ladies sage, report."

"If yet thou wilt not turn back to Burgundy,
Speed ye up the river's edge, where thou a house wilt see;
There dwells a ferryman bold; no other may'st thou find:
But speak him fair and courteously, and bear my saw in mind.

"He will not bring you over, for savage is his mood,
If angrily ye call him, with wrathful words, and lewd:
Give him the gold and silver, if he guides you o'er the flood:
Ghelfrat of Bavaria serves the champion good.

"If he will not pass the river, call o'er the flood aloud,
That your name is Amelrich: he was a hero proud,
Who for wrath and enmity left Bavaria's land:
Soon will he ferry over from the further strand."

Hagen then dissped him from the mermaids wise:
The champion said no more, but bowed in courteous guise:

He hied him down the river, and on the further side
The house of that proud ferryman quickly has he spied.

Loud and oft Sir Hagen shouted o'er the flood:
"Now fetch me over speedily," so spake the hero good:
"A bracelet of the rich red gold will I give thee to thy meed:
To cross the swelling Danube full mickle have I need."

Rich and right proud of mood was that ferryman bold;
Full seldom would he serve for silver or for gold:
His servants and his hinds haughty of mind they were.
Alone the knight of Tronek stood in wrath and care.

With wondrous force he shouted, that, with the dreadful sound,
Up and down the river did the waves and rocks rebound:
"Fetch ye over Sir Amelrich, soon and speedily,
Who left Bavaria's land for wrath and enmity."

A weighty bracelet on his sword the hero held full soon,
That to the sun the gold so red fair and brightly shone:
He bade him bring him over to the noble Ghelfrat's land:
Speedily the ferryman took the rudder in his hand.

O'er the swelling Danube rowed he speedily;
But when his uncle Amelrich in the boat he did not see,
Fearful grew his wrath, to Hagen loud he spake,—
"Leave the boat, thou champion, or thy boldness will I wreak."

Up he heaved the rudder, broad, and of mickle weight,
And on the hero Hagen he struck with main and might;
In the ship he felled him down upon his knee:
Never such fierce ferryman did the knight of Tronek see.

He seized a sturdy oar, right wrathful was his mood;
Upon the glittering helmet he struck the champion good,
That o'er his head he broke the oar with all his might:
But for that blow the ferryman soon to the death was dight.

Up started hero Hagen, unsheathed his trusty blade,
Grasped it strongly in his hand, and off he struck his head:
Loudly did he shout, as he threw it on the ground:
Glad were the knights of Burgundy when they heard his voice resound.

—

HAGEN AND VOLKER THE FIDDLER.

'T was then the hero Hagen across his lap he laid,
Glittering to the sun, a broad and weighty blade;
In the hilt a jasper stone, greener than the grass:
Well knew the Lady Chrimhild that Siegfried's sword it was.

When she beheld sword Balmung, woe and sorrow did she feel:
The hilt was of the precious gold, the blade of shining steel:
It minded her of all her woes: Chrimhild to weep began:
Well, I ween, Sir Hagen in her scorn the sword had drawn.

Volker, knight of courage bold, by his side sat he:
A sharp and mighty fiddlestick held the hero free;
Much like a glittering sword it was; sharp, and broad, and long:
Fierce, without all fear, sat there the champions strong.

. . . . . .

Before the palace door Volker sat him on a stone;
Bolder and more knight-like fiddler ne'er shone the sun upon:
Sweetly from his strings resounded many a lay;
And many thanks the heroes to the knight of fame did say.

At first his tones resounded loudly the hall around;
The champion's strength and art was heard in every sound:
But sweeter lays, and softer, the hero now began,
That gently closed his eyes full many a way-tired man.

—

DEATH OF GÜNTHER, HAGEN, AND CHRIMHILD.

"Then I 'll bring it to an end," spake the noble Siegfried's wife.
Grimly she bade her meiny take King Günther's life.
Off they struck his head; she grasped it by the hair:
To the woful kemp of Tronek the bloody head she bare.

When the sorrowing hero his master's head did see,
Thus to Lady Chrimhild spake he wrathfully:
"Thou hast brought it to an end, and quenched thy bloody thirst;
All thy savage murders I prophesied at first.

"The noble king of Burgundy lies weltering in his blood,
With Ghiseler and Volker, Dankwart and Ghernot good.
Where was sunk the Niblung treasure knows none but God and I:
Never, thou fiend-like woman, that treasure shalt thou nigh."

"Foully hast thou spoken," thus she spake with eager word;
"But still I hold in my right hand Balmung, that noble sword,
That bore my Siegfried dear, when by your treacherous deed
Basely he was murdered; nor shall you the better speed."

From out the sheath she drew that blade so good and true;
She meant the noble champion with his life the deed should rue:
Up she heaved the falchion, and off she struck his head.
Loudly mourned King Etzel, when he saw the hero dead.

He wept and mourned aloud: "O, woe! by woman's hand
Lies low the boldest champion, the noblest in the land,
Who ever shield and trusty sword to the bloody combat bore!
Though he was my fiercest foe, I shall mourn him evermore."

Up and spake old Hildebrand,—"Thus she shall not speed;
She has dared to strike the champion dead, and it 's I will 'quite the deed:
Full oft he wrought me wrong, oft I felt his direful wrath;
But bloody vengeance will I have for the noble hero's death."

Wrathfully Sir Hildebrand to Queen Chrimhild he hied:
Grimly he struck his falchion all through the lady's side:
In sooth she stood aghast, when she viewed the hero's blade:
What might her cries avail her? On the ground the queen fell dead.

There bled full many a champion, slaughtered on that day;
Among them Lady Chrimhild, cut in pieces, lay.
Dietrich and King Etzel began to weep and mourn
For their kemps and for their kindred who there their lives had lorn.

Men of strength and honor weltering lay that morrow:
All the knights and vassals had mickle pain and sorrow.
King Etzel's merry feast was done, but with mourning did it end:
Thus evermore does Love with pain and sorrow send.

What sithence there befell I cannot sing or say,—
Heathens bold and Christians full sorely wept that day,
With many a swain and lady, and many maidens young,—
Here ends the tale adventurous, hight the Niblung song.

THIRD PERIOD.—CENTURIES XIV., XV.

HALB SUTER.

Halb Suter was a native of Lucerne. Nothing further is known of his life. The song of "The Battle of Sempach" was composed, probably, not far from the date of the event, 1386. It was preserved in Tschudi's "Chronicle," from which it has been several times republished.

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

'T was when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms
(And gray-haired peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms),—

Then looked we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
So hot their heart and bold,
"On Switzer carles we 'll trample now,
And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
From Zürich on the lake,
In martial pomp and fair array,
Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all,—
Ye seek the mountain strand,
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins,
Before ye farther go;
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."

"But where now shall we find a priest
Our shrift that he may hear?"
"The Switzer priest[1] has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
He 'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partisan
Your absolution deal."

'T was on a Monday morning then,
The corn was steeped in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
Together have they joined;
The pith and core of manhood stern,
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke, he said,
"Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismayed."

"O Hare-castle, thou heart of hare!"
Fierce Oxenstern replied.
"Shalt see, then, how the game will fare,"
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;
The peaks they hewed from their boot-points
Might well-nigh load a wain.[2]

And thus they to each other said,
"Yon handful down to hew
Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few."

The gallant Swiss Confederates there
They prayed to God aloud,
And he displayed his rainbow fair
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throbbed more and more
With courage firm and high,
And down the good Confederates bore
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion[3] 'gan to growl,
And toss his mane and tail;
And ball, and shaft, and crossbow bolt
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert mingled there,
The game was nothing sweet;
The boughs of many a stately tree
Lay shivered at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It chafed the gallant Winkelreid,
Who to his comrades said,—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

"These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array;
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way."

He rushed against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splintered on his crest,
Six shivered in his side;
Still on the serried files he pressed,—
He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed
First tamed the Lion's mood,
And the four forest cantons freed
From thraldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,
His valiant comrades burst,
With sword, and axe, and partisan,
And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,
And granted ground amain;
The Mountain Bull[4] he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach, in the flight;
The cloister vaults at Konigsfield
Hold many an Austrian knight.

---

[1] All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

[2] This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the Middle Ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.

[3] A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

[4] A pun on the *urus*, or wild-bull, which gives name to the canton of Uri.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
"And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn
Has galled the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher called
(His name was Hans von Rot),
"For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steered,
And took the fliers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly rowed his way,
The noble to his follower signed
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turned,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrew.

He whelmed the boat, and, as they strove,
He stunned them with his oar:
"Now drink ye deep, my gentle Sirs,
You 'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught;
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land:
"Ah, gracious lady! evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there."
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern?
Albert the Souter is he hight,
A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot,
Where God had judged the day.

ULRICH BONER.

Ulrich Boner appears to have been a preaching monk in the first part of the fourteenth century, and is hence called a Knight of God. He was born at Berne, in Switzerland, and enjoyed the patronage of Johann von Rinkenberg, a knight and a Minnesinger, to whom he dedicated his collection of fables, called the "Edelstein." This work early attained a wide circulation, and has been successively republished by Bodmer (Zürich, 1757–58), and by Benecke (Berlin, 1816–18). The last is the most valuable edition.

THE FROG AND THE STEER.

OF HIM THAT STRIVETH AFTER MORE HONOR THAN HE SHOULD.

A frog with frogling by his side
Came hopping through the plain, one tide:
There he an ox at grass did spy;
Much angered was the frog thereby;
He said: "Lord God, what was my sin,
Thou madest me so small and thin?
Likewise I have no handsome feature,
And all dishonored is my nature,
To other creatures far and near,
For instance, this same grazing steer."
The frog would fain with bullock cope,
'Gan brisk outblow himself in hope.
Then spake his frogling: "Father o' me,
It boots not, let thy blowing be;
Thy nature hath forbid this battle,
Thou canst not vie with the black-cattle."
Nathless let be the frog would not,
Such prideful notion had he got;
Again to blow right sore 'gan he,
And said: "Like ox could I but be
In size, within this world there were
No frog so glad, to thee I swear."
The son spake: "Father, me is woe
Thou shouldst torment thy body so;
I fear thou art to lose thy life;
Come, follow me, and leave this strife:
Good father, take advice of me,
And let thy boastful blowing be."
Frog said: "Thou need'st not beck and nod,
I will not do 't, so help me God!
Big as this ox is, I must turn,
Mine honor now it doth concern."
He blew himself, and burst in twain:
Such of that blowing was his gain.

The like hath oft been seen of such
Who grasp at honor overmuch;
They must with none at all be doing,
But sink full soon and come to ruin.

He, that, with wind of pride accursed,
Much puffs himself, will surely burst;
He men miswishes and misjudges,
Inferiors scorns, superiors grudges,
Of all his equals is a hater,
Much grieved he is at any better:
Wherefore it were a sentence wise,
Were his whole body set with eyes,
Who envy hath, to see so well
What lucky hap each man befell,
That so he filled were with fury,
And burst asunder in a hurry;
And so full soon betid him this
Which to the frog betided is.

VEIT WEBER.

Veit Weber lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century. He belonged to Freyburg, in the Brisgau, and is known as the author of five battle-songs, preserved in Diebold Schilling's "Chronicle of the Burgundian Wars"; the best of them all is the ballad on the battle of Murten (Morat). Nothing further is known of his life, except that he alludes to himself in his poems, as being "well known at Fryburg in Brisgowe," and as one "who passed his life in song," because he could not help it, and says that he was present in the fight of Murten.

The battle of Murten (Morat), one of the most remarkable in the Burgundian wars, took place on the 10th of June, 1476. Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, after the battle of Granson, assaulted Murten with an army of 40,000 men. This town was fortified with walls, towers, and a double trench. On one side lay a wooded and hilly country; on the other, a lake of considerable depth, which, having formerly been wider, was now bordered, here and there, by deep morasses. Towards Wifflisburg stretched a broad harvest field. The town itself was surrounded on all sides, except towards the lake, and a communication with the confederates was opened in the night, by means of a small boat. The storm was begun by Count Romont; the Burgundians, having thrown down a part of the wall, rushed forward with a shout of victory; they were vigorously repulsed, and the gunners who served the heavy artillery were shot from the city. The loss of seven hundred men, in the first onset, disheartened the besiegers, and the breach in the wall was repaired at night. The Swiss soon after were succoured by their confederates, and by René, the duke of Lorraine. The confederates attacked the army of the duke, though much inferior to him in numbers; the garrison of Murten joined in the assault, and the victory was complete. The field of battle was covered with the dead. Several thousand cuirassiers and Lombards, in despair, attempted to wade through the lake, which was covered far out with reeds. The marshy bottom sank under the weight of men and horses, and many perished; others were shot; and one cuirassier alone saved his life. Between the Burgundian camp and Wifflisburg fifteen thousand lay dead. Some of the survivors hid themselves until night in the forest; many of the camp followers took refuge in the ovens of the neighbouring villages. To explain this curious fact, it should be mentioned that the ovens in Switzerland are sometimes built in the open air, outside the houses, and large enough to hold several persons. The duke himself escaped with a few horsemen, by riding hard, chiefly at night, until he reached the Lake of Geneva. The camp was found abundantly supplied with provisions. Splendid armor, gorgeous tents, costly dresses and trappings, the military chest, and the superbly furnished quarters of Charles, fell into the hands of the Swiss.

For a graphic description of this battle, see Johann von Müller's "Geschichte Schweizerischer Eidgenossenschaft," Part V., ch. 1.

The following ballad is translated from the modernized text, which is found in the German collections. In some passages, however, the expressions of the old German original of Veit Weber, on account of their more direct and descriptive character, have been restored.

THE BATTLE OF MURTEN.

The tidings flew from land to land,
At Murten lies Burgund;
And all make haste, for fatherland,
To battle with Burgund.

In the field before a woodland green,
Shouted the squire and knight;
Loud shouted René of Lorraine,
"We 'll forward to the fight!"

The leaders held but short debate;
Too long it still appeared;—
"Ah, God! when ends the long debate?
Are they perchance afeard?

"Not idle stands in heaven high
The sun in his tent of blue;
We laggards let the hours go by!
When shall we hack and hew?"

Fearfully roared Carl's cannonade;
We cared not what befell;
We were not in the heat dismayed,
If this or that man fell.

Lightens in circles wide the sword,
Draws back the mighty spear;
Thirsted for blood the good broadsword,
Blood drank the mighty spear.

Short time the foemen bore the fray,
Soldier and champion fled,
And the broad field of battle lay
Knee-deep with spears o'erspread.

Some in the forest, some the brake,
To hide from the sunlight sought;
Many sprang headlong into the lake,
Although they thirsted not.

Up to the chin they waded in;
Like ducks swam here and there;
As they a flock of ducks had been,
We shot them in the mere.

After them on the lake we sail,
With oars we smote them dead,
And piteously we heard them wail;
The green lake turned to red.

Up on the trees clomb many high,
We shot them there like crows;
Their feathers helped them not to fly,
No wind to waft them blows.

The battle raged two leagues around,
And many foemen lay
All hacked and hewed upon the ground,
When sunset closed the day;
And they who yet alive were found
Thanks to the night did pay.

A camp like any market-place
Fell to the Switzer's hand;
Carl made the beggars rich apace
In needy Switzerland.

The game of chess is a kingly play;—
'T is a Leaguer now that tries;
He took from the king his pawns away;
His flank unguarded lies.

His castles were of little use,
His knights were in a strait;
Turn him whatever way he choose,
There threatens him checkmate.

Veit Weber had his hand on sword,
Who did this rhyme indite:
Till evening mowed he with the sword;
He sang the stour at night.

He swung the bow, he swung the sword,
Fiddler and fighter true,
Champion of lady and of lord,
Dancer and prelate too.
Amen.

ANONYMOUS POEMS OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

SONG OF HILDEBRAND.

"It 's I will speed me far away," cried Master Hildebrand;
"Who will be my trusty guide to Bern, in the Lombard land?
I have not passed the weary road since many a day, I ween;
For more than two-and-thirty years Dame Utta have I not seen."

Up and spake Duke Amelung,—"If thou wilt ride to Bern,
Who will meet thee on the heath? A youth right brave and stern:
Who will meet thee on the march?[1] Alebrand the young:
Though with twelve of the boldest knights thou pass, thou must fight that hero strong."

"And if he break a lance with me in his high and fiery mood,
I will hew asunder his buckler green, that fast shall stream his blood;
Asunder his hauberk will I hew with a slanting blow of might:
I ween for a year to his mother he will plain him of the fight."

"Nay," cried Dietrich, lord of Bern, "battle shalt thou not wage
Against the youthful Alebrand, for in sooth I love the page:
I rede thee, knight, to do my will, and ask him courteously
To let thee pass along in peace, for the love of me."

When he rode through the garden of roses, right on the march of Bern,
He came in pain and heavy woe with a hero young and stern:
Against him rushed, with couchant lance, a hero brave and bold:
"What seek'st thou in my father's land? Say on, thou champion old.

"A bruny[2] clear and bright thou bear'st, like sons of mighty kings;
I ween thou deem'st to strike me blind with thy hauberk's glittering rings.
Bide at home in quiet, I rede thee, man of age;
Sit thee down by thy good fire-side."—Loud laughed the hero sage.

"And why should I in quiet be, and sit by the chimney-side?
I have pledged me, night and day, to wander far and wide;
To wander o'er the world, and fight, until my latest day:
I tell thee, young and boasting knight, for that my beard grows gray."

"It 's I will pull thy beard of gray, I tell thee, ancient man,
That all adown thy furrowed cheeks the purple blood shall run:

[1] Borders, frontier.

[2] Cuirass.

Thy hauberk and thy buckler green yield without further strife;
My willing captive must thou be, if thou wilt keep thy life."

"My hauberk and my buckler green renown and bread have gained,
And well I trust in Christ on high in the stour my life to defend."
They left their speech, and rapidly drew out their falchions bright,
And what the heroes bold desired they had in the bloody fight.

I know not how Sir Alebrand dealt a heavy slanting blow,
That the ancient knight astounded at his heart with pain and woe,
And hastily he started back seven fathoms far, I ween,—
"Say, did not a woman teach thee, young knight, that dint so keen?"

"Foul shame it were, if women taught me to wield the brand:
Many a gallant knight and squire dwell in my father's land;
Many earls and knights of high renown in the court of my father dwell,
And what I have not learnt as yet they can teach me right and well."

"He who will scour old kettles, black and foul his hands will be:
Even so, young kemp, from the champion old will soon betide to thee;
And quickly shalt thou shrive thee upon the blooming heath,
Or else, thou youthful hero, thou must graithe thee for thy death."

He caught him by the middle, where the young man weakest was,
And heavily he cast him behind him, on the grass:
"Now say to me, thou champion young, thy confessor will I be;
If thou art of the Wolfing race, thou shalt gain thy life from me."

"Thou speak'st to me of savage wolves that roam the woods about;
Of noble Grecian blood I came, of high-born champions stout;
My mother is Lady Utta, a duchess of main and might;
And Hildebrand, the ancient kemp, my dearest father hight."

"If Utta be thy mother, who rules o'er many a land,
I am thy dearest father, the ancient Hildebrand."
Soon has he doffed his helmet green; on his cheek he kissed the swain:
"Praised be God! we are sound and safe, nor ever will battle again."

"Father, dearest father mine, the wounds I dealt to thee,
Gladly would I bear them thrice on my head, right joyfully."
"O, bide in quiet, my gentle son! my wounds will soon be well;
But, thanked be God in heaven! we now together will dwell."

The fight began at the hour of none, they fought till the vesper-tide:[3]
Up rose the youthful Alebrand, and into Bern they ride:
What bears he on his helmet? A little cross of gold;
And what on his right hand bears he? His dearest father old.

He led him into his mother's hall, set him highest at the board;
When he gave him meat and drink, his mother cried aloud, with angry word,
"O son, my son, so dear to me! 't is too much honor to place
So high a captive champion, the highest at the deas."

"Rest in quiet, my mother dear; let him sit at the table head:
Upon the blooming heath so green he had well-nigh struck me dead.
O, hearken, lady mother mine! captive shall he not be;
It is my father, Old Hildebrand, that kemp so dear to thee."

It was the Lady Utta, her heart was blithe and glad;
Out she poured the purple wine, and drank to the ancient blade.
What bore in his mouth Sir Hildebrand? A ring of the gold it was,
And for his lady, Dame Utta, he has dropped it in the glass.

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day?
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay;
He halsed[1] and kissed his dearest dame, that was as sweet as May,
And said, "Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

"'T is I have vowed a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas' land, and leave the land that 's mine;

[3] The hour of none is three o'clock in the afternoon; vesper-tide at six.

[1] Embraced.

Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay,
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelve-months and a day."

Then out and spoke that lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer,
"Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order tak'st thou here?
And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy lordly sway,
And be thy lady's guardian true, when thou art far away?"

Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of that have thou no care,
There 's many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair:
The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals, and my state,
And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

"As Christian man, I need must keep the vow which I have plight:
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now,
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow.'

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him boune,
And met him there his chamberlain, with ewer and with gown:
He flung the mantle on his back, 't was furred with miniver,
He dipped his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead fair.

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead my vassal train,
And pledge thee for my lady's faith till I return again."

The chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from me, —
That woman's faith 's a brittle trust. — Seven twelve-months didst thou say?
I 'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day."

The noble baron turned him round, his heart was full of care,
His gallant esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir,
To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou trusty squire to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea?

"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band;
And pledge thee for my lady's faith, till seven long years are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John?"

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young,
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue:
"My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

"Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with your vassals ride;
And for your lovely lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I 'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year."

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all, — hoists topsails and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas' land seven twelve-months and a day.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,
When on the baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept,
And whispered in his ear a voice, "'T is time, Sir Knight, to wake;
Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train;
And she, the lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night within thy father's hall she weds Marstetten's heir."

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard:
"O, would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have I heard!
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my care,
But, God! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my lady fair!

"O good Saint Thomas, hear!" he prayed, "my patron saint art thou!
A traitor robs me of my land, even while I pay my vow;

My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name,
And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

It was the good Saint Thomas then who heard his pilgrim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpowered his care;
He waked in fair Bohemian land, outstretched beside a rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around:
"I know my father's ancient towers, the mill, the stream I know;
Now blessed be my patron saint who cheered his pilgrim's woe!"

He leant upon his pilgrim's staff, and to the mill he drew;
So altered was his goodly form that none their master knew:
The baron to the miller said, "Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor palmer, in your land what tidings may there be?"

The miller answered him again, "He knew of little news,
Save that the lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose:
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word;
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy lord.

"Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free;
God rest the baron in his grave, he still was kind to me!
And when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and millers take their toll,
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole."

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began,
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man;
"Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match to break!"

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe;
And to the warder thus he spoke: "Friend, to thy lady say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas' land craves harbour for a day.

"I 've wandered many a weary step, my strength is well-nigh done,
And if she turn me from her gate, I 'll see no morrow's sun;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dole,
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once loved husband's soul."

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before:
"A pilgrim, worn and travel-toiled, stands at the castle-door,
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for harbour and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul."

The lady's gentle heart was moved: "Do up the gate," she said,
"And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed;
And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to stay,
These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a day."

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode:
"And have thou thanks, kind Heaven," he said,
"though from a man of sin,
That the true lord stands here once more his castle-gate within!"

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow;
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seemed their lord to know:
He set him on a lowly bench, oppressed with woe and wrong;
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seemed little space so long.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was evening hour,
The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial bower:
"Our castle's wont," a bridesman said, "hath been both firm and long,
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant a song."

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom, there as he sat by the bride:
"My merry minstrel folk," quoth he, "lay shalm and harp aside;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold."

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 't was thus the pilgrim sung,
"Nor golden meed, nor garment gay, unlocks his heavy tongue:

Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board
as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her
charms was mine.

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I
grew silver-haired,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she
left this brow and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's
latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of
frozen age."

It was the noble lady there this woful lay that
hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was
dimmed with tears;
She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden beaker
take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for
her sake.

It was the noble Moringer that dropped amid
the wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so
fine:
Now listen, gentles, to my song, it tells you but
the sooth,
'T was with that very ring of gold he pledged
his bridal truth.

Then to the cupbearer he said, "Do me one
kindly deed,
And should my better days return, full rich
shall be thy meed;
Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride
so gay,
And crave her, of her courtesy, to pledge the
palmer gray."

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor was the
boon denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to
the bride:
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends
this, and bids me pray,
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the
palmer gray."

The ring hath caught the lady's eye, she views
it close and near;
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "The
Moringer is here!"
Then might you see her start from seat, while
tears in torrents fell;
But whether 't was for joy or woe, the ladies
best can tell.

But loud she uttered thanks to Heaven, and
every saintly power,
That had returned the Moringer before the
midnight hour;
And loud she uttered vow on vow, that never
was there bride
That had like her preserved her troth, or been
so sorely tried.

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to
constant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plight so
steadfastly and true;
For count the term howe'er you will, so that
you count aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when
bells toll twelve to-night."

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion
there he drew,
He kneeled before the Moringer, and down his
weapon threw:
"My oath and knightly faith are broke," these
were the words he said,
"Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and
take thy vassal's head."

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud
did say,
"He gathers wisdom that hath roamed seven
twelvemonths and a day:
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame
speaks her sweet and fair;
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her
for my heir.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride,
the old bridegroom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so
punctually were told:
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my
castle-gate,
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day
too late."

THE LAY OF THE YOUNG COUNT.

I stood on a high mountain,
And looked on the Rhine so wide;
A little skiff came swimming,
A little skiff came swimming,
Wherein three knights did ride.

And of these knights, the youngest
He was the count his heir;
He promised he would marry me,
He promised he would marry me,
Although so young he were.

He took from off his finger
A ring of gold so red:
"Thou fairest, finest, take it,
My own heart's dearest, take it,
And wear it when I 'm dead."

"What shall I do with the ringlet,
If I dare not wear it before?"
"Say only thou hast found it,
Say only thou hast found it,
In the grass before the door."

"Nay, why should I be lying?
It would not behoove me well;
The young count he is my husband,
The young count he is my husband,
Much rather I would tell."

"Wert thou but richer, maiden,
Hadst thou but a little gear,
In sooth I then would take thee,
In sooth I then would take thee,
For then we equals were."

"And though I have not riches,
Yet of honor I have some;
That honor I will keep it,
That honor I will keep it,
Until my equal come."

"But if there come no equal,
What then wilt thou begin?"
"Then I will seek a cloister,
Then I will seek a cloister,
To live as a nun therein."

'T was after three months' time had passed,
The count dreamed heavily;
As if his own heart's dearest,
As if his own heart's dearest,
In a cloister he did see.

"Arise, my groom, and hasten,
Saddle mine and saddle thy steed;
We 'll ride o'er hill and valley,
We 'll ride o'er hill and valley;
The maiden is worth all speed."

And when they came to the cloister,
They gently knocked at the door:
"Come out, thou fairest, thou fine,
Come out, thou heart's dearest mine,
Come forth to thy lover once more!"

"But wherefore should I hasten
To thee before the door?
My hair is clipped and veiled,
My hair is clipped and veiled,
Thou 'lt have me never more."

The count with fright is silent,
Sits down upon a stone;
The bitter tears he 's weeping,
The bitter tears he 's weeping,
Till life and joy are gone.

With her snow-white hands the maiden
She digs the count his grave;
From her dark-brown eyes so lovely,
From her dark-brown eyes so lovely,
The holy water she gave.

Thus to all young lads 't will happen,
Who for riches covet sore;
Fair wives they all are wishing,
Fair wives they all are wishing,
But for gold and silver more.

SONG OF THE THREE TAILORS.

Once on a time three tailors there were,
O dear, O dear, O dear!
Once on a time three tailors there were,
And a snail, in their fright, they mistook for a bear.
O dear, O dear, O dear!

And of him they had such a terrible sense,
They hid themselves close behind a fence.

"Do you go first," the first one he said;
The next one he spake, "I 'm too much afraid."

The third he fain would speak also,
And said, "He 'll eat us all up, I know."

And when now together they all came out,
They seized their weapons all about.

And as now they marched to the strife so sad,
They all began to feel rather bad.

But when on the foe they rushed outright,
Then each one grew choke-full of fight.

"Come out here, come out, you devil's brute!
If you want to have a good stitch in your suit."

The snail he stuck out his ears from within;
The tailors they trembled, — "'T is a dreadful thing!"

And as the snail his shell did move,
The tailors threw down their weapons forsooth.

And when the snail crept out of his shell,
The tailors they all ran away pell-mell.

THE WANDERING LOVER.

My love he is journeying far away,
But I cannot tell why I 'm so sad all the day;
Perhaps he is dead, and gone to his rest,
And that is the reason my heart 's so oppressed.

When I with my love to the church did repair,
False tongues at the door awaited us there;
The one it said this, and the other said that,
And this is the reason my eyes are so wet.

The thistles and thorns, they hurt very sore,
But false, false tongues, they hurt far more;
And no fire on earth ever burns so hot
As the secret love of which none doth wot.

My heart's dearest treasure, there 's one thing I crave,
That thou wilt stand by, when I 'm laid in the grave,
When in the cold grave my body they lay,
Because I have loved thee so truly for aye!

THE CASTLE IN AUSTRIA.

THERE lies a castle in Austria,
Right goodly to behold,
Walled up with marble stones so fair,
With silver and with red gold.

Therein lies captive a young boy,
For life and death he lies bound,
Full forty fathoms under the earth,
'Midst vipers and snakes around.

His father came from Rosenberg,
Before the tower he went:
"My son, my dearest son, how hard
Is thy imprisonment!"

"O father, dearest father mine,
So hardly I am bound,
Full forty fathoms under the earth,
'Midst vipers and snakes around!"

His father went before the lord:
"Let loose thy captive to me!
I have at home three casks of gold,
And these for the boy I 'll gi'e."

"Three casks of gold, they help you not,
That boy, and he must die!
He wears round his neck a golden chain;
Therein doth his ruin lie."

"And if he thus wear a golden chain,
He hath not stolen it; nay!
A maiden good gave it to him;
For true love, did she say."

They led the boy forth from the tower,
And the sacrament took he:
"Help thou, rich Christ, from heaven high,
It 's come to an end with me!"

They led him to the scaffold place,
Up the ladder he must go:
"O headsman, dearest headsman, do
But a short respite allow!"

"A short respite I must not grant;
Thou wouldst escape and fly:
Reach me a silken handkerchief
Around his eyes to tie."

"O do not, do not bind mine eyes!
I must look on the world so fine;
I see it to-day, then never more,
With these weeping eyes of mine."

His father near the scaffold stood,
And his heart, it almost rends:
"O son, O thou my dearest son,
Thy death I will avenge!"

"O father, dearest father mine!
My death thou shalt not avenge,
'T would bring to my soul but heavy pains;
Let me die in innocence.

"It is not for this life of mine,
Nor for my body proud;
'T is but for my dear mother's sake,
At home she weeps aloud."

Nôt yet three days had passed away,
When an angel from heaven came down:
"Take ye the boy from the scaffold away,
Else the city shall sink under ground!"

And not six months had passed away,
Ere his death was avenged amain;
And upwards of three hundred men
For the boy's life were slain.

Who is it that hath made this lay,
Hath sung it, and so on?
That, in Vienna in Austria,
Three maidens fair have done.

THE DEAD BRIDEGROOM.

THERE went a boy so stilly,
To the window small went he:
"Art thou within, my fair sweetheart?
Rise up and open to me."

"We well may speak together,
But I may not open to thee;
For I have plighted my faith to one,
And want no other but he."

"The one to whom thou 'rt plighted,
Fair sweetheart, I am he;
Reach me thy snow-white little hand,
And then perhaps thou 'lt see."

"But nay! thou smellest of the earth;
And thou art Death, I ween!"
"Why should I not smell of the earth,
When I have lain therein?

"Wake up thy father and mother,
Wake up thy friends so dear;
The chaplet green shalt thou ever wear,
Till thou in heaven appear."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET nightingale! thyself prepare,
The morning breaks, and thou must be
My faithful messenger to her,
My best beloved, who waits for thee.

She in her garden for thee stays,
And many an anxious thought will spring,
And many a sigh her breast will raise,
Till thou good tidings from me bring.

So speed thee up, nor longer stay;
Go forth with gay and frolic song;
Bear to her heart my greetings, — say
That I myself will come ere long.

And she will greet thee many a time;
"Welcome, dear nightingale!" will say;
And she will ope her heart to thee,
And all its wounds of love display.

Sore pierced by love's shafts is she;
Thou, then, the more her grief assail;
Bid her from every care be free:
Quick! haste away, my nightingale!

ABSENCE.

If I a small bird were,
And little wings might bear,
I 'd fly to thee:
But vain those wishes are:
Here, then, my rest shall be.

When far from thee I bide,
In dreams still at thy side
I 've talked with thee;
And when I woke, I sighed,
Myself alone to see.

No hour of wakeful night
But teems with thoughts of light, —
Sweet thoughts of thee, —
As when, in hours more bright,
Thou gav'st thy heart to me.

THE FAITHLESS ONE.

Last evening by my fair I sat,
And now on this we talked, now that;
Freely she sat by me, and said
She loved with love unlimited.

Last evening, when from her I parted,
In dearest friendship, faithful-hearted,
Her sacred vow she plighted me,
In joy or sorrow, mine to be.

Last eve, at leaving her, she clung
Close to my side, and on me hung;
And far along she went with me,
And, O, how kind and dear was she!

To-day, when to her side I came,
How cool, how altered, that proud dame!
All was reversed; and back I turned,
By her, who was my true love, spurned.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet nightingale! I hear thee sing, —
Thy music makes my heart upspring:
O, quickly come, sweet bird, to me,
And teach me to rejoice like thee!

Sweet nightingale! to the cool wave
I see thee haste, thy limbs to lave,
And quaff it with thy little bill,
As 't were the daintiest beverage still.

Sweet bird! where'er thy dwelling be,
Upon the linden's lofty tree,
Beside thy beauteous partner, there,
O, greet a thousand times my fair!

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

SILENT LOVE

Who love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak:
For in love's domain
Silence must reign;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.

FOURTH PERIOD.—CENTURY XVI.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Martin Luther was born Nov. 10, 1483, at Eisleben. At the age of fourteen, he was placed at school in Magdeburg, whence he afterwards went to Eisenach. In 1501, he entered the University of Erfurt. He was destined at first for the law, but circumstances afterwards led him to embrace the monastic life. His great distinction, of course, lies in the extraordinary influence he has exercised upon the religious state of the world; but this subject does not come within the range of the present work. His poetical talent was shown in the department of sacred poetry. He purified and adapted old German poems to the service of the temple, translated Latin hymns, and was the author of about forty pieces in German, all distinguished for their vigor, and highly esteemed down to the present day. He died on the 18th of February, 1546, at Eisleben, and was buried in the castle church of Wittenberg. A collection of eight of Luther's hymns was first published at Wittenberg in 1524; another, the following year, containing forty. A new edition was published at Berlin in 1817 – 18.

PSALM.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He 'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour:
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can;
Full soon were we down-ridden,
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son:
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course:
'T is written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth.

HEINRICH KNAUST.

Knaust was born in 1541, and died in 1577. Three of his poems may be found in Erlach, I., 71. The following quaint specimen will suffice.

DIGNITY OF THE CLERKS.

Paper doth make a rustle,
And it can rustle well;
To find it is no puzzle,
Sith aye it rustle will.

In every place 't will rustle,
Where'er 's a little bit;
So, too, the scholars rustle,
Withouten all deceit.

Of tag and rag they make
The noble writer's stuff;
One might with laughter shake,
I tell you true enough.

Old tatters, cleanly washen,
Thereto they do prepare;
Lift many from the ashen,
That erst sore want did bear.

The pen behind the ear,
All pointed sharp to write,
Doth hidden anger stir:
Foremost the clerk doth sit.

Before all other wights,
Sith him a clerk they call,
The princes he delights, —
They love him most of all.

The clerk full well they name
A treasure of much cost; —
Though he 's begrudged the same,
Nathless he keeps the post.

Before the clerk must bend
Oft many a warrior grim,
And to the corner wend,
Although it please not him.

FIFTH PERIOD.—CENTURY XVII.

SIMON DACH.

This poet was born in 1605, and died in 1659. He was Professor of Poetry at Königsberg. His poems are lyrical, consisting of popular and sacred songs; and breathing the simple, devout spirit of a quiet scholar. Ten of his poems are given in Erlach, III. Those which follow are favorable specimens of his manner. The first is from the Low German, and, though apparently written in a tone of great tenderness, is, in fact, a satire upon the lady of his love, who proved untrue to him. In after-life he could not forgive himself for having taken this poetical revenge. The song seemed to haunt him even on his death-bed, and, after a violent spasm of pain, he exclaimed, "Ah! that was for the song of 'Anke von Tharaw.'"

ANNIE OF THARAW.

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,

Through forests I 'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household, — thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

O, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!
Who, through death, have unto God ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping;
No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavour.
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA.

Abraham a Sancta Clara, whose real name was Ulrich Megerle, was born at Krähenheimstetten, Swabia, in 1642. In 1662 he joined the barefooted friars of the order of Saint Augustine, and applied himself to the study of philosophy and theology in a monastery at Vienna. He began his career as a preacher in the convent of Taxa, in Bavaria, and soon afterward was called to preach at the imperial court of Vienna, where he continued until his death, in 1709.

Abraham a Sancta Clara is the most grotesque and eccentric of all the popular preachers that Germany has produced. In one of his discourses he exclaims: "By permission of the Almighty, I knock at the door of hell, and ask this or that one the reason of his condemnation. 'Holla! thou who art boiling in red hot iron, like a pea in a hot kettle, what was the cause of thy condemnation?' 'I,' said he, 'was given to wild lusts, but resolved to leave off my wicked life, and repent, but was suddenly cut off, so that procrastination caused my eternal death.'

"The same answer I received from a hundred thousand wretched sinners. O, how true is it, as the poet says:

> "'The raven *cras* oft closes the pass
> Unto our souls' salvation;
> The fatal *to-morrow* produceth sorrow
> And final condemnation!'

"And even, silly souls, if you are not cut off by sudden death, but have time to repent given you on your death-bed, still such late repentance seldom availeth much in the sight of God; as Saint Augustine saith, 'The repentance of a sick man, I fear, is generally sickly; that of a dying man generally dies away. For when thou canst sin no longer, it is not that thou desertest sin, but that sin deserts thee.'

"God, in the Old Testament, has admitted all kinds of beasts as acceptable offerings; but he excludeth the swan alone, though the swan with its white vesture agreeth well with the livery of the angels, because this feathered creature is the image of a sinner who puts off repentance till death; for the swan is silent through his whole life, and doth not sing till his life is at its close."

Passages of great beauty occur likewise in these discourses, and at times the reader is reminded of Jeremy Taylor. For example, when he says: "I seem to see in fancy holy Bachomius in the wilderness, where he chose him a dwelling among hollow clefts of rocks, which abode consisted in naught but four crooked posts, with a transparent covering of dried boughs. And he, when wearied with singing psalms, resorting to labor, lest the Old Serpent should catch him unemployed, and weaving rude coverings of thatch, sits by a rock, wherefrom flow forth silver veins of water, which make a pleasing murmur in their crystal descent, while around him on the green boughs play the birds of the forest, who, with their natural cadences, and the clear-sounding flutes of their throats, joining *pleno choro*, transform the wood into a concert; and the agile deer, the bleating hares, the chirping insects, are his constant companions, unharmed and unharming, all which furnishes him with solace and contentment. But it seemeth to me that our devout hermit delighteth himself more especially in the echo which sends him back his loud sighs and petitions; as when the holy anchorite cries, 'O merciful Christ!' the echo, that unembodied thief, steals away the words, and returns them back to him. But is he too sorely tempted, and doth he exclaim, in holy impatience, 'O thou accursed devil!' the echo lays aside its devout language, and sounds back to him, 'Thou accursed devil!' In a word, as a man treats Echo, so does Echo treat him.

"Now God is just like this voice of the woods. For it is an unquestioned truth, that, as we demean ourselves toward God, so he demeaneth himself toward us."

See "The Knickerbocker," Vol. X., where other extracts may be found. The following verses, it hardly need be said, are not quoted for their beauty, but for their oddity. They are from "Judas, the Arch-Rogue."

SAINT ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

Saint Anthony at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes.
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all thither drawn;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear Saint Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish, —
The stock-fish, I mean, —
At the sermon was seen.
No sermon beside
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
No sermon beside
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the devil had got 'em.
No sermon beside
Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature.
At God's word,
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forget.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

SIXTH PERIOD.—FROM 1700 TO 1770.

JOHANN JACOB BODMER.

J. J. Bodmer was born July 19th, 1698, at Greifensee, near Zürich, where his father was a preacher. At the Gymnasium in Zürich, he studied poetry and the languages. In 1725, he was appointed Professor of Helvetian History, and, ten years later, became a member of the great council in Zürich. He died January 2d, 1783. He had ability and great literary activity, but not much poetical genius. He promoted a taste for English literature, and for the study of the Middle Ages. The literary principles of Gottsched, who favored the French taste, found in him a vigorous opponent. His principal work is the "Noachide," in hexameter verse (Zürich, 1752). He edited a collection of the Minnesingers, translations of ancient English, and selections of Swabian ballads. He also translated Milton's "Paradise Lost." Several of the Greek poets he rendered into German hexameters. The following short extract is the close of the eighth book of the "Noachide."

THE DELUGE.

Now on the shoreless sea, intermixed with the corses of sinners,
Floated the bodies of saints, by the side of the beasts of the forest.
All that the food-bearing earth had enabled to live on its surface
Death from one zone to another pursued with all-conquering fury.
O, how the face of the country was changed, how deformed the creation!
Where but recently Spring in his garment of flowers was straying,
Listening the nightingale's song from the dew-sprent bower of roses,
Hidden he wears the dank prisoner's dress, which the flood overcast him.
Sulphurous vapors ascend from the deep; and volcanic eruptions
Scatter the ores of the mine with poisonous hisses to heaven.

FREDERIC HAGEDORN.

Frederic Hagedorn was born at Hamburg in 1708. He studied first at the Hamburg Gymnasium, and afterwards went to the University of Jena, where he devoted himself to the law. The death of his father recalled him before the completion of his studies. In 1729, he accompanied Baron Soehlenthal, the Danish minister, to England, as his secretary. He remained there about two years, in which time he made himself master of the English language, and acquired much knowledge of English literature. His earliest remaining poem is a paraphrase of Pope's "Universal Prayer." In 1733, he received the appointment of Secretary to the English Factory at Hamburg, with a yearly salary of a hundred pounds. He continued in this situation, giving certain stated hours to the duties of his office, and the rest of his time to reading and composition, until his death, which took place suddenly in 1754. His manner of life was not unlike that of Charles Lamb. His character was amiable, and he was much respected. As a poet, he imitated English and French models. His principal works are songs, poetical narratives, epistles, and fables. They were published at Hamburg in 1729, again in 1800, and finally in 1825, in five volumes.

THE MERRY SOAP-BOILER.

A steady and a skilful toiler,
John got his bread as a soap-boiler,

Earned all he wished, his heart was light,
He worked and sang from morn till night.
E'en during meals his notes were heard,
And to his beer were oft preferred;
At breakfast, and at supper, *too*,
His throat had double work to do;
He oftener sang than said his prayers,
And dropped asleep while humming airs:
Until his every next-door neighbour
Had learned the tunes that cheered his labor,
And every passer-by could tell
Where merry John was wont to dwell.
At reading he was rather slack,
Studied at most the almanac,
To know when holidays were nigh,
And put his little savings by;
But sang the more on vacant days,
To waste the less his means and ways.

'T is always well to live and learn.
The owner of the soap-concern —
A fat and wealthy burgomaster,
Who drank his hock, and smoked his knaster,
At marketing was always apter
Than any prelate in the chapter,
And thought a pheasant in sour krout
Superior to a turkey-poult;
But woke at times before daybreak
With heart-burn, gout, or liver-ache —
Oft heard our sky-lark of the garret
Sing to his slumber, but to mar it.

He sent for John, one day, and said:
"What 's your year's income from your trade?"

"Master, I never thought of counting
To what my earnings are amounting
At the year's end: if every Monday
I 've paid my meat and drink for Sunday,
And something in the box unspent
Remains for fuel, clothes, and rent,
I 've husbanded the needful scot,
And feel quite easy with my lot.
The maker of the almanac
Must, like your worship, know no lack,
Else a red-letter earnless day
Would oftener be struck away."

"John, you 've been long a faithful fellow,
Though always merry, seldom mellow.
Take this rouleau of fifty dollars,
My purses glibly slip their collars;
But before breakfast let this singing
No longer in my ears be ringing:
When once your eyes and lips unclose,
I must forego my morning doze."

John blushes, bows, and stammers thanks,
And steals away on bended shanks,
Hiding and hugging his new treasure,
As had it been a stolen seizure.
At home he bolts his chamber-door,
Views, counts, and weighs his tinkling store,
Nor trusts it to the savings-box
Till he has screwed on double locks.
His dog and he play tricks no more,
They 're rival watchmen of the door.
Small wish has he *to sing* a word,
Lest thieves should climb his stair unheard.
At length he finds, the more he saves,
The more he frets, the more he craves;
That his old freedom was a blessing
Ill sold for all he 's now possessing.

One day, he to his master went
And carried back his hoard unspent.
"Master," says he, "I 've heard of old,
Unblest is he who wai hes gold.
Take back your present, and restore
The cheerfulness I knew before.
I 'll take a room not quite so near,
Out of your worship's reach of ear,
Sing at my pleasure, laugh at sorrow,
Enjoy to-day, nor dread to-morrow,
Be still the steady, honest toiler,
The merry John, the old soap-boiler."

ALBRECHT VON HALLER.

Albrecht von Haller was born in 1708. He showed a taste for letters and poetry at a very early age. In his fifteenth year he went to the University of Tübingen, and afterwards to Leyden and Basle. He took his medical degree in 1727, soon after which he visited England. He returned to Berne in 1730, intending to establish himself in his profession in his native place. In 1732, he made a journey through the Alps, after which he published his first poem. In 1736, he was made Professor of Medicine at Göttingen; in 1749, he was ennobled by the emperor; in 1753, returned to Berne, and died in 1777. He was distinguished in many departments of knowledge; poet, anatomist, physiologist, botanist, &c. His poetical works were published at Berne, in 1732; the twelfth edition appeared in 1828. His scientific works were numerous, and won for him the highest reputation as a student and discoverer.

EXTRACT FROM DORIS.

The light of day is almost gone,
The purple in the west that shone
Is fading to a grayer hue:
The moon uplifts her silver horns,
The cool night strews her slumber-corns,
And slakes the thirsty earth with dew.

Come, Doris, to these beeches come,
Let us the quiet dimness roam,
Where nothing stirs but you and I:
Save when the west wind's gentle breath
Is heard the wavering boughs beneath,
Which strive to beckon silently.

How the green night of leafy trees
Invites to dreams of careless ease,
And cradles the contented soul;
Recalls the ambitious range of thought
To fasten on some homely cot,
And make a life of love its whole!

Speak, Doris, feels thy conscious heart
The throbbing of no gentle smart,
Dearer than plans of palaced pride?
Gaze not thine eyes with softer glance,
Glides not thy blood in swifter dance,
Bounds not thy bosom, — by my side?

Thought questions thought with restless task;
I know thy soul begins to ask,
What means this ail, what troubles me?
O, cast thy vain reserve away,
Let me its real name betray!
Far more than that I feel for thee.

Thou startlest, and thy virtue frowns,
And the chaste blush my charge disowns,
And lends thy cheek an angrier glow;
With mingled feelings thrills thy frame,
Thy love is stifled by thy shame,
Not by thy heart, my Doris, no!

Ah! lift those fringed lids again,
Accept, accept the proffered chain,
Which love and fate prepare to bind:
Why wilt thou longer strive to fly?
Be overtaken, — I am nigh.
To doubt is not to be unkind.

CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT.

Christian Furchtegott Gellert was born at Haynichen, in Saxony, in 1715. His father was a poor clergyman with thirteen children. He was sent first to the "Prince's School," at Meissen, and in 1734 entered the University at Leipsic, where he studied theology. His timidity was so great that he renounced preaching, after one unsuccessful effort, and became successively private teacher, and Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy. He took part in the Bremish "Beiträge," and, for a time, edited a periodical work, called "Materials to form the Heart and Understanding," in which his earliest compositions were first published. He wrote a novel, "The Swedish Countess," several dramatic pieces, odes, tales, a collection of fables, and a variety of miscellanies. He died in 1769. His character was gentle and amiable, and strongly marked by a pious resignation to the will of Providence. His influence was extraordinary. Several editions of his works have been published; the last in Leipsic, 1840.

THE WIDOW.

Dorinda's youthful spouse,
Whom as herself she loved, and better, too,—
"Better?" — methinks I hear some caviller say,
With scornful smile; but let him smile away!
A true thing is not therefore the less true,
Let laughing cavillers do what they may.
Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's arms —
Too early snatched, in all his glowing charms —
The best of husbands and the best of men;
And I can find no words, — in vain my pen,
Though dipped in briny tears, would fain portray,
In lively colors, all the young wife felt,
As o'er his couch in agony she knelt,
And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek, of clay.
The priest, whose business 't was to soothe her, came;
All friendship came, — in vain;
The more they soothed, the more Dorinda cried.
They had to drag her from the dead one's side.
A ceaseless wringing of the hands
Was all she did; one piteous "Alas!"
The only sound that from her lips did pass:
Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.
Meanwhile, a neighbour o'er the way
Had happened in, well skilled in carving wood.
He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,
And, partly at her own request,
Partly to show his reverence for the blest,
And save his memory from untimely end,
Resolved to carve in wood an image of his friend.
Success the artist's cunning hand attended;
With most amazing speed the work was ended;
And there stood Stephen, large as life.
A masterpiece soon makes its way to light;
The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Stephen met their sight,
"Ah, Heavens! Ah, there he is! Yes, yes, 't is he!
O happy artist! happy wife!
Look at the laughing features! Only see
The open mouth, that seems as if 't would speak!
I never saw before, in all my life,
Such nature, — no, I vow, there could not be
A truer likeness; so he looked to me,
When he stood godfather last week."
They brought the wooden spouse,
That now alone the widow's heart could cheer,
Up to the second story of the house,
Where he and she had slept one blessed year.
There in her chamber, having turned the key,
She shut herself with him, and sought relief
And comfort in the midst of bitter grief,
And held herself as bound, if she would be
For ever worthy of his memory,
To weep away the remnant of her life.
What more could one desire of a wife?
So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken,
And had not, my informant said,
In all that time, to living creature spoken,
Except her house-dog and her serving-maid.
And this, after so many weeks of woe,

Was the first day that she had dared to glance
Out of her window: and to-day, by chance,
Just as she looked, a stranger stood below.
Up in a twinkling came the house-maid running,
And said, with look of sweetest, half-hid cunning,
"Madam, a gentleman would speak with you,
A lovely gentleman as one would wish to view,
Almost as lovely as your blessed one;
He has some business with you must be done,—
Business, he said, he could not trust with me."
"Must just make up some story, then," said she,
"I cannot leave, one moment, my dear man;
In short, go down and do the best you can;
Tell him I 'm sick with sorrow; for, ah me!
It were no wonder ——"
"Madam, 't will not do;
He has already had a glimpse of you,
Up at your window, as he stood below;
You *must* come down; now do, I pray.
The stranger will not thus be sent away.
He 's something weighty to impart, I know.
I *should* think, madam, you *might* go."
A moment the young widow stands perplexed,
Fluttering 'twixt memory and hope; the next,
Embracing, with a sudden glow,
The image that so long had soothed her woe,
She lets the stranger in. Who can it be?
A suitor? Ask the maid; already she
Is listening at the key-hole; but her ear
Only Dorinda's plaintive tone can hear.
The afternoon slips by. What can it mean?
The stranger goes not yet, has not been seen
To leave the house. Perhaps he makes request—
Unheard-of boldness!—to remain, a guest?
Dorinda comes at *length*, and, sooth to say,
alone.—
Where is the image, her dear, sad delight?—
"Maid," she begins, "say, what shall now be
done?
The gentleman *will* be my guest to-night.
Go, instantly, and boil the pot of fish."
"Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure,—as you wish."
Dorinda goes back to her room again.
The maid ransacks the house to find a stick
Of wood to make a fire beneuth the pot,—in vain.
She cannot find a single one; then quick
She calls Dorinda out, in agony.
"Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth," says she:
"There 's not a stick of fish-wood in the house.
Suppose I take that image down and split it?
That
Is good, hard wood, and to our purpose pat."
"The image? No, indeed!—But—*well*—
yes, do!
What need you have been making all this
touse?"
"But, ma'am, the image is too much for me;
I cannot lift it all alone, you see;—
'T would go out of the window easily."
"A lucky thought! and that will split it for
you, too.
The gentleman in future lives with me;
I may no longer nurse this misery."
Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen
flew.

EWALD CHRISTIAN VON KLEIST.

Ewald Christian von Kleist was born in 1715, at Zeblin, in Pomerania. He studied at the Jesuit College in Cron, then at the Gymnasium in Dantzic, and in 1731 commenced the study of law at the University of Königsberg. Through the influence of some relations in Denmark, he became a Danish officer in 1736. He afterwards entered the service of Frederic the Great. In 1743, he fought a duel, and became acquainted with Gleim. He subsequently rose to the rank of Major. He was present in several battles, and lost his leg in the engagement at Kunersdorf, which caused his death twelve days afterwards. His naturally thoughtful temperament, acted upon by an unfortunate attachment, and a dislike of his profession, gave a melancholy character to his poems. His works are chiefly songs, odes, elegies, and the poem entitled "Spring," which is the most important of his productions. He also composed idyls, and an epic in three cantos. His works have been several times published; the latest edition is that of Berlin, 2 vols., 1839. Wolfgang Menzel remarks of him, that he "became the German Thomson, whose 'Seasons' he imitated in the poem of 'Spring,' which has become so celebrated. He was much distinguished by refined sentiments and beautiful imagery; but he shared the faults of this species of poetry, which knew not how to express a fine sentiment directly, but could only do so through the medium and in the mirror of reflection, and which, without intending it, perhaps, played the coquette a little with its charms."

SIGHS FOR REST.

O silver brook, my leisure's early soother,
When wilt thou murmur lullabies again?
When shall I trace thy sliding smooth and
smoother,
While kingfishers along thy reeds complain?
Afar from thee, with care and toil oppressed,
Thy image still can calm my troubled breast.

O ye fair groves, and odorous violet valleys,
Girt with a garland blue of hills around;
Thou quiet lake, where, when Aurora sallies,
Her golden tresses seem to sweep the ground:
Soft mossy turf, on which I wont to stray,
For me no longer bloom thy flowerets gay.

Thou, who, behind the linden's fragrant boughs,
Wouldst lurk to hear me blow the mellow
flute,
Speak, Echo, shall I never know repose?
Must every muse I wooed henceforth be mute?
How oft, while, pleased, in the thick shade I lay,
Doris I named, and Doris thou wouldst say!

Far now are fled the pleasures once so dear,
Thy welcome words no longer meet my calls,
No sympathetic tone assails the ear,
Death from a thousand mouths of iron bawls:

There brook and meadow harmless joys bestow,
Here grows but danger, and here flows but woe.

As when the chilly winds of March arise,
And whirl the howling dust in eddies swift,
The sunbeams wither in the dimmer skies,
O'er the young ears the sand and pebbles drift:
So the war rages, and the furious forces
The air with smoke bespread, the field with corses.

The vineyard bleeds, and trampled is the corn,
Orchards but heat the kettles of the camp.
Her youthful friend the bride beholds, forlorn,
Crushed like a flower beneath the horse's tramp:
Vain is her shower of tears that bathes the dead,
As dews on roses plucked, and soon to fade.

There flies a child; his aid the father lends,
But writhing falls, by random bullets battered;
With his last breath the boy to God commends,
Nor knows that both by the same blow were shattered:
So Boreas, when he stirs his mighty wings,
The blooming hop, and its supportance, flings.

As when a lake, which gushing rains invade,
Breaks down its dams, and fields are overflowed:
So floods of fire across the region spread,
And standing corn by crackling flames is mowed;
Bellowing the cattle fly; the forests burn,
And their own ashes the old stems inurn.

What art and skill have built with cost and toil
Corinthian sculptures all in vain attire:
The pride of cities falls, a fiery spoil,
And many a marble fane and gilded spire,
Whose haughty head the clouds of heaven surround,
Tumbles in ruin; quakes the solid ground.

The people pale rush out to quench the fire,
And tread a pavement formed of corses strewn;
Who from his burning house escapes entire
Falls in the streets, by splitting bombs o'erthrown:
For water, blood of men the palace fills,
Which hisses on the floor as it distils.

Though sets the sun, the ruddy skies are bright;
All night is day, where conflagrations glare;
Heaven borrows from below a purpler light,
And roofs of copper cataract from the air:
Balls hiss, flames roar, artillery thunders loud,
And moon and stars their pallid lustre shroud.

As when their way a host of comets bend
Back into chaos from the ether's top,
So with their tails of fire the bombs ascend,
And thronging, bursting, thundering, tearing, drop:
The earth with piecemeal carcasses is sown;
Limbs, bowels, brains, in wild disorder strewn.

The treacherous ground is often undermined,
And cloudward hurls a long incumbent weight;
Forts built on rocks their frail foundation find,
And call the echoes to proclaim their fate:
Vale, field, and hill receive the mingled scath,
As Hecla scatters in her day of wrath.

. . . . . .

Like the fond lover, whose too dazzling flame
Forbids him to discern, ye 're mocked by fate.
If fortune give me neither wealth nor fame,
At least I do not grudge them to the great.
A heart at ease, a home where friends resort,
I would not change for tinsel, or for court.

Thou best of carpets, spread thee at my feet!
Meadow, brook, reeds, beside you let me dwell!
Gold is but sand, not worth these murmurs sweet;
These branchy shades all palace-roofs excel.
When of your hills my wandering visions dream,
The world 's as little to me as they seem.

JOHANN WILHELM LUDWIG GLEIM.

This poet was born in 1719, at Ermsleben, in the principality of Halberstadt. In 1738, he went to the University of Halle, to study law. In 1740, he left the University, went to Potsdam, where he became a private tutor, and afterwards was appointed Secretary to Prince William of Schwedt. Here he formed an intimate friendship with Kleist. After various changes of fortune, Gleim was appointed Secretary of the Cathedral Chapter of Halberstadt, and afterwards Canon of the Walbeck institution. He died in 1803. His poetical genius was not remarkable; but he loved letters and science, and lived on terms of cordial friendship with the principal authors of his age. His "War-songs of a Grenadier" are, perhaps, his best poetical productions. He wrote, besides, Anacreontic, erotic, Petrarchian songs; songs after the Minnesingers, epistles, fables, and a didactic-religious poem, called "Halladat, or the Red Book." His works were published by Körte, Halberstadt, 1811–13, who also wrote his life.

WAR-SONG.

We met, a hundred of us met,
At curfew, in the field;
We talked of heaven and Jesus Christ,
And all devoutly kneeled:

When, lo! we saw, all of us saw,
The star-lit sky unclose,
And heard the far-high thunders roll
Like seas where storm-wind blows.

We listened, in amazement lost,
As still as stones for dread,
And heard the war proclaimed above,
And sins of nations read.

The sound was like a solemn psalm
That holy Christians sing;
And by-and-by the noise was ceased
Of all the angelic ring:

Yet still, beyond the cloven sky,
We saw the sheet of fire;
There came a voice, as from a throne,
To all the heavenly choir,

Which spake: "Though many men must fall,
I will that these prevail;
To me the poor man's cause is dear."
Then slowly sank a scale.

The hand that poised was lost in clouds,
One shell did weighty seem:
But sceptres, scutcheons, mitres, gold
Flew up, and kicked the beam.

THE INVITATION.

I HAVE a cottage by the hill;
It stands upon a meadow green;
Behind it flows a murmuring rill,
Cool-rooted moss and flowers between.

Beside the cottage stands a tree,
That flings its shadow o'er the eaves;
And scarce the sunshine visits me,
Save when a light wind rifts the leaves.

A nightingale sings on a spray
Through the sweet summer time night-long,
And evening travellers, on their way,
Linger to hear her plaintive song.

Thou maiden with the yellow hair,
The winds of life are sharp and chill;
Wilt thou not seek a shelter there,
In yon lone cottage by the hill?

THE WANDERER.

My native land, on thy sweet shore
Lighter heaves the breast;
Could I visit thee once more,
How I should be blest!

Heart so anxious and so pained,
Fitting is thy woe;
My native land, what have I gained
By wandering from thee so?

Fresher green bedecks thy fields,
Fairer blue thy skies;
Sweeter shade thy forest yields,
Thy dews have brighter dies.

Thy sabbath-bells a sweeter note
Echo far and near;
Thy nightingale's melodious throat
Sweeter thrills the ear.

Softer flow thy lavish streams
Through the meadow's bloom;
Ah! how bright the wanderer's dreams
'Neath thy linden's gloom!

Fair thy sun that flings around
Genial light and heat.—
To my father's household gate
Let me bend my feet;
There, forgetting all the past,
I will rest in peace at last!

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

THIS celebrated poet was born at Quedlinburg, in 1724. His childhood was spent at Friedeberg, but he was subsequently placed at the Gymnasium of Quedlinburg. At the age of sixteen, he went to Schulpforte, where he studied the ancient languages, and acquired that classical taste, which afterwards exercised so remarkable an influence on his writings. Even at this early period he had conceived the project of writing an epic poem. In 1745, he went to Jena, to study theology, and there composed the first canto of the "Messiah." In 1746, he removed to Leipsic, where he became acquainted with the circle of writers who published the "Bremische Beiträge," in which work the first three cantos of the "Messiah" appeared, in 1748, and excited unbounded admiration. This same year, he became acquainted with Frederica Schmidt, in Langensalza, whom he celebrated under the name of Fanny. To dissipate the chagrin arising from a disappointed attachment for this lady, he visited Zürich, on the invitation of Bodmer, in 1750; and in the following year he was summoned to Copenhagen, through the influence of Bernstorf, and received a small pension to give him leisure for the completion of his poem. On his way thither, he became acquainted with Margaretha or Meta Moller, a warm and enthusiastic admirer of his poems, and a person of much spirit and talent. An attachment sprang up between them, and they were married in 1754. She died in 1758. In 1764, he wrote his "Hermanns Schlacht" (Battle of Arminius), and soon after engaged in his investigations into the German language. After the downfall of the minister, Bernstorf, in 1771, Klopstock returned to Hamburg in the character of Danish Secretary of Legation, and in 1775 became a councillor of the margraviate of Baden. He finished his "Messiah" in Hamburg. In 1792, he married a second wife, Johanna von Windham. He died in 1803.

In private he was social and amiable, fond of

children and of skating. As an epic poet, his "Messiah" gave him an immense reputation; he has been pronounced the first lyric poet of modern times, and some even rank him higher than Pindar. He shows a genuine classic taste, and a deep feeling of the spirit of antiquity. The principal measures of the ancients he reproduced in the German with remarkable skill and felicity. His elegies are composed in the ancient elegiac distich. His tragedies and dramas had but little success.

Menzel has given a very good summary of his character.* "Klopstock, the German Homer, stands before all the German Horaces, Anacreons, Pindars, Theocrituses, and Æsops. It was, in truth, he, who, by the powerful influence of his 'Messiah' and his 'Odes,' gave the antique taste its supremacy, not, however, in defiance, but operating rather in favor, of the German and Christian manner. Religion and native land were with him the highest themes; but as to form, he regarded the ancient Greek as the most perfect, and thought to unite the most beautiful substance with the most beautiful form, by exalting Christianity and Germanism in Grecian fashion, — an extraordinary error, certainly, but perfectly natural to the extraordinary character manifested in the progress of his age. The English, it is true, did not fail to produce an effect on Klopstock, for his 'Messiah' is only a pendant to Milton's 'Paradise Lost'; but Klopstock was by no means, on this account, a mere imitator of the English; on the contrary, his merit in regard to German poetry is as peculiar as it is great. He supplanted the hitherto prevailing French alexandrines and doggerels by the Greek hexameter, and the other metres, the Sapphic, Alcaic, and iambic, of the ancients. By this means, not only the French fustian and senseless rhyming were set aside, and the poet was compelled to think more of the meaning and substance than of the rhyme, but the German language also was remoulded by the attention paid to rhythmical harmony, and attained a flexibility which would have been serviceable to the poets, even if they afterwards threw aside the Greek form, as a mere study and exercise. Moreover, Klopstock, although he wanted to be a Greek in form, still always meant to be only a German in spirit; and it was he who introduced the patriotic enthusiasm, and that worship of every thing German, which have never disappeared since, in spite of all new foreign fashions, but, on the contrary, have broken out against what is foreign, often to the extreme of injustice and absurdity. Strangely as it sounds, when he, the son of the French age of perukes, calls himself a bard in Alcaic verses, and thus blends together three wholly heterogeneous ages, — the modern, the antique, and the old German, — still, this was the beginning of that proud revival of German poetry, which finally ventured to cast off the foreign fetters, and to drop that humble demeanour which had been customary since the peace of Westphalia. It was, indeed, needful that one should again come, who might freely smite his breast, and cry, 'I am a German!' Finally, his poetry, as well as his patriotism, had its root in that sublime moral and religious faith which his 'Messiah' celebrates; and he it was, who, along with Gellert, lent to modern German poetry that dignified, earnest, and pious character, which it has never lost again, in spite of all the extravagances of fancy and wit, and which foreign nations have constantly admired most in us, or looked upon with distant respect. When we call to mind the influence of the frivolous old French philosophy, and the scoffing of Voltaire, we begin to comprehend what a mighty dam Klopstock set up against that foreign influence in German poetry.

"His patriotism, therefore, and his elevated religious character, have, still more than the improvements he introduced into the German language, conferred upon him that reverential respect which he will always maintain. They have had the effect of securing to him for ever the admiration of those who could hardly read him through; which furnishes matter for Lessing's ridicule. It is true that Klopstock loses every thing, if he is closely examined and judged by single parts. We must look upon him at a certain distance, and as a whole. When we undertake to read him, he appears pedantic and tedious; but when we have once read him, and then recall his image to memory, he becomes great and majestic. Then his two ideas, country and religion, shine forth in their simplicity, and make upon us the impression of sublimity. We think we see a gigantic spirit of Ossian, striking a wondrous harp, high among the clouds. If we approach him more nearly, he dissolves into a thin and wide-spread mass of vapor. But that first impression has wrought a powerful effect upon our souls, and attuned us to lofty thoughts. Although too metaphysical and cold, he has still given us, in the highest ideas of his poetry, two great truths, — the one, that our un-Germanized poetry, long alienated from its native soil, must take root there again, and there only can grow up to a noble tree; the other, that, as all poetry must have its source in religion, so, too, it must find there its highest aim."

Klopstock's works were published at Leipsic, in twelve quarto volumes, 1798–1817; again, in 8vo., 1823; and again in 1829.

ODE TO GOD.

Thou Jehovah
Art named, but I am dust of dust!
Dust, yet eternal! for the immortal soul
Thou gav'st me, gav'st thou for eternity,

* Menzel's German Literature, translated by C. C. Felton. Vol. II., pp. 370–373.

Breath'dst into her, to form thy image,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss,
A thronging host! But one, more beautiful
Than all the rest, is as the queen of all, —
Of thee the last, divinest image,
The fairest, most attractive, — Love!
Thou feelest it, though as the Eternal One:
It feel, rejoicing, the high angels, whom
Thou mad'st celestial, — thy last image,
The fairest and divinest, — Love!
Deep within Adam's heart thou plantedst it:
In his idea of perfection made,
For him create, to him thou broughtest
The mother of the human race.
Deep also in my heart thou plantedst it:
In my idea of perfection made,
For me create, from me thou leadest
Her whom my heart entirely loves.
Towards her my soul is all outshed in tears, —
My full soul weeps, to stream itself away
Wholly in tears! From me thou leadest
Her whom I love, O God! from me, —
For so thy destiny, invisibly,
Ever in darkness works, — far, far away
From my fond arms in vain extended, —
But not away from my sad heart!
And yet thou knowest why thou didst conceive,
And to reality creating call,
Souls so susceptible of feeling,
And for each other fitted so.
Thou know'st, Creator! But thy destiny
Those souls, thus born as for each other, parts:
High destiny, impenetrable, —
How dark, yet how adorable!
But life, when with eternity compared,
Is like the swift breath by the dying breathed,
The last breath, wherewith flees the spirit
That aye to endless life aspired.
What once was labyrinth in glory melts
Away, — and destiny is then no more.
Ah, then, with rapturous rebeholding,
Thou givest soul to soul again!
Thought of the soul, and of eternity,
Worthy and meet to soothe the saddest pain:
My soul conceives it in its greatness;
But, O, I feel too much the life
That here I live! Like immortality,
What seemed a breath fearfully wide extends!
I see, I see my bosom's anguish
In boundless darkness magnified.
God! let this life pass like a fleeting breath!
Ah, no! — But her who seems designed for me
Give, — easy for thee to accord me, —
Give to my trembling, tearful heart!
(The pleasing awe that thrills me, meeting her!
The suppressed stammer of the undying soul,
That has no words to say its feelings,
And, save by tears, is wholly mute!)
Give her unto my arms, which, innocent,
In childhood, oft I raised to thee in heaven,
When, with the fervor of devotion,
I prayed of thee eternal peace!
With the same effort dost thou grant and take
From the poor worm, whose hours are centuries,
His brief felicity, — the worm, man,
Who blooms his season, droops and dies!
By her beloved, I beautiful and blest
Will Virtue call, and on her heavenly form
With fixed eye will gaze, and only
Own that for peace and happiness
Which she prescribes for me. But, Holier One,
Thee too, who dwell'st afar in higher state
Than human virtue, — thee I 'll honor,
Only by God observed, more pure.
By her beloved, will I more zealously,
Rejoicing, meet before thee, and pour forth
My fuller heart, Eternal Father,
In hallelujahs ferventer.
Then, when with me she thine exalted praise
Weeps up to heaven in prayer, with eyes that swim
In ecstacy, shall I already
With her that higher life enjoy.
The song of the Messiah, in her arms
Quaffing enjoyment pure, I noblier may
Sing to the good, who love as deeply,
And, being Christians, feel as we!

THE LAKE OF ZÜRICH.

Fair is the majesty of all thy works
On the green earth, O Mother Nature, fair!
But fairer the glad face
Enraptured with their view.
Come from the vine-banks of the glittering lake, —
Or, hast thou climbed the smiling skies anew,
Come on the roseate tip
Of evening's breezy wing,
And teach my song with glee of youth to glow,
Sweet Joy, like thee, — with glee of shouting youths,
Or feeling Fanny's laugh.

Behind us far already Uto lay, —
At whose foot Zürich in the quiet vale
Feeds her free sons: behind,
Receding vine-clad hills.
Unclouded beamed the top of silver Alps;
And warmer beat the heart of gazing youths,
And warmer to their fair
Companions spoke its glow.
And Haller's Doris sang, the pride of song;
And Hirzel's Daphne, dear to Kleist and Gleim;
And we youths sang, and felt
As each were — Hagedorn.

Soon the green meadow took us to the cool
And shadowy forest, which becrowns the isle.
Then cam'st thou, Joy, thou cam'st
Down in full tide to us;
Yes, Goddess Joy, thyself! We felt, we clasped,
Best sister of Humanity, thyself;
With thy dear Innocence
Accompanied, thyself!

Sweet thy inspiring breath, O cheerful Spring,
When the meads cradle thee, and thy soft airs

Into the hearts of youths
And hearts of virgins glide!
Thou makest Feeling conqueror. Ah! through thee,
Fuller, more tremulous heaves each blooming breast;
With lips spell-freed by thee
Young Love unfaltering pleads.

Fair gleams the wine, when to the social change
Of thought, or heart-felt pleasure, it invites;
And the Socratic cup,
With dewy roses bound,
Sheds through the bosom bliss, and wakes resolves,
Such as the drunkard knows not, proud resolves,
Emboldening to despise
Whate'er the sage disowns.

Delightful thrills against the panting heart
Fame's silver voice, — and immortality
Is a great thought, well worth
The toil of noble men.
By dint of song to live through after-times, —
Often to be with rapture's thanking tone
By name invoked aloud,
From the mute grave invoked, —
To form the pliant heart of sons unborn, —
To plant thee, Love, thee, holy Virtue, there, —
Gold-heaper, is well worth
The toil of noble men.

But sweeter, fairer, more delightful 't is
On a friend's arm to know one's self a friend!
Nor is the hour so spent
Unworthy heaven above.

Full of affection, in the airy shades
Of the dim forest, and with downcast look
Fixed on the silver wave,
I breathed this pious wish:
"O, were ye here, who love me though afar,
Whom, singly scattered in our country's lap,
In lucky, hallowed hour,
My seeking bosom found;
Here would we build us huts of friendship, here
Together dwell for ever!" — The dim wood
A shadowy Tempe seemed;
Elysium all the vale.

TO YOUNG.

Die, aged prophet! Lo, thy crown of palms
Has long been springing, and the tear of joy
Quivers on angel-lids
Astart to welcome thee!
Why linger? Hast thou not already built
Above the clouds thy lasting monument?
Over thy "Night Thoughts," too,
The pale freethinkers watch,
And feel there 's prophecy amid the song,
When of the dead-awakening trump it speaks,
Of coming final doom,
And the wise will of Heaven.
Die! Thou hast taught me that the name of death
Is to the just a glorious sound of joy!
But be my teacher still,
Become my genius there!

MY RECOVERY.

Recovery, daughter of Creation, too,
Though not for immortality designed,
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me!
Had I not heard thy gentle tread approach,
Not heard the whisper of thy welcome voice,
Death had with iron foot
My chilly forehead pressed.
'T is true, I then had wandered where the earths
Roll around suns; had strayed along the path
Where the maned comet soars
Beyond the armed eye;
And with the rapturous, eager greet had hailed
The inmates of those earths and of those suns;
Had hailed the countless host
That throng the comet's disc;
Had asked the novice questions, and obtained
Such answers as a sage vouchsafes to youth;
Had learned in hours far more
Than ages here unfold!
But I had then not ended here below
What, in the enterprising bloom of life,
Fate with no light behest
Required me to begin.
Recovery, daughter of Creation, too,
Though not for immortality designed,
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me!

THE CHOIRS.

Dear dream, which I must ne'er behold fulfilled,
Thou beamy form, more fair than orient day,
Float back, and hover yet
Before my swimming sight!

Do they wear crowns in vain, that they forbear
To realize the heavenly portraiture?
Shall marble hearse them all,
Ere the bright change be wrought?

Hail, chosen ruler of a freer world!
For thee shall bloom the never fading song,
Who bidd'st it be, — to thee
Religion's honors rise.

Yes! could the grave allow, of thee I 'd sing:
For once would Inspiration string the lyre, —
The streaming tide of joy,
My pledge for loftier verse.

Great is thy deed, my wish. He has not known
What 't is to melt in bliss, who never felt
Devotion's raptures rise
On sacred Music's wing:

Ne'er sweetly trembled, when adoring choirs
Mingle their hallowed songs of solemn praise;
And, at each awful pause,
The unseen choirs above.

Long float around my forehead, blissful dream!
I hear a Christian people hymn their God,
And thousands kneel at once,
Jehovah, Lord, to thee!

The people sing their Saviour, sing the Son;
Their simple song according with the heart,
Yet lofty, such as lifts
The aspiring soul from earth.

On the raised eyelash, on the burning cheek,
The young tear quivers; for they view the goal,
Where shines the golden crown,
Where angels wave the palm.

Hush! the clear song wells forth. Now flows along
Music, as if poured artless from the breast;
For so the master willed
To lead its channelled course.

Deep, strong, it seizes on the swelling heart,
Scorning what knows not to call down the tear,
Or shroud the soul in gloom,
Or steep in holy awe.

Borne on the deep, slow sounds, a holy awe
Descends. Alternate voices sweep the dome,
Then blend their choral force,—
The theme, *Impending Doom*,[1]

Or the triumphal *Hail to him who rose*,
While all the host of heaven o'er Sion's hill
Hovered, and, praising, saw
Ascend the Lord of Life.

One voice alone, one harp alone, begins;
But soon joins in the ever fuller choir.
The people quake. They feel
A glow of heavenly fire.

Joy! joy! they scarce support it. Rolls aloud
The organ's thunder,— now more loud and more,—
And to the shout of all
The temple trembles too.

Enough! I sink! The wave of people bows
Before the altar,— bows the front to earth;
They taste the hallowed cup,
Devoutly, deeply, still.

One day, when rest my bones beside a fane,
Where thus assembled worshippers adore,
The conscious grave shall heave,
Its flowerets sweeter bloom;

[1] The words in Italics are passages from an Easter-hymn of Luther's, very popular in Germany.

And on the morn that from the rock He sprang,
When panting Praise pursues his radiant way,
I 'll hear,— *He rose again*
Shall vibrate through the tomb.

CARL WILHELM RAMLER.

Carl Wilhelm Ramler was born at Colberg, in Pomerania, in 1725. His education commenced at the Orphan School in Stettin, whence, in 1740, he removed to Halle. In 1746, he became a preceptor in Berlin, where he formed the acquaintance of Kleist, Sulzer, and Lessing. In 1748, he was appointed Professor of Logic and Elegant Literature in the Berlin Academy for Cadets. He employed himself in various literary undertakings, in addition to the duties of his professorship. In 1787, he became one of the managers of the national theatre, and received a pension and a seat in the Academy. He resigned his professorship in 1790, and the directorship of the theatre in 1796. He died in 1798.

Of his writings, his odes in the manner of Horace acquired the most popularity; indeed, he is considered, next to Klopstock, the author of the best odes of the time. His works were published at Berlin, in 1800 and 1801. The character of his productions is, however, cold correctness, and he was too much of an imitator, to retain a strong hold upon the minds of his countrymen.

ODE TO WINTER.

Storms ride the air, and veil the sky in clouds,
And chase the thundering streams athwart the land:
Bare stand the woods; the social linden's leaves
Far o'er the valleys whirl.

The vine,— a withered stalk! But why bewail
The godlike vine? Friends, come and quaff its blood!
Let Autumn with his emptied horn retire;
Bid fir-crowned Winter hail!

He decks the flood with adamantine shield,
Which laughs to scorn the shafts of day. Amazed,
The tenants of the wood new blossoms view:
Strange lilies strew the ground.

No more in tottering gondolas the brides
Tremble; on gliding cars they boldly scud:
Hid in her fur-clad neck, the favorite's hand
Asks an unneeded warmth.

No more, like fishes, plunge the bathing boys;
On steel-winged shoes they skim the hardened wave:
The spouse of Venus in the glittering blade
The lightning's swiftness hid.

O Winter! call thy coldest east-wind; drive
The lingering warriors from Bohemia back;
With them my Kleist: for him Lycoris stays,
And his friend's tawny wine.

ODE TO CONCORD.

Not always to the heaven's harmonious spheres,
O Concord, listen, — wander earth again!
Beneath thy plastic step,
The peopled cities climb.
The chain, the scourge, the axe beside thee bears
Deaf Nemesis, — to avenge the wedlock's stain,
The pillage of the cot,
The spilth of brother's blood.
From the warm ashes of their plundered homes,
On thee, with clasped hands, with pleading tongue,
The lonely grandsire calls,
The widowed mother calls,
And she,—the flower of virgins now no more,—
Doomed aye to shed the unavailing tear,
And nurse, with downcast eye,
Some ruffian's orphan brat.
Bind with thy cords of silk the armed hands
Of hateful kings; reach out thy golden cup,
Whose sweet nepenthe heals
The feverish throb of wrath;
And hither lead Hope, crowned with budding blooms,
And callous-handed Labor, singing loud,
And Plenty, scattering gifts
To dancing choirs of glee.
The war-steed's hoof-mark hide with greening ears;
Twine round the elm once more the trampled vine;
And from the grass-grown street
The rugged ruin shove.
So shall, new nurseries of sons unborn,
More towns arise, — and, Concord, rear to thee,
Taught by the milder arts,
The marble fanes of thank.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

This great poet, and still greater critic, was born in 1729, at Kamenz, a town in Upper Lusatia. He was sent in his twelfth year to the "Prince's School" at Meissen, where he devoted himself to the ancient languages and the mathematics with ardor and success. In 1746, he entered the University of Leipsic, but was satisfied with none of the teachers except Ernesti. Instead of studying theology, he occupied himself with the fine arts and the theatre. Here he wrote his Anacreontics. In 1750, he went to Berlin, and contributed to some of the periodicals. He afterwards studied at Wittenberg; but in 1753 returned to Berlin, and formed a connection with Mendelssohn and Nicolai. He also wrote in Voss's "Gazette." Here he became the founder of German scientific criticism. In 1755, he wrote the tragedy of "Sarah Sampson," the first German tragedy of common life. In the same year he set out on a tour, as travelling companion to a Leipsic merchant, Mr. Winkler, but returned to Leipsic on account of the breaking out of the Seven Years' War. He assisted in editing the "Library of Belles Lettres," was a contributor to the "Literary Epistles," and began the "Emilia Galotti" about this period. In 1760, he became a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, then secretary of General Tauenzien in Breslau, and wrote "Minna von Barnhelm" and "Laocoön,"—the latter appearing in 1765. In 1767, he accepted an invitation from the proprietors of the theatre in Hamburg, and removed to that city, where he wrote the "Dramaturgie." In 1770, he was appointed librarian at Wolfenbüttel; while in this situation, he published some works that involved him in a vehement theological controversy. In 1775, he travelled in Italy; and in 1779, he published his "Nathan the Wise," the most celebrated of his dramatic works, in which he set the example of the finished iambic pentameter, afterwards used by Goethe and Schiller. He died in Brunswick, in 1781. His numerous works embrace almost every department of letters. They were published at Berlin, 1771 – 94, in thirty parts; again, 1825 – 28, in thirty-two parts; and, finally, at Leipsic, 1838 – 40, in thirteen volumes, octavo.

The following passages are from the sketch of Lessing's character by Wolfgang Menzel,* and, though in some parts, perhaps, too highly colored, show the estimation in which he is still held in Germany.

"When we consider Lessing as a poet, we must not forget that he had first to work himself free from the Gallomania, Græcomania, and Anglomania, by criticism, and that he was occupied with a hundred other things besides poetry. Hence his earlier poetical studies and essays, as well as his occasional poetical trifles, on which he himself set but little value, are to be broadly distinguished from the classical works of his full poetical maturity; that is, from 'Minna von Barnhelm,' 'Emilia Galotti,' and 'Nathan,'— each of which would alone be sufficient to rank him with the greatest poets of all ages. The spirit and form of these works are alike important.

"Honor stands forth as the inmost principle of the poetry of Lessing. We can understand why the poets and critics, whose principle, on the contrary, had been hitherto the utter absence of honor, overlook this circumstance, and have contrived fairly to forget it, in their eulogies of Lessing. So much the more reason for me to return to it.

"I say, still further, that honor was the principle of Lessing's whole life. He composed in the same spirit that he lived. He had to con-

* *German Literature, Vol. II., p. 399.*

tend with obstacles his whole life long; but he never bowed down his head. He struggled, not for posts of honor, but for his own independence. He might, with his extraordinary ability, have rioted in the favor of the great, like Goethe; but he scorned and hated this favor, as unworthy a free man. His long continuance in private life, his services, as secretary of the brave General Tauenzien, during the Seven Years' War, and afterwards as librarian at Wolfenbüttel, proved that he did not aspire to high places. He declared that he would resign the latter situation at once, when the censorship undertook to impose restraints upon his liberal opinions. He ridiculed Gellert, Klopstock, and all who bowed their laurelled brows before heads encircled with golden crowns; and he himself shunned all contact with the great, animated by that stainless spirit of pride, to which the *Noli me tangere* is an inborn principle."

"Such was Lessing himself, and such we find him in his Major Tellheim, in Odoardo Galotti, and in Nathan. Humanity and wisdom were never so intimately connected with the romantic essence of manly honor; and no modern poet — I repeat it, no one — has known how to represent this grace of manliness so well as Lessing.

"And what charming daughters has this austere father! What enchantment is there in Minna, Emilia, Recha! Who, except Shakspeare, has understood the nature of woman, in its sweet softness, noble simplicity, laughing vivacity, and sacred purity, like Lessing? We are amazed at the lovely miracles of fiction, and would fain converse with these so natural creations, as if they were standing before us.

"Lessing was the first of our modern poets who reconciled the ideals of poetry with real life, — who dared to bring upon the stage heroes in modern costume, heroes of to-day. Up to this time, we knew only the manly virtues of the ancient Romans from the French comedy. Lessing showed, by his Tellheim, and Odoardo, that, even in the present prosaic world, a hero, a man of honor, may still exist.

"By this modern costume, by the naturalness of his dramatic characters, and by the prose which he brought into the field against the old French alexandrine as well as the Greek hexameter, he exerted a great influence on the subsequent age, and became the creator of the proper modern German poetry, which undertook to picture life as it now is, while hitherto nothing but what was ancient and foreign had been imitated.

"The Anglomaniacs, who also came forward, as friends of the natural style, with pictures of the present and of common life, — Nicolai, Müller von Itzehoe, and others, — were later than Lessing, and followed the impulse which he first gave. Then came Goethe and Schiller, whose first prose dramas — 'Götz,' 'Clavigo,' 'The Robbers,' 'Cabal and Love' — everywhere betray the influence of Lessing's school, and, without his example, would never have existed.

"Lessing was also the first, who, in his 'Emilia Galotti,' delineated a modern prince. Before that time we knew nothing but stiff stage kings, with crown and sceptre; or infamous court poems, in which the orgies of Versailles were celebrated under the form of pastoral poetry. Lessing surprised the world at once with a picture of courts that was as new as it was true. Who can deny that he produced a powerful effect? Lessing's simple picture of courts had a much greater influence on the political opinions of the Germans than the later revolutionary philosophers of France. Schiller proceeded after this manner; and, though Iffland's princes figured as very excellent characters, he made up for it by representing their ministers as so much the worse. The immorality of the courts became a stock article of the stage throughout Germany, and the courts, still secure, took it all very easily.

"Lessing's 'Nathan' forms, in its subject-matter, the luminous point of the liberal culture which had become prevalent in the eighteenth century. The neglect which his Jewish friend, the amiable Mendelssohn, still at times experienced, suggested to him the idea of this masterpiece, in which the profoundest understanding is united with the noblest sentiments. This immortal poem, of the mildest, nay, I might say, of the sweetest wisdom, is likewise of great importance to German literature by its form; for it is the parent of the numberless iambic tragedies which were brought into fashion by Schiller and Goethe, first after Lessing.

"But no poet has again attained the early charm of the German iambus, with which, in Lessing's 'Nathan,' it takes a deep and wonderful hold of the affections, gently winning its way to the heart. Goethe cultivated only the melody and outward splendor, — Schiller, only the overpowering vigor of this verse; and both of them, as well as their innumerable imitators, departed widely from the delightful naturalness and unpretending simplicity which it assumed under the management of Lessing. The dramatic iambus has become too lyric; in Lessing, it was nearer prose, and much more dramatic."

EXTRACT FROM NATHAN THE WISE.

SITTAH, SALADIN, AND NATHAN.

[*Scene.* — An Audience Room in the Sultan's Palace.]

SALADIN (giving directions at the door).

HERE, introduce the Jew, whene'er he comes,—
He seems in no great haste.

SITTAH.

May be, at first,
He was not in the way.

SALADIN.

Ah, sister, sister!

SITTAH.

You seem as if a combat were impending.

SALADIN.

With weapons that I have not learned to wield.—
Must I disguise myself? I use precautions?
I lay a snare? When, where gained I that knowledge?
And this, for what? To fish for money,—money,—
For money from a Jew. And to such arts
Must Saladin descend, at last, to come at
The least of little things?

SITTAH.

Each little thing,
Despised too much, finds methods of revenge.

SALADIN.

'T is but too true. And if this Jew should prove
The fair, good man, as once the dervis painted —

SITTAH.

Then difficulties cease. A snare concerns
The avaricious, cautious, fearful Jew;
And not the good, wise man: for he is ours
Without a snare. Then the delight of hearing
How such a man speaks out; with what stern strength
He tears the net, or with what prudent foresight
He one by one undoes the tangled meshes!
That will be all to boot.

SALADIN.

That I shall joy in.

SITTAH.

What, then, should trouble thee? For if he be
One of the many only, a mere Jew,
You will not blush, to such a one to seem
A man as he thinks all mankind to be.
One that to him should bear a better aspect
Would seem a fool, — a dupe.

SALADIN.

So that I must
Act badly, lest the bad think badly of me?

SITTAH.

Yes; if you call it acting badly, brother,
To use a thing after its kind.

SALADIN.

There 's nothing,
That woman's wit invents, it can 't embellish.

SITTAH.

Embellish? —

SALADIN.

But their fine-wrought filagree
In my rude hand would break. It is for those
That can contrive them to employ such weapons:
They ask a practised wrist. But chance what may,
Well as I can —

SITTAH.

Trust not yourself too little.
I answer for you, if you have the will.
Such men as you would willingly persuade us
It was their swords, their swords alone, that raised them.
The lion 's apt to be ashamed of hunting
In fellowship of the fox; — 't is of his fellow,
Not of the cunning, that he is ashamed.

SALADIN.

You women would so gladly level man
Down to yourselves! — Go, I have got my lesson.

SITTAH.

What! must I go?

SALADIN.

Had you the thought of staying?

SITTAH.

In your immediate presence not, indeed;
But in the by-room.

SALADIN.

You could like to listen.
Not that, my sister, if I may insist.
Away! the curtain rustles, — he is come.
Beware of staying, — I 'll be on the watch. —

[While Sittah retires through one door, Nathan enters at another, and Saladin seats himself.

Draw nearer, Jew; yet nearer; here, quite by me,
Without all fear.

NATHAN.

Remain that for thy foes!

SALADIN.

Your name is Nathan?

NATHAN.

Yes.

SALADIN.

Nathan the Wise?

NATHAN.

No.

SALADIN.

If not thou, the people calls thee so.

NATHAN.

May be, the people.

SALADIN.

Fancy not that I
Think of the people's voice contemptuously;
I have been wishing much to know the man
Whom it has named the Wise.

NATHAN.

And if it named
Him so in scorn? If wise meant only prudent;
And prudent, one who knows his interest well?

SALADIN.

Who knows his real interest, thou must mean.

NATHAN.

Then were the interested the most prudent;
Then wise and prudent were the same.

SALADIN.

I hear
You proving what your speeches contradict.
You know man's real interests, which the people
Knows not, — at least, have studied how to know them.
That alone makes the sage.

NATHAN.

Which each imagines
Himself to be.

SALADIN.

Of modesty enough!
Ever to meet it, where one seeks to hear
Dry truth, is vexing. Let us to the purpose; —
But, Jew, sincere and open ——

NATHAN.

I will serve thee
So as to merit, Prince, thy further notice.

SALADIN.

Serve me? — how?

NATHAN.

Thou shalt have the best I bring, —
Shalt have them cheap.

SALADIN.

What speak you of? — your wares?
My sister shall be called to bargain with you
For them (so much for the sly listener); — I
Have nothing to transact now with the merchant.

NATHAN.

Doubtless, then, you would learn what, on my journey,
I noticed of the motions of the foe,
Who stirs anew. If unreserved I may ——

SALADIN.

Neither was that the object of my sending:
I know what I have need to know already.
In short, I willed your presence ——

NATHAN.

Sultan, order.

SALADIN.

To gain instruction quite on other points.
Since you are a man so wise, — tell me, which law,
Which faith, appears to you the better?

NATHAN.

Sultan,
I am a Jew.

SALADIN.

And I a Mussulman:
The Christian stands between us. Of these three
Religions only one can be the true.
A man like you remains not just where birth
Has chanced to cast him, or, if he remains there,
Does it from insight, choice, from grounds of preference.
Share, then, with me your insight, — let me hear
The grounds of preference, which I have wanted
The leisure to examine, — learn the choice
These grounds have motived, that it may be mine.
In confidence I ask it. How you startle,
And weigh me with your eye! It may well be
I 'm the first sultan to whom this caprice,
Methinks not quite unworthy of a sultan,
Has yet occurred. Am I not? Speak, then, — speak.
Or do you, to collect yourself, desire
Some moments of delay? I give them you. —
(Whether she 's listening? — I must know of her
If I 've done right. —) Reflect, — I 'll soon return.

[Saladin steps into the room to which Sittah had retired.

NATHAN.

Strange! How is this? What wills the sultan of me?
I came prepared with cash, — he asks truth. Truth?
As if truth, too, were cash, — a coin disused,
That goes by weight, — indeed, 't is some such thing; —
But a new coin, known by the stamp at once,
To be flung down and told upon the counter,
It is not that. Like gold in bags tied up,
So truth lies hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be brought out. — Which, now, in this transaction,
Which of us plays the Jew? He asks for truth, —
Is truth what he requires, his aim, his end?
That this is but the glue to lime a snare
Ought not to be suspected, — 't were too little.
Yet what is found too little for the great?
In fact, through hedge and pale to stalk at once
Into one's field beseems not, — friends look round,
Seek for the path, ask leave to pass the gate. —
I must be cautious. Yet to damp him back,
And be the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to throw off the Jew, still less.
For, if no Jew, he might with right inquire,
Why not a Mussulman? — Yes, — that may serve me.
Not children only can be quieted
With stories. — Ha! he comes; — well, let him come.

SALADIN (returning).

So there the field is clear. — I 'm not too quick?
Thou hast bethought thyself as much as need is? —
Speak, no one hears.

NATHAN.

Might the whole world but hear us!

SALADIN.

Is Nathan of his cause so confident?

Yes, that I call the sage, — to veil no truth;
For truth to hazard all things, life and goods.

NATHAN.

Ay, when 't is necessary, and when useful.

SALADIN.

Henceforth I hope I shall with reason bear
One of my titles, — "Betterer of the world
And of the law."

NATHAN.

In truth, a noble title.
But, Sultan, ere I quite unfold myself,
Allow me to relate a tale.

SALADIN.

Why not?
I always was a friend of tales well told.

NATHAN.

Well told, — that 's not precisely my affair.

SALADIN.

Again so proudly modest? — Come, begin.

NATHAN.

In days of yore, there dwelt in East a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever changing tint: moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved, who, in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house? Thus he bequeathed it,
First, to the most beloved of his sons, —
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children, — and,
That without heeding birth, the favorite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house. — You hear me,
Sultan?

SALADIN.

I understand thee, — *on*.

NATHAN.

From son to son,
At length *this ring* descended to a father
Who had three sons alike obedient to him;
Whom, therefore, he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this, now that, at times the third
(Accordingly as each apart received
The overflowings of his heart), most worthy
To heir the ring, which, with good-natured weakness,
He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for a while. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarrassed. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
He could not bear. What 's to be done? He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
Upon the model of the real ring,
He might bespeak two others, and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed, he summons all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies. — Thou hear'st me?

SALADIN.

I hear, I hear. Come, finish with thy tale; —
Is it soon ended?

NATHAN.

It is ended, Sultan;
For all that follows may be guessed of course.
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint, — all to no end;
For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can — the true faith.

SALADIN.

How, how? — is that
To be the answer to my query?

NATHAN.

No,
But it may serve as my apology;
If I can 't venture to decide between
Rings which the father got expressly made,
That they might not be known from one another.

SALADIN.

The rings, — do n't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.

NATHAN.

And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional, or written? History
Must be received on trust, — is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people surely, in those men
Whose blood we are, in them who from our childhood
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceived us,
Unless 't were wholesomer to be deceived.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine? How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified,
In order to yield mine the praise of truth?
The like of Christians.

SALADIN.

By the living God!
The man is in the right, — I must be silent.

NATHAN.

Now let us to our rings return once more.
As said, the sons complained. Each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring, as was the case;

After he had long obtained the father's promise
One day to have the ring, as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
Not have been false: rather than so suspect
Of such a father, willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.

SALADIN.

Well, and the judge, — I 'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

NATHAN.

The judge said, "If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold, — you tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved: let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You 're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye 're all deceived deceivers, —
None of your rings is true. The real ring,
Perhaps, is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one."

SALADIN.

O, charming, charming!

NATHAN.

"And," the judge continued,
"If you will take advice, in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you, — to take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'T is possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him,
By favoring one, to be of two the oppresser.
Let each feel honored by this free affection
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavour
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat, — a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."—
So spake the modest judge.

SALADIN.

God!

NATHAN.

Saladin,
Feel'st thou thyself this wiser, promised man?

SALADIN.

I, dust, — I, nothing, — God?

[Precipitates himself upon Nathan and takes hold of his hand, which he does not quit, the remainder of the scene.

NATHAN.

What moves thee, Sultan?

SALADIN.

Nathan, my dearest Nathan, 't is not yet
The judge's thousand thousand years are past, —
His judgment-seat 's not mine. Go, go, but love me.

NATHAN.

Has Saladin, then, nothing else to order?

SALADIN.

No.

NATHAN.

Nothing?

SALADIN.

Nothing in the least, — and wherefore?

NATHAN.

I could have wished an opportunity
To lay a prayer before you.

SALADIN.

Is there need
Of opportunity for that? Speak freely.

NATHAN.

I have come from a long journey, from collecting
Debts, and I 've almost of hard cash too much; —
The times look perilous, — I know not where
To lodge it safely; — I was thinking thou —
For coming wars require large sums — couldst use it.

SALADIN.

Nathan, I ask not if thou saw'st Al-Hafi, —
I 'll not examine if some shrewd suspicion
Spurs thee to make this offer of thyself.

NATHAN.

Suspicion? —

SALADIN.

I deserve this offer. Pardon!
For what avails concealment? I acknowledge
I was about ——

NATHAN.

To ask the same of me?

SALADIN.

Yes.

NATHAN.

Then 't is well we 're both accommodated.
That I can 't send thee all I have of treasure
Arises from the templar; — thou must know him; —
I have a weighty debt to pay to him.

SALADIN.

A templar? How? thou dost not with thy gold
Support my direst foes?

NATHAN.

I speak of him
Whose life the sultan——

SALADIN.

What art thou recalling?
I had forgot the youth. Whence is he? know'st thou?

NATHAN.

Hast thou not heard, then, how thy clemency
To him has fallen on me? He, at the risk
Of his new-spared existence, from the flames
Rescued my daughter.

SALADIN.

Ha! Has he done that?
He looked like one that would. My brother, too,
Whom he 's so like, had done it. Is he here still?
Bring him to me. I have so often talked
To Sittah of this brother, whom she knew not,
That I must let her see his counterfeit.
Go, fetch him. How a single worthy action,
Though but of whim or passion born, gives rise
To other blessings! Fetch him.

NATHAN.

In an instant.
The rest remains as settled.

SALADIN.

O, I wish
I had let my sister listen! Well, I 'll to her.
How shall I make her privy to all this?

SALOMON GESSNER.

Salomon Gessner was born at Zürich in 1730. Conrad Gessner, a voluminous writer in the sixteenth century, was one of his ancestors. The father of the poet was a bookseller, and a member of the Great Council. He was placed under the instruction of Bodmer, but with little benefit. At length, being apprenticed by his father to a bookseller in Berlin, he became acquainted with Gleim, Kleist, Lessing, and Ramler. At the expiration of ten years, he returned to Zürich, and became a partner in the firm, as a bookseller. His "Idyls" first appeared in 1756, and gave him at once a high reputation. His "Death of Abel" was published in 1758; and, in 1762, an epic poem, under the title of "The First Navigator." He showed also a talent for drawing and painting, and the last of his works was the "Letters on Landscape Painting." He died in 1788. His works abound in delicate and beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, but are deficient in vigor and action. Their predominant character is sentimentality. The most successful among them was "The Death of Abel." The latest edition of his works is that of Leipsic, 2 vols., 1841.

A SCENE FROM THE DELUGE.

I.

Now beneath the flood of might
  Shrouded the marble turrets are,
And 'gainst each insular mountain height
  The black, big waves are billowing far;
And, lo! before the surging death,
Isle after isle still vanisheth!

Remains one lonely speck above
  The fury of the climbing flood:
A grisly crowd still vainly strove
  To win that safer altitude;
And the cries of despair still rang on the air,
As the rushing wave pursued in its pride,
And dashed them from its slippery side!

O, is not yonder shore less steep,
Ye happier few? escape the deep?
Upon its crest the crowd assembles,—
Lo! the peopled mountain trembles!
The rushing waters exalt it on high;—
  Shaken and shivered from brow to base,
    It slides amain, unwieldily,
    Into the universal sea;
And instantly the echoing sky
  Howls to the howl of the hapless race
That burden the hill, or under it die!

Yonder, the torrent of waters, behold!
Into the chaos of ocean hath rolled
The virtuous son, with his sire so old!
He, strengthened with duty, and proud of his strength,
  Sought from that desolate island, now sunken,
To conquer the perilous billows at length,—
  But their very last sob the mad waters have drunken!

To the deluge's dire, unatonable tomb
  Yon mother abandons the children she tried,
In vain, to preserve; and the watery gloom
  Swells over the dead, as they float side by side:
  And she hath plunged after!—how madly she died!

II.

From forth the waters waste and wild
The loftiest summit sternly smiled;
And that but to the sky disclosed
  Its rugged top, and that sad pair,
Who, to this hour of wrath exposed,
  Stood in the howling storm-blast there.
Semin, the noble, young, and free,
  To whom this world's most lovely one
Had vowed her heart's idolatry,—
His own beloved Zemira,—set
On this dark mountain's coronet;—
  And they were mid the flood alone!

Broke on them the wild waters;—all
The heaven was thunder, and a pall;
  Below, the ocean's roar;
Around, deep darkness, save the flash
Of lightning on the waves, that dash
  Without a bed, or shore.

And every cloud from the lowering sky
Threatened destruction fierce and nigh;
And every surge rolled drearily,
With carcasses borne on ooze and foam,
Yawning, as to its moving tomb
It looked for further prey to come.

Zemira to her fluttering breast
Folded her lover; and their hearts
Throbbed on each other, unrepressed,
Blending as in one bosom, — while
The raindrops on her faded cheek
With her tears mingled, but not a smile; —
In horror, nothing now can speak, —
Such horror nothing now imparts!

"There is no hope of safety, — none,
My Semin, — my beloved one!
O, woe! O, desolation! Death
Sways all, — above, around, beneath:
Near and more near he climbs, — and, O,
Which of the waves besieging so
Will whelm us? Take me to thy cold
And shuddering arms' beloved fold!
My God! look! what a wave comes on!
It glitters in the lightning dim, —
It passes over us!" —
'T is gone, —
And senseless sinks the maid on him.

III.

Semin embraced the fainting maid, —
Words faltered on his quivering lips,
And he was mute, — and all was shade,
And all around him in eclipse.
Was it one desolate, hideous spot?
A wreck of worlds? — He saw it not!
He saw but her, beloved so well,
So death-like on his bosom lay,
Felt the cold pang that o'er him fell,
Heard but his beating heart. Away,
Grasp of hard Agony's iron hand!
Off from his heart thine icy touch!
Off from his lips thy colorless band!
Off from his soul thy wintry clutch!

Love conquers Death, — and he hath kissed
Her bleached cheeks, by the cold rain bleached;
He hath folded her to his bosom; and, list!
His tender words her heart have reached:
She hath awakened, and she looks
Upon her lover tenderly,
Whose tenderness the Flood rebukes,
As on destroying goeth he.

"O God of Judgment!" she cried aloud,
"Refuge or pity is there none?
Waves rave, and thunder rends the cloud,
And the winds howl, — 'Be vengeance done!'
Our years have innocently sped, —
My Semin, thou wert ever good:
Woe 's me! my joy and pride have fled!
All but my love is now subdued!
And thou, to me who gavest life,
Torn from my side, I saw thy strife
With the wild surges, and thy head
Heave evermore above the water,
Thine arms exalted and outspread,
For the last time, to bless thy daughter!
The earth is now a lonely isle!
Yet 't were a paradise to me,
Wert, Semin, thou with me the while, —
O, let me die embracing thee!
Is there no pity, God above!
For innocence and blameless love?
But what shall innocence plead before thee?
Great God! thus dying, I adore thee!"

IV.

Still his beloved the youth sustains,
As she in the storm-blast shivers: —
"'T is done! no hope of life remains!
No mortal howls among the rivers!
Zemira! the next moment is
Our last, — gaunt Death ascends! Lo! he
Doth clasp our thighs, and the abyss
Yearns to embrace us eagerly!

"We will not mourn a common lot, —
Life, what art thou, when joyfullest,
Wisest, noblest, greatest, best, —
Life longest, and that most delightest?
A dewdrop, by the dawn begot,
That on the rock to-day is brightest,
To-morrow doth it fade away,
Or fall into the ocean's spray.

"Courage! beyond this little life
Eternity and bliss are rife.
Let us not tremble, then, my love,
To cross the narrow sea, — but thus
Embrace each other; and above
The swelling surge that pants for us
Our souls shall hover happily,
Triumphant, and at liberty!

"Ay, let us join our hands in prayer
To Him whose wrath hath ravaged here:
His holy doom shall mortal man
Presume to judge, and weigh, and scan?
He who breathed life into our dust
May to the just or the unjust
Send death; but happy, happy they
Who 've trodden Wisdom's pleasant way!

"Not life we ask, O Lord! Do thou
Convey us to thy judgment-seat!
A sacred faith inspires me now, —
Death shall not end, but shall complete.
Peal out, ye thunders; crush and scathe!
Howl, desolation, ruin, wrath!
Entomb us, waters! — Evermore
Praised be the Just One! We adore!
Our mouths shall praise him, as we sink,
And the last thought our souls shall think!"

V.

Her soul was brave, — her soul was glad, —
Her aspect was no longer sad, —
Amid the tempest and the storm,
She raised her hands, — she raised her form:

She felt the great and mighty hope,
And she was strong with Death to cope! —
"Praise, O my mouth, the Lord Most High!
My eyes, weep tears of ecstasy,
Until ye 're sealed by death, — then ye
Shall gaze on heaven's felicity!
Beloved, but late from us bereaved,
We come to you, for whom we grieved:
Anon, and we again shall meet
Before God's throne and judgment-seat.
The just assembled I behold:
Lo! Mercy's courts for them unfold! —
Howl, desolation! Thunder, peal!
Ye are but voices to reveal
The justice of the Lord Most High:
Break on us, waves! Hail! Death is nigh!
And nearer yet he comes, and raves
Upon the blackness of the waves!
O Semin! now he grasps my throat! —
Semin! embrace me, — leave me not!
The billow lifts me, — help! — I float!"

VI.

"I do embrace thee!" the youth replied, —
"Zemira! I embrace thee! — Death!
Thee also I embrace!" he cried, —
"I welcome thee with my parting breath! —
Lo! we are here! All lauded be
The Just One everlastingly!"

They spake, — while them the monstrous deluge spray
Swept, in each other's arms, away, — away!

JOHANN GEORG JACOBI.

Johann Georg Jacobi was born at Düsseldorf in 1740. In 1758, he went to the University of Göttingen to study theology, and afterwards continued his studies at Helmstadt. He was made Professor of Philosophy in Halle, where he published a periodical called "The Iris." He formed a close intimacy with Gleim, and became, in 1769, a canon in Halberstädt. In 1784, he was appointed by Joseph the Second to a Professorship of Belles Lettres in the University of Freyburg, in the Brisgau. He died in 1814. His works are marked by two different manners. His earlier productions — the Anacreontic songs, and epistles to Gleim — are modelled after the French poets; his later works are more vigorous and earnest. He excelled in the epistle and the song; but was less successful in comedy. An edition of his works was published at Zürich, in seven volumes, 1807–13, and a new edition in 1826, in four volumes.

"Jacobi is one of the few German writers who have formed their taste on French models. He has imitated, in his verses, the easy, playful style of the poets of that nation; and has, in particular, avowed his admiration of Chapelle, Chaulieu, and Gresset. Their works were the sources from whence he derived the soft and tender tone of his compositions, and the easy flow and charming euphony of his numbers. In his descriptions of the innocent and cheerful pleasures of life, he has closely followed Gleim; and, indeed, he owes a great portion of his art to that poet's society and instruction. His maturer efforts display a more manly character, and not unfrequently unite with his natural simplicity and grace much richness of imagination and profundity of thought. His dramatic pieces bear the lowest, and his lyrical effusions the highest rank among his compositions." *

SONG.

Tell me, where 's the violet fled,
Late so gayly blowing;
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing?—
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
And the violet blooms no more!

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for beauty's brows;
Hill and dale adorning?—
Gentle maid, the summer 's fled,
And the hapless rose is dead!

Bear me, then, to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing,
Watering many a daffodil
On its margin glowing. —
Sun and wind exhaust its store;
Yonder rivulet glides no more!

Lead me to the bowery shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Loved resort of youth and maid,
Amorous ditties chanting. —
Hail and storm with fury shower;
Leafless mourns the rifled bower!

Say, where bides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning?
Oft I 've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning. —
Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
Seek her in her grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who, of rural pleasures,
Rose and violet, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?—
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has closed the poet's eyes!

* Specimens of the German Lyric Poets (London, 1823), p. 47.

SEVENTH PERIOD.—FROM 1770 TO 1844.

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND.

This illustrious writer was born on the 5th of September, 1733, at Oberholzheim, near Biberach, where his father was a Protestant clergyman. His poetical genius displayed itself very early; he composed German and Latin verses in his twelfth year. In 1747, he was sent to school in Klosterberg, near Magdeburg, where he studied not only the ancient classics, but the principal authors of England and France. After leaving Klosterberg, he passed a year and a half in Erfurt, preparing for the University. In 1750, he returned to his native place, and the same year entered the University of Tübingen, to study law; but his attention was chiefly occupied with literature, and, in 1751, he wrote his "Ten Moral Letters," addressed to Sophia von Gattermann, with whom he had some time before fallen in love, and a didactic poem called "Anti-Ovid." He also wrote an epic poem on the subject of Arminius, which procured him an invitation from Bodmer to visit Zürich, and reside with him as his literary companion. He lived at Bodmer's house until 1754, occupied with the study of Greek, and of the leading German authors, who had given a new impulse to the national literature. He also wrote much and hastily during this period. He left Bodmer's house in 1754, and became a tutor, and in 1760 returned to Biberach. Here he studied the French philosophers, and translated twenty-eight of Shakspeare's plays. Here, also, he became acquainted with Count Stadion, whose taste, talents, and acquirements exerted a marked influence upon his character. The spirit of his writings changed from the somewhat mystical and religious tendency, which had hitherto characterized them, to a voluptuous, not to say licentious tone. He wrote, at this period, the "Don Sylvio di Rosalva, or the Victory of Nature over Fanaticism." In 1766, he published "Agathon," and, in 1768, the didactic poem of "Musarion." In 1769, he was appointed professor in Erfurt, and while holding this place wrote many works. In 1772, he was invited by the widowed Duchess Amalie of Weimar to superintend the education of her sons. Here he had leisure to continue his literary and poetical labors, turned his attention to dramatic poetry, and wrote "The Choice of Hercules," and the "Alcestis." He also took charge of the "German Mercury." Goethe and Herder came to Weimar soon after, and, in conjunction with them, Wieland labored with great success, more than twenty years. His principal poetic work, the romantic epic of "Oberon," appeared in 1780. Besides his original works, only a part of which have been enumerated, he prepared translations of Horace and Lucian, and of Cicero's Letters. He lived for a time on an estate near Weimar, called Osmanstadt, which the profits of his literary works had enabled him to purchase; but he sold it in 1803, for economical reasons, and returned to Weimar. He died on the 20th of January, 1813.

Notwithstanding the objections that have been justly urged against many of his writings, the personal character of Wieland was free from moral blemish. In private he was amiable, upright, friendly, and hospitable. He was a great master of style, both in prose and poetry; his fancy was lively, his invention prolific, and his manner graceful. His works are very voluminous. They were published at Leipsic, by Göschen, in 1794–1802, in thirty-six parts, with six supplementary volumes, a very elegant edition in quarto; again in 1818, in forty-nine volumes; again in 1825, in fifty-three volumes. A selection of his letters appeared in 1815, in two volumes. His life was written by Gruber, in two parts, 1815; republished in 1827, in four parts. His "Oberon" is well known to the English public through Mr. Sotheby's translation.

As the moral censures to which his works have been subjected are mentioned in the preceding notice, it is but just to subjoin a part of Wolfgang Menzel's high-wrought eulogy, although it is marked by the partiality of a warm admirer.*

"It was Wieland who transplanted the lively Athenian spirit to the German forests and the Gothic cities, but not without a dash of the lighter and more trifling genius of the French. Wieland united in his own character the Gallomania and the Græcomania. He was educated in the first, and did not devote himself to the second until a later period; but he perceived at once the partial and wrong direction which Klopstock and Voss had taken, and led the Germans back from their demure formality to the agreeable movement of the Græco-Gallic graces. German poetry, although in the time of the Minnesingers moving with a cheerful and easy grace, had been disguised by the Mastersingers in starched and buckram drapery, and, after the Thirty Years' War, in full-bottomed wigs and hoop petticoats, and then was utterly at a loss what to do with her hands, and played the simpleton with her fan. If mighty geniuses, like Klopstock and Lessing, threw this trumpery aside, and broke away from the minuet, daring to take their own course, yet vigor had to be satisfied in them before others could re-

* German Literature, Vol. II., pp. 379–385.

turn to gracefulness; and the principal tendency of their efforts aspired after what was higher, in order to occupy themselves chiefly with that. To prepare a suitable reception for this gracefulness again, there needed a mind of peculiar genius, in whom this tendency alone manifested itself.

"Wieland — the cheerful, amiable, delicate Wieland — a genius overflowing, inexhaustible in agreeableness, ease, raillery, and wit — made his appearance. One must know the whole stiff, distorted, ceremonious, and sentimental age which preceded him, to be able to appreciate justly the free and soaring flight of this genius, and to excuse, as it deserves, what we, judging from the higher point of view of the present age, to which he has raised us on his own shoulders, might, perhaps, find reason to except to in his writings.

"Wieland first restored to German poetry the unrestrained spirit, the free look of the child of the world, the natural grace, the love and desire of cheerful pleasantry, and the power of supplying it. Daring, humorous, and imposing, he cut off the pig-tails of the cockneys, disrobed the blushing beauty of the odious hoop petticoats, and taught the Germans, not to play with lambkins naked in the ideal and idyllic world, in the narrow spirit of the earlier pastoral poets, but to find nature again of themselves in the world as it is, by throwing off their unnatural habits, and to move their unfettered limbs in an easy and confident harmony.

"His whole being was penetrated with that spirit of agreeableness, joyousness, freedom, and confidence; free, delicate, and witty, easy, nimble, and inexhaustible in pleasantry, as a natural and healthy condition of life always requires, and as is still more required by the antagonism of a harsh and severe age. Therefore he detected, with unfailing skill, whatever of attractive grace distinguishes our forefathers and other nations, and easily acquired the difficult art of refining his own mind thereby, of breathing it into his own poetry, and of explaining to the Germans in what it ought to be imitated. But it was this grace, almost exclusively, which he placed before every thing else, in his extensive study of the ancient and foreign poetry, as the thing that most particularly claimed his attention, and was to him of the most importance. In this he stands alone.

"Wieland's genius was most powerfully drawn towards Greece. There he found all the ideals of his grace; there he drank the pure draught of life and of nature. But few minds have been at home in that abode of the beautiful, each in a different way from the others. A mode of life like the Greek is too great to be wholly comprehended by a single mind. Only an existence conceived and nurtured in that very life could entitle one to make this claim. But we stand afar from that world, and it is given only to here and there a traveller to discover it again, and merely as a transient pilgrim in a strange land. Wieland made the harmony and grace, with which the whole life of the Greeks was pervaded, a part of his own mind. Had any modern European whatever, before Wieland, recognized and appropriated to himself the Grecian grace? Before this, the excellent form of man, the natural beauty of his figure, had been covered with helm and harness; afterwards, with perukes, and *frisures*, and endless waistcoats, and ruffles, and hoop petticoats. In this matter, Wieland did for poetry what Winckelmann did for plastic art. He taught us to recognize and embody natural beauty again, after the model of the Greeks; but it can hardly be affirmed, although he has undeniably seized upon one of the most prominent aspects of the Greek character, that he has entirely penetrated the depth of Grecian genius, or that he has sounded the depth of the romantic spirit. The plastic beauty of Greek architecture and statuary, the gladness and harmony of the Greek enjoyment of life, the mirror-clear smoothness of the Greek philosophy, reached to him their full, overhanging blossoms over the high walls of time, but nothing more. His Greek novels, therefore, correspond to the Greek genius only in a certain sense, and are, in other respects, the productions of Wieland and his age, in which they are naturalized. French taste, too, has its part and lot therein.

"His feelings inclined to the French with just the same original want that was experienced by Frederic the Great, and others of his time,—only that the one satisfied it as a philosopher and king, the other as a poet. In that knowledge of the world, in the capacity for the safe and clear-headed management of affairs, and of every relation of life, which is, at the same time, the source of all their art, the French had very long surpassed us Germans. After Voltaire, however, their best writers had shown such a spirit of routine, that, in fact, there was but little difference between them and the most witty authors of the later period of antiquity, particularly Lucian. Now, when we find, in truth, that Wieland, in his romantic poems, took for models, not only Ariosto, but also Voltaire and Parny; in his novels, not only Lucian and Cervantes, but also Crébillon, Diderot, and Cazotte, — we cannot help admiring the unerring tact and skill, with which, amidst all his levity, he could set aside the real obscenity and the moral poison of those French authors, whose genius was as great as their corruption, and added to the antique Grace, and the Grace of France, the third and youngest of all, the German Grace, a pleasing and simple one, coquetting, it is true, but still coquetting with her innocence. The manner in which Wieland tempered down French frivolity does far more honor to his taste than his adoption of it merits reproach. He has often been severely censured, and has been called the seducer of our pure and moral nation; and, in particular, the

new-fangled, old-German Nazarenes, and the sighers, have for a long time wanted to damn him utterly. . . . . But, so far from seducing an uncorrupted generation, Wieland has done much more to lead back a generation, already perverted by the Gallomania, to decency and moderation, to lively and intellectual social enjoyments; and the later sentimental, and, in part, the romantic poets, under the mask of transcendently sublime sentiments, were the first to spread abroad the poison of a morbid voluptuousness, which was wholly foreign to the sound-hearted Wieland. In general, laughing pleasure is not dangerous, — only the serious, musing, weeping, and praying is so, — the voluptuousness found in the writings of Goethe, Heinse, Frederic Schlegel, and the like. The senses, guarded by the understanding, are frank and smiling graces, cheerful companions; it is only when they put on the disguise of sublime and noble sentiments, and under this mask reign over the affections, that they become foul poisons that kill in secret."

EXTRACT FROM OBERON.

Now through the outward court swift speeds the knight;
Within the second from his steed descends;
Along the third his pace majestic bends:
Where'er he enters, dazzled by his sight,
The guards make way, — his gait, his dress, his air,
A nuptial guest of highest rank declare.
Now he advances towards an ebon gate,
Where with drawn swords twelve Moors gigantic wait,
And *piecemeal hack* the wretch who steps unbidden there.

But the bold gesture and imperial mien
Of Huon, as he opes the lofty door,
Drive back the swords that crossed his path before,
And at his entrance flamed with lightning sheen.
At once, with rushing noise, the valves unfold:
High throbs the bosom of our hero bold,
When, locked behind him, harsh the portals bray:
Through gardens decked with columns leads the way,
Where towered a gate incased with plates of massy gold.

There a large forecourt held a various race
Of slaves, a hapless race, sad harem slaves,
Who die of thirst 'mid joy's o'erflowing waves!
And when a man, whom emir honors grace,
Swells in his state before their hollow eye,
Breathless they bend, with looks that seem to die,
Beneath the weight of servitude oppressed;
Bow down, with folded arms across the breast,
Nor dare look up to mark the pomp that glitters by.

Already cymbals, drums, and fifes resound;
With song and string the festive palace clangs;
The sultan's head already heaving hangs,
While vinous vapors float his brain around:
Already mirth in freer current flows,
And the gay bridegroom, wild with rapture, glows.
Then, as the bride, in horror turned away,
Casts on the ground her looks that never stray,
Huon along the hall with noble freedom goes.

Now to the table he advances nigh,
And with uplifted brow in wild amaze
The admiring guests upon the stranger gaze:
Fair Rezia, tranced, with fascinated eye
Still views her dream, and ever downward bends:
The sultan, busy with the bowl, suspends
All other thoughts: Prince Babekan alone,
Warned by no vision, towards the guest unknown,
All fearless of his fate, his length of neck extends.

Soon as Sir Huon's scornful eyes retrace
The man of yesterday, that he, the same
Who lately dared the Christian God defame,
Sits at the left, high-plumed in bridal grace,
And bows the neck as conscious of his guilt:
Swift as the light he grasps the sabre's hilt;
Off at the instant flies the heathen's head;
And, o'er the caliph and the banquet shed,
Up spirts his boiling blood, by dreadful vengeance spilt!

As the dread visage of Medusa fell,
Swift flashing on the sight, with instant view
Deprives of life the wild-revolted crew;
While reeks the tower with blood, while tumults swell,
And murderous frenzy, fierce and fiercer grown,
Glares in each eye, and maddens every tone,—
At once, when Perseus shakes the viper hair,
Each dagger stiffens as it hangs in air,
And every murderer stands transformed to living stone!

Thus, at the view of this audacious feat,
The jocund blood that warmed each merry guest
Suspends its frozen course in every breast:
Like ghosts, in heaps, all-shivering from their seat
They start, and grasp their swords, and mark their prey;
But, shrunk by fear, their vigor dies away:
Each in its sheath their swords remain at rest:
With powerless fury in his look expressed,
Mute sunk the caliph back, and stared in wild dismay.

The uproar which confounds the nuptial hall
Forces the dreamer from her golden trance:
Round her she gazes with astonished glance,
While yells of frantic rage her soul appall:

But, as she turns her face towards Huon's side,
How throbs his bosom, when he sees his bride! —
"'T is she, — 't is she herself!" he wildly calls:
Down drops the bloody steel; the turban falls;
And Rezia knows her knight, as float his ringlets wide.

"'T is he!" she wild exclaims: yet virgin shame
Stops in her rosy mouth the imperfect sound:
How throbs her heart, what thrillings strange confound,
When, with impatient speed, the stranger came,
And, love-emboldened, with presumptuous arms
Clasped, in the sight of all, her angel charms!
And, O, how fiery red, how deadly pale
Her cheek, as love and maiden fear assail,
The while he kissed her lip that glowed with sweet alarms!

Twice had his lip already kissed the maid: —
"Where shall the bridal ring, O, where be found?"
Lo! by good fortune, as he gazes round,
The elfin ring shines suddenly displayed,
Won from the giant of the iron tower:
Now, all-unconscious of its magic power,
This ring, so seeming base, the impatient knight
Slips on her finger, pledge of nuptial rite: —
"With this, O bride beloved! I wed thee from this hour!"

Then, for the third time, at these words, again
The bridegroom kissed the soft reluctant fair:
The sultan storms and stamps in wild despair: —
"Thou sufferest, then, — inexpiable stain! —
This Christian dog to shame thy nuptial day? —
Seize, seize him, slaves! — ye die, the least delay!
Haste! drop by drop, from every throbbing vein,
By lengthened agonies his life-blood drain, —
Thus shall the pangs of hell his monstrous guilt repay!"

At once, in flames, before Sir Huon's eyes,
A thousand weapons glitter at the word;
And, ere our hero snatches up his sword,
On every side the death-storms fiercely rise:
On every side he turns his brandished blade:
By love and anguish wild, at once the maid
Around him wreathes her arm, his shield her breast,
Seizes his sword, by her alone repressed: —
"Back! daring slaves!" she cries, "I, I the hero aid!

"Back! — to that breast, — here, here the passage lies! —
No other way than through the midst of mine!" —
And she, who lately seemed Love's bride divine,
Now flames a Gorgon with Medusa's eyes!
And ever, as the emirs near inclose,
She dares with fearless breast their swords oppose: —
"Spare him, my father! spare him! and, O thou,
Destined by fate to claim my nuptial vow,
Spare him! — in both your lives the blood of Rezia flows!"

The sultan's frenzy rages uncontrolled:
Fierce on Sir Huon storm the murderous train;
Yet still his glittering falchion flames in vain,
While Rezia's gentle hand retains its hold:
Her agonizing shrieks his bosom rend.
And what remains the princess to defend?
What but the horn can rescue her from death? —
Soft through the ivory flows his gentle breath,
And from its spiry folds sweet fairy tones ascend.

Soon as its magic sounds, the powerless steel
Falls without struggle from the lifted hand:
In rash vertigo turned, the emir band
Wind arm in arm, and spin the giddy reel:
Throughout the hall tumultuous echoes ring;
All, old and young, each heel has Hermes' wing:
No choice is left them by the fairy tone:
Pleased and astonished, Rezia stands alone
By Huon's side unmoved, while all around them spring.

The whole divan, one swimming circle, glides
Swift without stop: the old bashaws click time:
As if on polished ice, in trance sublime,
The iman hoar with some spruce courtier slides:
Nor rank nor age from capering refrain:
Nor can the king his royal foot restrain;
He, too, must reel amid the frolic row,
Grasp the grand vizier by his beard of snow,
And teach the aged man once more to bound amain.

The dancing melodies, ne'er heard before,
From every crowded antechamber round,
First draw the eunuchs forth with airy bound;
The women next, and slaves that guard the door.
Alike the merry madness seizes all.
The harem's captives, at the magic call,
Trip gaily to the tune, and whirl the dance:
In party-colored shirts the gardeners prance,
Rush 'mid the youthful nymphs, and mingle in the ball.

Entranced, with fearful joy, while doubt alarms,
Fair Rezia stands almost deprived of breath: —
"What wonder! at the time when instant death
Hangs o'er us, that a dance the god disarms!
A dance thus rescues from extreme distress!"
"Some friendly genius deigns our union bless,"
Sir Huon says. Meanwhile amid the throng
With eager step darts Sherasmin along,
And towards them Fatma hastes unnoticed through the press.

"Haste!" Sherasmin exclaims; "not now the hour
To pry with curious leisure on the dance,—
All is prepared,—the steeds impatient prance,—
While raves the castle, while unbarred the tower,
And every gate wide open, why delay?
By luck I met Dame Fatma on the way,
Close-packed, like beast of burden, for the flight."
"Peace! 't is not yet the time," replies the knight;
"A dreadful task impends,—for that must Huon stay."

Pale Rezia shudders at the dreadful sound,
And looks with longing eye, that seems to say,
"Why, on the brink of ruin, why delay?
O, hasten! let our footsteps fly the ground,
Ere bursts the transient charm that binds their brain,
And rage and vengeance repossess the train!"
Huon, who reads the language of her eyes,
With looks of answering love alone replies,
Clasps to his heart her hand, nor dares the deed explain.

And now the fairy tones to soft repose
Melt in the air: each head swims giddy round,
And every limb o'ertired forgets to bound;
Wet every thread, and every pore o'erflows.
The breath half-stopped scarce heaves with struggling pain;
The drowsy blood slow creeps through every vein;
Involuntary joy, like torture, thrills:
The king, as from a bath, in streams distils,
And pants upon his couch, amid the exhausted train.

Stiff, without motion, scarce with sense endued,
Down, one by one, the o'erwearied dancers fall,
Where swelling bolsters heave around the wall:
Emirs, and lowly slaves, in contrast rude,
Mix with the harem goddesses, as chance
Tangles the mazes of the frantic dance:
At once together by a whirlwind blown,
On the same bed, in ill-paired union thrown,
The groom and favorite lie confused in breathless trance.

Sir Huon, mindful of the favoring hour,
While rests in peaceful silence all around,
Pursues his task, by plighted promise bound:
Leaves his fair angel in the old man's power,
Gives him the ivory horn, and cautions well
By timely use the danger to repel;
Then boldly hastens forward to the place
Where gasps the sultan wearied with the race,
And, heaving with his b eath, the billowy pillows swell.

In awful silence, with expanded wing,
Soft-breathing expectation stilly broods;
And though, by fits, thick drowsiness intrudes,
The languid dancers that surround the king
Strive to unbolt their slumber-closing eye,
To view the stranger as he passes by;
Who, after such a deed, with hand unarmed,
And courteous posture, ventures, unalarmed,
To front the lightning glance of injured majesty.

Low on his knee Sir Huon humbly bends:
With cool, heroic look, and gentle tone
Begins:—"Imperial Charles, before whose throne
I bow, his faithful vassal hither sends,
To hail thee, Asia's lord! with greeting fair,
And beg (forgive what duty bids declare!
For, as my arm, my tongue obeys his laws),—
And beg,—great Sir!—four grinders from your jaws,
And from your reverend beard a lock of silver hair!"

He speaks it, and is silent,—and stands still,
In expectation of the sultan's word.
Soon as the caliph had the message heard,—
But words, alas! are wanting to my will;
I cannot paint, while pride and rage conspire,
How every feature writhes with maniac ire,
How from his throne he darts, how fiercely stares,
How from his eye incessant lightning glares,
While every bursting vein high boils with living fire.

He stares, would curse, but fury uncontrolled
In his blue lip breaks short the imperfect sound:—
"Tear out his heart! to dust the villain pound!
Hack, hack him limb by limb, a thousand fold!
With searching awls explore each secret vein!
Crack joint by joint, each tortured sinew strain!
Roast him,—to all the winds his ashes cast!
Him, and his Emperor Charles, whom lightnings blast!
Teeth? beard?—beneath this roof?—to me?
—it burns my brain!

"Who is this Charles, who thus presumptuous dares
Against us swell himself? Why comes he not,
Since thus he longs, in person, on the spot,
To take my grinders, and my silver hairs?"
"Ah, ah!" exclaims a hoary-headed khan,
"Whate'er he be, no doubt, that mighty man
Is not with overweight of brains oppressed!
He should, at least, who makes the mad request,
In front of myriads march, then execute the plan."

"Caliph of Bagdad," says the tranquil knight,
With noble pride, "let all be silent here!
Mark me,—the emperor's awful task severe,
And the bold promise that I dared to plight,

Long on my soul, ere now, have heavy sat:
Yet bitter, Monarch, is the force of Fate!
What power on earth her sovereignty withstands?
Whate'er to do or suffer Fate commands,
Must be performed, and borne, with patient mind sedate.

"Here stand I, like thyself, a mortal man,
Alone, in proud defiance of thy train,
At risk of life my honor to maintain:
Yet honor bids propose another plan,—
Abjure thy faith, from Mahomet recede,
With pious lip profess the Christian creed;
Erect the cross in all these Eastern lands:
So wilt thou more perform than Charles demands;
Charles shall remain content, and thou from trouble freed.

"Yes, on myself the terms I undertake;
No rash offence shall wound imperial pride;
And he who dares these holy terms deride
Shall in my blood at will his vengeance slake.
Thus young, thus lonely, as thou seest me here,
Thy own experience, Caliph, makes it clear
That some unseen protector guides my way:
He can the rage of all thy host allay.
Choose, then, the better part, and bow to truth thine ear."

Like a commissioned angel of the skies,
In awful beauty and commanding mien,
While Huon stands, by wondering mortals seen,
And, though destruction flames before his eyes,
Speaks his high mandate with unshaken mind;
Rezia, from far, towards him alone inclined,
Her beauteous neck in graceful guise extends,
Towards him her cheek by love illumined bends,
Yet fearful how at last these wonders will unwind.

Scarce had our knight the last proposal made,
Than the old caliph, hell within his breast,
Raves, shrieks, and stamps the ground, like one possessed:
On each swollen feature frenzy stood displayed.
Not less enraged, around their fiery king
Up from their seats at once the pagans spring,
And foam, and threat, and horrid vengeance swear;
Swords, lances, daggers, clatter in the air;
All press on Mahom's foe, and closely round enring.

On as they rush, the intrepid knight in haste
Wrenches a pole from one that near him stood;
And armed as with a mace, in fearless mood,
Where'er he swings it, spreads destructive waste;
Thus, ever fighting, presses near the wall:
A golden bowl, that graced the banquet-hall,
Serves him at once for weapon and for shield.
Already to his might the foremost yield,
And stretched before his feet the gasping heathens fall!

Brave Sherasmin, the guardian of the fair,
Who thinks he views, amid the press afar,
His former lord victorious in the war,
Glows at the scene with wild, triumphant air:
But roused by Rezia's agonizing cries,
The fond delusion of the dreamer flies;
He sees the youth close girt by heathen foes,—
Sets to his lip the horn, and loudly blows,
As one by Heaven ordained to bid the dead arise.

Loud rings the castle with rebellowing shocks;
Night, tenfold midnight, swallows up the day;
Ghosts to and fro like gleams of lightning play;
The stony basis of the turret rocks;
Clap after clap, and peals on peals resound:
Terrors unknown the heathen race confound;
Sight, hearing lost, they stagger, drunk with fear;
Drops from each nerveless hand the sword and spear,
And stiff upon the spot all lie in groups around.

With miracle on miracle oppressed,
The caliph struggles with the pangs of death;
His arm hangs loose, deep drawn his heavy breath,
Scarce beats his pulse, it flutters, sinks to rest.
At once the storm is hushed that roared so loud;
While, sweetly breathing o'er the prostrate crowd,
A lily vapor sheds around perfume,
And, like an angel image on a tomb,
The fairy spright appears, arrayed in silver cloud!

GOTTLIEB CONRAD PFEFFEL.

This distinguished author was born in 1736, at Colmar, in Alsatia. In his fifteenth year, he commenced the study of law in Halle, but his studies were interrupted by a disease in the eyes, which terminated, in 1757, in total blindness. He married in 1759, and the next year published his first poetical attempts. In 1763, he became a court councillor of Darmstadt. In 1773, he established a school in Colmar, which continued until it was overthrown by the French Revolution. In 1803, he was made President of the Protestant Consistory at Colmar. He died the 1st of May, 1809.

As a poet, he was distinguished in fable and poetical narrative. He wrote also epistles, didactic poems, ballads, lyrical poems, and pieces for the stage. His poetical works were pub-

lished at Tübingen and Stuttgart, in ten parts, 1803–10. A selection from his fables and poetical narratives was published by Hauff, Stuttgart and Tübingen, in two volumes, 1840.

THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

"Old man, God bless you! does your pipe taste sweetly?
A beauty, by my soul!
A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly!
What ask you for the bowl?"

"O Sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with;
A brave man gave it me,
Who won it — now what think you? — of a bashaw,
At Belgrade's victory.

"There, Sir, ah! there was booty worth the showing, —
Long life to Prince Eugene!
Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing
The Turkish ranks down clean."

"Another time I 'll hear your story:
Come, old man, be no fool;
Take these two ducats, — gold for glory, —
And let me have the bowl!"

"I 'm a poor churl, as you may say, Sir;
My pension 's all I 'm worth:
Yet I 'd not give that bowl away, Sir,
For all the gold on earth.

"Just hear now! Once, as we hussars, all merry,
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,
A blundering rascal of a janizary
Shot through our captain's breast.

"At once across my horse I hove him, —
The same would he have done, —
And from the smoke and tumult drove him
Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him; and, before his end, bequeathing
His money and this bowl
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his breathing,
And so he died, brave soul!

"The money thou must give mine host, — so thought I, —
Three plunderings suffered he:
And, in remembrance of my old friend, brought I
The pipe away with me.

"Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,
In flight or in pursuit;
It was a holy thing, Sir, and I wore it
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

"This very limb, I lost it by a shot, Sir,
Under the walls of Prague:
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, Sir,
And then picked up my leg."

"You move me even to tears, old Sire:
What was the brave man's name?
Tell me, that I, too, may admire
And venerate his fame."

"They called him only the brave Walter;
His farm lay near the Rhine."
"God bless your old eyes! 't was my father,
And that same farm is mine.

"Come, friend, you 've seen some stormy weather;
With me is now your bed;
We 'll drink of Walter's grapes together,
And eat of Walter's bread."

"Now — done! I march in, then, to-morrow:
You 're his true heir, I see;
And when I die, your thanks, kind master,
The Turkish pipe shall be."

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

This amiable man and agreeable writer was born in 1740, at Reinfeldt in Holstein, near Lübeck. He lived for some time in Wandsbeck. In 1776, he was appointed to a public office in Darmstadt, but returned to Wandsbeck the next year. He was a frequent contributor to the "Wandsbeck Messenger." He died in 1818. A collection of his works, completed in 1812, was published under the title of "Asmus omnia sua secum portans, or the Collective Works of the Wandsbeck Messenger." A new edition in four volumes was published at Hamburg in 1838.

The most prominent characteristic of Claudius, as a writer, is a certain simplicity and hearty good-humor. He wrote excellent popular songs, simple ballads, fables, epigrams, tales, and dialogues.

Menzel* remarks of him: "Claudius formed the transition from pedantry to the *naïve* poetry. The celebrated 'Wandsbeck Messenger' makes, when we read it now-a-days, a singular and more touching than agreeable impression. Not that its beauties are not always beautiful, its vigorous common sense always sensible; but the form, the language, belong to an age long since departed. It appears to us as if we saw one of our great-grandfathers, with the lofty nightcap, jump up from an easy chair, and skip through a wedding dance. The fun is sincerely meant, but somewhat ungainly. Had not the inborn good-nature, and tameness and timidity

* German Literature, Vol. III., pp. 60, 61.

schooled by the pressure of his private affairs, laid too many restraints upon the poet's satire, it would certainly, with his great talents, have grown up to something distinguished. But Claudius did not belong to the more fortunate class of poets, who, like Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Thümmel, Rabner, and Lichtenberg, raised themselves above the common wants of a petty and dependent existence, partly by a better position in civic life, partly by the force of their own genius, or, at least, by their good-humor; he belonged rather to those who, like Voss, Bürger, Moritz, Stilling, Schubart, Seume, could not free themselves, their whole life long, from the feeling of narrow circumstances, and the pressure of want; who, with all their longing for freedom, with all their defiance of fate, still bore upon their brow, ineffaceably impressed, the Cain-mark of low life and vulgar awkwardness."

RHINE-WINE.

With laurel wreathe the glass's vintage mellow,
And drink it gaily dry!
Through farthest Europe, know, my worthy fellow,
For such in vain ye 'll try.

Nor Hungary nor Poland e'er could boast it;
And as for Gallia's vine,
Saint Veit, the Ritter, if he choose, may toast it,—
We, Germans, love the Rhine.

Our fatherland we thank for such a blessing,
And many more beside;
And many more, though little show possessing,
Well worth our love and pride.

Not everywhere the vine bedecks our border,
As well the mountains show,
That harbour in their bosoms foul disorder;
Not worth their room below.

Thuringia's hills, for instance, are aspiring
To rear a juice like wine;
But that is all; nor mirth nor song inspiring,
It breathes not of the vine.

And other hills, with buried treasures glowing,
For wine are far too cold;
Though iron ores and cobalt there are growing,
And chance some paltry gold.

The Rhine,— the Rhine,— there grow the gay plantations!
O, hallowed be the Rhine!
Upon his banks are brewed the rich potations
Of this consoling wine.

Drink to the Rhine! and every coming morrow
Be mirth and music thine!
And when we meet a child of care and sorrow,
We 'll send him to the Rhine.

WINTER.

A SONG TO BE SUNG BEHIND THE STOVE.

Old Winter is the man for me,—
Stout-hearted, sound, and steady;
Steel nerves and bones of brass hath he;
Come snow, come blow, he 's ready.

If ever man was well, 't is he;
He keeps no fire in his chamber,
And yet from cold and cough is free
In bitterest December.

He dresses him out-doors at morn,
Nor needs he first to warm him;
Toothache and rheumatis' he 'll scorn,
And colic don't alarm him.

In summer, when the woodland rings,
He asks, "What mean these noises?"
Warm sounds he hates, and all warm things
Most heartily despises.

But when the fox's bark is loud;
When the bright hearth is snapping;
When children round the chimney crowd,
All shivering and clapping;

When stone and bone with frost do break,
And pond and lake are cracking,—
Then you may see his old sides shake,
Such glee his frame is racking.

Near the north pole, upon the strand,
He has an icy tower;
Likewise in lovely Switzerland
He keeps a summer bower.

So up and down,— now here,— now there,—
His regiments manœuvre;
When he goes by, we stand and stare,
And cannot choose but shiver.

THE HEN.

Was once a hen of wit not small
(In fact, 't was most amazing),
And apt at laying eggs withal,
Who, when she 'd done, would scream and bawl,
As if the house were blazing.
A turkey-cock, of age mature,
Felt thereat indignation;
'T was quite improper, he was sure,
He would no more the thing endure;
So, after cogitation,
He to the lady straight repaired,
And thus his business he declared:
"Madam, pray what 's the matter,
That always, when you 've laid an egg,
You make so great a clatter?
I wish you 'd do the thing in quiet;
Do be advised by me, and try it!"
"Advised by you?" the lady cried,
And tossed her head with proper pride;

"And what do you know, now I pray,
Of the fashions of the present day,
You creature ignorant and low?
However, if you want to know,
This is the reason why I do it:
I lay my egg, and then review it!"

NIGHT-SONG.

The moon is up, in splendor,
And golden stars attend her;
The heavens are calm and bright;
Trees cast a deepening shadow,
And slowly off the meadow
A mist is rising, silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing
Round half a world, reposing
In calm and holy trust;
All seems one vast, still chamber,
Where weary hearts remember
No more the sorrows of the dust.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

This accomplished man, and distinguished author, was born, August 25th, 1744, at Mohrungen, in East Prussia, where his father was a sort of usher in a school, and in circumstances of great poverty. He was employed as a copyist by Mr. Trescho, the clergyman of the place, who discovered his talents, and gave him lessons with his own children in Latin and Greek. A Russian surgeon, who lived in the clergyman's house, being pleased with young Herder's manners, took him to Königsberg and Petersburg, in order to educate him as a surgeon; but he soon applied himself to theology and philosophy, and obtained an appointment as teacher in Frederic's College. At this time he became acquainted with Kant, and made great acquirements in theology, philosophy, philology, natural and civil history, and politics. In 1765, he was appointed teacher in the Cathedral School at Riga, where he wrote the "Fragments," and the "Kritische Wälder"; in 1767, became a preacher, in connection with the school, and the same year was offered the superintendence of Saint Peter's School, in Petersburg, which he declined. In 1768, he accepted the offer of travelling tutor to the prince of Holstein-Eutin, but, on account of a weakness of the eyes, he proceeded only as far as Strasburg, where he became acquainted with Goethe. In 1770, he was appointed Court Preacher and Consistorial Councillor in Bückeburg. His distinguished reputation as a theologian procured for him the offer of a professorship at Göttingen, in 1775; but, before he had assumed the office, he received the appointment of Court Preacher, General Superintendent, and Upper Consistorial Councillor at Weimar. He arrived at Weimar in 1776, and became at once a prominent and honored member of the splendid literary circle which surrounded the grand-duke's court. In 1801, he was made President of the High Consistory, and ennobled. He died in 1803.

Herder's character was pure and elevated; his genius was great and comprehensive. As a theologian, poet, and philosopher, he stood among the foremost men of his age.

"He looked upon all individuals and nations," says Menzel,* speaking of his great principle, the law of evolution and progress, "only as the matter, and all institutions and careers of life as the form under which that evolution is reduced to reality. By this principle, he united them all into one spirit and one life. His 'Ideas towards the Philosophy of the History of the Human Race' show us his genius on the broadest scale, and embrace all his views and all his tendencies, according to a regular order. But the execution could not satisfy this plan. No form would have been adequate to it. He felt this well; he indicated by the title the fragmentary character of the work, and left it to the right judgment of contemporaries and posterity to recognize all his remaining writings as additions to or fragments of this work continued.

"He began his great picture of the progress of the world with the representation of the physical world as a scene of progress and change. We cannot but acknowledge that he produced a highly poetical effect thereby upon his age, and that he contributed no less towards the enriching of science, or at least the improvement of its methods. A great living picture of nature, which would have been intelligible and familiar even to the uninitiated, had hitherto been wanting among the Germans. The most comprehensive view of the whole, the evolution of beauty in the single parts, here unite to produce the most brilliant effect. While others have coldly constructed for us the whole frame of nature as a mechanical piece of wheel-work, he breathed into it an organic life, and awakened a warm feeling of love for its beauty in every breast. While others had counted off at their fingers' ends the single phenomena of nature, numbered and classified one after another, he caused them all to appear as members of one organism, and elevated each by placing it in its natural position. The stone did not appear wrapped in the cotton of the mineralogical cabinet, but in the living bosom of the earth, where it had grown; the plant was not seen withered in the herbarium, but fresh on the mead, by the hill-side, still growing from its moistened root, with the smell of earth upon it; the animal, not stuffed or in a cage, but in the freedom of the forest and the field, of the air and the water; the eye, not set in a ring, but beaming from a beautiful counte-

* German Literature, Vol. II., pp. 423-428.

nance; man, not in the solitude of the study, but like Adam among the creatures of the first days of creation, like Cæsar among men, like Christ in heaven.

"The moral world appeared to him elevated above nature, but only as the flower is elevated above its stalk, and is pervaded by the same life. The same principle of natural growth and evolution, but only at a higher stage, appeared to him to reign over this higher sphere of creation also, and he uttered the great thought, — that the life of the individual man and the life of the whole human race are subjected to the same laws of evolution. He placed a reason of mankind by the side of the reason of the man: the former guided by an everlasting Providence in the life of nations; the latter imparted to man as a divine inheritance, and only an efflux of a supreme and universal reason. Both, acting upon each other, struggle to attain the highest goal of the improvement of the human race, and the embellishment of human life. To that end, all the powers of mankind put forth their blossoms. Guided by this lofty view, Herder searched the depths of the human soul, followed out all the bearings of private life, of manners, of education, of states, of religions, of sciences and arts; the history of institutions, of nations, and of the whole human race; and showed the same tendency, the one identical principle of life, extending through them all. Every individual object was considered by him only as a member of the whole. His numerous fragmentary writings were always more occupied with pointing out the connection than the separation of the single phenomena of the life of man.

"Among the writings in which he takes that which is of universal interest to man, without regard to particular nations, for the subject of his consideration, next to the 'Ideas,' the 'Metacriticism' is chiefly distinguished for philosophy, and 'Calliope' for æsthetics. His works on the Bible, on politics, on education and manners, upon which his numerous essays and fragments are employed, are circumscribed within narrower circles of discussion. In the 'Adrastea,' he has felt himself impelled to devote a special attention to modern history, since he, too, is a child of the present age. All these works are distinguished both by the truth and clearness with which the subjects are brought at once before us, and particularly by the fact that they are never solitary efforts, never leave an unsatisfied feeling behind, but always refer to a great and harmonious view of the world, and make us see the whole in single parts, just as they, when united, form, at length, the whole.

"Herder's sublime genius, however, did not limit itself to tracing out the development of the powers of the soul as they lie in individual men, to the complete formation of the flower, to which these individuals may bring them. He discovered, on the contrary, that a still higher development will be attained in the variety of natures, both of nations and of individuals. In this, he thought, consisted the highest and last form to which the course of human progress was subjected; and therefore the just appreciation of this was the crowning glory of his system. In nationality, Herder recognized the cradle of a still higher culture than could possibly be attained by men themselves; but the cradle of the highest culture was, he thought, the variety of human nature. As he placed the moral world of mankind above nature, so he placed the civilized and polished above the rude nation, and the man of genius above the ordinary man. This highest view, however, stood in the most intimate connection with his entire system; and he unfolded the spirit of nations only for its important bearing upon the spirit of mankind and the world, and the spirit of great geniuses only with relation to all of them together.

"To this last view we are indebted for his noblest works, and for the noblest part of all of them. With a warmth of feeling, such as is possible only in Germany, and which his example has made a conscious will and a law to the Germans, he penetrated the peculiar character, both of the Germans and of every foreign nation, and of their men of genius, and showed how the most fragrant flowers of all nobleness and beauty have blossomed among them. Out of all these flowers he wreathes a sacred garland for the genius of humanity, and deserves himself to be reverenced as its worthiest priest. Far from all the vanity of attributing special honor to the German nation, he secured to it, unconsciously, the greatest; for, by his own great example, he showed that the German spirit was capable of receiving the broadest and most comprehensive culture. As in various parts of his 'Ideas' and other works he has represented the spirit of nations under the forms it has assumed in their history and institutions, always with reference to their progress towards the noble and the beautiful, towards humanity, generally; it seemed, also, to his correct judgment, an object worthy of special regard, to conjure up this spirit in the poetry of nations. Hence he collected the 'Voices of the Nations,' one of his noblest works, where he brought together the most beautiful and characteristic popular songs, from all quarters of the world, into a great song-book of mankind. The lofty spirit of this collection, and, again, the rich variety and marvellous beauty of the parts, did not fail of their effect. After this, a higher importance was attributed to poetry, by and for itself, and its relation to popular life; or rather, it has been recognized in poetry and unfolded from it. Since then, an animated intercourse between living minds and the dead has been extended over the whole earth. We have explored all nations, all ages, and brought up the hidden treasures which

Herder had marked with fire. From the far India, Persia, Arabia; from the Finnic and Sclavonian North; from Scandinavia, Scotland, England; from Spain; even from the New World, the gold of poetry, under Herder's guidance, has been piled up in an ever increasing hoard in German literature."

Many editions of his separate works have appeared. The most recent edition of his collective works is that which was published at Stuttgart and Tübingen, in sixty parts, 1827–30. His life was written by his wife, in two parts, Tübingen, 1820; afterwards by Döring, Weimar, 1823.

VOICE OF A SON.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

CRUEL, ye Fates, was my lot, unpermitted to gaze on the daylight
But for a few short years, soon to descend to the shades!
Was I, then, born but in vain? nor allowed to requite to my mother
All that she bore at my birth, all she bestowed on my growth?
Orphan of father betimes, on her I was thrown for supportance,
Doubling the toil of her hand, doubling the cares of her soul.
Yet was she never employed to prepare me the torches of Hymen,
Saw from the promising sprout no compensation of fruit.
Mother, thy grief is the bitterest pang I have suffered from Fortune,
That I have lived not enough aught of thy love to repay.

ESTHONIAN BRIDAL SONG.

DECK thyself, maiden,
With the hood of thy mother;
Put on the ribands
Which thy mother once wore:
On thy head the band of duty,
On thy forehead the band of care.
Sit in the seat of thy mother,
And walk in thy mother's footsteps.
And weep not, weep not, maiden:
If thou weepest in thy bridal attire,
Thou wilt weep all thy life.

CHANCE.

FROM THE ORIENTAL ANTHOLOGY.

RARE luck makes not a rule. One day it pleased
The Persian king to place a precious ring
On a tall staff, and offer it a prize
To any archer who should hit it there.
The better marksmen soon assembled round:
They shot with skill, yet no one touched the ring.
A boy, who sat upon the palace-roof,
Let fly his arrow, and it hit the mark.
On him the monarch then bestowed the prize.
The lad threw bow and arrows on the fire:
"That all my glory may remain to me,
This my first shot," he said, "shall be my last."

TO A DRAGON-FLY.

FLUTTER, flutter gently by,
Little motley dragon-fly,
On thy four transparent wings!
Hover, hover o'er the rill,
And when weary sit thee still
Where the water-lily springs!

More than half thy little life,
Free from passion, free from strife,
Underneath the wave was sweet;
Cool and calm content to dwell,
Shrouded by thy pliant shell,
In a dank and dim retreat.

Now the nymph transformed may roam,
A sylph in her aerial home,
Where'er the zephyrs shall invite;
Love is now thy curious care,
Love that dwells in sunny air,
But thy very love is flight.

Heedless of thy coming doom,
O'er thy birthplace and thy tomb
Flutter, little mortal, still!
Though beside thy gladdest hour
Fate's destroying mandates lower,
Length of life but lengthens ill.

Confide thy offspring to the stream,
That, when new summer suns shall gleam,
They, too, may quit their watery cell;
Then die! — I see each weary limb
Declines to fly, declines to swim:
Thou lovely short-lived sylph, farewell!

THE ORGAN.

O, TELL me, who contrived this wondrous frame,
Full of the voices of all living things, —
This temple, which, by God's own breath inspired,
So boldly blends the heart-appalling groan
Of wailing *Misereres* with the soft
Tones of the plaintive flute, and cymbal's clang,
And roar of jubilee, and hautboy's scream,
With martial clarion's blast, and with the call
Of the loud-sounding trump of victory?

From lightest shepherd's reed the strain ascends
To tymbal's thunder and the awakening trump
Of judgment! Graves are opening! Hark! the dead
Are stirring!

How the tones hang hovering now
On all creation's mighty outspread wings,
Expectant, and the breezes murmur! Hark!
Jehovah comes! He comes! His thunder speaks!

In the soft-breathing, animated tone
Of human words speaks the All-merciful,
At length: the trembling heart responds to him;
Till, now, all voices and all souls at once
Ascend to heaven, upon the clouds repose, —
One Hallelujah! — Bow, bow down in prayer!

Apollo tuned the light guitar; the son
Of Maia strung the lyre; mighty Pan
Hollowed the flute. Who was this mightiest Pan,
That blent the breath of all creation here?

. . . . .

Cecilia, noblest of the Roman maids,
Disdained the music of the feeble strings,
Praying within her heart, "O, that I might
But hear the song of praise, the which, of old,
Those holy three[1] sang in the glowing flames, —
The song of the creation!"

Then there came
An angel who had oft appeared to her
In prayer, and touched her ear. Entranced, she heard
Creation's song. Stars, sun, and moon, and all
Heaven's host, and light and darkness, day and night,
The rolling seasons, wind and frost and storm,
And dew and rain, hoar-frost and ice and snow,
Mountain and valley in their spring attire,
And fountains, streams, and seas, and rock and wood,
And all the birds of heaven and tribes of earth,
And every thing that hath breath, praised the Lord,
The holy and the merciful.

She sank
In adoration: "Now, O angel, might I
But hear an echo of this song!"

With speed
He sought the artist whom Bezaleel's
Devoted soul inspired: in his hand
He placed the measure and the number. Soon
Uprose an edifice of harmonies.
The *Gloria* of angels rang. With one
According voice, great Christendom intoned
Her lofty *Credo*, blessed bond of souls.
And when, at holy sacrament, the chant,
"He comes! Blessed be he who cometh!" rang,
The spirits of the saints came down from heaven,
And took the offering in devotion. Earth
And heaven became a choir. The reprobate
Shook, at the temple's door, and seemed to hear
The trump whose clang proclaimed the day of wrath.

With all the Christian hearts Cecilia
Rejoiced, for she had found what every heart
Seeks with strong yearning in the hour of prayer, —
Union of spirits, — Christian unity.

"How shall I name," said she, "this many-armed
River which seizes us and bears us on
To the wide sea of the eternities?"
"Call it," the angel said, "what thou didst wish:
Call it the ORGAN of the mighty soul,
Which sleeps in all, which stirs all nations' hearts,
Which yearns to intone the everlasting song
Of universal nature, and to find
In richest labyrinth of hearts and sounds
Devotion's richest, fullest harmony."

[1] Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

AMONG green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and her child.

There, oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother:
And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended,
'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me!

"I 'll find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe, red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

"O holy, holy Mother,
Put him down from off thy knee!
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely:
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spake to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand fold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill."

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke,
And, full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his deathbed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
"O mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A coming down to me!

"And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries,—
Dear mother, let me go!"

He died, and that fond mother
Her tears could not restrain;
But she knew he was with Jesus,
And she did not weep again.

CARL LUDWIG VON KNEBEL.

This poet was born in 1744, at Wallerstein, in Franken. He was educated in Anspach, by Uz, and afterwards became an officer in Potsdam. In 1774, he was appointed tutor to the Prince Constantine in Weimar, and there lived in the society of Goethe, Herder, and Wieland. He removed afterwards to Ilmenau, and finally to Jena. His death took place in 1834, at the age of ninety years. He was a distinguished lyric poet, and an excellent translator. His poems were published anonymously in 1815, at Leipsic. His translation of the Elegies of Propertius appeared in 1798, and that of Lucretius, in 1821. His "Remains and Correspondence" were published by Varnhagen von Ense and Theodore Mundt, at Leipsic, in 1835, and republished in 1840.

MOONLIGHT.

Darker than the day,
Clearer than the night,
Shines the mellow moonlight.

From the rocky heights
Shapes in shimmer clad
Mistily are mounting.

Pearls of silver dew,
Soft-distilling, drop
On the silent meadows.

Might of sweetest song
With the gloomy woods
Philomela mingleth.

Far in ether wide
Yawns the dread abyss
Of deep worlds uncounted.

Neither eye nor ear,
Seeking, findeth here
The end of mazy thinking.

Evermore the wheel
Of unmeasured Time
Turns round all existence;

And it bears away
Swift, how swift! the prey
Of fleet-flitting mortals.

Where soft breezes blow,
Where thou seest the row
Of smooth-shining beeches;

Driven from the flood
Of the thronging Time,
Lina's hut receives me.

Brighter than aloft
In night's shimmering star,
Peace with her is shining.

And the vale so sweet,
And the sweet moonlight,
Where she dwells, is sweeter.

ADRASTEA.

Ween ye that law and right and the rule of life are uncertain,—
Wild as the wandering wind, loose as the drift of the sand?
Fools! look round and perceive an order and measure in all things!
Look at the herb as it grows, look at the life of the brute:
Every thing lives by a law, a central balance sustains all;
Water, and fire, and air, wavy and wild though they be,
Own an inherent power that binds their rage; and without it
Earth would burst every bond, ocean would yawn into hell.
Life and breath, what are they? the system of laws that sustains thee
Ceases: and, mortal, say whither thy being hath fled!

What thou art in thyself is a type of the common creation;
For, in the universe, life, order, existence, are one.
Look to the world of mind; hath soul no law that controls it?
Elements many in one build up the temple of thought;
And when the building is just, the feeling of truth is the offspring:
Truth, how great is thy might, e'en in the breast of the child!
Constant swayeth within us a living balance that weighs all,
Truth and order and right, measures and ponders and feels.
Passions arouse the breast; the tongue, swift-seized by the impulse,
Wisely (if wisdom there be) follows the law of the soul:
Thus, too, ruleth a law, a sure law, deep in the bosom,
Blessing us when we obey, punishing when we offend.

Far by the sacred stream where goddess Ganga is worshipped,
Dwells a race of mankind purer in heart and in life:
From the stars of the welkin they trace their birth; and the ancient
Earth more ancient than they knoweth no people that lives.
Simple and sweet is their food: they eat no flesh of the living,
And from the blood of the brute shrinks the pure spirit away;
For in the shape of another it sees itself metamorphosed,
And, in the kindred of form, owneth a nature the same.
Children of happier climes, of suns and moons that benignly
Shine, hath dew from above watered your sensitive souls?
Say, what power of the gods hath joined your spirits in wedlock
To the delicate flowers; gentle and lovely as they?
Under blossoming groves, and sweet and pregnant with ambra,
Gaugeth the spirit divine purer the measure of right?
Pure is the being of God they teach, his nature is goodness:
Passions and stormy wrath stir not the bosom of Brahm.
But by the fate of the wicked the wicked are punished; unfading
Sorrow and anguish of soul follow the doers of sin;
In their bosom is hell, the sleepless voice of accusing
Speaks; and gnaweth a worm, never, O, never to die!

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

This poet was born in 1748, at Wolmerswende, near Halberstadt, where his father was preacher. The development of his powers was slow and not very promising at first, though he began early to make verses on the model of the hymn-books. At the age of ten he went to Aschersleben to reside with his grandfather, who undertook his support; thence he was sent to school in Halle, and, in 1764, began the study of theology in the University there; but, in 1768, he removed to Göttingen for the purpose of studying law. The irregularities of his conduct were such that his grandfather withdrew his support; but he received assistance from several distinguished young men, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, and in conjunction with whom he studied the ancient classics, the literature of France, Italy, Spain, and England, giving particular attention to Shakspeare and the old English ballads. In 1772, he received a small judicial office in Altengleichen, near Göttingen, and devoted himself assiduously to the cultivation of poetry. He maintained a close connection with the Göttingen circle of poets, and attracted much attention by his writings. In 1774, he married, but his marriage proved unhappy. His wife died a few years after, and he married her sister, for whom he had long cherished a violent passion. This second wife was his celebrated *Molly;* she died within a year of her marriage, in 1786. In 1789, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary in Göttingen. In 1790, he was married a third time, to a young lady in Swabia, who had publicly offered him her hand in a poem. This marriage also proved unhappy, and he was divorced two years after. His misery was increased by pecuniary embarrassments, from which he had never been free; and he died, in 1794, in circumstances of great wretchedness.

Bürger is a poet of fiery and original genius. His ballads are among the noblest in the German language. His great aim was to make poetry popular, and his success in this respect was brilliant. Schiller, however, criticised him with a severity, which is now admitted to have been unjust. He is chiefly known as a writer of ballads, of which his "Ellenore" is the best. This remarkable composition has been rendered familiar to English readers by the translations of Taylor and Scott. Others also have tried their hands upon it.

Menzel* says of him: "It was Bürger, preeminently, who cultivated the reviving taste for ballads, introduced by Stolberg; but he stuck fast, at the same time, in the honest old gentleman's nightcap, and even partly in the Græcomania. He was not born for so vigorous an opposition as Schubart; and the more refined development of the legendary po-

* German Literature, Vol. III. pp 138, 139.

etry he had to leave to the school of Tieck and Schlegel. He is an interesting phenomenon on the boundary line between the heterogeneous parties which marked the progress of romanticism. His poetical forms are distinguished by a beautiful rhythm. Some of his ballads, particularly 'Ellenore,' are sure of immortality. He has excited a universal sympathy, inasmuch as he became a victim to poetry. It was a part of the false poetical enthusiasm of his age to sacrifice common sense for a few verses. A maiden made proposals of marriage to poor Bürger by a poem; enchanted with this, he fancied the marriage of a poet and poetess must be a paradise on earth; and he was — deceived."

Bürger's works were published at Göttingen in 1794; again in 1829–34; again in 1835; and, finally, in 1841. A sketch of his life was published by Altholf, Göttingen, 1798.

ELLENORE.

At break of day from frightful dreams
Upstarted Ellenore:
"My William, art thou slayn," she sayde,
"Or dost thou love no more?"

He went abroade with Richard's host
The paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.

With blore of trump and thump of drum
His fellow-soldyers come,
Their helms bedeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their long'd-for home.

And evry road and evry lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoycing band,
To haile with gladsom toung.

"Thank God!" their wives and children sayde,
"Welcome!" the brides did saye;
But greet or kiss gave Ellenore
To none upon that daye.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the growne,
In furious despair.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arm:
"My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William 's gone!
What 's all besyde to me?
There is no mercie, sure, above!
All, all were spar'd but he!"

"Kneele downe, thy paternoster saye,
'T will calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;
What he hath done is right."

"O mother, mother! saye not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte avaylde?
'T is now, alas! too late."

"Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suffring child:
Go, take the holy sacrament;
So shal thy grief grow mild."

"O mother, what I feele within
No sacrament can staye;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the sight of daye."

"May-be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And put away his faith and troth,
And take another love.

"Then wherefor sorrowe for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
But when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him pain."

"O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forlorn;
The grave my only safeguard is:
O, had I ne'er been born!

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
In grizely darkness die!
There is no mercie, sure, above!
For ever let me lie!"

"Almighty God! O, do not judge
My poor unhappy child!
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wild.

"My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least, shal not thy soul
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

"O mother, mother! what is bliss,
And what the fiendis cell?
With him 't is heaven anywhere;
Without my William, hell.

"Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
In endless darkness die!
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorne the skie."

And so despair did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Against the providence of God
She hurlde her impious strains.

She bet her breast, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearless eye,
From rise of morn, til the pale stars
Again orespred the skye.

When, harke! abroade she herde the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She herde a knight with clank alighte,
And climbe the stair in speed.

And soon she herde a tinkling hand,
That twirled at the pin;
And thro her door, that opend not,
These words were breathed in: —

"What ho! what ho! thy door undo:
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember me?
And dost thou laugh or weepe?"

"Ah! William here so late at night?
O, I have wachte and wak'd!
Whense art thou come? For thy return
My heart has sorely ak'd."

"At midnight only we may ride;
I come ore land and see:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse, and come with mee."

"O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss;
Awayte a little space."

"Tho blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harbour here;
My spurs are sett, my courser pawes,
My hour of flight is nere.

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde;
To-night we 'le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

"How? ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemock:
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clock."

"Looke up; the moon is bright, and we
Outstride the earthly men:
I 'le take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shal end but then."

"And where is, then, thy house, and home,
And bridal bed so meet?"
"'T is narrow, silent, chilly, low,
Six planks, one shrouding sheet."

"And is there any room for me,
Wherein that I may creepe?"
"There 's room enough for thee and me,
Wherein that we may sleepe.

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop;
The wedding-guests thy coming wayte,
The chamber-door is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry off they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"The moon is bright, and blue the night;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder, mayd, to seeke the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?"

How glumly sownes yon dirgy song!
Night-ravens flappe the wing:
What knell doth slowly tolle ding dong?
The psalms of death who sing?

Forth creepes a swarthy funeral train,
A corse is on the biere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chauntings meete the eere.

"Go, beare her corse, when midnight 's past,
With song, and tear, and wail;
I 've gott my wife, I take her home,
My hour of wedlock hail!

"Leade forth, O clark, the chaunting quire,
To swelle our spousal-song:
Come, preest, and reade the blessing soone;
For our dark bed we long."

The bier is gon, the dirges hush;
His bidding all obaye,
And headlong rush thro briar and bush,
Beside his speedy waye.

Halloo! halloo! how swift they go,
Unheeding wet or dry!
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gon!
By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"Look up, look up! an airy crew
In roundel daunces reele:
The moon is bright, and blue the night,
Mayst dimly see them wheele.

"Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew,
Come to, and follow me,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed shal be."

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew
Came wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the witherd leaves
That wide the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

And all that in the moonshyne lay
Behind them fled afar;
And backward scudded overhead
The skie and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The sand will soone be run:
I snuffe the early morning air;
Downe, downe! our work is done.

"The dead, the dead can ride apace:
Our wed-bed here is fit:
Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
Our endless union knit."

And, lo! an yron-grated gate
Soon biggens to their view:
He crackde his whyppe; the locks, the bolts,
Cling, clang! assunder flew.

They passe, and 't was on graves they trodde:
"'T is hither we are bound":
And many a tombstone ghastly white
Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steed alytte,
His armure, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull;
Nor hair nor eyne had he:
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blithe of ble.

And at his dry and boney heel
No spur was left to bee:
And in his witherd hand you might
The scythe and hour-glass see.

And, lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
And charnel-fires outbreathe;
And pal'd, and bleachde, then vanishde quite
The mayd from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in air,
And shrekes from vaults arose:
Then knewe the mayd she might no more
Her living eyes unclose.

But onward to the judgment-seat,
Thro mist and moonlight dreare,
The ghostly crew their flight persewe,
And hollowe in her eare:

"Be patient; tho thyne herte should breke,
Arrayne not Heaven's decree:
Thou nowe art of thy bodie reft,
Thy soul forgiven bee!"

THE BRAVE MAN.

High sounds the song of the valiant man,
Like clang of bells and organ-tone.
Him, whose high soul brave thoughts control,
Not gold rewards, but song alone.
Thank Heaven for song and praise, that I can
Thus sing and praise the valiant man!

The thaw-wind came from southern sea,
Heavy and damp, through Italy,
And the clouds before it away did flee,
Like frighted herds, when the wolf they see.
It sweeps the fields, through the forest breaks,
And the ice bursts away on streams and lakes.

On mountain-top dissolved the snow;
The falls with a thousand waters dashed;
A lake did o'erflow the meadow low,
And the mighty river swelled and splashed.
Along their channel the waves rolled high,
And heavily rolled the ice-cakes by.

On heavy piers and arches strong,
Below and above of massive stone,
A bridge stretched wide across the tide,
And midway stood a house thereon.
There dwelt the tollman, with child and wife;
O tollman! tollman! flee, for thy life!

And it groaned and droned, and around the house
Howled storm and wind with a dismal sound;
And the tollman aloof sprang forth on the roof,
And gazed on the tumult around:
"O merciful Heaven! thy mercy show!
Lost, lost, and forlorn! who shall rescue me now?"

Thump! thump! the heavy ice-cakes rolled,
And piled on either shore they lay;
From either shore the wild waves tore
The arches with their piers away.
The trembling tollman, with wife and child,
He howled still louder than storm-winds wild.

Thump! thump! the heavy ice-cakes rolled,
And piled at either end they lay;
All rent and dashed, the stone piers crashed,
As one by one they shot away.
To the middle approaches the overthrow!
O merciful Heaven! thy mercy show!

High on the distant bank there stands
A crowd of peasants great and small;
Each shrieking stands, and wrings his hands,
But there 's none to save among them all.
The trembling tollman, with wife and child,
For rescue howls through the storm-winds wild.

When soundest thou, song of the valiant man,
Like clang of bells and organ-tone?
Say on, say on, my noble song!
How namest thou him, the valiant one?
To the middle approaches the overthrow!
O brave man! brave man! show thyself now!

Swift galloped a count forth from the crowd,
On a gallant steed, a count full bold.
In his hand so free what holdeth he?
It is a purse stuffed full of gold.
"Two hundred pistoles to him who shall save
Those poor folks from death and a watery grave!"

Who is the brave man? Is it the count?
Say on, my noble song, say on!
By Him who can save! the count was brave,
And yet do I know a braver one.
O brave man! brave man! say, where art thou?
Fearfully the ruin approaches now!

And ever higher swelled the flood,
And ever louder roared the blast,
And ever deeper sank the heart of the keeper;—
Preserver! preserver! speed thee fast!
And as pier after pier gave way in the swell,
Loud cracked and dashed the arch as it fell.

"Halloo! halloo! to the rescue speed!"
Aloft the count his purse doth wave;
And each one hears, and each one fears;
From thousands none steps forth to save.
In vain doth the tollman, with wife and child,
For rescue howl through the storm-winds wild.

See, stout and strong, a peasant man,
With staff in hand, comes wandering by;
A kirtle of gray his limbs array;
In form and feature, stern and high.
He listened, the words of the count to hear,
And gazed on the danger that threatened near.

And boldly, in Heaven's name, into
The nearest fishing-boat sprang he;
Through the whirlwind wide, and the dashing tide,
The preserver reaches them happily.
But, alas! the boat is too small, too small,
At once to receive and preserve them all!

And thrice he forced his little boat
Through whirlwind, storm, and dashing wave;
And thrice came he full happily,
Till there was no one left to save.
And hardly the last in safety lay,
When the last of the ruins rolled away.

Who is, who is the valiant man?
Say on, my noble song, say on!
The peasant, I know, staked his life on the throw,
But for the sake of gold 't was done.
Had the count not promised the gold to him,
The peasant had risked neither life nor limb.

"Here," said the count, "my valiant friend,
Here is thy guerdon, take the whole!"
Say, was not this high-mindedness?
By Heaven! the count hath a noble soul!
But higher and holier, sooth to say,
Beat the peasant's heart in his kirtle gray.

"My life cannot be bought and sold:
Though poor, I 'm not by want oppressed:
But the tollman old stands in need of thy gold;
He has lost whatever he possessed."
Thus cried he, with hearty, honest tone,
And, turning away, went forth alone.

High soundest thou, song of the valiant man,
Like clang of bells and organ-tone.
Him, whose high soul brave thoughts control,
Not gold rewards, but song alone.
Thank Heaven for song and praise, that I can
Thus sing and praise the valiant man!

CHRISTIAN GRAF ZU STOLBERG.

This poet was born on the 15th of October, 1748, at Hamburg. He studied at Göttingen, and was afterwards made a gentleman of the bed-chamber at the Danish court. In 1777, he was appointed *Amtmann*, or bailiff, at Tremsbüttel, in Holstein; in 1800, Danish chamberlain. He then retired to his estate, called Windebye, near Eckernförde. He died in 1821. He wrote poems, ballads, tragedies with choruses, hymns, idyls, and translations from the Greek.

TO MY BROTHER.

Up! take thou eagle's wings, and fly,
My song, and, with thee, fly
My jubilant good-morrow,
To him who is to me
What never mortal was to mortal.

Red gleams already wake,
Announcing the glad day
Which called thee, dear one, into life!
See, how he pranketh in autumnal pomp!
Proud, and in solemnizing act, he comes,
Clipped with the dancing hours, and greeted by

The sun, the moon, and timeous star!
Haste, O fraternal kiss,
That hoverest on my panting lip!
Swift glide on the first beam —
As full of fire, as quick to animate —
To him who is to me
What never mortal was to mortal.

Pillow thee gently on his lips;
Scare not the morning dream,
That moistly clasps the slumbering one
With winding ivy wreaths;
There let thy honey trickle, and my form
Hover before his conscious soul,
Languishing with the sickness of desire, —
O, for my presence languishing! —
Then suddenly wake him with the throbbing wing
Of Love, and call it loud
In burning words to him: —
That he may be to me
What never mortal was to mortal.

My brother! in my eye
Trembleth the tear of joy;
Than friend, than brother more,
That thou — that thou art e'en,
My heart's most trusted one!
Say, ever dawned a thought to thee or me,
Whereof the veil thou might'st not lift,
Or I might not partake?
As, through the power miraculous
Of holy Nature, hidden, deep,
The chord of lute, untouched, the singer's tones
Doth warble tremblingly;
O Mother Nature! thus
Our twin souls she attuned
To ever sounding harmony!
Sounding, when the fiery blood
Burns in the bosom juvenile;
Sounding, when down the pallid cheeks
The tears of softened feeling flow.

Ah! thou who art to me
What never mortal was to mortal!
Inspired and guided by the Muses,
Associates dear, to whom thou saidst,
"Thou art my sister,
And thou my bride!"—
(Oft, in the silent night, ye visit us,
Ye Muses! — thou my brother visitest;
And thou, in solitary hall,
Intoxicatest me with joy,
Thy wooer, Goddess dear! —)
Ha! I know them too!
Sister and bride!
Guided by them,
Soar I to thee,
O'er land, and o'er sea, to thee, to thee!
Pours, gushes out to thee
My overflowing heart.

Brother! to us the lovely lot
Is fallen, our heritage is fair!
But, ah! why trickles now the tear
Within the cup of jubilee?
Ah! wherefore are we now apart, —
To-day apart?
As for the dew the summer field,
As pants the sun for ocean's lap,
As strives the vine for shady elm,
O, so strive I, so pant I after thee!
Thou — thou who art to me
What never mortal was to mortal!

Return, thou day of joy,
With blessing big, thy steps
Trickling with milk,
With honey,
And with the blood of the vine!
Come ever with autumnal pomp
Thy temples garlanded!
Ah! so draws nigh at hand to us
Our autumn too!

So it may come, our temples be
With pomp autumnal garlanded;
And with fruits, — O! with fruits,
Ay, laden with imperishable wealth!
Nor find us then, fair day,
As on this day, apart!

O, the fulfilling! the fulfilling!
Fulfilling of the most intense desire!
Clearly mine eye pervades
The future far; it sees
What golden days the path of life conclude!

Winter at last arrives;
Age friendly and benign
Takes us both by the hand, and leads us —
O joy! unseparated then!
Best father! and, O thou,
Who borest and who suckledst me,
Best mother! —
Thither, where 'mong the trees of life,
Where in celestial bowers,
Under your fig-tree, bowed with fruit,
And warranting repose,
Under your pine, inviting shady joy,
Unchanging blooms
Eternal spring!

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HÖLTY.

The poet Hölty was born December 21st, 1748, at Mariensee, in Hanover, where his father was a preacher. His early education was superintended by his father. He gave precocious indications of a love of learning, but his health was feeble from his childhood up. He was sent to school in Celle, and in 1766 entered the University of Göttingen as a student of theology. He occupied himself much with poetry, and assisted in forming the Poetical Society. He died September 1st, 1776. He was a poet

of a sentimental and melancholy cast, but, at the same time, fond of wit. He wrote odes, songs, ballads, and idyls. His works were published by Stolberg and Voss, at Hamburg, 1783; by Voss in 1804 and 1814. A new edition appeared at Königsberg in 1833.

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

She is no more, who bade the May-month hail;
Alas! no more!
The songstress who enlivened all the vale,—
Her songs are o'er;
She, whose sweet tones, in golden evening hours,
Rang through my breast,
When, by the brook that murmured 'mong the flowers,
I lay at rest.

How richly gurgled from her deep, full throat
The silvery lay,
Till in her caves sweet Echo caught the note,
Far, far away!
Then was the hour when village pipe and song
Sent up their sound,
And dancing maidens lightly tripped along
The moonlit ground.

A youth lay listening on the green hill-side,
Far down the grove,
While on his rapt face hung a youthful bride
In speechless love.
Their hands were locked oft as thy silvery strain
Rang through the vale;
They heeded not the merry, dancing train,
Sweet nightingale!

They listened thee till village bells from far
Chimed on the ear,
And, like a golden fleece, the evening star
Beamed bright and clear.
Then, in the cool and fanning breeze of May,
Homeward they stole,
Full of sweet thoughts, breathed, by thy tender lay,
Through the deep soul.

HARVEST SONG.

Sickles sound;
On the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall;
Every maiden's bonnet
Has blue blossoms on it;
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickle's sound;
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet;
From one dish they eat;
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael
Whet the sickle,
Piping merrily.
Now they mow; each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
Busy as a bee.

Now the blisses,
And the kisses!
Now the wit doth flow
Till the beer is out;
Then, with song and shout,
Home they go, yo ho!

WINTER SONG.

Summer joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more;
Wintry winds are sweeping:
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the woods with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee;
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

ELEGY AT THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER.

Blest are they who slumber in the Lord;
Thou, too, O my father, thou art blest;
Angels came to crown thee; at their word,
Thou hast gone to share the heavenly rest.

Roaming through the boundless, starry sky,
What is now to thee this earthly clod?
At a glance ten thousand suns sweep by,
While thou gazest on the face of God.

In thy sight the eternal record lies;
Thou dost drink from life's immortal wells;
Midnight's mazy mist before thee flies,
And in heavenly day thy spirit dwells.

Yet, beneath thy dazzling victor's-crown,
Thou dost send a father's look to me;
At Jehovah's throne thou fallest down,
And Jehovah, hearing, answereth thee.

Father, O, when life's last drops are wasting,—
Those dear drops which God's own urn hath given,—
When my soul the pangs of death is tasting,
To my dying bed come down from heaven!

Let thy cooling palm wave freshly o'er me,
Sinking to the dark and silent tomb;
Let the awful vales be bright before me,
Where the flowers of resurrection bloom.

Then with thine my soul shall soar through heaven,
With the same unfading glory blest;
For a home one star to us be given,—
In the Father's bosom we shall rest.

Then bloom on, gay tufts of scented roses;
O'er his grave your sweetest fragrance shed!
And, while here his sacred dust reposes,
Silence, reign around his lowly bed!

COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man who has the town escaped!
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach
Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
Each verdant sod a shrine,
Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The nightingale on him sings slumber down,—
The nightingale rewakes him, fluting sweet,
When shines the lovely red
Of morning through the trees.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God!—
In the ascending pomp of dawning day,—
Thee in thy glorious sun,—
The worm,—the budding branch.

Where coolness gushes, in the waving grass,
Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain, rests:
Inhales the breath of prime,
The gentle airs of eve.

His straw-decked thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
Than golden halls of state
Or beds of down afford.

To him the plumy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
And from his quiet hand
Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.

Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death;
And in the village churchyard by the graves
Sits, and beholds the cross,—
Death's waving garland there,—
The stone beneath the elders, where a text
Of Scripture teaches joyfully to die,—
And with his scythe stands Death,—
An angel, too, with palms.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town!
Him did an angel bless when he was born,—
The cradle of the boy
With flowers celestial strewed.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

This world-renowned and versatile author, the greatest name in German literature, was born at Frankfort on the Mayn, the 28th of August, 1749. His father was a man of various culture, and held the rank of Imperial Councillor. He spared no pains to unfold the abilities of his son, which, it was soon apparent, were of a distinguished order. His house was filled with pictures and engravings, which early developed young Goethe's powers of observing and discriminating works of art. When the Seven Years' War broke out, the Count de Thorane, the *licutenant du roi* of the French army in Germany, was quartered in Goethe's house. The count's taste for pictures, and his conversations with the artists of Frankfort, in which young Goethe was allowed to participate, exercised a strong influence on his taste and character. He seized this opportunity also of learning the French language. In 1765, he went to Leipsic and entered the University, where Gottsched was still living; but Ernesti and Gellert chiefly occupied his attention. He followed no regular course of studies during his residence in Leipsic, but devoted himself principally to poetry and art; he constantly practised drawing, and even attempted engraving. In 1768, he returned to Frankfort, with his health much impaired. He was affectionately nursed by a lady named Von Klettenberg, under whose influence he was led to study the science of chemistry and the mystico-alchemical works, the effect of which is seen in the "Faust." In 1770, he went to the University of Strasburg to study law, according to the wish of his father, but his favorite pursuits were chemistry and anatomy. Here he became acquainted with Herder, whose views in poetry and taste in art had a marked influence upon his life. Here, too, he wrote a treatise on Gothic architecture. In 1771, he took his degree as Doctor of Laws, and wrote a dissertation on a legal subject. Soon after, he returned home, and in 1773 published his "Götz von Berlichingen," which instantly and strongly excited the public attention; the "Sorrows of Werther" appeared in the following year. In 1776, he was invited to Weimar by the young duke, Karl August, a circumstance that fixed his career and destiny. He received the rank of Councillor of Legation, then of Privy Council-

lor, and in 1782 he was made President of the Chamber and ennobled. In 1786, he made a journey to Italy and Sicily, in which he spent two years, and after his return was appointed Prime Minister of Weimar. He accompanied the duke of Weimar during the campaign of 1792. He received many orders; among the rest, that of Alexander-Newski, from the Emperor of Russia, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, from the Emperor Napoleon. He died on the 22d of March, 1832.

His works embrace almost every department of literature and many of the sciences. They have exercised an immense influence, not only in Germany, but over the whole civilized world. For half a century he stood at the head of the literature of Germany, though not without the vigorous opposition of an able and resolute party. To discuss his various merits and defects, however, would require more space than can be given to them here. His countrymen are fond of calling him *vielseitig*, or many-sided. The following portraits, drawn by different artists, may be considered as side-views, taken from different points.

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GOETHE IN 1776. BY GLEIM.

"SHORTLY after Goethe had written his 'Werther,' I came to Weimar, and wished to know him. I had brought with me the last Göttingen 'Musen-Almanach,' as a literary novelty, and read here and there a piece to the company in which I was passing the evening. While I was reading, a young man, booted and spurred, in a short green shooting-jacket thrown open, had come in and mingled with my audience. I had scarcely remarked his entrance. He sat down opposite to me, and listened very attentively. I scarcely knew what there was about him that struck me particularly, except a pair of brilliant black Italian eyes. But it was decreed that I should know more of him.

"During a short pause, in which some gentlemen and ladies were discussing the merits of the pieces I had read, lauding some and censuring others, the gallant young sportsman (for such I took him to be) arose from his chair, and, bowing with a most courteous and ingratiating air to me, offered to relieve me from time to time in reading aloud, lest I should be tired. I could do no less than accept so polite an offer, and immediately handed him the book. But, O Apollo and all ye Muses,—not forgetting the Graces,—what was I then to hear! At first, indeed, things went on smoothly enough.

'Die Zephyr'n lauschten,
Die Bäche rauschten,
Die Sonne
Verbreitet ihre Licht mit Wonne.'

The somewhat more solid, substantial fare of Voss, Leopold Stolberg, and Bürger, too, were delivered in such a manner that no one had any reason to complain.

"All at once, however, it was as if some wild and wanton devil had taken possession of the young reader, and I thought I saw the Wild Huntsman bodily before me. He read poems that had no existence in the Almanach; he broke out into all possible modes and dialects. Hexameters, iambics, doggerel verses, one after another, or blended in strange confusion, came tumbling out in torrents.

"What wild and humorous fantasies did he not combine that evening! Amidst them, came such noble, magnificent thoughts, thrown in, detached, and flitting, that the authors to whom he ascribed them must have thanked God on their knees, if they had fallen upon their desks.

"As soon as the joke was discovered, a universal merriment spread through the room. He put every body present out of countenance in one way or another. Even my Mæcenasship, which I had always regarded it as a sort of duty to exercise towards young authors, poets, and artists, had its turn. Though he praised it highly on the one side, he did not forget to insinuate, on the other, that I claimed a sort of property in the individuals to whom I had afforded support and countenance. In a little fable composed extempore in doggerel verses, he likened me, wittily enough, to a worthy and most enduring turkey-hen, that sits on a great heap of eggs of her own and other people's, and hatches them with infinite patience; but to whom it sometimes happens to have a chalk egg put under her instead of a real one; a trick at which she takes no offence.

"'That is either Goethe or the devil,' cried I to Wieland, who sat opposite to me at the table. 'Both,' replied he; 'he has the devil in him again to-day; and then he is like a wanton colt that flings out before and behind, and you do well not to go too near him.'" *

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INTERVIEW WITH GOETHE. BY HAUFF.

"THE clock at length struck, and we departed. The residence of the poet is beautiful. A tasteful walk, decorated with statues, leads to the dwelling. We were silently conducted, by a servant, to the parlour, the style of which is neat, chaste, and elegant. My young companion gazed at the paintings, sculptured walls, and furniture, in admiration of wonder. Such a 'poet's room' was quite unlike the narrow one of his fancy. His exalted preconceived ideas of the poet were now greatly heightened by the grandeur that surrounded him; and his trepidation at the impending interview began to betray itself by the mantling of the color in his handsome countenance, by the beatings of his heart, by the frequency of his glances at the door.

"I had here a little time to reflect upon the character and fortunes of Goethe. How insignificant is the splendor of birth, compared with

* Characteristics of Goethe, by SARAH AUSTIN (3 vols. London, 1833). Vol. II., pp. 25–29.

the wealth of an eminently gifted mind! This son of an obscure citizen of Frankfort has reached the utmost point, that, in the ordinary nature of things, lies open to the attainment of man. Goethe has broken his own path; a path in which none had preceded, none have followed him. He has shown that what man *will he can.*

"The door opened,—it was Goethe. A stately, beautiful old man! Eyes clear and youthful; forehead capacious, majestic; the mouth cheerful, fine, and noble. He was attired in a fine suit of black; on his breast was a brilliant star. But he allowed us little time for a survey. We were welcomed with the greatest sincerity and affability of manner, and invited to seats.

"O, had I but been introduced as some learned Iroquois, or one of the chivalrous spirits from Mississippi! Could I but have informed him of the extent of his fame beyond the Ohio,—of the opinions of the planters of Louisiana of himself and his 'Wilhelm Meister'! Then I might have been a colloquial partaker in this interview; but, alas! my fortunate companion, who was an American, had the conversation all to himself.

"How false are often our notions of the manner in which we should deport ourselves with, and the kind of entertainment we shall receive from, renowned men! If the object of our reverence has attained notoriety as a wit, we expect to meet a sort of electrifying machine in constant, sparkling operation. Is he a dramatist, we fancy we shall hear a talking tragedy. If a writer of romances, we feel that we are approaching something novel. But a man like Goethe, who 'rides in every saddle,' how interesting, how instructive, how momentous must be the interview, and what an effort does it not require, on our part, to sustain it!

"So thought the American before this visit to Goethe. His mind now flew in confusion, first, through the four chambers of his brain, then down to the two apartments of his heart, without being able to shape an idea, which he dared to utter. Then how much was he relieved, when the poet addressed him as Hans addressed Kutz in the 'Kneipe'! He inquired about the weather in America. The countenance of my companion began to light up, the sluices of his eloquence were soon opened, and he talked about the Canadian mists, about the spring storms of New York, and praised the umbrellas which are manufactured in Franklin street, Philadelphia.

"It soon appeared as if I were not in the company of Goethe, but with my old associates of the hotel,—such was the frankness and familiarity of the conversation.

"The time passing agreeably, we found that our stay was prolonged far beyond the time we had purposed to tarry, and we took our leave under the most bland and cordial civilities.

"In silent astonishment, my transatlantic companion followed me to the public house. The excitement of the animated interview still colored his features, and he seemed highly gratified with the visit. Arriving at our room, he threw himself heroically upon two chairs and ordered a bottle of champagne. The cork shot joyfully against the ceiling; two glasses were filled; and the health of the great poet was drunk with 'three times three.'" *

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GOETHE AND BETTINE.

"The house lies opposite the fountain; how deafening did the water sound to me! I ascended the simple staircase; in the wall stand statues which command silence: at least, I could not be loud in this sacred hall. All is friendly, but solemn. In the rooms, simplicity is at home. Ah, how inviting! 'Fear not,' said the modest walls, '*he* will come, and will be—and more he will not wish to be—as thou art'; —and then the door opened, and there *he* stood, solemnly grave, and looked with fixed eyes upon me. I stretched my hands towards him, I believe. I soon lost all consciousness. Goethe caught me quickly to his heart. 'Poor child, have I frightened you?' These were the first words with which his voice penetrated to my heart. He led me into his room, and placed me on the sofa opposite to him. There we were, both mute; at last he broke the silence: 'You have doubtless read in the papers, that we suffered, a few days ago, a great loss, by the death of the Duchess Amalia?'—'Ah,' said I, 'I do n't read the papers.'—'Indeed! I had believed that every thing which happens in Weimar would have interested you.'—'No, nothing interests me but you alone; and I am far too impatient to pore over newspapers.'—'You are a kind child.'—A long pause,—I, fixed to that tiresome sofa in such anxiety. You know how impossible it is for me to sit still, in such a well bred manner. Ah, mother, is it possible so far to forget one's self? I suddenly said, 'Can't stay here upon the sofa,' and sprang up. 'Well,' said he, 'make yourself at home.' Then I flew to his neck,—he drew me on his knee, and locked me to his heart. Still, quite still it was,—every thing vanished. I had not slept for so long,—years had passed in sighing after him. I fell asleep on his breast; and when I awoke, I began a new life. †

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GOETHE AS A PATRIOT. BY BÖRNE.

"Goethe might have rendered himself as strong as Hercules in freeing his country from the filth it contains, but he merely procured for himself the golden apples of the Hesperides, of which he retained possession; and, satisfied with that, he placed himself at the feet of Omphale, where he remained stationary. How

* Hauff. Memoiren des Satan, Chap. XVI. Works (4 vols. Stuttgart, 1840), Vol. II., p. 234.

† Goethe's Correspondence with a Child (2 vols. Lowell, 1841). Vol. I., pp. 10, 11.

completely opposite was the course pursued by the great poets and orators of Italy, France, and England! Dante, a warrior, statesman, and diplomatist, beloved and hated, protected and persecuted, by mighty princes, remained withal unaffected by either, and sang and fought in the cause of justice. Alfieri was a nobleman, haughty and rich; and yet he panted up the hill of Parnassus, to proclaim from its summit universal freedom. Montesquieu was a servant of the state; and yet he sent forth his 'Persian Letters,' in which he mocked at courts, and his 'Spirit of the Laws,' wherein he exposed the defects of the French government. Voltaire was a courtier; but he only courted the great in smooth words, and never sacrificed his principles to them. He wore, it is true, a well powdered wig, and was fond of lace ruffles, silk coats and stockings; but when he heard the cry of the persecuted, he did not hesitate to wade through the mud to their rescue, and with his own ennobled hands snatch from the scaffold the unjustly condemned victim. Rousseau was a poor, sickly beggar, and needed aid; but he was not seduced by tender care; neither could friendship, even from the great, produce a change in his principles. He continued proud and free, and died in poverty. Milton, whilst engaged in the composition of his divine poetry, forgot not, though in poverty, the necessities of his fellow-citizens, but labored for liberty and right. Such men were also Swift, Byron, &c.; and such are, at the present moment, Moore, Campbell, and others. But how has Goethe exhibited himself to his countrymen and to the world? As the citizen of a free city, he merely recollected that he was the grandson of a mayor, who, at the coronation of the emperor of Germany, was allowed to hold the temporary office of Chamberlain. As the child of honest and respectable parents, he was delighted when once a dirty boy in the street called him a bastard, and wandered forth in imagination (the imagination of a *future poet*) the son of some prince, questioning himself as to *which* he might perchance belong. Thus he *was*, and thus he *remained*. Not once has he ever advanced a poor, solitary word in his country's cause,—he, who, from the lofty height which he had attained, might have spoken out what none other but himself could dare to pronounce. Some few years since, he petitioned 'their high and highest Mightinesses' of the German Confederation to grant his writings their all-powerful protection against piracy; but he did not remember to include in his prayer an extension of the same privilege to his literary contemporaries. Ere I would have allowed my fingers to pen thus a prayer for my *individual* right, and that only, I would have permitted them to be lamed and maimed by the ruler's edge, like a school-boy!" *

* Haas. Gleanings from Germany (London, 1539). pp. 331, 332.

GOETHE'S OWN VIEW OF THIS SUBJECT.

"I should like to know what is the meaning of those phrases:—'Love your country,' 'Be an active patriot,' and so forth. If a poet has employed himself during a long life in combating pernicious prejudices, overcoming narrow views, elevating the intellect, and purifying the taste of the country, what could he possibly do better than this? How could he be more patriotic? To make such impertinent and unthankful demands upon a poet is as if I should demand of the head of a regiment to become a ringleader in all political novelties, and neglect thereby his soldiers and their discipline. The head of a regiment ought to have no other fatherland than his regiment; and his best way to become a patriot is, to have no concern with politics, but in so far as they affect the discharge of his duties, and to direct his whole energies to the training and conversation of his troops, to the end, that, when his fatherland really requires their service, they may be able to acquit themselves like men.

"I hate all intermeddling with subjects that one does not understand, as I hate sin itself; and, of all intermeddling bunglers, political bunglers are to me the most odious, for their handiwork involves thousands and millions in destruction.

"You know well it is not my custom to concern myself much about what people say or write of me; but I have heard, and I know very well, that, though I have worked like a slave all my life long (*so sauer ich es mir auch mein Lebelang habe werden lassen*), there are nevertheless certain people who consider all that I have done as worse than nothing, for no other reason than because I have uniformly refused to mix myself up with party politics. To please these gentlemen, I must have become a member of a Jacobin club, and a preacher of murder and bloodshed! But enough of this sorry theme, lest I should lose my reason in attempting to reason against that which is altogether unreasonable." *

MENZEL'S VIEW OF GOETHE.

"Goethe had all Lessing's subtilty, and a much richer imagination, but without his manliness; and all the softness, sensibility, and universal resignation of Herder, but without his faith. In relation to the beautiful treatment of every subject he chose to handle, he was indisputably the greatest of our poets; but he felt no enthusiasm for any thing but himself, and all the subjects he treated were employed merely to portray and to flatter himself. As in his study at Weimar he managed, by an artful disposition of the light, to appear, on the first salutation of a visiter, under the most favorable pictorial light and shade, so all his works were merely the same kind of artificial means of illu-

* Eckermann. Gespräche mit Goethe. 2 vols. Leipzig. 1836. 8vo.—Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. XVIII.

minating himself. For the world he had no sympathy, except so far as it served him for the same end. Of the cathedral at Cologne he desired to have a little 'show chapel' in his garden; all he cared for was the fashion; but the august and solemn spirit which dwelt in the cathedral passed with him for nothing. He not only had no *feeling* for the exigencies of the country, but they were absolutely odious to him. He not only berhymed Napoleon, because Napoleon flattered him, but shut himself up during the great war of liberation, and prosecuted the study of Chinese, out of disgust for an age which acknowledged something more important than himself. This man appeared to his contemporaries to be the greatest of men, because he could not flatter himself without speaking from the heart, as it were, of an innumerable multitude of other selfish creatures; because he smoothed over all the inclinations, which the boasted aristocracy of the refined, in his deeply degraded nation, at that time shared with him. Lessing had frightened the weaklings; they had wondered at him, but had turned away in disgust. Goethe was their darling, because he persuaded them that their weakness was beautiful." *

The following is a part of the powerful and elaborate, but hostile, analysis of Goethe's character and influence, in the same writer's "German Literature."

"The entire phenomenon of Goethe, the sum and substance of all his qualities and manifestations, is a reflex, a closely compressed and variously colored image of his age. But this was an age of national degeneracy; of political imbecility and disgrace; of a malicious unbelief; of a coquettish and *sensual* cant; of a deep demoralization; of a passion for pleasure, smoothed over by an appearance of taste, under the mask of refined manners; of contempt for every public interest, and an anxious care for self. All these sad phenomena of the times, which occasioned the downfall of the German empire, and brought about the triumph of France over our despised and neglected country, Goethe has not resisted like a hero, or bewailed like a prophet. He has merely given back their images, and poetically embellished them; nay, not merely applauded them indirectly, but in express terms.

"We recognize in Goethe the exact opposite of Lessing. As Lessing emancipated the German mind from foreign influence, Goethe subjected it to this influence by toying with every people under the sun; and as Lessing opposed the sentimental style with all the force and gracefulness of his manly spirit, so Goethe adhered to that effeminate enervation of the age, and led the affections to its snares by the sweetness of his strains. To all the luxurious, soft, effeminate vices that have made their way into German literature by the sentimental spirit, and to all the false, perverted, and foppish mannerisms that have been introduced by aping foreigners, Goethe lent the most powerful aid, and elevated imbecility and unnaturalness to a law. The only good which he had with this bad tendency, and that by which he attained so great power, was his *form*, — his talent of language, of representation, of dress.

"When we pierce through the many-colored cloud of the Goethean form, we perceive egotism to be the inmost essence of his poetry, as of his whole life; not, however, the egotism of the hero and the heaven-storming Titan, but only that of the Sybarite and the actor, the egotism of the passion for pleasure and the vanity of art. Goethe referred every thing to himself, made himself the centre of the world; excluded from his neighbourhood, and from contact with himself, every thing that did not minister to his desires; and really exercised a magic sway over weak souls by his talent: but he did not make use of his power and his high rank to elevate, improve, and emancipate men, or to announce and support any great idea whatever, or to fight in the battles which his contemporaries were waging, for right, freedom, honor, and country. By no means. He only carried the world away with him, like the stage princess, — to enjoy it, to play his part before it, to get admiration and pay. If he but found applause, he cared nothing for the sufferings of his country; nay, he took occasion to utter his venomous hate against the free and mighty movements of the times, the moment he was disagreeably affected and disturbed by them. The prevailing feebleness of his age, the aping of foreign manners, which had become the fashion even before him, as well as the sentimental tone of the day, made it easy for him to turn his own weaknesses to good account; and, when he had at length gained sufficient fame and applause by his really extraordinary talent, he gave himself up, like an adored stage-princess, to all his pleasures and petty caprices. He not only ceased to put the least disguise upon his egotism, but made it a matter of pride, and imposed upon his slavish readers by the unabashed display of his thousand vanities.

. . . . . .

"But Goethe's age is past, never to return. A wakeful life has succeeded to the place of the soft slumbers which conjured up his variegated dreams before him. Goethe's profoundest doctrine, which he laid down in 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,' was, 'Seriousness surprises us.' Yes; it must surprise those, who, taken up with sports and dreams, have paid no heed to the realities about them. Against this seriousness Goethe turned to a chrysalis, and wove the insect web around him, and buried himself among his ten thousand bawbles; and his disciples have encircled him with a laurel grove like a wall. But he is now dead; his pleasure-garden is as desolate as Versailles, and the *spirit* of the age, passing earnestly by, bestows scarcely a transient look upon the ostentatious sepulchre."

* Menzel. Geschichte der Deutschen (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1837). pp. 1054, 1055.

JEAN PAUL'S VIEW OF GOETHE.

"On the second day, I threw away my foolish prejudices in favor of great authors. They are like other people. Here, every one knows that they are like the earth, that looks from a distance, from heaven, like a shining moon, but, when the foot is upon it, it is found to be made of *boue de Paris* (Paris mud). An opinion concerning Herder, Wieland, or Goethe, is as much contested as any other. Who would believe that the three watch-towers of our literature avoid and dislike each other? I will never again bend myself anxiously before any great man, only before the virtuous. Under this impression, I went timidly to meet Goethe. Every one had described him as cold to every thing upon the earth. Madame von Kalb said, 'He no longer admires any thing, not even himself. Every word is ice. Curiosities, merely, warm the fibres of his heart.' Therefore I asked Knebel to petrify or incrust me by some mineral spring, that I might present myself to him like a statue or a fossil. Madame von Kalb advised me, above all things, to be cold and self-possessed, and I went without warmth, merely from curiosity. His house, palace rather, pleased me; it is the only one in Weimar in the Italian style, — with such steps! a Pantheon full of pictures and statues. Fresh anxiety oppressed my breast. At last the god entered, cold, one-syllabled, without accent. 'The French are drawing towards Paris,' said Knebel. 'Hm!' said the god. His face is massive and animated, his eye a ball of light. But, at last, the conversation led from the campaign to art, publications, &c., and Goethe was himself. His conversation is not so rich and flowing as Herder's, but sharp-toned, penetrating, and calm. At last he read, that is, played for us, an unpublished poem, in which his heart impelled the flame through the outer crust of ice, so that he pressed the hand of the enthusiastic Jean Paul. (It was my face, not my voice; for I said not a word.) He did it again when we took leave, and pressed me to call again. By Heaven! we will love each other! He considers his poetic course as closed. His reading is like deep-toned thunder, blended with soft-whispering rain-drops. There is nothing like it." *

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MADAM CATALANI AND GOETHE.

"Her want of literary attainments, joined to her vivacity in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous scenes. When at the court of Weimar, she was placed, at a dinner-party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of respect to her on the part of her royal host. The lady knew nothing of Goethe, but, being struck by his majestic appearance, and the great attention of which he was the object, she inquired of the gentleman on the other side what was his name. 'The celebrated Goethe, Madam,' was the answer. 'Pray, on what instrument does he play?' was the next question. 'He is no performer, Madam,—he is the renowned author of "Werther." '—'O, yes, yes, I remember,' said Catalani; and turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him, — 'Ah, Sir, what an admirer I am of "Werther!" '

"A low bow was the acknowledgment for so flattering a compliment. 'I never,' continued the lively lady, —'I never read any thing half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce it is, Sir!'—'Madam,' said the poet, looking aghast, —"The Sorrows of Werther" a farce?'—'O, yes; never was any thing so exquisitely ridiculous!' rejoined Catalani heartily, as she enjoyed the remembrance. And it turned out that she had been talking all the while of a ridiculous parody of 'Werther,' which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which the sentimentality of Goethe's tale had been unmercifully ridiculed. The poet did not get over his mortification the whole evening; and the fair singer's credit at the court of Weimar was sadly impaired by this display of her ignorance of the illustrious Goethe and 'The Sorrows of Werther.' " *

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HEINE'S VIEW OF GOETHE.

"In some future articles I shall speak of the new poets who flourished under the imperial reign of Goethe. They resemble a young forest, whose trees first show their own magnitude, after the oak of a hundred years, whose branches had towered above and overshadowed them, has fallen. There was not wanting, as already stated, an opposition that strove with embittered zeal against Goethe, this majestic tree. Men of the most warring opinions united themselves for the contest. The adherents of the old faith, the orthodox, were vexed that in the trunk of the vast tree no niche with its holy image was to be found; nay, that even the naked Dryads of paganism were permitted there to play their witchery; and gladly, with consecrated axe, would they have imitated the holy Boniface, and levelled the enchanted oak with the ground. The partisans of the new faith, the apostles of liberalism, were vexed, on the other hand, that this tree could not serve as the tree of liberty, or, at any rate, as a barricade. In fact, the tree was too high, no one could plant the red cap upon its summit, or dance the Carmagnole beneath its branches. The many, however, venerated this tree, for the very reason that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches, streaming magnificently toward heaven, made it appear as if stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs.

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* Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter (2 vols. Boston, 1842). Vol. I., pp. 329, 330.

* Hogarth. Memoirs of the Musical Drama.

"In truth, that accordance of personal appearance with genius, which we ever desire to see in distinguished men, was found in perfection in Goethe. His outward appearance was just as imposing as the word that lives in his writings. Even his form was symmetrical, expressive of joy, nobly proportioned, and one might study the Grecian art upon it as well as upon an antique.

. . . . . .

"His eyes were calm as those of a god. It is the peculiar characteristic of the gods, that their gaze is ever steady, and their eyes roll not to and fro in uncertainty. Therefore, when Agni, Varuna, Yama, and Indra assume the form of Nala, at the marriage of Damayantis, she discovers her beloved by the twinkle of his eye; for, as I have said, the eyes of the gods are ever motionless. The eyes of Napoleon had this peculiarity; therefore I am persuaded that he was a god. The eye of Goethe remained, in his latest age, just as divine as in his youth. Time, indeed, had covered his head with snow, but could never bow it. To the last he bore it proud and lofty; and when he spoke he became still more majestic, and when he stretched forth his hand it was as if his finger were to prescribe to the stars their courses in the heavens. Around his mouth some profess to have seen a trait of egotism, but even this is peculiar to the immortal gods, and especially to the Father of the gods, the mighty Jupiter, to whom Goethe has already been compared. Verily, when I visited him in Weimar, and stood in his presence, I involuntarily turned my eyes one side, to see if the eagle, with the thunderbolts in his beak, were not attendant upon him. I was just on the point of addressing him in Greek; but, when I perceived that he spoke German, I told him, in that language, 'That the plums, upon the road between Jena and Weimar, had an excellent relish.' Many a long winter night had I thought with myself, how much that was lofty and profound I should say to Goethe, if ever I should see him; and, when at last I saw him, I told him that the Saxon plums were excellent!—And Goethe smiled. He smiled with those very lips with which he once had kissed the beauteous Leda, Europa, Danae, Semele, and so many other princesses or common nymphs." *

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NIEBUHR'S VIEW OF GOETHE.

"Our fathers, before we, now advanced in years, were born, recognized in 'Götz,' and the other poems of a young man who was of the same age as Valerius in his first consulship (twenty-three), the poet who would rise far above all our nation possessed, and who could never be excelled. This acknowledgment Goethe has been enjoying for more than half a century; the third generation of mature men already look up to him as the first man of the nation, without a second and a rival, and the children hear his name as the Greeks did that of Homer. He has lived to see our literature, especially on his account, recognized and honored in foreign countries: but he has outlived its time of poetry and youth, and has been left solitary." *

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CARLYLE'S VIEW OF GOETHE.

"But, as was once written, 'Though our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour, no hammer in the horologe of Time peals through the universe to proclaim that there is a change from era to era.' The true beginning is oftenest unnoticed, and unnoticeable. Thus do men go wrong in their reckoning; and grope hither and thither, not knowing where they are, in what course their history runs. Within this last century, for instance, with its wild doings and destroyings, what hope, grounded in miscalculation, ending in disappointment! How many world-famous victories were gained and lost, dynasties founded and subverted, revolutions accomplished, constitutions sworn to; and ever the 'new era' was come, was coming, yet still it came not, but the time continued sick! Alas! all these were but spasmodic convulsions of the death-sick time; the crisis of cure and regeneration to the time was not there indicated. The real new era was when a Wise Man came into the world, with clearness of vision and greatness of soul to accomplish this old high enterprise, amid these new difficulties, yet again: a Life of Wisdom. Such a man became, by Heaven's preappointment, in very deed, the Redeemer of the time. Did he not bear the curse of the time? He was filled full with its skepticism, bitterness, hollowness, and thousand-fold contradictions, till his heart was like to break; but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly by word and act showed others that come after how to do the like. Honor to him who first, 'through the impassable, paves a road!' Such, indeed, is the task of every great man; nay, of every good man in one or the other sphere,—since goodness is greatness, and the good man, high or humble, is ever a martyr, and a 'spiritual hero that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance.' The gulf into which this man ventured, which he tamed and rendered habitable, was the greatest and most perilous of all, wherein, truly, all others lie included: *The whole distracted existence of man in an age of unbelief.* Whoso lives, whoso with earnest mind studies to live wisely in that mad element, may yet know, perhaps too well, what an enterprise was here; and for the chosen of our time, who could prevail in that same, have

* Heine. Letters Auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany. Translated by G. W. Haven (Boston, 1836). pp. 56–58, 81, 82.

* Niebuhr. History of Rome (3 vols. London, 1842). Vol. III., pp. 125, 126, note.

the higher reverence, and a gratitude such as belongs to no other.

"How far he prevailed in it, and by what means, with what endurances and achievements, will in due season be estimated; those volumes called 'Goethe's Works' will receive no further addition or alteration; and the record of his whole spiritual endeavour lies written there, — were the man or men but ready who could read it rightly! A glorious record; wherein he that would understand himself and his environment, and struggles for escape out of darkness into light, as for the one thing needful, will long thankfully study. For the whole chaotic time, what it has suffered, attained, and striven after, stands imaged there; interpreted, ennobled, into poetic clearness. From the passionate longings and wailings of 'Werther,' spoken as from the heart of all Europe; onwards through the wild, unearthly melody of 'Faust' (like the spirit-song of falling worlds); to that serenely smiling wisdom of 'Meisters Lehrjahre,' and the 'German Hafiz,'—what an interval! and all enfolded in an ethereal music, as from unknown spheres, harmoniously uniting all! A long interval; and wide as well as long; for this was a universal man. History, science, art, human activity under every aspect; the laws of light in his 'Farbenlehre'; the laws of wild Italian life in his 'Benvenuto Cellini'; — nothing escaped him, nothing that he did not look into, that he did not see into. Consider, too, the genuineness of whatsoever he did; his hearty, idiomatic way; simplicity with loftiness, and nobleness, and aerial grace; — pure works of art, completed with an antique Grecian polish, as 'Torquato Tasso,' as 'Iphigenie'; proverbs, 'Xenien,'— patriarchal sayings, which, since the Hebrew Scriptures were closed, we know not where to match; in whose homely depths lie often the materials for volumes." *

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Besides the numerous editions of his separate works, the following collective editions may be mentioned: — that published at Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1827–35, in fifty-six volumes; the complete and newly arranged edition of his works in forty volumes, 1840; and the beautiful edition in two large volumes, 1836–38. His life was written by H. Döring, Weimar, 1828. The "Correspondence between Goethe and Zelter," six volumes, appeared at Berlin, 1833–34; "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," three volumes, Berlin, 1832; second edition, 1837; his "Letters to the Countess Auguste zu Stolberg," Leipzig, 1839; his "Correspondence with Schiller," in six parts, Stuttgart, 1828–29.

Goethe's genius has been amply illustrated by many English writers, particularly by Mrs. Austin, Carlyle, and Taylor. His "Faust" has been translated eight or nine times; his "Wilhelm Meister" has been excellently rendered by Carlyle. Among his scientific works, his "Farbenlehre," or Theory of Colors, has excited recently much attention in the valuable translation of Mr. Eastlake.

* CARLYLE. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays (4 vols. Boston, 1839). Vol. III., pp. 200–202.

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EXTRACTS FROM FAUST.

DEDICATION.

AGAIN ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Still shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me?
Still bend to mists and vapors, as ye seem?
Nearer ye come! — I yield me, as ye found me
In youth, your worshipper; and as the stream
Of air that folds you in its magic wreaths
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms and loved ones ye are with you bringing,
And dearest images of happier days;
First-love and friendship in your path upspringing,
Like old Tradition's half-remembered lays;
And long-slept sorrows waked, whose dirge-like singing
Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze,
And names the heart-mourned, many a stern doom,
Ere their year's summer, summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first, — my spring-time friends have gone;
And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger-crowds, my listeners since, are beating
Time to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing
For the far Spirit-World, o'erpowers me now;
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough;
And my changed heart throbs warm, — no more denying
Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow:
The Near afar off seems, the Distant nigh,
The Now a dream, the Past reality.

—

THE CATHEDRAL.

[Margaret amongst a number of people. Evil Spirit behind Margaret.]

EVIL SPIRIT.

How different was it with thee, Margaret,
When, still full of innocence,

Thou camest to the altar here, —
Out of the well worn little book
Lispedst prayers,
Half child-sport,
Half God in the heart!
Margaret,
Where is thy head?
In thy heart
What crime?
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul, — who
Slept over into long, long pain through thee?
Whose blood on thy threshold? —
And under thy heart
Stirs it not quickening even now,
Torturing itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! woe!
Would that I were free from the thoughts
That come over me and across me,
Despite of me!

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ.

[Organ plays.

EVIL SPIRIT.

Horror seizes thee!
The trump sounds!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart
From the repose of its ashes,
For fiery torment
Brought to life again,
Trembles up!

MARGARET.

Would that I were hence!
I feel as if the organ
Stifled my breath, —
As if the anthem
Dissolved my heart's core!

CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel so thronged!
The wall-pillars
Close on me!
The vaulted roof
Presses on me! — Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Remain, unhidden.
Air? Light?
Woe to thee!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified from thee
Avert their faces.
The pure shudder
To reach thee their hands.
Woe!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET.

Neighbour! your smelling-bottle!

[She swoons away.

—

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

[*Scene.* — The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would you not like a broomstick? As for me,
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the appointed place.

FAUST.

This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing of such an influence do I feel:
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see, how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that, every step,
One stumbles 'gainst some crag! With your permission,
I 'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid:
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favor us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray, be so good as light us up this way.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature:
Our course, you know, is generally zigzag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on, in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering life out.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

Well,
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider, that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted; and if Jack-a-Lantern

Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and IGNIS-FATUUS (in alternate chorus).

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see, how swift advance and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row, —
How, cliff by cliff, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go!
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown:
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That paradise on earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake, as if 't were day?

See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill-side,
With strange contortions, through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-colored mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each other's motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Every thing around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder, from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

FAUST.

Ay, —
And strangely, through the solid depth below,
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightening hitherward: there, rise
Pillars of smoke; here, clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colors spreading;
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley, with a hundred veins;
And now once more, within that narrow corner,
Masses itself into intensest splendor.
And near us, see, sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains,
That hems us in, are kindled.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival? It is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.

FAUST.

How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
Beware! for if with them thou warrest,
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And, ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and shattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress;
Over each other crack and crash they all,
In terrible and intertangled fall:
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
The airs hiss and howl, —
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard-song
Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the brocken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air;
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

CHORUS.

Honor her to whom honor is due:
Old Mother Baubo, honor to you!
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honor!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind.

A VOICE.

Which way comest thou?

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein.
The owl was awake in the white moonshine:
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad, bright eye.

VOICES.

And you may now as well take your course on to hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A VOICE.

She dropped poison upon me as I passed.
Here are the wounds ——

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long, —
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom;
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands.

SEMI-CHORUS OF WIZARDS I.

We glide in
Like snails, when the women are all away;
And from a house once given over to sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

SEMI-CHORUS II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

VOICES ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felunsee.

VOICES BELOW.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!
We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we;
But our toil and our pain are for ever in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away!

VOICES BELOW.

Stay, O, stay!

VOICES ABOVE.

Out of the crannies of the rocks
Who calls?

VOICES BELOW.

O, let me join your flocks!
I three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to heaven, —
And still in vain. O, might I be
With company akin to me!

BOTH CHORUSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks, we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour:
Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less, methinks, is found by the road.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward away! aroint thee, aroint!
A witch, to be strong, must anoint, — anoint, —
Then every trough will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky; —
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

BOTH CHORUSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground:
Witch-legions thicken around and around;
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over.
[They descend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling!
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling!
What glimmering, sparting, stinking, burning!
As heaven and earth were overturning!
There is a true witch element about us.
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided: —
Where are you?

FAUST (from a distance).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What!
I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland. — Pray, make way, good people!
Take hold on me, Doctor, and with one step

Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light,—
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction! Well, lead on,—
'T were a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the brocken, upon May-day night,
And then to isolate one's self in scorn,
Disgusted with the humors of the time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yonder, round a many-colored flame
A merry club is huddled all together:
Even with such little people as sit there,
One would not be alone.

FAUST.

Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones! there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'T is an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments,—one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I 'll lead you
Among them; and what there you do and see
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.—
How say you now? This space is wide enough:
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it.
A hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable;
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this?

FAUST.

In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala-days.
I have no ribbon at my knee; but here,
At home, the cloven foot is honorable.
See you that snail there?—she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something:
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now, we 'll go about from fire to fire:
I 'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.—

[To some old women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals.

Old Gentlewomen, what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters,
Right in the thickest of the revelry;—
But every one is best content at home.

GENERAL.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim?
So much as I had done for them! and now—
With women and the people 't is the same,
Youth will stand foremost ever—age may go
To the dark grave unhonored.

MINISTER.

Now-a-days,
People assert their rights; they go too far:
But as for me, the good old times I praise:
Then we were all in all; 't was something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

PARVENU.

We, too, are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

AUTHOR.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume? 'T is impertinence
To write what none will read; therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

MEPHISTOPHELES (who at once appears to have grown very old).

I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.

PEDLER WITCH.

Look here,
Gentlemen! do not hurry on so fast,
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich
Men and the world with fine, malicious mischief:
There is no dagger drunk with blood; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drained
By innocent and healthy lips; no jewel,
The price of an abandoned maiden's shame;
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back;
No ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip, you know little of these times.
What has been has been; what is done is past.
They shape themselves into the innovations

They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us:
You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

FAUST.

Who is that yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well. It is
Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

FAUST.

There sit a girl and an old woman, — they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no rest to-night for any one:
When one dance ends, another is begun.
Come, let us to it; we shall have rare fun.

[Faust dances and sings with a girl, and Mephistopheles with an old woman.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

What is this cursed multitude about?
Have we not long since proved, to demonstration,
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

THE GIRL.

What does he want, then, at our ball?

FAUST.

O, he
Is far above us all in his conceit!
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not:
And when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

Fly!
Vanish! Unheard-of impudence! What! still there?
In this enlightened age, too, since you have been
Proved not to exist? — But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted?
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, — and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains! It is a case
Unheard of.

THE GIRL.

Then leave off teasing us so.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

I tell you, Spirits, to your faces now,
That I should not regret this despotism
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To-night I shall make poor work of it;
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope,
Before my last step in the living dance,
To beat the poet and the devil together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last he will sit down in some foul puddle!
That is his way of solacing himself;
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together. —

[To Faust, who has seceded from the dance.

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sang so sweetly to you in the dance?

FAUST.

A red mouse, in the middle of her singing,
Sprang from her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That was all right, my friend;
Be it enough that the mouse was not gray.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

FAUST.

Then saw I ——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Seest thou not a pale,
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let it be, — pass on, —
No good can come of it, — it is not well
To meet it, — it is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with its numbing look,
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

FAUST.

O, too true!
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no beloved hand has closed, alas!
That is the breast which Margaret yielded to me, —
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is all magic, poor, deluded fool!
She looks to every one like his first love.

FAUST.

O, what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet, piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, she can carry
Her head under her arm, upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion. — Gain this rising ground, —
It is as airy here as in the Prater;
And if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre. — What may this mean?

ATTENDANT.

Quite a new piece, — the last of seven; for 't is
The custom now to represent that number.
'T is written by a dilettante, and
The actors who perform are dilettanti.
Excuse me, Gentlemen; but I must vanish, —
I am a dilettante curtain-lifter.

THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

I THINK of thee, when the bright sunlight shimmers
Across the sea;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
The dust be stirred;
If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
At night be heard.

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
Creeps up the hill;
I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
When all is still.

I am with thee, wherever thou art roaming, —
And thou art near!
The sun goes down, and soon the stars are coming:
Would thou wert here!

SOLACE IN TEARS.

COME, tell me why this sadness now,
When all so glad appears?
One sees it in thine eyes, my friend:
Thou 'st surely been in tears.

"And if I go alone and weep,
'T is grief I can 't impart;
And 't is so sweet, when tears will flow,
And ease the heavy heart."

Thy gladsome friends, they call to thee:
O, come unto our breast!
And whatsoe'er thy heavy loss,
Confide it to the rest.

"Ye talk and stir, and do not dream
What 't is that ails poor me:
Ah, no! 't is nothing I have lost,
Though somewhat wanting be."

Then gather up thy spirits once;
Thy blood is youthsome yet:
To youth like thine there wanteth not
The strength to seek and get.

"Ah, no! to get it, that were vain:
It stands off all to far;
It dwells so high, it shines so fair, —
As fair as yonder star."

The stars we do not seek to have;
We but enjoy their light,
As we look up in ecstasy,
On every pleasant night.

"And I look up in ecstasy,
Full many a lovely day;
So leave me to my mood at night,
To weep while weep I may."

THE SALUTATION OF A SPIRIT.

HIGH on the castle's ancient walls
The warrior's shade appears,
Who to the bark that 's passing calls,
And thus its passage cheers: —

"Behold! these sinews once were strong,
This heart was firm and bold;
'Mid war and glory, feast and song,
My earthly years were told.

"Restless through half of life I ran,
In half have sought for ease.
What then? Thou bark, that sail'st with man,
Haste, haste to cleave the seas!"

TO THE MOON.

FILLEST hill and vale again,
Still, with softening light!
Loosest from the world's cold chain
All my soul to-night!

Spreadest round me, far and nigh,
Soothingly, thy smile;
From thee, as from friendship's eye,
Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart; —
Glad and gloomy mood,
Joy and sorrow, both have part
In my solitude.

River, river, glide along!
I am sad, alas!
Fleeting things are love and song, —
Even so they pass!

I have had and I have lost
What I long for yet;
Ah! why will we, to our cost,
Simple joys forget?

River, river, glide along,
Without stop or stay!
Murmur, whisper to my song,
In melodious play, —

Whether on a winter's night
Rise thy swollen floods,
Or in spring thou hast delight
Watering the young buds.

Happy he, who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And, with trusty friend alone,
Quietly enjoys

What, for ever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight,
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night!

VANITAS.

I 've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth;
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health;
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air;
And when I had clutched me a handful here,
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next;
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But, ah!
The false one looked for a daintier lot,
The constant one wearied me out and out,
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old fatherland;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
Hurrah!
And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry:
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war.
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with eclat.
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame, —
And some of our friends fared quite the same.
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I 've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me.
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we 'll have one good bout:
Come, drink the lees all out!

MAHOMET'S SONG.

See the rocky spring,
Clear as joy,
Like a sweet star gleaming!
O'er the clouds, he
In his youth was cradled
By good spirits,
'Neath the bushes in the cliffs.

Fresh with youth,
From the cloud he dances
Down upon the rocky pavement;
Thence, exulting,
Leaps to heaven.

For a while he dallies
Round the summit,
Through its little channels chasing
Motley pebbles round and round;
Quick, then, like determined leader,
Hurries all his brother streamlets
Off with him.

There, all round him in the vale,
Flowers spring up beneath his footstep,
And the meadow
Wakes to feel his breath.
But him holds no shady vale,
No cool blossoms,
Which around his knees are clinging,
And with loving eyes entreating
Passing notice; — on he speeds,
Winding snake-like.

Social brooklets
Add their waters. Now he rolls
O'er the plain in silvery splendor,
And the plain his splendor borrows;
And the rivulets from the plain
And the brooklets from the hill-sides
All are shouting to him: "Brother,
Brother, take thy brothers too,
Take us to thy ancient Father,
To the everlasting ocean,
Who e'en now, with outstretched arms,
Waits for us, —
Arms outstretched, alas! in vain,
To embrace his longing ones;
For the greedy sand devours us;
Or the burning sun above us
Sucks our life-blood; or some hillock
Hems us into ponds. Ah! brother,
Take thy brothers from the plain,
Take thy brothers from the hill-sides

With thee, to our Sire with thee!" —
"Come ye all, then!" —
Now, more proudly,
On he swells; a countless race, they
Bear their glorious prince aloft!
On he rolls triumphantly,
Giving names to countries. Cities
Spring to being 'neath his foot.

Onward, with incessant roaring,
See! he passes proudly by
Flaming turrets, marble mansions, —
Creatures of his fulness all.

Cedar houses bears this Atlas
On his giant shoulders. Rustling,
Flapping in the playful breezes,
Thousand flags about his head are
Telling of his majesty.

And so bears he all his brothers,
And his treasures, and his children,
To their Sire, all joyous roaring,
Pressing to his mighty heart.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

The soul of man is
Like the water:
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
'T must back to earth,
For ever changing.

Swift from the lofty
Rock down darteth
The flashing rill;
Then softly sprinkleth
With dewy kisses
The smooth, cold stone;
And, fast collected,
Veiled in a mist, rolls,
Low murmuring,
Adown the channel.

If jutting cliffs
His course obstruct, down
Foams he angrily,
Leap after leap,
To the bottom.

In smooth green bed he
Glideth along through the meadow,
And on the glassy lake
Bask the bright stars all
Sweetly reflected.

Wind is the water's
Amorous wooer;
Wind from its depths up-
Heaves the wild waves.

Soul of a mortal,
How like thou to water!
Fate of a mortal,
How like to the wind!

PROMETHEUS.

Blacken thy heavens, Jove,
With thunder-clouds,
And exercise thee, like a boy
Who thistles crops,
With smiting oaks and mountain-tops!
Yet must leave me standing
My own firm Earth;
Must leave my cottage, which thou didst not build,
And my warm hearth,
Whose cheerful glow
Thou enviest me.

I know naught more pitiful
Under the sun than you, Gods!
Ye nourish scantily,
With altar-taxes
And with cold lip-service,
This your majesty; —
Would perish, were not
Children and beggars
Credulous fools.

When I was a child,
And knew not whence or whither,
I would turn my wildered eye
To the sun, as if up yonder were
An ear to hear to my complaining, —
A heart, like mine,
On the oppressed to feel compassion.

Who helped me,
When I braved the Titans' insolence?
Who rescued me from death,
From slavery?
Hast thou not all thyself accomplished,
Holy-glowing heart?
And, glowing young and good,
Most ignorantly thanked
The slumberer above there?

I honor thee? For what?
Hast thou the miseries lightened
Of the down-trodden?
Hast thou the tears ever banished
From the afflicted?
Have I not to manhood been moulded
By omnipotent Time,
And by Fate everlasting, —
My lords and thine?

Dreamedst thou ever
I should grow weary of living,
And fly to the desert,
Since not all our
Pretty dream-buds ripen?
Here sit I, fashion men
In mine own image, —
A race to be like me,
To weep and to suffer,
To be happy and to enjoy themselves, —
All careless of *thee* too,
As I!

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD GRAF ZU STOLBERG.

This writer, a younger brother of Christian Stolberg, was born November 7th, 1750, at Bramstedt. Like his brother, he was Gentleman of the Bedchamber at the Danish court. In 1777, he was the Minister at Copenhagen from the Ecclesiastical See of Lübeck; in 1789, Ambassador at Berlin; in 1791, President at Eutin. In 1800, he resigned his official employments and went to Münster. Soon after, he joined the Catholic Church, and wrote much in its defence. In 1812, he removed to Tatenfeld, near Bielefeld, and afterwards to Sondermühlen in Osnabrück. His last days were embittered by a violent controversy with Voss. He died December 6th, 1819.

He was a poet of a rich imagination, and of great enthusiasm for country and religion. His poems are chiefly lyrical. He wrote ballads, odes, lyrical poems, and excellent popular songs; besides didactic poems, dramas, translations of a part of the "Iliad," and of four tragedies of Æschylus, and many other miscellaneous works. An edition of the writings of the two brothers was published at Hamburg, in twenty parts; of the poems, at Leipsic, in 1821, and at Vienna, 1821.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

Why dost thou linger thus, O morning sun?
Do the cool waves of ocean stay thy march?
Why dost thou linger thus,
Sun of our day of fame?
Rise! a free people waits to hail thy ray.
Turn from yon world of slaves thine eye of fire;
On a free people shed
The glories of thy beam!
He climbs, he climbs aloof, and gilds the hills;
A rosier radiance dances on the trees;
Sparkling, the silver brook
To the dim valley flies.

Now thou art bright, fair stream; but once we saw
Blood in thy waves, and corses in thy bed,
And grappling warriors choked
Thy swollen and troubled flood.
With fluttering hair the flying tyrants sped,—
Pale, trembling, headlong, to thy waters sped,—
Into thine angry wave
Pursuing freemen sprang.
Blood of the horses dyed thy azure stream,—
Blood of the riders dyed thy azure stream,—
Blood of the tyrant's slaves,—
Blood of the tyrant's slaves.
Red was the meadow, red thy rushy brink,
Reeking with slaughter. In the bush of thorn
Clothes of the flying stuck,
Hair of the dying stuck.

At the rock's foot the nation-curber lay;
Apollyon's sceptre-wielding arm was stiff,
Broken his long, long sword,
Wounded his groaning horse.
Dumb the blasphemer's, the commander's tongue,
Nor hell nor man gave heed: his conscious eye
Still rolled, as if to ask
The brandished spear for death;
But not a son of Germany vouchsafed
With pitying hand the honorable steel.
Was not the curse of God
Upon his forehead stamped?
As o'er her prey the screaming eagle planes,
O'er him was seen the wrath of Heaven to lower.
He lay till midnight wolves
Tore out the unfeeling heart.

But, ah! the young heroic Henry fell;
The castle-walls of Remling rang with groans;
Mother and sister wept
Their fallen, their beloved;
His lovely wife not e'en a parent's hope
Could lift above the crushing load of woe,—
She, and the babe unborn,
Partook his early tomb.

Not one of all the slavish crew escaped.
Like to the fallow leaves which storm-winds throw,
Their corses far and wide
Lay weltering in the field;
Or floated on the far-polluted stream,
Welcome not now where health or pity dwells.
Back from the bloody wave
The thirsting horse withdrew;
The harmless herd gazed and forebore to taste;
The silent tenants of the wood forebore;
Only the vulture drank,
The raven, and the wolf.

The glee of the victor is loud on the hill;
Like nightingales singing where cataracts rush,
The song of the maiden,
The warriors' music,
In thundering triumph are mingled on high,
Or call on the echoes to bound at the dance,
With drum and with cymbal,
With trumpet and fife.
High in the air the eagle soars of song,
Beneath him hawks, our lesser triumphs, flit;
O'er the last battle now
His steadier wing is poised.

Fierce glowed the noon; the sweat of heroes bathed
The trampled grass; and breezes of the wood
Reached but the foe, who strove
Three hours in doubtful fight.
Like standing halm that rocks beneath the wind,
The hostile squadrons billow to and fro;
But slow as ocean ebbs,
The sons of freedom cede,—
When on their foaming chargers forward sprang
Two youths, their sabres lightening; and their name,
Stolberg;—behind them rode,
Obeying, thousand friends.

Vehement, as down the rock the floody Rhine
Showers its loud thunder and eternal foam, —
Speedy, as tigers spring,
They struck the startled foe.
The Stolbergs fought and sank; but they achieved
The lovely bloody death of freedom won.
Let no base sigh be heard
Beside their early grave!
Time was, their grandsire wept a burning tear
Of youthful hope that he might perish so;
Upon his harp it fell,
To exhale not quite in vain;
Then, through the mist of future years, he saw
Battles of freedom tinge the patrial soil,
Saw his brave children fall,
And smiled upon their doom.

Sunk was the sun of day; with roseate wing
The evening fanned the aged Rhine; but still
The battle thundered loud,
And lightened far and wide.
Glad, from the eaves of heaven, through purple clouds,
Herman and Tell, Luther and Klopstock, leaned,
And godlike strength of soul
And German daring gave.
To the pale twilight wistful looked the foe;
Dimmed was the frown of scorn, the blush of shame;
They fled, wide o'er the field
Their scattering legions fled.
With dripping swords we followed might and main.
They hoped the mantle of the night would hide,
When o'er the fires arose,
Angry and fell, the moon.
Night of destruction, dread retributress,
Be dear and holy to a nation freed!
The country's birth-day each
More than his own should prize, —
More than the night which gave his blushing bride.
Thy song of triumph in our cities shout,
The song which heroes love,
The song to freedom dear!
Voices of virgins mingle in the lay,
As floats its music o'er rejoicing crowds:
So murmur waterfalls
Beside the ocean's roar.

Germania, thou art free! Germania free!
Now may'st thou stately take thy central stand
Amid the nations; now
Exalt thy wreathed brow,
Proud as thy Brocken, when the light of dawn
Reddens its forehead, while the mountains round
Still in wan twilight sleep,
And darkness shrouds the vale.

Welcome, great century of Liberty,
Thou fairest daughter of slow-teeming Time!
With pangs unwont she bare,
But hailed her mighty child;
Trembling, she took thee with maternal arm;
Glad shudders shook her frame; she kissed thy front,
And from her quivering lip
Prophetic accents broke: —
"Daughter, thou tak'st away thy mother's shame;
Thou hast avenged thy weeping sisters' woe.
Each to the yawning tomb
Went with unwilling step:
Each in her youth had hoped to wield thy sword
And hold thy balance, dread retributress!
Bold is thy rolling eye,
And strong thy tender hand;
And soon beside thy cradle shall be heard
The tunes of warfare and the clash of arms, —
And thou shalt hear with smiles,
As on thy mother's breast.
I see thee quickly grow; with giant step,
With streamy golden hair, with lightening eye,
Thou shall come forth, and thrones
And tyrants tread to dust.
Thy urn, though snatched with bloody hand, shall pour
O'er Germany the stream of liberty;
Each flower of paradise
Delights to crown its brink."

THE STREAM OF THE ROCK.

Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cleft of the rock.
No mortal eye saw
The mighty one's cradle;
No ear ever heard
The lofty one's lisp in the murmuring spring.

How beautiful art thou,
In silvery locks!
How terrible art thou,
When the cliffs are resounding in thunder around!
Thee feareth the fir-tree:
Thou crushest the fir-tree,
From its root to its crown.
The cliffs flee before thee:
The cliffs thou engraspest,
And hurlest them, scornful, like pebbles adown.

The sun weaves around thee
The beams of its splendor;
It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
The uprolling clouds of the silvery spray.

Why speedest thou downward
Toward the green sea?
Is it not well by the nearer heaven?
Not well by the sounding cliff?
Not well by the o'erhanging forest of oaks?
O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea!
Youth! O, now thou art strong, like a god!
Free, like a god!

Beneath thee is smiling the peacefullest stillness,
The tremulous swell of the slumberous sea,
Now silvered o'er by the swimming moonshine,
Now golden and red in the light of the west!

Youth, O, what is this silken quiet,
What is the smile of the friendly moonlight,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him whom the feeling of bondage oppresses?
Now streamest thou wild,
As thy heart may prompt!
But below, oft ruleth the fickle tempest,
Oft the stillness of death, in the subject sea!

O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea!
Youth, O, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god!

TO THE SEA.

Thou boundless, shining, glorious Sea,
With ecstasy I gaze on thee;
Joy, joy to him whose early beam
Kisses thy lip, bright Ocean-stream!

Thanks for the thousand hours, old Sea,
Of sweet communion held with thee;
Oft as I gazed, thy billowy roll
Woke the deep feelings of my soul.

Drunk with the joy, thou deep-toned Sea,
My spirit swells to heaven with thee;
Or, sinking with thee, seeks the gloom
Of nature's deep, mysterious tomb.

At evening, when the sun grows red,
Descending to his watery bed,
The music of thy murmuring deep
Soothes e'en the weary earth to sleep.

Then listens thee the evening star,
So sweetly glancing from afar;
And Luna hears thee, when she breaks
Her light in million-colored flakes.

Oft, when the noonday heat is o'er,
I seek with joy the breezy shore,
Sink on thy boundless, billowy breast,
And cheer me with refreshing rest.

The poet, child of heavenly birth,
Is suckled by the mother Earth;
But thy blue bosom, holy Sea,
Cradles his infant fantasy.

The old blind minstrel on the shore
Stood listening thy eternal roar,
And golden ages, long gone by,
Swept bright before his spirit's eye.

On wing of swan the holy flame
Of melodies celestial came,
And Iliad and Odyssey
Rose to the music of the Sea.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Erewhile on me, leader of silent eve,
Thou glancedst joys brief as the dying's smiles,
The evanescent hues
That play i' th' western breeze!

Yet, dear to me, dear as to thirsty halm
The early dews; but, ah! they vanished soon!
Now seldom looks thine eye,
And troubled then, on me!

Hast thou a veil? or shedd'st thou blinding tears?
Art thou, as I, the prey of carking cares?
An heir of woe? and are
Thy radiant brethren heirs?

Is yon blue vest, full of enlightening suns,
And set with moons, only a web of grief?
And do the spheres resound
With everlasting moan?

Or am I alone wretched? Thou art mute,
Inexorable! yet, a Saviour, thou
Bringest the welcome eve,
No ruddy morn precedes.

THE SEAS.

Thou pleasest mine ear,
Thy murmur I know,
The siren song of thy billows!
Baltic, thou claspest me,
With loving arms, often
To thy cool bosom!

Thou art fair!
Nymph, how fair!
Betrothed of the wood-covered shore,
Oft the zephyr escapes from the tops of the grove,
And glides over thy billows with hovering wing!

Thou art fair!
Nymph, how fair!
Yet is the goddess
Fairer than thou!
Louder than thou
Thunders Atlantic,
Rises, white in her pride, and shakes the shores with her foot.

Stronger and freer than thou,
Dances she her own dance,
Nor waits for the voice of the
Mastering wind;
Rises and sinks,
When, veiled within clouds,
In his secret chamber slumbers the tempest's head.

I saw the keel, once,
Of the lightning-armed vessel
Hasten over her here;—
Then the pennon sank,
And the quivering streamer sank,
But the breezes in Hellebek's beeches were still.

By what name
Shall my song make thee known?
Boreal-main, ocean, goddess, the infinite,
The earth-girding one, cradle of the all-enlightening
Sun, the heaven-wandering
Moon, and the numberless
Stars, which there, in melodious
Dance, themselves mirror, both when the flood rises and sinks.

On thy great waters
God's spirit did brood,
While yet the earth lay
In silence and sorrow, —
The joys of a mother not known!
Over thee hovered
In mystical motion,
Flowing and ebbing,
Yet visibly, the Omnipotent's breath!

On rapture's ecstatic
Pinions upsoaring,
Flew my spirit to thee!
Goddess, I pray thee,
Take me, O Goddess!
Take me into thy bosom of power!
Ah! but thou passedst me,
Proud, and in thunder, by!
Then grasped I the pinions
Of the birds of the billows,
And swam for the margins stretching afar.
Thou thunderedst louder,
From thy strand of the rock!
There hastened I on
To the strand of the rock;
Then hastened I down;
There clasped I thee, Goddess,
With sinewy arm,
In the hall of the rock!
Over me toppled
Menacing summits;
Vortices wildly
Thronged through the clefts of the rocks.

And, covered with kisses,
How gladsome was I,
Embraced in the bosom
Of a goddess immortal!

Hail to thee, hail,
Goddess! and thank
For the blessed enjoyment
In the hall of the rock!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet seize I the lyre, —
It trembleth yet
With Rafael's praises;
Yet tremble thereon
Of the still horror
Tears that were trickled.
In trance beatific,
Began I to swoon, — yet
Still hovered lightly,
Ay, in my soul's twilight,
By Rafael created, the forms of gods.
Yet haunted me, breathed from
The genius of Rafael,
His pencil's devices,
Like shapes of evanishing visions about.
Then trembled the earth,
Then panted the air,
And it rushed through the lyre with terrible sound, —
When, veiled all in clouds,
Stood, wrathful, before me,
A terrible one.
My hair rose erect,
My eyes stared aghast,
Yet spake I to him: —

"Fiery one! Who art thou?
Thou angry, threatening shape!
More mighty than shadows,
Yet as terrible; spare me!"
(Here the semblance aerial blazed abroad, as from Ætna,
Billow-like dashing, vapors upblaze.)
"Yes, it is thou! thou art
Michael Angelo! spare me,
O jealous Spirit!
Lower the flaming
Torch of the pencil!
Thou plungest in brightness
Thy pencil beneath!
How long I mistook thee!
Although thou life givest
Unto the cold marble,
Yet look not my heart
Thy marble into! —
(Ha! how thou lookest
With Sirius' look! —)
I saw of the pencil
The magic, the wonder,
And the whiteness of terror
And the redness of joy
Did shiver me through.
Then hasten, impelled on
The wings of the storm,
The red-troubled clouds,
And fleece-mantled sky,
To the hovering shapes on the trembling sea!"

He heard it, and paused
With milder solemnity,
High over the melting clouds quick he arose.
He stilled the lulled air, —
The lyre yet emitted
A murmur of love,
While to its sound vanished the spirit appeased.

JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS.

This celebrated scholar and author was born February 20th, 1751, at Sommersdorf, in Mecklenburg, where his father was a farmer. He went to school in Penzlin, till his fourteenth

year; but in 1766, he was placed at school in New Brandenburg. He became a private tutor in order to obtain the means of entering the University. Poetry and the classics early engaged his attention, and his recreations, after six hours of daily teaching, were music and Greek. In 1772, through the influence of Boje, he was drawn to Göttingen, where he joined the poetical circle to whom German literature is greatly indebted. He studied theology, but soon gave his whole time to philology, under the teaching of Heyne, with whom, however, he afterwards quarrelled. In 1775, he took up his residence in Wandsbeck; in 1778, he was appointed Rector at Otterndorf, in Hadeln. In 1782, he went to Eutin, and became a Court Councillor in 1786. In 1802, he laid down his office, and lived privately at Jena. In 1805, he went to Heidelberg to assist in organizing the University, and became a Court Councillor of Baden. He continued in Heidelberg until his death, which took place March 29th, 1826.

He was a man of great ability and learning, a classically cultivated taste, and immense literary industry, but not of high creative imagination. His original works are idyls, "Luise," a sort of pastoral epic in hexameters, songs, odes, elegies, and epigrams. An important part of his literary influence and reputation is founded upon his numerous translations. Among these are the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," in German hexameters; the whole of Virgil and Horace; afterwards, Hesiod, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus; Tibullus and Lygdamus; Aristophanes and Aratus; — besides these, he undertook a translation of Shakspeare, which was never completed. His merits as a translator have been very differently estimated by different writers. Pyschon says, "As a translator, he is highly famed; but he forces the German language into Hellenic and Vossian fetters, and represents Shakspeare and Horace often in a wholly un-German style." Menzel's judgment is more severe, and perhaps somewhat prejudiced. It may be cited as an extreme opinion against Voss and his system; and we may remark, that, whatever may be the defects of Voss's style as a translator, he at least led the way to a more close and faithful adherence to the original than had been common before his day. He was the first to show that the proper object of translating is, not to reproduce the work as it may be imagined the author would have written it, had he written in the language of the translator, but to reproduce it just as it is in the language in which the author actually wrote.

"Voss cultivated the antique taste in relation to the form. Here he is the master. The proper Græcomania began with him. Voss is the error to which Klopstock inclined, the extreme of the whole of this false tendency in our poetry. It could not go farther astray. A freak of nature, by which sometimes the strangest things become objects of appetite, impelled Voss, the most extraordinary of all literary pedants, to a tragicomical passion for Grecian grace, which he imitated by the most ludicrous capers. For more than half a century, he undertook the Sisyphean toil of rolling the rough runestone of the German language up the Grecian Parnassus; but

'Back again down to the plain rebounded the ragged rock swiftly.'

"He had the fixed idea, that the German language must be fitted to the Greek in mechanical fashion, syllable for syllable. He confounded his peculiar talent for these philological trifles, and the predilection which flowed out of it, with a universal capacity and with a universal want of the German language and poetry, as if a rope-dancer were to insist upon every body's dancing on the rope. The most obvious means of trailing the German language over the espalier of the Greek was naturally translations. Here the German language was brought so near the Greek, that it was forced to follow all its movements, like a wild elephant harnessed to a tame one. Voss is celebrated as the most faithful translator, but only so far as regards the materials of language and its mechanical laws; spirit and soul have always vanished under his clumsy fingers. In his translations he has banished the peculiar character and the natural grace of the German language, and put a strait jacket upon the lovely captive, which allowed her to move only in a stiff, unnatural, and constrained manner. His great merit consists in having introduced into the language of literature a great number of good, but antiquated, words, or those used only among the common people. He was forced to this, because it was necessary that he should have a wide range of words to choose from, in order to fill out always the prescribed Greek measure with the greatest exactness. He has, moreover, like Klopstock, developed the powers of the German language, by these difficult Greek exercises; just as the money-diggers, though they found no money, yet made the soil more fertile. I am very far from denying him this merit with regard to the language, — a service as laborious as it was useful; but his studies cannot pass for masterpieces; they were only the apparatus, the scaffolding, the school, and not the work of art itself. They were distortions of the language, in order to show how far its capability extended, but did not exhibit the grace of its proper movement. No one could talk as Voss wrote. Every body would have thought it vexatious and ridiculous, who had been required to arrange his words like Voss. They never sound like any thing but a stiff translation, even when he does not in fact translate. These translations, however, are often so slavishly close, and, therefore, not German, that they are unintelligible, until we read the original. And yet that fidelity could not express the spirit and the peculiar character of the foreign author, together with the sound

the words. On the contrary, the painful stiffness of constraint is the universal badge of all his translations; and in this they are all alike; this was the last, upon which he stretched them all. Whether Voss translates Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Shakspeare, or an old Minnesong, everywhere we hear only the goat-footed steed of his prose trotting along; and even the mighty genius of Shakspeare cannot force him out of his own beat for a moment." *

The collected poems of Voss were published at Königsberg, in seven parts, in 1802; again, with last corrections, in 1825. His translations have been many times republished. His life was written by Paulus, Heidelberg, 1826.

THE BEGGAR. AN IDYL.

JÜRGEN.

Why! my heart's child! Thy dog salutes thee,
—see,—
Glad-whining; and thy sheep, too, bleats, by thee,—
With bread made gentle. Why in the dew so early?
The morning air blows cold; scarce reddens yet
The sun above the fir-hill. In my fold
At night I 'm almost frozen. Come, and kiss
Me warm again.

MARIE.

Thou frozen? In the rose-moon?
O lambkin, weak and tender, that e'en lies
I' th' mid-day sun, and trembles! Take the kiss,—
Thy lip is warm enough, thou false one! So
Is thy hand too.

JÜRGEN.

Why in such haste? Thine eyes
Are not so clear as wont, and smile compelled.

MARIE.

Beloved, hear, and vex me not. Yestreen
I knitted in the bower, pleased to behold
The field of rye-grass wave in the golden gleam,
And hear the yellow-hammer, cuckoo, and quail
In emulation sing, and thought the while
The same delighted Jürgen. Then there came
The old lame Tiess, and begged. "Father," said I,
"Is all the bread consumed I let you bake
Last holiday? Sure, you grow shameless!" Tiess
Would speak, but I was angry and o'erruled him.
"God may again assist you, Tiess! The host
Supply you brandy gratis! Go!" But then
I saw his bald head tremble in the gleam
Of the evening sun, and a big tear flow down
From his gray twinkling eyes. "Speak yet," said I;
"Father, how is it?" "Maiden," answered he,
"I beg not for myself, but for the old curate,—
Good God! whom they to us degraded! He
Lies in the wood, with the poor forester,
Who has his house of children full, and wants!"
"O father!"—I sprang up, and had almost
Embraced him,—"you are a good man! Come here."
Then took I what my hand might seize, and stuffed
His wallet full of sausages, and groats,
Bacon, and cheese, and bread. "Now, father, yet
A glass of kümmelschnap?" "No, maiden, no;
My head 's too weak. God recompense you!" Forth
He hobbled on his crutch unto the wood
In moonlight, that he might not be observed.

JÜRGEN.

Well know I Father Tiess. His comrade told me,
That when a soldier, in the foeman's land,
He rather gave than took. O, great reproach!
Our curate is so poor the beggar tends him,
And we wist not of it!

MARIE.

I dreamed of him,—
How good he was, in preaching, catechizing,
To counsel and to comfort in all chances,
And at the sick-bed. Young and old, all loved him.
And when some sneak accused him of false doctrine,
So that he ultimately lost at once
His office and his bread,—all prayed and wept,
Till he himself commanded their obedience.
Wild from my dream I roused, and found with tears
My cushion moistened. Scarce the cock had crowed,
I rose, and peas out of the garden took,
And yellow wurzel, with this pair of pigeons,—
And hasten now to the old man therewith.
The huntsman's wife, besides, brings in a basket
His breakfast to his bed: he may be glad once.

JÜRGEN.

Glad is he ever, though he suffer wrong.
He who acts honestly trusts God in sunshine
And storm,—so taught he. Yet he was disgraced!
Take also, Mary, my good-hearted maid,
This piece of Dutch cheese in the basket; yes,
And say, I 'll bring a lamb to him at evening.
Fie! shall a man of hunger die, because
He teacheth what God saith, not men's traditions?
Wolves in sheep's clothing! hang your heads for shame!
Nathless, God be your judge! Old Tiess, and thou,
Have so subdued my heart, that it resolves,
Sunday, please God, to share their evening meal.

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* Menzel, German Literature, Vol. II., pp. 373–375.

EXTRACT FROM LUISE.

May the blessing of God, my dearest and loveliest daughter,
Be with thee! yea, the blessing of God on this earth and in heaven!
Young have I been, and now am old, and of joy and of sorrow,
In this uncertain life, sent by God, much, much have I tasted:
God be thanked for both! O, soon shall I now with my fathers
Lay my gray head in the grave! how fain! for my daughter is happy:
Happy, because she knows this, that our God, like a father who watches
Carefully over his children, us blesses in joy and in sorrow.
Wondrously throbs my heart at the sight of a bride young and beauteous,
Dressed and adorned, while she leans, in affectionate, childlike demeanour,
On the arm of the bridegroom, who through life's path shall conduct her:
Ready to bear with him boldly, let whatsoever may happen;
And feeling with him, to exalt his delight and lighten his sorrow;
And, if it please God, to wipe from his dying forehead the last sweat!
Even such my presentiments were, when, after the bridal,
I my young wife led home. Happy and serious, I showed her, at distance,
All the extent of our fields, the church-tower, and the dwellings, and this one,
Where we together have known so much both of good and of evil.
Thou, my only child! then in sorrow I think of the others,
When my path to the church by their blooming graves doth conduct me.
Soon, thou only one, wilt thou track that way whereon I came hither, —
Soon, soon my daughter's chamber, soon 't will be desolate to me,
And my daughter's place at the table! In vain shall I listen
For her voice afar off, and her footsteps at distance approaching!
When with thy husband on that way thou from me art departed,
Sobs will escape me, and thee my eyes bathed in tears long will follow;
For I am a man and a father, — and my daughter, who heartily loves me,
Heartily love! But I will in faith raise my head up to heaven,
Wipe my eyes from their tears, and with folded hands myself humble
E'en in prayer before God, who, as a father watches his children,
Both in joy and in sorrow us blesses, for we are his children.
Yea, for this is the law of the Eternal, that father and mother
Ever they shall forsake, who as husband and wife are united.
Go, then, in peace, my child! forsake thy family and thy
Father's dwelling, — go, by the youth guided, who to thee must hence be
Father and mother! Be to him like a vine that is fruitful
In his house; round his table thy children like branches of olive
Flourish! So will the man be blessed in the Lord who confideth.
Lovely and fair to be is nothing; but a God-fearing wife brings
Honor and blessing both! for and if the Lord build the house not,
Surely the builders but labor in vain.

CHRISTOPH AUGUST TIEDGE.

This lyric poet was born Dec. 13, 1752, at Gardelegen, in the Altmark, Prussia. He was, for a time, a private teacher in a noble family in Ellrich, where he became acquainted with Gleim. In 1792, he was made Private Secretary of the Canon of Stedern; afterwards he lived in Magdeburg, Halle, and Berlin. In 1819, he removed to Dresden, where he died in 1840. He was not a poet of very vigorous genius, but his works are delicate and graceful. He became known, first, by his "Letters of Two Lovers"; these were followed by his elegies, "Urania," a poem abounding in fine passages, and several other works of less note.

Tiedge's works were published by A. G. Eberhard, Halle, 1823–29, in eight volumes. The fourth edition, in ten volumes, appeared in 1841. The life of Tiedge was written by Falkenstein, in 1841.

Of Tiedge's sentimentality, Menzel * remarks, rather ill-naturedly: — "He was of a soft, almost womanish, nature; and these natures, we know, work themselves up into such a state of emotion by the force of fancy, that they can cry between the soup and the boiled; so that they can see nothing, hear nothing, do nothing, without giving it a sentimental twang. Hence, also, Tiedge by no means observes so judicious a measure as Matthisson, and cannot govern himself so well; but gives a loose rein to his melancholy, and bathes in the stream of tears he has himself shed, with a feeling of comfort; and would not merely, like Matthisson, please people, but infect them too, and sweep away every thing by the stream of tears. In his 'Urania,' he guides this stream, like another milky way, through heaven, and dissolves astronomy into amazement, ecstasy, and admiration of the great-

* German Literature, Vol. III., pp. 81, 82.

of God, sorrow for our littleness, and, finally, tears of emotion, of thanks, and of resigna-

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TO THE MEMORY OF KÖRNER.

Proudly, e'en now, the young oak waved on high,
Hung round with youthful green full gorgeously;
And calmly graceful, and yet bold and free,
Reared its majestic head in upper sky.
Hope said, "How great, in coming days, shall be
That tree's renown!" Already, far or nigh,
No monarch of the forest towered so high.
The trembling leaves murmured melodiously
As love's soft whisper; and its branches rung
As if the master of the tuneful string,
Mighty Apollo, there his lyre had hung.
But, ah! it sank. A storm had bowed its pride! —
Alas! untimely snatched in life's green spring,
My noble youth, the bard and hero, died!

Where sleeps my youth upon his country's breast?
Show me the place where ye have laid him down.
'Mid his own music's echoes let him rest,
And in the brightness of his fair renown.
Large was his heart; his free soul heavenward pressed;
Alternate songs and deeds his brow did crown.
Where sleeps my youth upon his country's breast?
Show me the place where ye have laid him down.
"The youth lies slumbering where the battle-ground
Drank in the blood of noble hearts like rain";
There, youthful hero, in thine ear shall sound
A grateful echo of thy harp's last strain:
"O Father, bless thou me!" shall ring again;
That blessing thou in calmer world hast found.

Ye who so keenly mourn the loved one's death,
Go with me to the mound that marks his grave,
And breathe awhile the consecrated breath
Of the old oak whose boughs high o'er him wave.
Sad Friendship there hath laid the young and brave;
Her hand shall guide us thither. Hark! she saith,
"Beneath the hallowed oak's cool, peaceful breath
These hands had dug the hero's silent grave;
Yet were the dear remains forbid to rest
Where lip to lip in bloody strife was pressed,
And ghastly death stares from the mouldering heap;
A statelier tomb that sacred dust must keep;
A German prince hath spoken: This new guest,
And noblest, in a princely hall shall sleep."
There rests the Muses' son, — his conflicts o'er.
Forget him not, my German country, thou!
The wreath that twined around his youthful brow
May deck his urn, — but him, alas! no more.
Dost ask, thou herdsmaid, for those songs of yore?
Though fled his form, his soul is with us now.
And ye who mourn the hero gone before,
Here on his grave renew the patriot vow;
Through freedom's holy struggle he hath made,
Ye noble German sons, his heavenward way.
Feel what he felt, while bending o'er his clay;
Thus honor him, while, in the green-arched shade,
Sweet choirs of nightingales, through grove and glade,
Awake the memory of his kindling lay.

THE WAVE OF LIFE.

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of time."

LUDWIG THEOBUL KOSEGARTEN.

The poet Kosegarten was born February 1st, 1758, at Grevismühlen, in Mecklenburg. He studied at Greifswald, then became a private tutor in the family of a Pomeranian nobleman. In 1792, he was appointed a preacher at Altenkirchen, in the island of Rügen. On this island he lived quietly and happily; occupying his leisure hours with literature and poetry, until, in 1807, he was appointed Professor of History in Greifswald. He died October 26th, 1818. He was a poet of deep feeling and lively imagination, but sometimes indulged in false pathos. He wrote epic idyls, legends, lyric and elegiac poems, dramas, and novels. He also translated from the English, especially Richardson's "Clarissa." His works were published at Greifswald, in 1824–25. His life was written by his son, J. G. L. Kosegarten, in 1826.

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Blind with old age, the Venerable Bede
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth
The news from heaven, — the tidings of great joy.
From town to town, — through all the villages, —

With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.
In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy:
"Most reverend father! there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice."

The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied;
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary beard.
When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed "Our Father," and pronounced aloud,
"Thine is the kingdom and the power, thine
The glory now and through eternity,"—
At once there rang through all that echoing vale
A sound of many thousand voices crying,
"Amen! most reverend Sire, amen! amen!"

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the saint, and owned his sin.
"Son," said the old man, "hast thou, then, ne'er read,
'When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud'?—
Henceforward mock not, son, the word of God!
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn as the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves!"

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Through night to light!—And though to mortal eyes
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
Good cheer! good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies;
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm!—And though his thunder-car
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental war
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring!—And though the biting blast
Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,
Good cheer! good cheer! When winter's wrath is past,
Soft-murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace!—And though, with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
Good cheer! good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through sweat to sleep!—And though the sultry noon,
With heavy, drooping wing, oppress thee now,
Good cheer! good cheer! The cool of evening soon
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown!—And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy!—And though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves his sheep;
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life!—And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

SCHILLER, the illustrious friend of Goethe, was born Nov. 10, 1759, at Marbach, in Würtemberg. He manifested early an ardent imagination, and a love for poetry. The poetical passages of the Old Testament, and the works of Klopstock, were his favorite reading. His first desire was to study theology, but, in 1773, Charles, the duke of Würtemberg, offered to educate him at his military school; an offer which Schiller's father did not feel at liberty to decline. Here he lived in almost monastic seclusion from the world. In addition to the military studies of the place, that of jurisprudence was pursued there. The school was afterwards removed to Stuttgart, and the science of medicine included in its plan of studies, to which Schiller gladly devoted himself. Latin and poetry also occupied part of his time. At the age of sixteen, he published a translation of part of the "Æneid," in hexameters. He also began an epic, the hero of which was Moses; this was afterwards destroyed. The reading of Shakspeare kindled in him an enthusiasm for the drama, and he began two pieces, which were burned. His original power first appeared in "The Robbers," which he commenced in 1777, at the age of eighteen years. In 1780, he was appointed Military Physician in Stuttgart; and this situation secured to him a greater degree of liberty than he had before enjoyed. He printed "The Robbers" at his own expense. In

[redacted]2, the play, having undergone some changes, s performed at Mannheim. The representan was soon after repeated; and Schiller, havleft his post without obtaining leave of absence, was put under arrest. During his detention, he planned the "Cabal and Love," and the "Conspiracy of Fiesco." Being now satisfied of the impossibility of continuing in his present career, he left Stuttgart secretly, and lived for a time at the house of Madame von Wollzogen in Bauersbach, where he completed his "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love." In 1783, he became attached to the theatre in Mannheim, and formed the plan of his "Don Carlos" and "Mary Stuart." In 1785, he went to Leipsic, and in the same year to Dresden, where he remained till 1787. "Don Carlos" was written during this period. In 1787, he went to Weimar, where he was kindly received by Wieland and Herder. The next year, he wrote the "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands," a work suggested by the preparatory studies for "Don Carlos." His acquaintance with Goethe began the same year. In 1789, he was appointed, through the influence of Goethe, Professor Extraordinary of History at Jena, where he taught both history and æsthetics. For some years he occupied himself chiefly with history, æsthetics, the Kantian philosophy, and with the composition of that very able and interesting historical work, the "History of the Thirty Years' War." In 1790, he married. In 1793, he formed the plan of publishing the "Hours," in which he was supported by the best writers of Germany. He now became intimately acquainted with Goethe, and published many of his finest lyrical poems soon after this time. In 1796, he became Ordinary Professor in the University of Jena. In 1797, he produced his first ballads. The magnificent dramatic composition, "Wallenstein," was finished in 1799. From this time he lived in Weimar, where, in 1800 and 1801, he produced "Mary Stuart" and the "Maid of Orleans." In 1802, he was ennobled by the emperor of Germany. In 1803, appeared the "Bride of Messina" and "William Tell." In 1804, he went to Berlin, where he attended a representation of "William Tell," and was enthusiastically received. He returned ill, and died May 9, 1805, at the early age of forty-six.

Schiller was a man of a profound and earnest character. He was by far the greatest tragic poet of Germany, and one of the greatest in modern literature. His lyrical poems are noble productions. As a historian and philosopher he held a very distinguished rank. The moral elevation of his works is one of their most striking characteristics. His name is an immortal possession for Germany.

Menzel* has given an eloquent analysis of his character, which, though animated by the warmth of an enthusiastic admirer, is hardly overcolored. The whole is too long for quotation, but the following passages contain the most prominent parts.

"He first perceived, that, while modern poetry had, indeed, returned from the false ideals of the Gallomania to simple nature, on the other hand, it had again become the problem of romantic poetry to return from false nature to pure ideals. Most of the storm-and-pressure poets and romanticists, up to this time, had contented themselves with holding up the pictures of other times and manners, contrasted with the modern character; often other costumes merely, or fantastic, dreamy states, conjured up for the gratification of every whim and every vanity. But Schiller took up the matter more profoundly, and would not have one age opposed to another, but the everlasting ideal contrasted with temporary vulgarity, so that we might not rest satisfied with costume, and external circumstances and conditions, but might represent man in great pictures of character. Whether antique, romantic, or modern, it is all the same; human nature is alike through all ages. It ennobles or degrades every age; and the poets, according as they take it up, contribute to the elevation or degradation of men. Therefore Schiller believed it was the highest problem of the poet to treat human nature after the spirit of the noblest ideality, as Greek art had done at its most flourishing period, though only in the representation of corporeal beauty; that is, it had represented the godlike form of man. In this, the highest of problems, all the controversy of the school appeared to him to be annihilated; and he himself, though Goethe was constantly urging him, was averse to making a strong distinction between the antique, romantic, and modern, and to wearing one mask after another, like his aristocratic friend. Modern in 'Cabal and Love,' romantic in 'Wallenstein' and the 'Maid of Orleans,' antique in the 'Bride of Messina,' Schiller is nevertheless the same in all, and variety of form disappears before identity of spirit.

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"That which has lent Schiller's works such great power over the minds of men is, at the same time, their most amiable characteristic; namely, their youthful spirit. He is the poet of youth, and will always continue so; for all his feelings correspond to the earliest aspiration of the yet uncorrupted youthful heart, of love yet pure, of faith yet unshaken, of hope still warm, of the vigor of young souls not enervated. But he is, also, the favorite of all who have preserved their virtue, — whose sense of truth, and right, and greatness, and beauty, has not perished in the mart of vulgar life.

"Schiller appeared with youthful vigor, in a corrupt and decrepit age, with a heart of wondrous strength, and, at the same time, of virgin purity. He has purified and regenerated German poetry. He has warred with the immoral tendency of the prevailing taste of his age

* German Literature, Vol. III., pp. 141-169.

more powerfully and victoriously than any other. Undazzled by the brilliant wit of his time, he has ventured to appeal again to the purest and most original feelings of man, and to oppose to the scoffers an austere and holy earnestness. To him belongs the glory of having purified, cleared, and ennobled the spirit of poetry. Germany already enjoys the fruits of this transformation; for, since the appearance of Schiller, all our poetry has adopted a dignified tone. And even neighbouring nations have been seized by this spirit; and Schiller exercises upon that great change that is now going on in their taste and poetry a mighty influence, which they themselves loudly acknowledge.

"We have to thank him for yet more than the purification of the temple of art. His poetical creations have had, beyond the province of art, an immediate effect upon life itself. The mighty charm of his song has not only touched the imaginations of men, but even their consciences; and the fiery zeal with which he entered into conflict with all that is base and vulgar, the holy enthusiasm with which he vindicated the acknowledged rights and the insulted dignity of man, more frequently and victoriously than any before him, make his name illustrious, not only among the poets, but among the noblest sages and heroes, who are dear to mankind.

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"Schiller has concentrated his whole poetical power upon the representation of man; and, in fact, of the ideal greatness and beauty of the human soul, — the highest and most mysterious of all miracles. The external world he looked upon only as a foil, — as a contrast or comparison for man. He set the moral power of man in opposition to the blind force of nature, to exhibit the former with its more elevated nobleness, or struggling with victorious strength, as in 'The Diver' and 'The Surety'; or he assigns a human sense to nature, and gives a moral meaning to her blind powers, as in 'The Gods of Greece,' 'The Lament of Ceres,' 'Hero and Leander,' 'The Cranes of Ibycus,' 'The Bell,' and others. Even in his historical writings, he is less concerned for the epical course of the whole, corresponding to natural necessity, than for the prominent characters, and for the element of human freedom as opposed to that necessity.

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"Raphael's name has forced itself involuntarily upon me; and it is undeniable that the spirit of moral beauty hovers over Schiller's poetical creations, as the spirit of visible beauty hovers over Raphael's pictures. The moral element appears in the changes and the life of history; and action, struggle, is the sphere in which it moves: visible beauty, like all nature together, is confined to quiet existence.

"Thus, Schiller's ideals must show themselves in conflict; those of Raphael, in gentle and sublime repose. Schiller's genius could not shun the office of the warlike angel Michael; Raphael's genius was only the gentle angel who bears his name. That original and inexplicable charm, however, the heavenly magic, the reflected splendor of a higher world, which belongs to the faces of Raphael, belongs also to the characters of Schiller. No painter has been able to represent the human face, no poet the human soul, with this loveliness and majesty of beauty. And as Raphael's genius remains the same, and as that angel of light and peace, under many names and forms, always gazes upon us from amidst repose and transfigured glory, so Schiller's genius is always alike, and we see the same militant angel in Charles Moor, Amalia, Ferdinand, Louisa, Marquis Posa, Max Piccolomini, Thekla, Mary Stuart, Mortimer, Joan of Orleans, and William Tell. The former genius bears the palm, the latter the sword. The former rests in the consciousness of a peace never to be disturbed, absorbed in his own splendor; the other turns his lovely and angelic countenance, menacing and mournful, towards the monsters of the deep.

"Schiller's heroes are distinguished by a nobleness of nature which produces at once the effect of pure and perfect beauty, like the nobleness expressed by the pictures of Raphael. There is about them something kingly, that at once excites a holy reverence. But this beam of a higher light, falling upon the dark shadows of earthly corruption, can but shine the brighter: among the spectres of hell, an angel becomes the lovelier.

"The first secret of this beauty is the angelic innocence which dwells eternally in the noblest natures. This nobleness of innocence recurs, with the same celestial features of a pure young angel, in all the great poetic creations of Schiller. In the clearest transfiguration, like the purity of childhood, perfectly unarmed, and yet unassailable, like the royal infant, who, according to the legend, played unharmed and smiling among the wild beasts of the forests, — this innocence stands forth in the noble picture of Fridolin.

"If it becomes conscious of its own happiness, it then excites the envy of the celestial powers. With this new and touching charm, we see it in 'Hero and Leander.' Adorned with the warrior's helm, its blooming cheeks blushing with the fire of noble passion, youthful innocence goes forth against all the dark powers of hell. Thus has Schiller delineated it in 'The Diver,' and 'The Surety,' and in those unhappy lovers, Charles Moor and Amalia, Ferdinand and Louisa, and, above all, in Max Piccolomini and Thekla. Over these moving pictures a magic of poetry hovers, which is nowhere equalled. It is the flute-tone amidst wild and shrieking music, a blue glimpse of heaven in a storm, a paradise within the abyss of a crater.

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The holy innocence of the virgin appears [illegible] the noblest light when she is selected as champion of God. The profound mystery [illegible] Christianity, and of Christian poetry, is the [illegible] that the salvation of the world comes from a pure virgin, the highest power from the purest innocency. In this spirit Schiller has composed his 'Maid of Orleans'; and she is the most perfect manifestation of that warlike angel who bears the helmet and banner of Heaven.

"Again, in another way Schiller has had the art of wedding this innocence to every noble development of genuine manliness. Here three holy and heroic forms tower above the rest, — that martial youth, Max Piccolomini, pure, uncorrupted, among all the vices of the camp and court; the Marquis Posa, whose mind, armed with all intellectual culture, had remained a pure temple of innocence; finally, that robust and powerful son of the mountains, William Tell, after his way a complete counterpart to the Maid of Orleans.

"If in these cases innocence shines with its purest glory, Schiller knew also the contest of original innocence with the contamination of self-contracted guilt, through the violent passions; and he has conjured it up before our souls with the like love and the same perfect art. How deeply the Magdalen character affects us in Mary Stuart! What can be more touching than the self-conquest of Charles Moor? With what unsurpassable spirit, truth, and terror is the conflict in the great souls of Fiesco and Wallenstein represented!

"We turn now to the second secret of the beauty belonging to Schiller's ideal characters. This is their nobleness, — their honorableness. His heroes and heroines never discredit the pride and the dignity which announce a loftier nature; and all their outward acts bear the stamp of magnanimity and inborn nobleness. Its perfect opposite is the vulgar character, and that conventional spirit which serves for a bridle and leading-strings to the vulgar nature. Strong, free, independent, original, following only the guidance of a noble spirit, Schiller's heroes rend asunder the web encompassed by which vulgar men drag along their commonplace existence. It is a very distinctive mark of Schiller's poetry, that all his heroes bear that impress of genius; they have that imposing character which in real life usually accompanies the highest nobleness of human nature. All his heroes wear the stamp of Jove upon their brows. In his earliest poems, we might, perhaps, consider this free and bold demeanour somewhat uncouth and sharp-cornered; and even the poet, at elegant Weimar, suffered himself to be seduced into giving his robbers a little touch of civilization. But who would not look through the rough outside, into the solid and pure diamond germ of the nobler nature? Whatever follies are to be found in 'Charles Moor,' in 'Cabal and Love,' and in 'Fiesco,' I can consider them under no other light than the follies of that old German Parcifal, who gave a proof, when a rough boy in child's clothes, of his noble and heroic heart, to the shame of all scorners; nay, the force of moral beauty in a noble nature can nowhere operate more touchingly and affectingly than where it is thus unconsciously laid open to one-sided derision.

"The third and highest secret of the beauty of Schiller's characters is the fire of noble passions. Every great heart is touched with this fire: it is the sacrificial fire to the heavenly powers; the vestal flame, guarded by consecrated hands in the temple of God; the Promethean spark, stolen from heaven, to give a godlike soul to men; the Pentecost fire of inspiration, into which souls are baptized; the phœnix fire, in which our race renews its youth for ever. Without the glow of noble passions, nothing great can flourish, either in life or in poetry. Every man of genius bears this fire in his bosom, and all his creations are pervaded with it. Schiller's poetry is a strong and fiery wine; all his words are flames of the noblest sentiment. The ideal characters which he has created are genuine children of his glowing heart, and parted rays of his own fire. But, before all other poets, Schiller maintains the prerogative of the purest, and at the same time the strongest passion. No one of so pure a heart ever sustained this fire; no one of such fire ever possessed this purity. Thus we see the diamond, the purest of earthly substances, when it is kindled, burn with a brilliancy and an inward strength of heat, compared to which every other fire appears feeble and dim."

Schiller's works were published at Stuttgart and Tübingen in 1827–28, in eighteen parts; editions, in one large volume, appeared in 1829, 1834, and 1840; a beautiful octavo edition, in 1835–36, in twelve volumes; a pocket edition, in 1838–39, in twelve volumes. His life was written by H. Döring; also by Caroline von Wolfzogen, 1830; another by Hoffmeister. The "Life of Schiller," in English, by Thomas Carlyle, is a very interesting and elegant work. His "Letters to Dalberg" appeared in 1819; "Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe," Stuttgart, 1828–29; "Correspondence between William Humboldt and Schiller," 1830. The principal poetical works of Schiller have been translated into English, some of them many times; "Wallenstein," by Coleridge, and again by Mr. Moir; "William Tell," "Mary Stuart," and others, by W. Peter; "William Tell," also, by Rev. C. T. Brooks, and "Don Carlos," by Mr. Calvert, with much skill and fidelity. The lyrical poems and ballads have occupied the pens of some of the most distinguished writers of the times. The "Song of the Bell" has been several times translated in England, and twice in America, namely, by S. A. Eliot, and J. S. Dwight, — both translations are excellent. A translation of the poems and ballads has just appeared in England,

from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; and a volume by John Herman Merivale, containing "the Minor Poems of Schiller, of the Second and Third Periods, with a few of those of earlier date, translated for the most part into the same metres with the original."

SONG OF THE BELL.

Fastened deep in firmest earth,
Stands the mould of well burnt clay.
Now we 'll give the bell its birth;
Quick, my friends, no more delay!
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow,
If to your master praise be given:
But the blessing comes from Heaven.

To the work we now prepare
A serious thought is surely due;
And cheerfully the toil we 'll share,
If cheerful words be mingled too.
Then let us still with care observe
What from our strength, yet weakness, springs;
For he respect can ne'er deserve
Who hands alone to labor brings.
'T is only this which honors man;
His mind with heavenly fire was warmed,
That he with deepest thought might scan
The work which his own hand has formed.

With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below;
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the brass within,
Quickly add the tin;
That the thick metallic mass
Rightly to the mould may pass.

What with the aid of fire's dread power
We in the dark, deep pit now hide,
Shall, on some lofty, sacred tower,
Tell of our skill and form our pride.
And it shall last to days remote,
Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sorrow's mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth,
That rings from out this metal crown.

See, the boiling surface, whitening,
Shows the whole is mixing well;
Add the salts, the metal brightening,
Ere flows out the liquid bell.
Clear from foam or scum
Must the mixture come,
That with a rich metallic note
The sound aloft in air may float.

Now with joy and festive mirth
Salute that loved and lovely child,
Whose earliest moments on the earth
Are passed in sleep's dominion mild.
While on Time's lap he rests his head,
The fatal sisters spin their thread;
A mother's love, with softest rays,
Gilds o'er the morning of his days.—
But years with arrowy haste are fled.
His nursery bonds he proudly spurns;
He rushes to the world without;
After long wandering, home he turns,
Arrives a stranger and in doubt.
There, lovely in her beauty's youth,
A form of heavenly mould he meets,
Of modest air and simple truth;
The blushing maid he bashful greets.
A nameless feeling seizes strong
On his young heart. He walks alone;
To his moist eyes emotions throng;
His joy in ruder sports has flown.
He follows, blushing, where she goes;
And should her smile but welcome him,
The fairest flower, the dewy rose,
To deck her beauty seems too dim.
O tenderest passion! Sweetest hope!
The golden hours of earliest love!
Heaven's self to him appears to ope;
He feels a bliss this earth above.
O, that it could eternal last!
That youthful love were never past!

See how brown the liquid turns!
Now this rod I thrust within;
If it 's glazed before it burns,
Then the casting may begin.
Quick, my lads, and steady,
If the mixture 's ready!
When the strong and weaker blend,
Then we hope a happy end:
Whenever strength with softness joins,
When with the rough the mild combines,
Then all is union sweet and strong.
Consider, ye who join your hands,
If hearts are twined in mutual bands;
For passion 's brief, repentance long.
How lovely in the maiden's hair
The bridal garland plays!
And merry bells invite us there,
Where mingle festive lays.
Alas! that all life's brightest hours
Are ended with its earliest May!
That from those sacred nuptial bowers
The dear deceit should pass away!
Though passion may fly,
Yet love will endure;
The flower must die,
The fruit to insure.
The man must without,
Into struggling life;
With toiling and strife,
He must plan and contrive;
Must be prudent to thrive;
With boldness must dare,
Good fortune to share.

by means such as these, that abundance is poured
full, endless stream, to increase all his hoard,
While his house to a palace spreads out.

Within doors governs
The modest, careful wife,
The children's kind mother;
And wise is the rule
Of her household school.
She teaches the girls,
And she warns the boys;
She directs all the bands
Of diligent hands,
And increases their gain
By her orderly reign.
And she fills with her treasures her sweet-scented chests;
From the toil of her spinning-wheel scarcely she rests;
And she gathers in order, so cleanly and bright,
The softest of wool, and the linen snow-white:
The useful and pleasant she mingles ever,
And is slothful never.
The father, cheerful, from the door,
His wide-extended homestead eyes;
Tells all his smiling fortunes o'er;
The future columns in his trees,
His barn's well furnished stock he sees,
His granaries e'en now o'erflowing,
While yet the waving corn is growing.
He boasts with swelling pride,
"Firm as the mountain's side
Against the shock of fate
Is now my happy state."
Who can discern futurity?
Who can insure prosperity?
Quick misfortune's arrow flies.

Now we may begin to cast;
All is right and well prepared:
Yet, ere the anxious moment 's past,
A pious hope by all be shared.
Strike the stopper clear!
God preserve us here!
Sparkling, to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold.
How useful is the power of flame,
If human skill control and tame!
And much of all that man can boast,
Without this child of Heaven, were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien,
When, bursting from her bonds, she 's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.
Woe to those whom then she meets!
Against her fury who can stand?
Along the thickly peopled streets
She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
From the clouds
Falls amain
The blessed rain:
From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.
Ringing loud the fearful knell,
Sounds the bell.
Dark blood-red
Are all the skies;
But no dawning light is spread.
What wild cries
From the streets arise!
Smoke dims the eyes.
Flickering mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row,
Fast as fiercest winds can blow.
Bright, as with a furnace glare,
And scorching, is the heated air;
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures moaning, crushed and dying,—
All is uproar, hurry, flight,
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager living lane,
Though all in vain,
Speeds the bucket. The engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens still threatening lower!
The winds rush roaring to the flame.
Cinders on the store-house framed,
And its drier stores, fall thick;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on the earth is found
Scatter wide in ruin round,
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
With giant size.
Hope now dies.
Man must yield to Heaven's decrees.
Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep.

All burnt over
Is the place,
The storm's wild home. How changed its face!
In the empty, ruined wall
Dwells dark horror;
While heaven's clouds in shadow fall
Deep within.

One look,
In memory sad,
Of all he had,
The unhappy sufferer took,—
Then found his heart might yet be glad.
However hard his lot to bear,
His choicest treasures still remain:
He calls for each with anxious pain,
And every loved one 's with him there.

To the earth it 's now committed.
With success the mould is filled.
To skill and care alone 's permitted
A perfect work with toil to build.
Is the casting right?
Is the mould yet tight?
Ah! while now with hope we wait,
Mischance, perhaps, attends its fate.

To the dark lap of mother earth
We now confide what we have made;
As in earth too the seed is laid,
In hope the seasons will give birth
To fruits that soon may be displayed.
And yet more precious seed we sow
With sorrow in the world's wide field;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
A flower of heavenly hue 't will yield.

Slow and heavy
Hear it swell!
'T is the solemn
Passing bell!
Sad we follow, with these sounds of woe,
Those who on this last, long journey go.
Alas! the wife, — it is the dear one, —
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the shadowy king of fear
Tears from all that life holds dear; —
From the husband, — from the young,
The tender blossoms, that have sprung
From their mutual, faithful love,
'T was hers to nourish, guide, improve.
Ah! the chain which bound them all
Is for ever broken now;
She cannot hear their tender call,
Nor see them in affliction bow.
Her true affection guards no more;
Her watchful care wakes not again:
O'er all the once loved orphan's store
The indifferent stranger now must reign.

Till the bell is safely cold,
May our heavy labor rest;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
Each may do what pleases best.
With approaching night,
Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play;
The master's toils end not with day.

Cheerful in the forest gloom,
The wanderer turns his weary steps
To his loved, though lowly home.
Bleating flocks draw near the fold;
And the herds,
Wide-horned, and smooth, slow-pacing come
Lowing from the hill,
The accustomed stall to fill.
Heavy rolls
Along the wagon,
Richly loaded.
On the sheaves,
With gayest leaves
They form the wreath;
And the youthful reapers dance
Upon the heath.
Street and market all are quiet,
And round each domestic light
Gathers now a circle fond,
While shuts the creaking city-gate.
Darkness hovers
O'er the earth.
Safety still each sleeper covers
As with light,
That the deeds of crime discovers;
For wakes the law's protecting might.

Holy Order! rich with all
The gifts of Heaven, that best we call, —
Freedom, peace, and equal laws, —
Of common good the happy cause!
She the savage man has taught
What the arts of life have wrought;
Changed the rude hut to comfort, splendor,
And filled fierce hearts with feelings tender.
And yet a dearer bond she wove, —
Our home, our country, taught to love.

A thousand active hands, combined
For mutual aid, with zealous heart,
In well apportioned labor find
Their power increasing with their art.
Master and workmen all agree,
Under sweet Freedom's holy care,
And each, content in his degree,
Warns every scorner to beware.
Labor is the poor man's pride, —
Success by toil alone is won.
Kings glory in possessions wide, —
We glory in our work well done.

Gentle peace!
Sweet union!
Linger, linger,
Kindly over this our home!
Never may the day appear,
When the hordes of cruel war
Through this quiet vale shall rush;
When the sky,
With the evening's softened air,
Blushing red,
Shall reflect the frightful glare
Of burning towns in ruin dread.

Now break up the useless mould:
Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
A work to prove us not unskilled.
Wield the hammer, wield,
Till the frame shall yield!
That the bell to light may rise,
The form in thousand fragments flies.

The master may destroy the mould
With careful hand, and judgment wise.
But, woe! — in streams of fire, if rolled,
The glowing metal seek the skies!
Loud bursting with the crash of thunder,
It throws aloft the broken ground;
Like a volcano rends asunder,
And spreads in burning ruin round.
When reckless power by force prevails,
The reign of peace and art is o'er;
And when a mob e'en wrong assails,
The public welfare is no more.

Alas! when in the peaceful state
Conspiracies are darkly forming;
The oppressed no longer patient wait;
With fury every breast is storming.
Then whirls the bell with frequent clang;
And Uproar, with her howling voice,
Has changed the note, that peaceful rang,
To wild confusion's dreadful noise.

Freedom and equal rights they call,—
And peace gives way to sudden war;
The street is crowded, and the hall,—
And crime is unrestrained by law:
E'en woman, to a fury turning,
But mocks at every dreadful deed;
Against the hated madly burning,
With horrid joy she sees them bleed.
Now naught is sacred;—broken lies
Each holy law of honest worth;
The bad man rules, the good man flies,
And every vice walks boldly forth.

There 's danger in the lion's wrath,
Destruction in the tiger's jaw;
But worse than death to cross the path
Of man, when passion is his law.
Wee, woe to those who strive to light
The torch of truth by passion's fire!
It guides not;—it but glares through night
To kindle freedom's funeral pyre.

God has given us joy to-night!
See how, like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
The shining metal now is ta'en!
From top to well formed rim,
Not a spot is dim;
E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.

Around, around,
Companions all, take your ground,
And name the bell with joy profound!
Concordia is the word we 've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound,
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send
High over every meaner thing,
In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
A neighbour to the stars be given.
Let its clear voice above proclaim,
With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
While round each circling season runs.
To solemn thoughts of heart-felt power
Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
Of hastening time's unceasing flight.
Still let it mark the course of fate;
Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
Of human passions, griefs, and joys:
And as the mighty sound it gives
Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
Must change, and fade, and disappear.

Now, lads, join your strength around!
Lift the bell to upper air!
And in the kingdom wide of sound
Once placed, we 'll leave it there.
All together! heave!
Its birth-place see it leave!—
Joy to all within its bound!
Peace its first, its latest sound!

THE ENTRANCE OF THE NEW CENTURY.

Noble friend! where now for Peace, worn-hearted,
Where for Freedom, is a refuge-place?
The old century has in storm departed,
And the new with carnage starts its race.

And the bond of nations flies asunder,
And the ancient forms rush to decline;
Not the ocean hems the warring thunder,
Not the Nile-god and the ancient Rhine.

Two imperious nations are contending
For one empire's universal field;
Liberty from every people rending,
Thunderbolt and trident do they wield.

Gold must be weighed them from each country's labor;
And, like Brennus in barbarian days,
See, the daring Frank his iron sabre
In the balances of Justice lays!

The grasping Briton his trade-fleets, like mighty
Arms of the sea-polypus, doth spread;
And the realm of unbound Amphitrite
Would he girdle, like his own homestead.

To the south pole's unseen constellations
Pierce his keels, unhindered, resting not;
All the isles, all coasts of farthest nations,
Spies he;—all but Eden's sacred spot.

Ah! in vain, on charts of all earth's order,
May'st thou seek that bright and blessed shore,
Where the green of Freedom's garden-border,
Where man's prime, is fresh for evermore.

Endless lies the world that thine eye traces,
Even commerce scarcely belts it round;
Yet upon its all-unmeasured spaces
For ten happy ones is no room found.

On the heart's holy and quiet pinion
Must thou fly from out this rough life's throng;
Freedom lives but within Dream's dominion,
And the beautiful blooms but in song.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

"KNIGHT, to love thee like a sister
Vows this heart to thee;
Ask no other warmer feeling, —
That were pain to me.
Tranquil would I see thy coming,
Tranquil see thee go;
What that starting tear would tell me
I must never know."

He with silent anguish listens,
Though his heart-strings bleed;
Clasps her in his last embraces,
Springs upon his steed,
Summons every faithful vassal
From his Alpine home,
Binds the cross upon his bosom,
Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There full many a deed of glory
Wrought the hero's arm;
Foremost still his plumage floated
Where the foemen swarm;
Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,
Quailed before his name.
But the pang that wrings his bosom
Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
But no more can bear;
Rest he seeks, but, finding never,
Leaves the army there;
Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
Which with swelling sail
Wafts him where his lady's breathing
Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle portal,
Hark! his knock is heard;
See! the gloomy gate uncloses
With the thunder-word:
"She thou seek'st is veiled for ever,
Is the bride of Heaven;
Yester eve the vows were plighted, —
She to God is given."

Then his old ancestral castle
He for ever flees;
Battle-steed and trusty weapon
Never more he sees.
From the Toggenburg descending,
Forth unknown he glides;
For the frame once sheathed in iron
Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallowed region
He hath built his bower,
Where from out the dusky lindens
Looked the convent tower;
Waiting from the morning's glimmer
Till the day was done,
Tranquil hope in every feature,
Sat he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent,
Hour on hour he passed,
Watching still his lady's lattice,
Till it oped at last, —
Till that form looked forth so lovely,
Till the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,
Cheered by peaceful dreams,
Calmly waiting till the morning
Showed again its beams.
Thus for days he watched and waited,
Thus for years he lay,
Happy if he saw the lattice
Open day by day; —

If that form looked forth so lovely,
If the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.
There a corse they found him sitting
Once when day returned,
Still his pale and placid features
To the lattice turned.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

ON the mat he 's sitting there:
See! he sits upright,
With the same look that he ware
When he saw the light.

But where now the hand's clinched weight?
Where the breath he drew,
That to the Great Spirit late
Forth the pipe-smoke blew?

Where the eyes, that, falcon-keen
Marked the reindeer pass,
By the dew upon the green,
By the waving grass?

These the limbs, that, unconfined,
Bounded through the snow,
Like the stag that 's twenty-tyned,
Like the mountain roe!

These the arms, that, stout and tense,
Did the bow-string twang!
See, the life is parted hence!
See, how loose they hang!

Well for him! he 's gone his ways
Where are no more snows;
Where the fields are decked with maize,
That unplanted grows; —

Where with beasts of chase each wood,
Where with birds each tree,
Where with fish is every flood
Stocked full pleasantly.

He above with spirits feeds;—
We, alone and dim,
Left to celebrate his deeds,
And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither;
Chant the death-lament;
All inter with him together,
That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide,
That he swung so strong;
And the bear's ham set beside,—
For the way is long;—

Then the knife,—sharp let it be,—
That from foeman's crown,
Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,
Skin and tuft brought down;—

Paints, to smear his frame about,
Set within his hand,
That he redly may shine out
In the spirits' land.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

"Here, take the world!" cried Jove, from his high heaven,
To mortals.—"Take it; it is yours, ye elves;
'T is yours, for an eternal heirdom given;
Share it like brothers 'mongst yourselves."

Then hastened every one himself to suit,
And busily were stirring old and young.—
The Farmer seized upon the harvest-fruit;
The Squire's horn through the woodland rung.

The Merchant grasped his costly warehouse loads;
The Abbot chose him noble pipes of wine;
The King closed up the bridges and the roads,
And said, "The tenth of all is mine."

Quite late, long after all had been divided,
The Poet came, from distant wandering;
Alas! the thing was everywhere decided,—
Proprietors for every thing!

"Ah, woe is me! shall I alone of all
Forgotten be?—I, thy most faithful son?"
In loud lament he thus began to bawl,
And threw himself before Jove's throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou hast delayed,"
Replied the god, "then quarrel not with me;
Where wast thou when division here was made?"
"I was," the Poet said, "with thee;—

"Mine eyes hung on thy countenance so bright,
Mine ear drank in thy heaven's harmony;
Forgive the soul, which, drunken with thy light,
Forgot that earth had aught for me."

"What shall I do?" said Zeus; "the world 's all given;
The harvest, chase, or market, no more mine;
If thou wilt come and live with me in heaven,
As often as thou com'st, my home is thine."

EXTRACT FROM WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

[Enter a band of Miners, and play a waltz. The First Jäger dances with the Waiting-girl, the Recruit with the Sutler's Wife. The Girl slips away, the Jäger after her, and seizes hold of the Capuchin, who enters at this moment.]

CAPUCHIN.*

Shout and swear, ye Devil's crew!
He is one among ye, and I make two.
Can these be Christians in faith or works?
Are we Anabaptists, Jews, or Turks?
Is this a time for feast or play,
For banquet, dance, and holiday?
When the quickest are slow, and the earliest late is,
Quid hic otiosi statis?
When the furies are loose by the Danube's side,
And the bulwark is low of Bavaria's pride,
And Ratisbon in the enemy's claw,
And the soldier still looks to his ravenous maw:
For, praying or fighting, he eats and swears;
Less for the battle than the bottle he cares;
Loves better his beak than his blade to whet;
On an ox, not an Oxenstiern, would set.
'T is a time for mourning, for prayer and tears;
Sign and wonder in heaven appears:
Over the firmament is spread
War's wide mantle all bloody red;
And the streaming comet's fiery rod
Betokens the rightful wrath of God.
Whence comes all this? I now proclaim
That from your sin proceeds your shame:
Sin, like the magnet, draws the steel,
Which in its bowels the land must feel;
Ruin as close on wrong appears,
As, on the acrid onion, tears.
Who learns his letters this may know,
That violence produces woe,
As in the alphabet you see
How W comes after V.
When the altar and pulpit despised we see,
Ubi erit spes victoriæ,
Si offenditur Deus? How can we prevail,
If his house and preachers we assail?
The woman in the Gospel found
The farthing dropped upon the ground;
Joseph again his brothers knew
(Albeit a most unworthy crew);
Saul found his father's asses too.
Who in the soldier seeks to find
The Christian's love and humble mind,
And modesty and just restraint,
He in the Devil seeks a saint;

* This exhortation of the Capuchin Friar is taken from one of the sermons of Abraham a Sancta Clara; for the character of whose eloquence, see p. 241.

And small reward will crown his hopes,
Though with a hundred lights he gropes.
The Gospel tells how the soldiers ran
In the desert of old to the holy man,
Did penance, were baptized, and prayed.
Quid faciemus nos? they said;
Et ait illis, — he answers them:
Concutiatis neminem, —
No one vex, or spoil, or kill;
Nec calumniam, — speak no ill;
Contenti estote, — learn not to fret
Stipendiis vestris, — at what you get.
The Scripture forbids us, in language plain,
To take the holiest name in vain:
But here the law might as well be dumb;
And if for the thundering oaths which come
From the tip of the blasphemous soldier's tongue,
As for Heaven's thunder, the bells were rung,
The sacristans would soon be dead;
And if, for each wanton and wicked prayer,
Were plucked from the blasphemous soldier's head,
As a gift for Satan, a single hair,
Each head in the camp would be smooth and bare,
Ere the watch was set and the sun was down,
Though at morn it were bushy as Absalom's crown.
A soldier Joshua was like you,
And David tall Goliath slew;
They laid about them as much or more,
But where do we read that they cursed and swore?
Yet the lips, which we open to curse and swear,
Are not opened wider for creed or prayer;
But that with which the cask we fill,
The same we must draw and the same must spill.
Thou shalt not steal, so the Scriptures tell,
And, for this, I grant that you keep it well;
For you carry your plunder, and lift your prey,
With your vulture claws, in the face of day;
Gold from the chest your tricks convey;
The calf in the cow is not safe from you;
You take the egg and the hen thereto.
Contenti estote, the preacher has said, —
Be content with your ammunition bread.
But the low and the humble 't were sin to blame;
From the greatest and highest the evil came;
The limbs are bad, but the head as well:
No one his faith or his creed can tell.

FIRST JÄGER.

Sir Priest, the soldier I count fair game;
So, please you, keep clear of the general's name.

CAPUCHIN.

Ne custodias gregem meam!
He is an Ahab and Jerobeam;
God's people to folly he leads astray,
To idols of falsehood he points the way.

TRUMPETER.

Let us not hear that twice, I pray.

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Bramabas, with iron hand,
Would spoil the high places throughout the land.
We know, though Christian lips are loath
To repeat the words of his godless oath,
How Stralsund's city he vowed to gain,
Though it held to heaven with bolt and chain.

TRUMPETER.

Will no man throttle him, once for all?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard, a fiend-invoking Saul,
A Jehu; or he whom Judith slew,
By a woman's hand in his cups who died;
Like him who his Master and Lord denied,
Who was deaf to the warning cock that crew,
Like him, when the cock crows, he cannot hear.

FIRST JÄGER.

Shaveling liar, thy death is near!

CAPUCHIN.

A fox, like Herod, in wiles and lies.

TRUMPETER and JÄGERS (pressing upon him).

The lie in his slanderous throat! he dies!

CROATS (interfering).

They shall not harm thee. Discourse thy fill;
Give us thy sermon and fear no ill.

CAPUCHIN.

A Nebuchadnezzar in pride and sin,
Heretic, pagan, his heart within;
While such a Friedland has command,
The country is ever an unfreed land.

[During this last speech he has been gradually making his retreat. The CROATS, meanwhile, protecting him from the rest.

THE GLOVE: A TALE.

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the grisly sport,
Sat the king;
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sat,
Raised a finger; yawned the gate,
And slow, from his repose,
A LION goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And — laid him down again.

A finger raised the king,
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred;
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A TIGER sprung!
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue;

In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound;
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling.

The king raised his finger; then
Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den
With a bound;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled;
Rose the lion with a roar,
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still.

Now from the balcony above
A snowy hand let fall a glove:
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger, — there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges, "If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The knight left the place where the lady sat;
The knight he has passed through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!
All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there, —
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace;
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left for ever that fair ladye!

THE DANCE.

SEE how they float, the glad couples, along, in billowy motion
Gliding, — and scarcely the ground touch with their feathery feet!
Do I behold flitting shadows, escaped from the weight of the body?
Or are they moonlight elves, threading their aëry maze?
As, by the west wind cradled, the light smoke curls into ether,
Gently as tosses the bark, rocked by the silvery flood,
Moves the obedient foot, on the tide of melody bounding;
Poised on the warbling string, floats the ethereal frame.
Now, as the links of the dance were forcibly broken asunder,
Darts through the closest ranks, madly, some swift-whirling pair;
Instant, a passage before them is made, then behind them has vanished, —
Seems as by magical spell opens and closes the path.
See! now it fades from their sight, — in wild confusion around them,
Falling in pieces, the world's beautiful frame dies away!
No! there exultingly soar they aloft, — the knots disentangle;
Only with varied charm, order recovers its sway.
Ever destroyed, yet ever renewed, is the circling creation, —
Ever a fixed silent law guides the caprices of change.
Say, how befalls it that figures renewed are yet ceaselessly shifting?
How, that rest yet abides e'en in the form that is moved?
Each man self-governed, free, to his own heart only obedient;
Yet in time's eddying course finding his one only road?
Wouldst thou the reason attain? — it is Harmony's powerful godhead,
Which to the social dance limits the maddening bound;
Nemesis-like, with the golden bridle of rhythmical measure,
Curbs the unruly desire, chains the wild appetite down.
And do they sweep o'er thy senses in vain, — those heavenly hymnings?
Doth it not raise thee, — the full swell of this mystical song?
Nor the ecstatic note that all beings are striking around thee?
Nor the swift-whirling dance, which through unlimited space
Whirls swift-revolving suns in bold concentrical circles? —
That which in sport thou reverest, — MEASURE, — in truth thou dost spurn.

JOHANN PETER HEBEL.

THIS poet was born May 11th, 1760, near Schopfheim, in Baden. He studied in Erlangen, and afterwards became an instructer in the "Pædagogium," at Lörrach. In 1791, he was made Sub-deacon at Karlsruhe, and in 1798 was appointed Professor in the Gymnasium there; in 1805, he became Church Councillor; in 1808, Director of the Lyceum; in

1819, Prelate. He died at Schwetzingen, September 22d, 1826. For his poems, he selected the simple and popular dialect which prevails near Basle, and, with various modifications, over a great part of Swabia. They contain beautiful delineations of nature, and pictures of manners. The poems were first published at Karlsruhe, in 1808; they have been several times translated into German, by Schaffner, Girardet, and Adrian. Hebel was also the author of popular tales. His works were published at Karlsruhe in 1832; again in 1837–38; and a new edition was commenced in 1842.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"Well," Saturday to Sunday said,
"The people now have gone to bed;
All, after toiling through the week,
Right willingly their rest would seek;—
Myself can hardly stand alone,
So very weary I have grown."

His speech was echoed by the bell,
As on his midnight couch he fell;
And Sunday now the watch must keep.
So, rising from his pleasant sleep,
He glides, half-dozing, through the sky,
To tell the world that morn is nigh.

He rubs his eyes,—and, none too late,
Knocks aloud at the sun's bright gate;
She[1] slumbered in her silent hall,
Unprepared for his early call.
Sunday exclaims, "Thy hour is nigh!"
"Well, well," says she, "I 'll come by and by."

Gently, on tiptoe, Sunday creeps,—
Cheerfully from the stars he peeps,—
Mortals are all asleep below,—
None in the village hears him go;
E'en Chanticleer keeps very still,—
For Sunday whispered 't was his will.

Now the world is awake and bright,
After refreshing sleep all night;
The Sabbath morn in sunlight comes,
Smiling gladly on all our homes.
He has a mild and happy air,—
Bright flowers are wreathed among his hair.

He comes, with soft and noiseless tread,
To rouse the sleeper from his bed;
And tenderly he pauses near,
With looks all full of love and cheer,
Well pleased to watch the deep repose
That lingered till the morning rose.

How gaily shines the early dew,
Loading the grass with its silver hue!
And freshly comes the fragrant breeze,
Dancing among the cherry-trees;
The bees are humming all so gay,—
They know not it is Sabbath-day.

The cherry-blossoms now appear,—
Fair heralds of a fruitful year;
There stands upright the tulip proud,—
Bethlehem-stars[2] around her crowd,—
And hyacinths of every hue,—
All sparkling in the morning dew.

How still and lovely all things seem!
Peaceful and pure as an angel's dream!
No rattling carts are in the streets;—
Kindly each one his neighbour greets:—
"It promises right fair to-day";—
"Yes, praised be God!"—'t is all they say.

The birds are singing, "Come, behold
Our Sabbath morn all bathed in gold,
Pouring his calm, celestial light
Among the flowers so sweet and bright!"
The pretty goldfinch leads the row,
As if her Sunday-robe to show.

Mary, pluck those auriculas, pray,
And do n't shake the yellow dust away;
Here, little Ann, are some for you,—
I 'm sure you want a nosegay too.
The first bell rings,—away! away!
We will go to church to-day.

[1] In the German language, the sun is feminine, and the moon is masculine.

FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISSON.

This celebrated lyrical poet was born January 23d, 1761, at Hohendodeleben, near Magdeburg. He studied theology at the University in Halle, but afterwards gave his attention to philology, natural science, and polite literature. He passed two years with Bonstetten, at Nyon; then became a private tutor in Lyons; afterwards a teacher in Dessau. In 1794, he was appointed reader and travelling companion to the princess of Dessau, and visited Rome, Naples, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the North of Italy. In 1809, he was made a knight of the Würtemberg order of Civil Service, and ennobled; in 1812, he was appointed Councillor of Legation in Stuttgart. He visited Italy again, in the retinue of the duke of Würtemberg, and passed some time in Florence, in 1819. From 1829, he lived in a private station at Wörlitz, where he died March 12th, 1831. He is one of the most popular lyric and elegiac poets of Germany. He shows delicate feeling, an exquisite sense of the beauties of nature, and great powers of description. His verse is distinguished for its musical flow and careful finish; but he is not free from a sentimental man-

[2] The name of a very pretty wild flower.

nerism, which exposed him to the ridicule of Schlegel and Menzel. His works were published at Zürich, 1825–29, in eight parts. His life, by H. Döring, appeared in 1833.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE.

Silent, in the veil of evening twilight,
Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
Chirps a cricket, mournfully and shrill.
Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
And the weary hind to the repose
Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
'Mid the ruins of departed days,
By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
Sadly think I what in gray old ages
Were these wrecks of lordly heritages:
A majestic castle, like a crown,
Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins,
Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
Blinks the empty window-space between,
Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye
Once the noblest son of Germany;
One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,
As he girded on his sword of fame;
"Come not back again, or come as victor:
O, be worthy of thy father's name!"
And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
Deadly flashes forth; his cheeks were glowing,
As with full-blown branches the red rose
In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion,
Even as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight;
Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
Bowed before his path the hostile might.
Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth,—
To his father's glad, yet tearful face,—
To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

O, with anxious longing, looks the fair one
From her turret down the valley drear!
Shield and breastplate glow in gold of evening,
Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near!
Him the faithful right-hand mute extending,
Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending.
O, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay!

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.

Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
Wild adventures in the Holy War,
Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
The remembrance of his fierce delight.

O, what changes! Awe and night o'ershadow
Now the scene of all that proud array;
Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,
Where the strong ones revelled and were gay;
Thistles lonely nod, in places seated
Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
And to horse in speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these,—the mighty!
Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;
Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
Now point out the places where they rest!
Many to the winds were long since scattered,—
Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered!
O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone
Sweep the cloud-folds of Oblivion!

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!
Thus flit by the visions of vain might!
Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
All that earth doth bear, to empty night!
Laurels, that the victor's brow encircle,
High deeds, that in brass and marble sparkle,
Urns devoted unto Memory,
And the songs of Immortality!

All, all, that with longing and with rapture
Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.
Friends at evening part with warm embraces,—
Morning looks upon the death-pale faces;
Even the joys that Love and Friendship find
Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

Gentle Love! how all thy fields of roses
Bounded close by thorny deserts lie!
And a sudden tempest's awful shadow
Oft doth darken Friendship's brightest sky!
Vain are titles, honor, might, and glory!
On the monarch's temples proud and hoary,
And the way-worn pilgrim's trembling head,
Doth the grave one common darkness spread!

THE SPRING EVENING.

Bright with the golden shine of heaven plays
On tender blades the dew;
And the spring-landscape's trembling likeness sways
Clear in the streamlet's blue.

Fair is the rocky fount, the blossomed hedge,
Groves stained with golden light;
Fair is the star of eve, that on the edge
Of purple clouds shines bright.

Fair is the meadow's green, — the valley's copse, —
The hillock's dress of flowers, —
The alder-brook, — the reed-encircled pond,
O'er-snowed with blossom-showers.

This manifold world of life is held in one
By Love's eternal band:
The glowworm and the fire-sea of the sun
Sprang from one Father's hand.

Thou beckonest, Almighty! from the tree
The blossom's leaf doth fall; —
Thou beckonest, — and in immensity
Is quenched a solar ball!

FOR EVER THINE.

For ever thine! though sea and land divide thee,
For ever thine!
Through burning wastes and winds, — whate'er betide me, —
For ever thine!
'Mid dazzling tapers in the marble palace,
For ever thine!
Beneath the evening moon in pastoral valleys,
For ever thine!
And when the feeble lamp of life, expiring,
Becomes divine, —
My breaking heart will echo, still untiring,
For ever thine!

AUGUST FRIEDRICH FERDINAND VON KOTZEBUE.

This celebrated person was born May 3d, 1761, at Weimar. He entered the University of Jena, at the age of sixteen; afterwards studied at Duisburg, but returned in 1779 to Jena and studied law. He showed an early passion for the theatre, and wrote many dramatic pieces, in imitation of Goethe, Schiller, and other popular authors. In 1781, he went to St. Petersburg, and became secretary to Von Bawr, the general of the engineers, and director of the court theatre. After the death of this gentleman, he received the patronage of the Empress Catharine; in 1783, was appointed Assessor of the Chief Court in Revel, the capital of the duchy of Esthonia; in 1785, became President of the government of Esthonia, and received a patent of nobility. In 1790, he published his notorious "Doctor Bahrdt with the Iron Brow." In 1795, he retired to a country residence in Esthonia; then removed to Weimar; then returned to St. Petersburg, when he was arrested and hurried away to Siberia, without being informed of the cause. He was, however, soon recalled by the Emperor Paul, and made Court Councillor and Director of the Theatre in St. Petersburg. In 1801, he returned to Weimar; then lived as a private man in Berlin, where, in 1802, he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences. From 1806 to 1813, he lived in Russia; then in Weimar, whence he removed to Mannheim. He received a large salary from Russia, and was employed to report from time to time to the Russian cabinet on the state of affairs in Germany. His hatred of liberal institutions, and advocacy of political opinions which were regarded by the Germans with abhorrence, drew upon him the detestation of many of his countrymen. This was carried to such a fanatical height, that a student of theology, named Sand, having convinced himself, after severe mental struggles, that it was an act of duty, assassinated him at his residence, on the 23d of March, 1819.

Kotzebue was a voluminous writer, and a man of great talent. But his moral principles were lax, and his writings are filled with theatrical clap-traps and false and sickly sentimentality. His historical works are considered as of no value. His dramas were published at Leipsic, in five volumes, 1797; new dramas, in twenty-three volumes, 1798–1819. A collective edition of his dramatic works appeared at Leipsic, in 1827–29, in forty-four volumes; a new and handsome edition, in forty volumes, at Leipsic, 1840–42. He wrote also novels and tales. His life was published by H. Döring, Weimar, 1830.

Many of Kotzebue's plays were well received throughout Europe. They were translated into English, French, Dutch, Danish, Polish, Russian, and Italian. Eleven or twelve were brought upon the English stage. The "German Theatre," translated by Benjamin Thompson, six volumes, London, 1801, contains a large number of them.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF HUGO GROTIUS.

THE FLIGHT FROM PRISON.

CORNELIA (anxiously).

What means this firing, mother?
Have we succeeded? Is my father safe?

MARIA.

Go down, — but no. What an unusual pother!
Has he been seized? Are these alarm-guns signals
To thwart his flight? I quake for agony.

CORNELIA (at the window).

People are running one among the other,
And drums are beating, — yet upon the river
All appears quiet. —
[Pause.
Our blue streamer floats
Further and further off. See there on board
A man, no doubt my brother, waving to us
In triumph a white handkerchief, — he is safe!

MARIA.

Is he? — or does the distance not deceive you?

CORNELIA.

No, no, — the longer on the waves I rest
My eyes, the clearer every thing becomes.
It is my brother, — hail, beloved Felix!
He is now set down and steering, — and the bont
With swelling sail cuts swiftly through the wave.
They 'll soon have crossed the Maas. My father 's saved!

MARIA (falls on her knees with folded hands. She tries to speak, and cannot, — then clasps Cornelia in her arms).

Now be it known that I, the wife of Hugo,
And thou, his child, are worthy of our race!
No word of prayer for us, now he is free!
We care not for their power; we cheerfully
Shall sing athwart our grating: he is free!
Let them from us exclude the light of heaven,
Let them with thirst and hunger plague our frames,
We suffer now for him; and he is free!

MAURICE (enters).

The prince of Orange unexpectedly
Appeared before the fortress: drums were beat,
And cannon fired, in honor of his coming.

MARIA.

Is our sworn foe so nigh, and at this moment?
Well, let him come!

MAURICE.

The prince had scarce alighted
From off his horse, when he inquired for Grotius;
He means to see him.

MARIA (with a triumphant smile).

Well, then, let him come.

MAURICE.

In a few minutes he will be before you.

MARIA.

And we are ready to receive him.

MAURICE.

Mother,
I augur good. He is indeed our foe, —
But a great man, who scorns the petty triumphs
Of humbling by his presence the disarmed.

MARIA.

I pledge myself he 'll not do that.

MAURICE.

So be it.
Is Hugo sleeping still?

MARIA.

He is broad awake.

[Prince of Orange enters, with the Captain.

MAURICE.

The general.

PRINCE.

Thanks, my worthy captain:
All things I find as I expected of you.

CAPTAIN (presenting Maria and Cornelia to the Prince).

The wife of Grotius, — and his daughter.

PRINCE.

Lady,
Though we meet not as friends, at least I hope
That we shall part as such.

MARIA.

I know Prince Moritz
Values consistency e'en in a foe.

PRINCE.

This virtue sometimes looks like obstinacy.

MARIA.

And sometimes serves ambition for a cloak.

PRINCE.

A truce to words that might be taken harshly:
You 'll learn to know me better, noble lady.

MARIA.

We 've known you ever since we 've been in prison.

PRINCE.

Who forced you to partake your husband's fortunes?

MARIA.

If you were married, you would not inquire.

PRINCE.

Enough. The memory of the past be razed.

MARIA.

Are you a god?

PRINCE.

Lead me to Hugo Grotius;
And he shall reconcile me to his consort.

CAPTAIN.

There is his chamber.

MARIA.

You will find in it
Only the relics of the saint who dwelt there.

PRINCE (startled).

Is Hugo dead?

MARIA.

And would it be a wonder,
If these damp walls had nipped his frail existence?
But I am not here to curse his murderers,
I smile in scorn upon their impotence;
My husband has escaped.

ALL.

Escaped? Escaped?

[The Captain goes into the sleeping-room.

MARIA.

In spite of all your halberds, all your bolts,
A woman's cunning snatched him from your power,
And love has triumphed over violence.

CAPTAIN (returns terrified).

She speaks the truth: he is not to be found.

PRINCE (surprised and angry).

How? By whose help?

MARIA.

By mine.

PRINCE.

By what contrivance?

MARIA.

Who can compel me to discover that?

MAURICE (aside).

I guess.

PRINCE.

Speak, — whither, whither is he gone?

MARIA.

Send out your spies, and track him as you can.

PRINCE.

Woman, beware my anger!

MARIA.

I fear nothing.

PRINCE.

Who are the helper's helpers? for alone
You cannot have accomplished it. Speak out,
Lest force extort confession from your lips.

MARIA.

None knew but I; therein consists my pride.

CORNELIA (modestly).

You rob me of my little share of merit; —
I also knew it; but no one besides.

PRINCE.

And was the law unknown to you, that each
Who breaks the prison of seditious persons
Is subject to the penalty of death?

CAPTAIN.

They knew it well.

PRINCE.

Then give the law its course;
The wife, at least ——

CORNELIA.

Do not forget the daughter.

MAURICE.

They both have falsely testified, — 't was I,
I only did it.

PRINCE (astonished).

Who are you?

MAURICE.

My name
Is Maurice Helderbusch: I am a lieutenant
Now stationed in this garrison. An orphan boy,
Grotius first noticed me, and taught me much:
This lady has been quite a mother to me.
Under your Highness I have served with honor;
But when the fortunes of my foster-father,
My benefactor, reached me, and I heard
That he was here in close confinement kept,
And his dear life in danger, I endeavoured
To get the humbler place I occupy,
Wishing to free him, and I have succeeded.
I only am the criminal to punish.

MARIA.

Fie, Maurice! Do n't believe him,—he has lied.

CORNELIA.

He often has refused to me his help,
Because he held it contrary to duty.

MAURICE (pointing to Maria).

This woman loves me as were I her son.
[Pointing to Cornelia.
This girl has been betrothed to me as bride.
They sacrifice themselves to rescue me.

MARIA (deeply moved).

Maurice, what are you doing?

CORNELIA.

Prince, — by Heaven!
He is not speaking truth.

PRINCE.

How, how is this?
Who disentangles for me the enigma?

CAPTAIN.

I stand astonished, Prince, as you must do:
Nor can I clearly fathom the strange contest.
One thing I know, that Maurice Helderbusch
Was always a brave soldier, and a man
Of nicest honor, to whom, but last night,
When duty took me 'cross the Maas to Gorcum,
I handed over the command in trust.

CORNELIA.

And did he not that very night prevent
My father's flying, by his vigilance?

MARIA.

He did so.

CAPTAIN.

All the garrison knows that.

MAURICE.

I did it the more certainly to favor
The riper purpose of this morning's flight.
Ask you for proofs? These have been telling you
That no one knows the way he left his prison.
I know it, — I. 'T was in a chest for books
That he was carried out. I stood beside it;
And called, myself, the men who took it hence.
The sergeant, as his duty ordered him,
Wanted to break it open. I forbade;
Took on myself the whole responsibility.
Can you deny it?

MARIA.

Maurice, were you not
Deceived, like him?

MAURICE.

O, no! I knew the whole.
Would you have further proofs? The son of Hugo,
The same who lately broke away from prison,
And for whose capture the States General
Offered rewards (for that I also knew),
Came here most rashly, and was in my power:
I let him go, — ask all the garrison, —
I am the guilty person.

PRINCE.

Give your sword

To the commanding officer. To-day
By martial law the case shall be decided.
[To the Captain.
Till then, remain he in the very cell
Whose doors he says he opened for this Grotius.
Transfer these women to the castle, — there
They 'll have a better lodging: but remain
For their safe custody responsible,
Until the trial shall allot the guilt.
If they are criminals, let them join the fled one:
My heart 's a stranger to ignoble vengeance.

CAPTAIN.

You must be parted. Follow, noble lady.

MARIA (painfully).

Maurice!

MAURICE (in a petitioning tone).

Now am I not again your son?

MARIA.

Is this your way of punishing the mother
Who once mistook her child? — you give him back,
Only to tear him the more hardly from me.

CORNELIA.

Beloved, — not this dreadful sacrifice!

CAPTAIN.

I can allow no further conversation.

MARIA.

I follow. Maurice, thou hast been obedient:
Honor thy mother's will.

CORNELIA.

Thy loved one's prayer.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF GUSTAVUS WASA.

THE ARREST AND ESCAPE.

[*Scene.* — Saloon in the Castle of Calmar.]

BRAHE.

Thou messenger of Heaven! Have I my senses?
Tell me a hundred times, how does he look?
Whence comes he? What 's he after?

GREGERSON.

He himself
Will tell you that: he follows me forthwith.

BRAHE.

Now I shall have a brother once again!
My heart will beat against a kindred heart;
The memory of better days return;
And my dried eyes in milder sorrow gleam.
Where is he? O, my throbbing breast can hardly
Bear this impatience, now he is so near me!

GREGERSON.

I hope that here he 's safe?

BRAHE.

That 's a strange question!
Whose life is safe an hour on Sweden's soil?
Tread where you will, the earth beneath you quakes,
And hollow ashes hide a glowing lava:
Through smoke and flame, athwart the yawning chasms,
One path alone is safe, — the path of meanness.

GREGERSON.

Too crooked for my master. Let me know,
How is the garrison disposed, — the burghers
How?

BRAHE.

Who can fathom, in these times, men's minds?
When every one who catches himself sighing
Looks round for fear he was not quite alone;
Where brother trusts not brother; where the windows
Are shut, that not a neighbour may suspect
You grieve for slaughtered kinsfolk; where the mourner
In gay attire struts loyally to church,
Joins the *Te Deum* in his shrillest key,
Lest spies report: "He sang not loud enough."

GREGERSON.

If so, alas!

BRAHE.

Yes, that is here the watchword.
Our country now is still and desolate
As a Carthusian cloister, — those who dwell there
Walk silent over graves, and, when they meet,
Whisper with hollow voice: *Memento mori!*

GREGERSON.

God! what a picture!

BRAHE.

Yet there 's light about it, —
The lightning's lurid light: for he, that tore
Hence every comfort dear to better men,
At least has robbed us of the fear of death.
Though every day brings news of fresh-spilt blood,
We hear it without shuddering, and lie down
Full of the thought, "Shall I outlive to-morrow?"
But this no longer troubles our repose.
As when a wild storm, rushing from the mountains,
Tears trees and houses down, it also shakes
The prison into ruin; and the captive
Breathes suddenly once more the air of heaven.
[German officers enter.

FIRST OFFICER.

A daring stranger is arrived.

BRAHE.

Where? where?

GREGERSON (goes).

'T is he! I hasten.

SECOND OFFICER.

Who proclaims himself
To be Gustavus Wasa.

BRAHE.

He 's my brother.

FIRST OFFICER.

Is he? So much the worse.

BRAHE.

O, lead me to him!

SECOND OFFICER.

He 's standing in the market: round him throng
The burghers, and by torch-light he harangues them,
And counsels insurrection.

FIRST OFFICER.

I was passing,
And saw and heard him. He is very bold:
His eyeballs glow; his lips spit fire; he curses
The very king.

BRAHE.

How do the people take it?

FIRST OFFICER.

They are quite silent.

SECOND OFFICER.

Sometimes by his prayers,
Sometimes with threats, he calls on them for vengeance,
And cries: "To arms!"

BRAHE.

Well, — but the citizens?

SECOND OFFICER.

They listen silently, — yet a faint murmur,
Like subterraneous thunder, runs along them.

FIRST OFFICER.

It cannot pass unnoticed. Satellites
Are gathering round him slowly.

BRAHE.

For what purpose?

FIRST OFFICER.

Do you suppose we mean to let him go?

SECOND OFFICER.

A heavy price is set upon his head.

BRAHE.

Which *you* would earn?

SECOND OFFICER.

I? — every one of us.

BRAHE.

Are you not Germans?

FIRST OFFICER.

Certainly.

BRAHE.

And could you
Dishonorably murder the last offspring
Of such a noble stem?

SECOND OFFICER.

Murder? — that Christiern,
Indeed, might choose. We only do our duty.

BRAHE.

Where is your captain?

FIRST OFFICER.

He is coming, lady.

[Melen enters.

BRAHE (goes towards him).

Bernard of Melen, do you know already ——

MELEN.

I know a restless youth has undertaken
A mad exploit.

BRAHE.

Hoping to meet with men,
And not with slaves.

MELEN.

His rashness is too likely
To cost his life.

BRAHE.

How? You, too?

MELEN.

Noble lady,
What can I do? The gates of Calmar still
Were standing open. Through the crowd of burghers,
Who thronged in a respectful silence round him,
He might have found the timely means of flight;
But he, as if indignant at their stillness,
Has turned his back upon them, and is coming
Here rashly to the castle.

BRAHE.

May he not
Salute his sister?

FIRST OFFICER.

He surrenders, then,
Into our hands.

BRAHE.

Melen, can that be true?

[Melen shrugs his shoulders.

And you would lead the hero, like a victim,
Up to the royal butcher's slaughter-block?

MELEN.

Why must he come just hither?

BRAHE (low).

And will you
Become the murderer of Brahe's brother?

MELEN.

How can I save him?

BRAHE.

Yet you still presume
To fable love to me!

MELEN.

God! can I save him?

BRAHE.

Know, Melen, on his life my own depends.
Do what you will and may. I perish with him.

GUSTAVUS (still behind the scene).

O sister, sister!

BRAHE (going toward him).

Brother!

GUSTAVUS (embracing her).

Now I feel
A heart like mine beat on my happy breast! —
'T is well I am with men of Germany,
Who will not lend their hero-arms to tyrants,
To rivet yokes upon an orphan people.
Yes, — at your head I shall withdraw, and feel

That to brave Germans it has been reserved
To break the heavy fetters of the Swedes,
And on the borders of the Baltic build
A lasting monument to German virtue.

FIRST OFFICER.

You are mistaken, Knight. We serve the king.

SECOND OFFICER.

For his protection we were sent on duty.

ALL THE OFFICERS.

Yes, so it truly is.

BRAHE.

Alas, my brother!

GUSTAVUS.

Men I behold, indeed, like soldiers clad;
But what I hear is not the warriors' language.
That frightened citizens stood still around me,
And shrugged their shoulders at my loud complaints,
Might be, — but men and Germans, under arms ——

FIRST OFFICER.

We 're weary of the war.

SECOND OFFICER.

The Admiral Norby
Lies with his shipping off the coast hard by.

FIRST OFFICER.

What signify to us the acts of Sweden?
Why should our blood be spilt about the Swedes?
The kingdom has submitted to the victor,
Rightly or wrongly; who commissions us
To be the judges? In a word, we swim
But with the stream.

GUSTAVUS.

And you all think so?

ALL.

All.

GUSTAVUS.

Then, sister, follow me! Let us retire
Into the mountains, where on humble fare
Survives as yet some Swedish truth and courage;
Where neither cowardice nor profligacy
Have yet unnerved the arm; and no one asks,
On hearing deeds of blood, "What 's that to us?"
Come, sister.

FIRST OFFICER.

Hold, young man! you must not go.
You are our prisoner.

GUSTAVUS.

Who? I?

SECOND OFFICER.

No doubt.

GUSTAVUS.

Trusting your honor, hospitality?

FIRST OFFICER.

You are in ban.

GUSTAVUS.

Wherein consists my crime?

SECOND OFFICER.

The legate has denounced you as an outlaw.

GUSTAVUS.

Do n't make me laugh! Let me retire in quiet:
And when you hear of what I shall accomplish,
Then gnash your teeth that it was done without you.

FIRST OFFICER.

Why such proud words? Your sword.

GUSTAVUS (draws his sword).

My sword? Who ventures
To take it from me?

BRAHE.

Melen, can you calmly
Look on all this?

MELEN.

My brethren, what have we
To do with these affairs? You 're very right.
We will stand neuter 'twixt the combatants.
Gustavus Wasa may remain our guest,
Here in the castle, and an honored guest,
Who full of confidence has fled to us.
Misfortune should be honored in a foe.
At pleasure he 'll withdraw.

FIRST OFFICER.

No, Captain, no.
We know what motives you; but give me leave
To say the prize is precious.

MELEN.

And would not
My share be greatest? Yours I will make up.

SECOND OFFICER.

With what?

BRAHE (hastily).

O, with my jewels!

SECOND OFFICER.

Noble lady,
You and your jewels are in custody.

GUSTAVUS.

Do I stand among Jews?

FIRST OFFICER.

Dare you still growl?

SECOND OFFICER.

Knight, give no further useless opposition.
You must surrender. Lay your weapon down.

GUSTAVUS (swinging his sword).

He who has blood to spare may come and fetch it.

FIRST OFFICER.

Now, brethren, shall a single man defy us?

[All but Melen draw their swords.

BRAHE (throws herself between them).

For God's sake, yet a word, a single word!
He can 't escape you. Leave me but a moment
With him alone. The sister's love shall take,
Bloodless, his sword away, — he well may hope
For your king's mercy, — 't were in vain to stake

Against you all his solitary life.
Grant me this one last prayer, but to pass
Two minutes with him here apart.

FIRST OFFICER.

So be it:
Out of respect to you, most noble lady.

SECOND OFFICER.

But from the door we shall not stir at all.

FIRST OFFICER.

Make a short parley of it. Brethren, come.

[All retire but Melen.

BRAHE.

Melen, you love me: but till now in vain
Have tried to draw aside the widow's weeds.
Do you still love me?

MELEN.

Like my very soul.
But what can I do here?

BRAHE.

Behold the youth,
Who soon may be your brother! Quick, decide.
The tyrant's instrument I marry not.

MELEN.

Think not I need persuasion. I am vexed
You use the bribe of love, where honor speaks
Aloud. But what can I against a crowd,
Who bow to me as captain, you well know,
While I advance the pay; but who, by Heaven!
Will not let slip this opportunity
Of earning costly ransom for their prisoner.

BRAHE.

The key into the subterraneous passage.

MELEN (startled).

How?

BRAHE.

Do you hesitate? Do you dissemble?

MELEN.

No: but of what use can that passage be?
It leads unto the outer ditch, where mire
Would check the passenger until too late.

BRAHE.

And why too late?

MELEN.

You see these greedy people
Are counting minutes; they will soon pursue,
And their shots reach our hero in the fosse.

BRAHE.

Is not the powder in that passage stowed?

MELEN.

Yes.

BRAHE.

That 's enough, — the key.

MELEN.

You still persist?

BRAHE.

O, as you love me, give it, while there 's time!

MELEN.

Well, I will stake my life to do you service,
And save, if possible, the Swedish hero.
Nor will I therefore claim the meed of love
For doing as in honor I feel bound.
There is the key. God guide you!

GUSTAVUS.

Now, my sister,
What are you planning?

BRAHE (has opened the passage-door: casks of powder are seen in dark perspective: also a pile of torches).

In, take the light, and bolt the door behind you.
Off quickly!

GUSTAVUS.

There are here no inside bolts.

BRAHE.

Then trust in me. I stay behind on guard.
Our father's spirit guide thee!

GUSTAVUS (disappears).

My good sister!

BRAHE.

Away, away! I hear the soldiers coming.
What next is best? Shall I lock up the door,
And fling into the ditch the key? Their anger,
Or their revenge, I bid defiance to!
Should they break ope the door, and so pursue,
Ere he 's in safety, — and their bullets reach him ——

[Perceiving the pile of torches, she pushes off the head of a powder-cask, and proceeds to light the torch.

Better the door stand open. — Courage, now!
A brother's life 's at stake, — perhaps a country's.

[She places herself at the entrance with the torch in her hand. The officers enter, and look round with surprise and mistrust.

FIRST OFFICER.

Your time is now expired; but where is he?

BRAHE.

Whom are you seeking here? — perhaps my brother.

SECOND OFFICER.

Hell and the Devil! What has been the matter?
The subterraneous passage-door is open.

FIRST OFFICER.

There 's treachery.

SECOND OFFICER.

Let 's follow him at once.

BRAHE.

Stand back, or in that powder-cask I 'll plunge
This burning torch.

THE OFFICERS (stand petrified).

The woman 's crazy, surely.

BRAHE.

Look in. Yon cask is open. If but one
Of you presume by force to enter here,
The die is cast, the fortress is blown up, —
By God, and by my father's blood, it is!

THE OFFICERS (in consultation).

The woman 's crazy. We must take our horses,
And after him.

BRAHE.

Thank God, he 's safely hence!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS.

The poet Salis was born Dec. 26th, 1762, at Seewis. He received his first instruction in his father's house; then lived with Pfeffel in Colmar. He was afterwards captain of the Swiss guard at Versailles. In 1789, he became acquainted with Goethe, Wieland, Herder, and Schiller, while on a journey. At the beginning of the Revolution, he served under General Montesquiou in Savoy; afterwards, lived privately at Paris, occupied with his studies. In 1793, he returned to his country and married at Malans. He was obliged to leave Malans, on account of political difficulties, and went to Zürich, where he held several offices. In 1803, he returned to his family estate, where he remained until 1817; afterwards, to Malans, where he died in 1834.

In genius he resembled Matthisson. He wrote only lyric poems. His works were published in 1790; again in 1823; and lastly, at Zürich, 1839. His poems are characterized by a soft melancholy, and deep feeling. He preserved, in all the scenes through which he passed, at the court of France, at the Residence, where he spent his youth, and in the tumults of war, the simplicity of his tastes, and the purity of his character.

CHEERFULNESS.

See how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament, green is the earth;
Grief hath no voice in the Universe chorus,
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness;
Gaze! and if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness,—
Gladness! philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasuries Pleasure uncloses;
List! how she trills in the nightingale's lay!
Breathe! she is wafting the sweets from the roses;
Feel! she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing,
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun;
Green in the hills, the flower-groves blushing,
Look! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for good and for beauty;
Still have philanthropy much to essay:
Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours?
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows,
Even when anguish hath palsied its powers;
Wherefore, though fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope,—
Fearlessly certain, that, sooner or later,
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of creation!
Still is God's earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captive's too long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap thy perfect delight.
Love! — but if love be a hollow emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless devotion,
All that is just, and exalted, and fair.

Act! — for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality, these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on achievements thy doom of renown.
Honor and feeling were given to cherish;
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

Courage! disaster and peril, once over,
Freshen the spirits as flowers the grove;
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
Soon the forget-me-not rises in love.
Courage, then, friends! though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
Smiles through ruin on darkness and death!

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

HARVEST SONG.

Autumn winds are sighing,
Summer glories dying,
Harvest-time is nigh.

Cooler breezes, quivering,
Through the pine-groves shivering,
Sweep the troubled sky.

See the fields, how yellow!
Clusters, bright and mellow,
Gleam on every hill;
Nectar fills the fountains,
Crowns the sunny mountains,
Runs in every rill.

Now the lads are springing,
Maidens blithe are singing,
Swells the harvest strain:
Every field rejoices;
Thousand thankful voices
Mingle on the plain.

Then, when day declineth,
And the mild moon shineth,
Tabors sweetly sound;
And, while they are sounding,
Fairy-feet are bounding
O'er the moonlit ground.

THE GRAVE.

The grave all still and darkling lies,
Beneath its hallowed ground;
And dark the mists to human eyes,
That float its precincts round.

No music of the grove invades
That dark and dreary way;
And fast the votive floweret fades
Upon its heaving clay.

And vain the tear in beauty's eye,—
The orphan's groan is vain:
No sound of clamorous agony
Shall pierce its gloomy reign.

Yet that oblivion of the tomb
Shall suffering man desire,
And through that shadowy gate of gloom
The weary wretch retire.

The bark, by ceaseless storms oppressed,
Runs madly to the shore;
And thus the grief-worn heart shall rest
There where it beats no more.

VALERIUS WILHELM NEUBECK.

This poet was born Jan. 29th, 1765, at Arnstädt, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. He studied at the school of his native place, and at the Knights' Academy at Liegnitz, in Silesia; afterwards at the Universities of Göttingen and Jena, from the latter of which he received his medical degree in 1788. He remained, as practising physician, some time at Liegnitz; but was afterwards called to Steinau, in Lower Silesia, where he was honored with the title of Court Councillor. He acquired his reputation as a didactic poet by a poem upon the "Mineral Springs," an extract from which is given below. This was followed by a poem on the "Destruction of the Earth after the Final Judgment," Liegnitz, 1785. He wrote, also, lyrical pieces, and a drama. A collection of his works appeared at Leipsic, in 1827.

THE PRAISE OF IRON.

Now strike, my lyre, thy strongest, fullest tones!
Now sing the praise of Iron! 'Mongst the bards,
So potent in Thuiskon's sacred land,
None sang the fruits of the Teutonic hills;
No festal lay was heard to Iron's praise
Beneath the sacred oaks, which stretch their roots
Down to the silent caves, where Nature bids
Her seeds to germ and ripe in gentle growth.
Hail, noble present of our native heights!
Despised by many, who, with foolish sense,
Gold's treacherous splendor more revere, and covet
More than thee, Iron, and thy modest sheen!—
Ye sons of Herrmann! undervalue not,
Scorn not, this treasure of your native mountains!
Hear me! I sing the worth of native wealth!—
Say,—whence doth War derive his glittering arms?
'T is Iron, hardened in the tempering fire
To steel, and fashioned on the anvil-head,
Then sharpened by the artist's busy hand,
That arms the hero,—Iron guards his breast:
Hail, noble tribute of our native heights!
Accept the incense of my song!—thou giv'st
The avenging sword into his hand to wage
The war of Justice; thou assistest him
To conquer for his country in the field.—
Yet greater is thy praise in peace, and fairer
Thy blessing! Verily, I love thee more,
My song more fervently salutes thee, when
The workman's hand hath on the anvil shaped
Thee to the shining arms of Peace, which ne'er
Inhuman warriors with the innocent blood
Shall stain of slumbering infants. Evermore
The softest rural joys expand my heart,
And from my quivering lips in holy hymns
Stream out, whene'er I see thee, shining, peep
From out the clodded furrow; when I hear
The sweeping scythe upon the flowery mead;
Or, 'midst the sinking ears, the grateful sound
Of the shrill sickle, where the nutbrown maid
Weaves the blue corn-flowers in the wisp of straw,
To bind the fairest sheaf; when, in the time,
The merry vintage-time, I hear the knife
Rubbed on the grating whetstone, to collect
The gifts of Autumn on the clustered hills.—
Hail, useful ore! the choir of social Arts
Join with my numbers, in thy well earned praise.
Ne'er had Praxiteles the marble formed
With silver chisel into breathing life;—
No palace from the mountain's rocky ribs,
Corinthian-built, had risen, without thee,

To the astonished clouds; — without thy help,
Arachne's art would never know to trace
The varied picture on the glossy silk.
Say, would the horse, if shod with purest gold,
More safely scour the ice, or climb the mountain-path?
O, how would the bold pilot in the wastes
Of ocean find a way, when, round about,
The heavens are hung with dreary, stormy clouds,
Like curtains, shutting out the friendly stars,
Which else, through labyrinths of treacherous sands
And hurrying whirlpools, by a golden clue
Would safely lead him, that he founder not?
Through the dread night art thou, respondent needle,
To him a faithful oracle, which reads,
With magic tremblings, in what cloudy range
Of heaven the Dog-star, where Arcturus, where
The sevenfold Pleiads, and Orion shine.

FRIEDRICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS WERNER.

This eccentric person was born Nov. 18th, 1768, at Königsberg, in Prussia, where his father was Professor of History and Eloquence. In 1784, he attended the juridical lectures in the University, and heard Kant on philosophy. In 1793, he entered the Prussian civil service, and lived at several places, — among others, at Warsaw. He was married three times; his first marriage, proving unhappy, was dissolved; his second having the same result, he contracted a third with a beautiful Polish lady; but the irregularities of his life led, a few years after, to a separation also from her. In 1801, he was recalled to Königsberg by the illness of his mother, who died in 1804; after which he returned to Warsaw. By the favor of the minister, Von Schrötter, he received, in 1805, a secretariship in Berlin. Soon after, he left the civil service, and visited Prague, Vienna, Munich, Frankfort, Gotha, and Weimar, where, in 1807, he first became acquainted with Goethe. He returned to Berlin in 1808; but speedily resuming his travels, visited Switzerland, and at Interlachen made the acquaintance of Madame de Staël. In the autumn of 1808, he visited Paris, but soon returned to Weimar, where he had the promise of a pension, and about the same time the duke of Hesse-Darmstadt named him Court Councillor. He again visited Madame de Staël, and passed four months with her at Coppet. By her assistance, he travelled in Italy, visiting Turin, Florence, and Rome. In this last city, he was converted to the Catholic church, in 1811, and began to study theology. In 1814, he entered the seminary at Aschaffenburg, and was soon after consecrated as a priest. At the time of the Congress in 1814, he went to Vienna, where his preaching attracted large audiences. During the years 1816–17, he lived in Podolia, with the family of Count Cholonievski, by whose influence he was appointed Honorary Canon of Kamieniek. He preached with great zeal and eloquence, until a short time before his death, which took place Jan. 18th, 1823.

Werner was a poet of a rich and fertile, though eccentric, genius. He was particularly distinguished as the author of some of the most remarkable of the German Destiny dramas. The most striking of his tragedies are "The Sons of the Valley," "The Consecration of Power," "Attila, King of the Huns," and "Wanda, Queen of the Sarmatians." One of his most original and singular pieces is the "Twenty-fourth of February." A collection of his theatrical pieces was published at Vienna, 1817–18; his "Sermons," twenty-five in number, also appeared at Vienna, in 1836. A sketch of his life was published by Hitzig, Berlin, 1823.

On Werner, and the principles of the Destiny dramas, Menzel * has some striking remarks.

"The highest summit of this poetry was reached by Werner, who strove to elevate it to tragical dignity.

"Werner endeavoured to bring about this elevation and improvement by converting the magical powers, or mystical societies, upon whom the guidance and probation of the uninitiated should be dependent, into God's delegates, and brought the whole subject of the marvellous under the religious ideas of Providence and Predestination. This man possessed the fire of poetry, and, still more, of passion, but, perhaps, too dry a brain, — for who can deny that his brain was a little scorched? Seeking salvation from the flames that were consuming him within, he threw himself into that ocean of Grace, where poor sinners like him commonly put off the old man of earth, that they may put on the heavenly. Amidst his deep contrition, the poet felt, in all its severity, the truth of the saying of the pious, 'Self-justification is a garment of abomination before the Lord.'

"He felt that a man's own actions and virtue were vain; that man *fulfils* the decree of destiny, devoid of will and blindly; that he is predestinated to every thing that he does and suffers. All his poetical works maintain this doctrine. His heroes are guided, by the leading-strings of destiny, into the clear realm of 'azure and light,' or to the dark abode of 'night and flames.' A mystical society undertakes the guidance on earth; and we cannot fail to perceive here an analogy to the hierarchical tribunals. Those sons of the valley, those mystical old men, at one time, form a holy *Fehme;* at another, an inquisitorial tribunal, under a most venerable and holy man; and this old man of the valley and mountain can say, as the grand inquisitor of Schiller's 'Don Carlos' said of the hero of the tragedy, —

* German Literature, Vol. III., pp. 234–236.

'His life,
At its beginning and its end, is there
In Santa Casa's holy records writ.'

The heroes are destined from their birth to all that they have to do or to suffer. Some of them are 'Sunday children,' born angels, who, after some theatrical farces, — after they have, like Tamino, passed through fire and water, — comfortably enter the heaven destined to them time out of mind. Destiny plays at hide-and-seek with them a little while; here is the mysterious valley, and there the mystical beloved is hidden from the elect, and finally the bandage is taken from their eyes. The disciple becomes an adept, and the lover finds his other half. No matter how widely the two people were separated from each other; destiny brings them together, even if 'the north pole should have to bow to the south.'

"As all freedom is taken away after this fashion from the heroes, this species of poetry can never rise to tragical dignity, however great the pains Werner has taken to this end. Still, his poems show no deficiency of religious depth, and of a certain ardor of devotion, particularly in the lyrical passages, which lend them a value off the stage. Moreover, he has generally taken only the bright side of fatalism; his only complete night-piece was the 'Twenty-fourth of February.'"

The limits of this volume render it impossible to give extracts from other distinguished writers of this school, as Müllner, Houwald, and Grillparzer. For notices of their works the reader is referred to the series of elaborate and well written articles under the title of "Horæ Germanicæ," in the earlier volumes of "Blackwood's Magazine."

FROM THE TEMPLARS IN CYPRUS.

ADALBERT IN THE CHURCH OF THE TEMPLARS.

[*Scene.* — Midnight. Interior of the Temple Church. Backwards, a deep perspective of Altars and Gothic Pillars. On the right-hand side of the foreground, a little Chapel; and in this an Altar with the figure of St. Sebastian. The scene is lighted very dimly by a single Lamp which hangs before the Altar.]

ADALBERT (dressed in white, without mantle or doublet; groping his way in the dark).

Was it not at the altar of Sebastian
That I was bid wait for the Unknown?
Here should it be; but darkness with her veil
Inwraps the figures.
[Advancing to the altar.
Here is the fifth pillar.
Yes, this is he, the Sainted. — How the glimmer
Of that faint lamp falls on his fading eye! —
Ah, it is not the spears o' th' Saracens, —
It is the pangs of hopeless love, that, burning,
Transfix thy heart, poor comrade! — O my Agnes,
May not thy spirit, in this earnest hour,
Be looking on? Art hovering in that moonbeam,
Which struggles through the painted window, and dies
Amid the cloister's gloom? Or linger'st thou
Behind these pillars, which, ominous and black,
Look down on me, like horrors of the past
Upon the present? and hidest thy gentle form,
Lest with thy paleness thou too much affright me?
Hide not thyself, pale shadow of my Agnes!
Thou affrightest not thy lover. — Hush!
Hark! Was there not a rustling? — Father! You?

PHILIP (rushing in with wild looks).

Yes, Adalbert! — But time is precious! — Come,
My son, my one sole Adalbert, come with me!

ADALBERT.

What would you, father, in this solemn hour?

PHILIP.

This hour, or never!
[Leading Adalbert to the altar.
Hither! — Know'st thou *him?*

ADALBERT.

'T is Saint Sebastian.

PHILIP.

Because he would not
Renounce his faith, a tyrant had him murdered.
[Points to his head.
These furrows, too, the rage of tyrants ploughed
In thy old father's face. My son, my first-born child,
In this great hour I do conjure thee! Wilt thou,
Wilt thou obey me?

ADALBERT.

Be it just, I will!

PHILIP.

Then swear, in this great hour, in this dread presence,
Here by thy father's head made early gray,
By the remembrance of thy mother's agony,
And by the ravished blossom of thy Agnes,
Against the tyranny which sacrificed us,
Inexpiable, bloody, everlasting hate!

ADALBERT.

Ha! *This* the All-avenger spoke through thee!
Yes! Bloody shall my Agnes' death-torch burn
In Philip's heart; I swear it!

PHILIP (with increasing vehemence).

And if thou break
This oath, and if thou reconcile thee to him,
Or let his golden chains, his gifts, his prayers,
His dying moan itself, avert thy dagger,
When the hour of vengeance comes, — shall this gray head,
Thy mother's wail, the last sigh of thy Agnes,
Accuse thee at the bar of the Eternal?

ADALBERT.

So be it, if I break my oath!

PHILIP.

Then man thee! —
[Looking up, then shrinking together, as with dazzled eyes.
Ha! was not that his lightning? — Fare thee well!

I hear the footstep of the Dreaded! — Firm! —
Remember me, — remember this stern midnight!

[Retires hastily.

ADALBERT (alone).

Yes, Grayhead, whom the beckoning of the Lord
Sent hither to awake me out of craven sleep,
I will remember thee and this stern midnight,
And my Agnes' spirit shall have vengeance!

[Enter an Armed Man. He is mailed from head to foot in black harness; his visor is closed.

ARMED MAN.

Pray!

[Adalbert kneels.

Bare thyself!

[He strips him to the girdle, and raises him.

Look on the ground, and follow!

[He leads him into the background to a trap-door on the right. He descends first himself; and when Adalbert has followed him, it closes.

ADALBERT IN THE CEMETERY.

[*Scene.* — Cemetery of the Templars, under the Church. The scene is lighted only by a Lamp which hangs down from the vault. Around are Tombstones of deceased Knights, marked with Crosses and sculptured Bones. In the background, two colossal Skeletons, holding between them a large white Book, marked with a red Cross. From the under end of the Book hangs a long black Curtain. The Book, of which only the cover is visible, has an inscription in black ciphers. The Skeleton on the right holds in its right hand a naked drawn Sword; that on the left holds in its left hand a Palm turned downwards. On the right side of the foreground stands a black Coffin open; on the left, a similar one with the body of a Templar in full dress of his order; on both Coffins are inscriptions in white ciphers. On each side, nearer the background, are seen the lowest steps of the stairs which lead up into the Temple Church above the vault.]

ARMED MAN (not yet visible; above on the right-hand stairs).

Dreaded! is the grave laid open?

CONCEALED VOICES.

Yea!

ARMED MAN (who after a pause shows himself on the stairs).

Shall he behold the tombs o' th' fathers?

CONCEALED VOICES.

Yea!

[Armed Man with drawn sword leads Adalbert carefully down the steps on the right hand.

ARMED MAN (to Adalbert).

Look down! 'T is on thy life!

[Leads him to the open coffin.

What seest thou?

ADALBERT.

An open, empty coffin.

ARMED MAN.

'T is the house
Where thou one day shalt dwell. Canst read the inscription?

ADALBERT.

No.

ARMED MAN.

Hear it, then: — "Thy wages, Sin, is death!"

[Leads him to the opposite coffin, where the body is lying.

Look down! 'T is on thy life! — What seest thou?

[Shows the coffin.

ADALBERT.

A coffin with a corpse.

ARMED MAN.

He is thy brother;
One day thou art as he. — Canst read the inscription?

ADALBERT.

No.

ARMED MAN.

Hear: — "Corruption is the name of life."
Now look around; go forward, — move, and act!

[He pushes him toward the background of the stage.

ADALBERT (observing the book).

Ha! Here the Book of Ordination? — Seems

[Approaching.

As if the inscription on it might be read.

[He reads it.

"Knock four times on the ground,
Thou shalt behold thy loved one."
O Heavens! And may I see thee, sainted Agnes?

[Hastening close to the book.

My bosom yearns for thee! —

[With the following words, he stamps four times on the ground.

One, — Two, — Three, — Four! —

[The Curtain hanging from the Book rolls rapidly up, and covers it. A colossal Devil's-head appears between the two Skeletons; its form is horrible; it is gilt; has a huge golden Crown, a Heart of the same in its brow; rolling, flaming eyes; Serpents instead of hair; golden Chains round its neck, which is visible to the breast; and a golden Cross, yet not a Crucifix, which rises over its right shoulder, as if crushing it down. The whole Bust rests on four gilt Dragon's-feet. At sight of it, Adalbert starts back in horror, and exclaims: —

Defend us!

ARMED MAN.

Dreaded! may he hear it?

CONCEALED VOICES.

Yea!

ARMED MAN (touches the Curtain with his sword; it rolls down over the Devil's-head, concealing it again; and above, as before, appears the Book, but now opened, with white colossal leaves and red characters. The Armed Man, pointing constantly to the Book with his sword, and therewith turning the leaves, addresses Adalbert, who stands on the other side of the Book, and nearer the foreground).

List to the Story of the Fallen Master.

[He reads the following from the Book; yet not standing before it, but on one side, at some paces' distance, and, whilst he reads, turning the leaves with his sword.

"So now, when the foundation-stone was laid,
The Lord called forth the Master, Baffometus,

And said to him: 'Go and complete my temple!'
But in his heart the Master thought: 'What boots it
Building thee a temple?' and took the stones,
And built himself a dwelling; and what stones
Were left he gave for filthy gold and silver.
Now after forty moons the Lord returned,
And spake: 'Where is my temple, Baffometus?'
The Master said: 'I had to build myself
A dwelling: grant me other forty weeks.'
And after forty weeks, the Lord returns,
And asks: 'Where is my temple, Baffometus?'
He said: 'There were no stones' (but he had sold them
For filthy gold); 'so wait yet forty days.'
In forty days thereafter came the Lord,
And cried: 'Where is my temple, Baffometus?'
Then like a millstone fell it on his soul,
How he for lucre had betrayed his Lord;
But yet to other sin the Fiend did tempt him,
And he answered, saying: 'Give me forty hours!'
And when the forty hours were gone, the Lord
Came down in wrath: 'My temple, Baffometus?'
Then fell he, quaking, on his face, and cried
For mercy; but the Lord was wroth, and said:
'Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies,
And those the stones I lent thee for my temple
Hast sold them for a purse of filthy gold,
Lo! I will cast thee forth, and with the Mammon
Will chastise thee, until a Saviour rise
Of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy trespass.'
Then did the Lord lift up the purse of gold;
And shook the gold into a melting-pot,
And set the melting-pot upon the sun,
So that the metal fused into a fluid mass.
And then he dipped a finger in the same,
And, straightway, touching Baffometus,
Anoints him on the chin and brow and cheeks.
Then was the face of Baffometus changed:
His eyeballs rolled like fire-flames;
His nose became a crooked vulture's-bill;
The tongue hung bloody from his throat; the flesh
Went from his hollow cheeks; and of his hair
Grew snakes, and of the snakes grew Devil's-horns.
Again the Lord put forth his finger with the gold,
And pressed it upon Baffometus' heart;
Whereby the heart did bleed and wither up,
And all his members bled and withered up,
And fell away, the one and then the other.
At last his back itself sunk into ashes:
The head alone continued gilt and living;
And instead of back, grew dragon's-talons,
Which destroyed all life from off the earth.
Then from the ground the Lord took up the heart,
Which, as he touched it, also grew of gold,
And placed it on the brow of Baffometus;
And of the other metal in the pot
He made for him a burning crown of gold,
And crushed it on his serpent-hair, so that
E'en to the bone and brain the circlet scorched him;
And round the neck he twisted golden chains,
Which strangled him and pressed his breath together.
What in the pot remained he poured upon the ground,
Athwart, along, and there it formed a cross;
The which he lifted and laid upon his neck,
And bent him that he could not raise his head.
Two Deaths, moreover, he appointed warders
To guard him: Death of Life, and Death of Hope.
The sword of the first he sees not, but it smites him;
The other's palm he sees, but it escapes him.
So languishes the outcast Baffometus
Four thousand years and four-and-forty moons,
Till once a Saviour rise from his own seed,
Redeem his trespass, and deliver him."

[To Adalbert.

This is the Story of the Fallen Master.

[With his sword he touches the Curtain, which now as before rolls up over the book; so that the head under it again becomes visible, in its former shape.

ADALBERT (looking at the head).

Ha! what a hideous shape!

HEAD (with a hollow voice).

Deliver me!

ARMED MAN.

Dreaded! shall the work begin?

CONCEALED VOICES.

Yea!

ARMED MAN (to Adalbert).

Take the neckband
Away!

[Pointing to the head.

ADALBERT.

I dare not!

HEAD (with a still more piteous tone).

O, deliver me!

ADALBERT (taking off the chains).

Poor fallen one!

ARMED MAN.

Now lift the crown from 's head!

ADALBERT.

It seems so heavy!

ARMED MAN.

Touch it, it grows light.

[Adalbert takes off the crown, and casts it, as he did the chains, on the ground.

Now take the golden heart from off his brow!

ADALBERT.

It seems to burn!

ARMED MAN.

Thou errest: ice is warmer.

ADALBERT (taking the heart from the brow).

Ha! shivering frost!

ARMED MAN.

Take from his back the cross,
And throw it from thee!

ADALBERT.

How? The Saviour's token?

HEAD.

Deliver, O, deliver me!

ARMED MAN.

This cross
Is not thy Master's, not that bloody one:
Its counterfeit is this: throw 't from thee!

ADALBERT (taking it from the bust, and laying it softly on the ground).

The cross of the Good Lord that died for me?

ARMED MAN.

Thou shalt no more believe in one that died;
Thou shalt henceforth believe in one that liveth
And never dies! — Obey, and question not, —
Step over it!

ADALBERT.

Take pity on me!

ARMED MAN (threatening him with his sword).

Step!

ADALBERT.

I do 't with shuddering!

[Steps over, and then looks up to the head, which raises itself as freed from a load.

How the figure rises,
And looks in gladness!

ARMED MAN.

Him whom thou hast served
Till now, deny!

ADALBERT (horror-struck).

Deny the Lord, my God?

ARMED MAN.

Thy God 't is not: the idol of this world! —
Deny him, or —

[Pressing on him with the sword in a threatening posture.

Thou diest!

ADALBERT.

I deny!

ARMED MAN (pointing to the head with his sword).

Go to the Fallen! — Kiss his lips!

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

This patriotic writer was born December 26th, 1769, at Schoritz, in Rügen. Towards the end of the last century, he distinguished himself as a traveller, and by his published observations on Sweden, Italy, France, Germany, Hungary, &c. In 1806, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy at Greifswald. He was a vehement lover of liberty, and, though at first a favorer of Napoleon, became one of his bitterest opponents as soon as he comprehended his designs of conquest. A work published by him, called "The Spirit of the Age," which went rapidly through several editions, and excited universal attention by the boldness of its attacks on Napoleon, made it necessary for him to take refuge in Stockholm, whence he was unable to return until 1813. His writings, which flowed in rapid succession from his indefatigable pen, exercised an immense influence upon the popular feeling, and contributed powerfully to excite and keep alive among the Germans that hatred of French domination which led to their unparallelled efforts and sacrifices in the War of Liberation. In 1818, he was appointed Professor of History in the recently established University of Bonn; but the next year, the inquiry into the "Demagogical Intrigues," as they were termed, implicated him together with some of the other professors, and he remained without public employment until Frederic William restored him to the University, in 1840.

Arndt is one of the most vigorous, animated, and eloquent of the German writers. His prose works have had an extraordinary circulation and effect. His patriotic and popular poems and his war-songs are of distinguished excellence. They were published at Frankfort, in 1815; again at Leipsic, in 1840.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Is 't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
Is 't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
Or where the Northern sea-gull screams? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria's or Styria's land?
Is 't where the Marsian ox unbends?
Or where the Marksman iron rends? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Pomerania's, or Westphalia's land?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
O, tell me now the famous land!
Is 't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such lands and people please me well. —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless, it is the Austrian state,
In honors and in triumphs great. —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land!
Is 't what the Princes won by sleight
From the Emperor's and Empire's right?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!—
As far 's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in heaven sings,—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths attest the grasped hand,—
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies;—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow;—
That is the land,—
All Germany 's thy fatherland!

FIELD-MARSHAL BLÜCHER.

Why are the trumpets blowing? Ye hussars, away!
'T is the Field-marshal rideth, with flying fray;
He rideth so joyous his mettlesome steed,
He swingeth so keenly his bright-flashing blade!

His oath he hath redeemed; when the battle-cry rang,
Ha! the old boy! how to saddle he sprang!
It was he who led off the last dance of the ball;
With besom of iron he swept clean the hall!

At Lützen, on the mead, there he struck such a blow,
That on end with affright stood the hair of the foe;
That thousands ran off with hurrying tread;
Ten thousand slept soundly the sleep of the dead!

At Katzbach, by the stream, he there played his part;
He taught you, O Frenchmen, the swimmer's good art!
Farewell to you, Frenchmen, away to the waves!
And take, ye *sans-culottes*, the whales for your graves!

At Wartburg, on the Elbe, how before him all yielded!
Nor fortress nor castle the Frenchmen shielded;
Again they must spring like hares o'er the field,
And the hero's hurrah after them pealed.

At Leipsic, on the mead,—O, honor's glorious fight!—
There he shattered the fortunes of France and her might;
There lie they all safely, since so hardly they fell;
And there the old Blücher played the field-marshal well.

LUDWIG TIECK.

Ludwig Tieck, who, since the death of Goethe, has occupied the greatest space in German literature, was born May 31st, 1773, at Berlin. In his nineteenth year he entered the University of Halle, whence he went to Göttingen, and at a later period to Erlangen. His studies here, and afterwards again at Göttingen, were chiefly devoted to history and ancient and modern poetry. His peculiar tendencies began to display themselves while he was yet at school, where he began the "Abdallah," published in 1795. In 1796, his "William Lovell" appeared. These were followed in rapid succession by a series of works, in which his narrative powers, and the romantic, as distinguished from the classical style of composition, were strikingly developed. About this time, he formed an intimate connection with the younger Nicolai in Berlin, and, on a journey, became acquainted with the two Schlegels, Novalis (Hardenberg), and Herder. During a visit to Hamburg, he was much interested and excited by the acting of Schröder. His early love for art was further unfolded, and his views rendered clear, by a residence in Dresden, Munich, and Rome. After this, he lived at Jena, in the society of the Schlegels and Schelling. Several of his best-known works, and the translation of "Don Quixote," which far surpassed all preceding attempts, appeared during the years 1799, 1800, and 1801. In the years 1801, 1802, Tieck resided in Dresden, where, in conjunction with A. W. Schlegel and several other poets, he composed the "Musenalmanach," published at Tübingen. After this, he lived again at Berlin, then at Tübingen. His "Minnesongs from the Swabian Period" were published at Berlin in 1803, and excited a great interest in the ancient German literature. These were followed, in 1804, by his "Emperor Octavian." In 1805, Tieck and Friedrich Schlegel edited the works of Novalis. After this he travelled in Italy, but returned to Germany towards the end of 1806, and went to Munich, where he experienced his first severe attack of the gout. He passed some years in the country, near Frankfort on the Oder, without publishing any thing. In 1814–16, his "Ancient English Theatre" appeared, together with several other works. In 1818, he went to London to collect materials for his great work on Shakspeare. In 1819, he established himself in Dresden

with his family, and since then has written a series of tales, which form a distinct epoch in his literary life. In 1821, he published a complete collection of his poems, in three volumes, and edited the works of Heinrich von Kleist. In 1825, he was made Court Councillor, and one of the directors of the theatre in Dresden. In 1840, he received from his Majesty, Frederic William the Fourth, an honorary pension, and has recently lived at Potsdam.

Tieck is not only a poet of considerable creative genius, but an eloquent and masterly prose-writer, and a profound critic. He belongs emphatically to the Romantic School in his views of poetry and art, and has strenuously labored to embody in his works the national subjects, and the poetical traditions from German antiquity. His services as a commentator and translator of Shakspeare have been highly important, and are applauded not only in Germany, but in England. His single works have passed through numerous editions. A new edition of his complete works was begun in 1827.

SPRING.

Look all around thee! How the spring advances!
New life is playing through the gay, green trees;
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze!
How every blossom in the sunlight glances!
The winter-frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along;
Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is sealing;
Down in the thick, dark grove is heard his song;
And, all their bright and lovely hues revealing,
A thousand plants the field and forest throng;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

SONG FROM BLUEBEARD.

In the blasts of winter
Are the sere leaves sighing,
And the dreams of love
Faded are, and dying;
Cloudy shadows flying
Over field and plain,
Sad the traveller hieing
Through the blinding rain.
Overhead the moon
Looks into the vale;
From the twilight forest
Comes a song of wail:

"Ah! the winds have wafted
My faithless love away,
Swift as lightning flashes
Fled life's golden ray;—
O, wherefore came the vision,
Or why so brief its stay?

"Once with pinks and roses
Were my temples shaded;
Now the flowers are withered,
Now the trees are faded;
Now the spring, departed,
Yields to winter's sway,
And my love false-hearted,
He is far away."

Life so dark and wildered,
What remains for thee?
Hope and memory, bringing
Joy or grief to me;—
Ah! for them the bosom
Open still must be!

LUDOLF ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO.

Chamisso, the poet, natural philosopher, and circumnavigator of the globe, was born at Boncourt, in Champagne, January 27th, 1781. During the Revolution, he left France with his parents, and went to Berlin, where, in 1796, he was appointed one of the pages of the court. He afterwards entered the army and received a commission. He devoted himself zealously to the study of the German language and literature, and became personally acquainted with the principal German authors of the time. He formed an intimate relation with Fichte, the philosopher. In 1804–06, he published, with Varnhagen von Ense, an "Almanac of the Muses." At the conclusion of the peace of Tilsit, he left the Prussian service, returned to France, where his family had recovered a part of their estates, and for a time filled the office of Professor in the College at Napoleonville; but he soon returned to Germany, and devoted himself wholly to his studies, particularly to natural science. In 1814, he published the singular story of "Peter Schlemihl," the man who had lost his shadow,—a work well known in the English translation. A voyage of discovery round the world being projected by the Russian chancellor, Count Romanzoff, Chamisso accepted an invitation to accompany it, as a naturalist. He sailed from Cronstadt in 1815, and returned in 1818. His observations were published in the work containing an account of the voyage. Chamisso now took up his residence in Berlin, where he received an appointment in the Botanical Garden. He wrote on various scientific subjects, and, during the same period, composed sonnets, and some of the best and most popular ballads that have recently appeared in German literature. Besides his

other labors, he assisted Gaudy in translating Béranger's songs. He died, August 21st, 1838. His works were published at Leipsic, in six volumes, 1838–39; and a new edition, 1842.

A lively sketch of Chamisso has been given by Laube, in his "Characteristics," * from which the following passages are taken.

"I know of no more delightful poet than Chamisso, except Rückert. There is a healthiness in him, which fills us with the greatest pleasure. Every poet, to be sure, is delightful, because he gives the best there is in his heart. . . . . But one person likes the dark eye best, another the blue; to me Chamisso's has always seemed so strangely invigorating and refreshing, — awakening such life, strength, and courage, — so manly, confident, and commanding. The suns of all the zones have looked into this vigorous and ever-straining eye; the pale and meagre North, — the dark, luxuriant South, — the barren and desert island, which, like a bad debtor, points the thoughts to heaven, — the green and juicy isle, which intoxicates with the enchantments of earth.

. . . . . .

"To have an image of the poet Chamisso, I often think of him as a lofty statue upon the eternal summit of the Alps; he looks abroad over all seas and zones, to the uttermost ends of the earth. His poetry has such broad pinions, that it sweeps over the whole globe in its mighty flight; and our chamber and provincial warblers cower together in terror, as soon as the stroke of his wings is heard. From the far island of Guahia, from Russia's icy steppes, from the almond-groves of Spain, from the Turkish kiosk, comes his song; everywhere is he at home.

. . . . . .

"Such, I believe, will be Chamisso's image in our literary history, and he will remain in the memory of the Germans as a hale, hearty, sinewy poet; but I shall always remember him as I met him, early in the spring, in the Markgravenstrasse, Berlin. Ah! then for the first time did I fully feel his poetry; and I recognized yet once again the truth, that the poet has an immortal soul. Chamisso, the prince of Guahia, the weather-beaten circumnavigator, tottered like a broken reed. His strong, flowing locks hung round his shrunken temples, gray with age and illness; his once proud and vigorous eye was dimmed; round his once firm and haughty lips were deep, deep traces of suffering; the feeble breast no longer supported the mighty and majestic head; it was sunken, and resounded with a hollow, racking cough. The sturdy Chamisso crawled feebly along, leaning on his cane; Chamisso, who, with the fabulous Peter Schlemihl, had leaped from one part of the world to the other in the mad boots: ah, how sadly I thought then of Peter Schlemihl, in whom was so much strange, deep life, — so much delight of life! The early sunshine of spring feebly fell upon one side of the street, and the old, decrepit, palsied singer steered slowly after its beam, and cast his shadow, though tremulous, across the pavement; his large eye, troubled by the cough and consumption, sought the pallid sky, and seemed to ask: 'What islanders shall I find in yonder silent ocean?'"

* Moderne Characteristiken, von HEINRICH LAUBE (2 vols. Mannheim: 1835). Vol. II. p. 77.

THE LAST SONNETS.

I.

"To thy dear lips my ears were ever cleaving,
My gentle friend, to hear thy dainty lays
Of life and woman's love in other days:
With love and pleasure then my breast was heaving;
But now the spinners in thy lyre are weaving
A mourning-flower, methinks, — thou sing'st no more:
O golden singer, wilt thou not restore
To me the olden joy, thy harp-strings leaving?" —
"Be still, my dearest child, the time is gray;
I bear in peace the shadow of its wings,
Am weary now, my songs have passed away.
I was a minstrel, like the bird that sings
And twitters out its sunny little day;
The swan alone —— *But speak of other things.*"

II.

I feel, I feel, each day, the fountain failing;
It is the death that gnaweth at my heart:
I know it well, and vain is every art
To hide the fatal ebb, the secret ailing.
So wearily the spring of life is coiling,
Until the fatal morning sets it free:
Then sinks the dark, and who inquires for me
Will find a man at rest from all his toiling.
That I can speak to thee of death and dying,
And yet my cheeks the loyal blood maintain,
Seems bold to thee, and almost over-vain:
But Death! — no terror in the word is lying;
And yet the thought I cannot well embrace,
Nor have I looked the angel in the face.

III.

He visited my dreams, the fearful guest!
My careless vigor, while I slumbered, stealing;
And, huge and shadowy above me kneeling,
Buried his wosome talons in my breast.
I murmured, — "Dost thou herald my hereafter?
Is it the hour? Art calling me away?
Lo! I have set myself *in meet array.*" —
He broke upon my words with mocking laughter.
I scanned him sharply, and the terror stood
In chilly dew, — my courage had an end:
His accents through me like a palsy crept.
"Patience!" he cried; "I only suck thy blood:
Didst think 't was Death already? Not so, friend;
I am Old Age, thy fable; thou hast slept."

IV.

They say the year is in its summer glory:
But thou, O Sun, appearest chill and pale,
The vigor of thy youth begins to fail, —
Say, art thou, too, becoming old and hoary?
Old Age, forsooth! — what profits our complaining?
Although a bitter guest and comfortless,
One learns to smile beneath its stern caress,
The fated burden manfully sustaining:
'T is only for a span, a summer's day.
Deep in the fitful twilight have I striven,
Must now the even-feast of rest be holding:
One curtain falls, — and, lo! another play!
"His will be done whose mercy much has given!"
I 'll pray, — my grateful hands to heaven folding.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

Johann Ludwig Uhland, one of the most eminent among the living poets of Germany, was born April 26th, 1787, at Tübingen, where he studied law from 1805 to 1808. He then became an advocate in Stuttgart. He visited Paris in 1810, where he spent much time in studying the manuscripts of the Middle Ages. He was for a time Professor of German Literature in the University of Tübingen. Since 1809, he has been a member of the Legislature of Würtemberg, as a representative from Tübingen. His ballads, songs, and allegories have begun a new epoch in German lyrical poetry. His dramas are less distinguished. They are entitled, "Duke Ernest of Swabia," "Lewis the Bavarian," and "Walther von der Vogelweide." An edition of his poems appeared in 1814. The fourteenth edition was published at Stuttgart in 1840. His life has been written by Schwab, in Wolfgang Menzel's "Taschenbuch."

Theodore Mundt, in his "History of the Literature of the Present," * says of Uhland: —

"As German freedom and German nobleness of soul gave the key-note to his poetry, so it chimed in powerfully with those jubilant strains of national exaltation which German poetry scattered abroad with such daring enthusiasm at the time of the Liberation War. Belonging to a highly favored German race, which was not only distinguished by a deeper spring of poetry, a vigorous nature, and a profound feeling, but had from ancient times been in the possession of free and popular constitutional forms, the Swabian poet could not fail, at the very outset, to feel the benefit of these most favorable influences. Uhland was also thoroughly the poet of the Würtemberg people, whose local peculiarities, whose cheerful and hearty nature and genuine national customs, he has everywhere reflected in his own character, and exalted to forms of beauty. The charming life of nature, which is unfolded in Uhland's poems, is always at the same time the expression of the noblest, the freest, the most vigorous tone of thought, which seeks to mould itself harmoniously into the forms of art. From the vine-clad hills to the peopled valleys below, along the margins of the brooks, and in the forests, — everywhere is heard the voice of poetry and song; and the poetry is the people, and the song is freedom. And where the present is darkened over, and has no room for all that exulting life of love and freedom, there comes the ancient legend sweeping through the forest with its magic mirror, and, taking poetry by the hand, leads her back into the golden age, into the age of the Minnelied and of heroes, into the Middle Ages. The connection between the poetry of freedom and the noble life of the Middle Ages appears in Uhland as a peculiar trait of his natural temperament, and a result of a sound and healthy romanticism. We have in Uhland the poet in whom romanticism and freedom do not stand apart, as two absolute opposites, but blend in the unity of a full and vigorous life, and that through the medium of a genuine nationality, which even in the Middle Ages pervades with the spirit of freedom the romantic principle of life. Though Uhland herein had an affinity with the earlier and better spirit of the Romantic School, his course of culture must yet be called an individual and independent one, which saved him from all the aberrations into which we have seen that school, in its later development, led astray. . . . . In him all was harmony and unity. In this sound and thorough culture we must attach much weight to the influence of Goethe upon this poet. As Uhland did not allow himself to be led astray by the romanticists, so, on the other hand, he was trained by Goethe to artistic clearness in spirit and form. It is remarkable here to see the Goethean nature coming in to mediate, with its serene, statuesque plasticity, between the romantic tendency of the Middle Ages and the liberal historical movement of modern times. This influence is, no doubt, exercised upon Uhland, who restrained the romantic exuberance of popular poetry by Goethe's delicate art of limitation. Many have professed to discover herein an imitation of the Goethean form, which they may point out, if they so choose, particularly in Uhland's lays and ballads. But that cannot be called essentially an imitation, which is only a measure of representation acquired from the influence of another poet, — which is only a detected secret of form. Uhland has gained as much from the German mediæval poetry, for his form, as he has from Goethe. Uhland participated in the devotion to the study of this poetry, which was created by the Romantic School; of this his essay on Walther von der Vogelweide affords a fine illustration. But in his lays and ballads we encounter the mediæval both in form and substance, and see how fondly the poet's heart

* Die Literatur der Gegenwart, von Theodor Mundt (Berlin: 1842). pp. 205–208.

lingers among these knights and sons of kings, these goldsmiths' daughters, these sunken castles and enchanted forests. Yet he loves best to employ the legend of his own province, as is shown in 'Eberhard der Rauschebart.' Uhland also sought to shape national materials in the dramatic form; but we cannot help doubting, on the whole, his vocation for dramatic poetry."

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

Of Edenhall the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain, —
The house's oldest seneschal, —
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall.*

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all;
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light, —
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'T was right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
We drink deep draughts right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters, at last, like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper, takes a race of might
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the flames upstart;
The guests in dust are scattered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!
He in the night had scaled the wall;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard, in the desert hall;
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside;
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

The shepherd of the Alps am I,
The castles far beneath me lie;
Here first the ruddy sunlight gleams,
Here linger last the parting beams.
The mountain boy am I!

Here is the river's fountain-head,
I drink it from its stony bed;
As forth it leaps with joyous shout,
I seize it, ere it gushes out.
The mountain boy am I!

The mountain is my own domain;
It calls its storms from sea and plain;
From north to south they howl afar;
My voice is heard amid their war.
The mountain boy am I!

And when the tocsin sounds alarms,
And mountain bale-fires call to arms,
Then I descend, I join my king,
My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
The mountain boy am I!

The lightnings far beneath me lie;
High stand I here in clear blue sky;
I know them, and to them I call;
In quiet leave my father's hall.
The mountain boy am I!

ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

If in departed souls the power remain
These earthly scenes to visit once again,
Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,
When only sorrowing and longing wake; —
No! in some summer morning's light serene,
When not a cloud upon the sky is seen,
When high the golden harvest rears its head,
All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,
Thou, as of yore, around the fields wilt walk,
Greeting the reapers with mild, friendly talk.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

'T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king and spake:
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls
A luxuriant spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon? say!"
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I 'm a prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow, —
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin:

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
"Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
"O, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth:
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

THE DREAM.

Two lovers through the garden
Walked hand in hand along;
Two pale and slender creatures,
They sat the flowers among.

They kissed each other's cheek so warm,
They kissed each other's mouth;
They held each other arm in arm,
They dreamed of health and youth.

Two bells they sounded suddenly,
They started from their sleep;
And in the convent cell lay she,
And he in dungeon deep.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

THE NUN.

In the silent cloister-garden,
Beneath the pale moonshine,
There walked a lovely maiden,
And tears were in her eyne.

"Now, God be praised! my loved one
Is with the blest above:
Now man is changed to angel,
And angels I may love."

She stood before the altar
Of Mary, mother mild,
And on the holy maiden
The Holy Virgin smiled.

Upon her knees she worshipped
And prayed before the shrine,
And heavenward looked,—till Death came
And closed her weary eyne.

THE SERENADE.

"What sounds so sweet awake me?
What fills me with delight?
O mother, look! who sings thus
So sweetly through the night?"

"I hear not, child, I see not;
O, sleep thou softly on!
Comes now to serenade thee,
Thou poor sick maiden, none!"

"It is not earthly music,
That fills me with delight;
I hear the angels call me:
O mother dear, good night!"

THE WREATH.

There went a maid and plucked the flowers
That grew upon the sunny lea;
A lady from the greenwood came
Most beautiful to see!

Unto the maid she friendly came,
And in her hand a wreath she bore:
"It blooms not now, but soon will bloom;
O, wear it evermore!"

And as this maid in beauty grew,
And walked the mellow moon beneath,
And weeped young tears so tender, sweet,
Began to bud the wreath.

And when the maid, in beauty grown,
Clasped in her arms the glad bridegroom,
Forth from the bud's unfolded cup
There blushed a joyous bloom.

And when a playsome child she rocked
Her tender mother-arms between,
Amid the spreading leafy crown
A golden fruit was seen.

And when was sunk in death and night
The heart a wife had held most dear,
Then shook amid her shaken locks
A yellow leaf and sear.

Soon lay she, too, in blenched death,
And still this dear-loved wreath she wore,
Then bore the wreath,—this wondrous wreath,
Both fruit and bloom it bore.

TO ——.

Upon a mountain's summit
There might I with thee stand,
And, o'er the tufted forest,
Look down upon the land;
There might my finger show thee
The world in vernal shine,
And say, if all mine own were,
That all were mine and thine.

Into my bosom's deepness,
O, could thine eye but see,
Where all the songs are sleeping
That God e'er gave to me!
There would thine eye perceive it,
If aught of good be mine,—
Although I may not name thee,—
That aught of good is thine.

ERNST CONRAD FRIEDRICH SCHULZE.

Ernst Schulze was born at Celle, March 22d, 1789. In 1806, he began his theological studies at Göttingen, but soon afterwards exchanged theology for philology, with the design

of becoming a teacher of the classics and polite literature. He displayed a lively poetical imagination from his early youth. He was deeply affected by the early loss of a lady to whom he was passionately attached, and, as soon as the first violence of his grief was calmed, he formed the resolution of immortalizing her name by a poem, to which he devoted all his intellectual energies. In three years he completed the work, which was published under the title of "Cecilia," a romantic poem in twenty cantos. His poetical activity was interrupted, in 1814, by the war against France, in which he engaged as a volunteer. The exercise and hardships of military service operated favorably upon his spirits and his physical strength; but after his return to Göttingen, his health again began to decline. In 1816, he made a journey on foot through the Rhine country, and early in the following year visited Celle, where he died, June 26, 1817. His works are, the above-mentioned poem, which is considered by some the greatest romantic epic the Germans have produced in recent times; "The Enchanted Rose," a romantic poem, in three cantos; lyric poems; and a narrative poem, "Psyche." His collected works were published by Bouterwek, 1819–20; a new edition, in four volumes, appeared in 1822.

SONG.

Steeds are neighing, swords are gleaming,
Germany's revenge is nigh;
And the banners, brightly streaming,
Wave us on to victory.

Rouse thee, then, fond heart, and see
For a time thy task forsaken;
Bear what life hath laid on thee,
And forget what it hath taken!

THE HUNTSMAN DEATH.

The chief of the huntsmen is Death, whose aim
Soon levels the brave and the craven;
He crimsons the field with the blood of his game,
But the booty he leaves to the raven.
Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
O'er moor and mountain he gallops fast;
Man shakes
And quakes
At his bugle-blast.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee,
Who shoots with the shafts of the grave?
Far better to meet him thus manfully,
The brave by the side of the brave!
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to the foe let each hero stand,
And await
His fate
From a hero's hand.

MAY LILIES.

Faded are our sister flowers,
Faded all and gone;
In the meadows, in the bowers,
We are left alone!
Dark above our valley lowers
That funereal sky,
And the thick and chilling showers
Now come blighting by.

Drooping stood we in the strife,
Pale and tempest-shaken,
Weeping that our love and life
Should at once be taken;
Wishing, while within its cover
Each wan flower withdrew,
That, like those whose life was over,
We had withered too.

But the air a soothing ditty
Whispered silently;
How that love and gentlest pity
Still abode with thee;
How thy very presence ever
Shed a sunny glow,—
And where thou wert smiling, never
Tears were seen to flow.

So to thee, thou gentle spirit,
Are the wanderers come;
Let the weak thy care inherit,
Take the trembling home!
Though the bloom that did surround us
Withered with the blast,
Still the scent that hangs around us
Lives when that hath passed.

EXTRACT FROM CECILIA.

And now 't is o'er,—the long-planned work is done,—
The last sad meed that love and longing gave:
Beside thy bier the strain was first begun,
And now I lay the gift upon thy grave.
The bliss, the bale, through which my heart hath run,
Are mirrored in the story's mystic wave;
Take, then, the song, that in my bitter grief
Hath been my latest joy, my sole relief.

As mariners that on the flowery side
Of some fair coast have for a time descended,
And many a town and many a tower descried,
And many a blooming grove and plain extended,
Till, borne again to sea by wind and tide,
They see the picture fade, the vision ended;
So in the darkening distance do I see
My hopes grow dim, my joy and solace flee.

Such as thou didst in love and life appear,
In joy, in grief, in pleasure, and in pain,—
Such have I strove in words to paint thee here,
And link thy beauties with my lowly strain.

Still, as I sang, thy form was floating near,
And, hand in hand with thee, the goal I gain;
Alas, that, with the wreath that binds my brow,
My visionary bliss must vanish now!

Three years in that fond dream have flitted by;
For, though the tempest of the time was rife,
And, rising at the breath of destiny,
Through peace and war hath borne my bark of life,
I heeded not how clouds grew dark on high,
How beat against the bark the waters' strife;
Still in the hour of need unchangeably
The compass of my spirit turned to thee.

While time rolled on with ever-changing tide,
Thou wert the star, the sun, that shone for me;
For thee I girt the sword upon my side;
Each dream of peace was consecrate to thee;
And if my heart was long and deeply tried,
For thee alone I bore my misery;
Watching lest autumn with his chilling breath
Should blight the rose above thy couch of death.

Ah me! since thou hast gained thy heavenly throne,
And I, no more by earthly ties controlled,
Have shunned life's giddy joys, with thee alone
Sad fellowship in solitude to hold;
Full many a faithless friend is changed and gone,
Full many a heart that once was warm grown cold.
All this have I for thee in silence borne,
And joyed to bear, as on a brighter morn.

As vases, once with costly scents supplied,
Long after shed around their sweet perfume;
As clouds the evening sun with gold hath dyed
Gleam brightly yet, while all around is gloom;
As the strong river bears its freshening tide
Far out into the ocean's azure room;—
Forlorn and bruised, the heart, that once hath beat
For *thee*, can feel no anger and no hate.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

This author, one of the most important of the recent German lyrical poets, and known to the world under the poetical pseudonym of Freimund Raimar, was born at Schweinfurt in 1789, and, having pursued his preparatory studies at the Gymnasium in that place, entered the University of Jena, where he devoted himself to an extensive range of philological and literary studies. He commenced the career of private teacher in 1811, but did not long continue it. After several changes of residence, he finally established himself in Stuttgart, and assisted in editing the "Morgenblatt" from 1815 to 1817. The greater part of the year 1818 he passed at Rome and Aricia, where he occupied much of his time with the popular poetry of Italy. After his return he lived in Coburg, where, in the bosom of his family, he devoted himself to poetry, and to the study of the Oriental languages, especially the Persian and Arabic. In 1826, he was appointed Professor of the Oriental Languages in the University of Erlangen, where he remained, until, in 1841, he was called to Berlin. He is distinguished by a bold and fiery spirit, an intense love of country and hatred of her oppressors. He is not only an original author, but an excellent translator from the Oriental languages. He has also translated parts of the prophetical writings in the Old Testament. His collected poems, first part, were published at Erlangen in 1834; fifth edition, 1840;—second part, 1836; third edition, 1839;—third part, 1837; second edition, 1839;—parts four to six, 1837–38. A selection of his poems appeared at Frankfort on the Mayn in 1841; second edition, 1842.

STRUNG PEARLS.

'T is true, the breath of sighs throws mist upon a mirror;
But yet, through breath of sighs, the soul's clear glass grows clearer.
From God there is no flight, but only *to* him. Daring
Protects not when he frowns, but the child's filial bearing.
The father feels the blow, when he corrects his son;
But when thy heart is loose, rigor 's a kindness done.
A father should to God pray, each new day at latest,
"Lord, teach me how to use the power thou delegatest!"
O, look, whene'er the world thy senses would betray,
Up to the steady heavens, where the stars never stray!
The sun and moon take turns, and each to each gives place;
Else were e'en their wide house but a too narrow space.
When thy weak heart is tossed with passion's fiery gust,
Say to it, "Knowest thou how soon thou shalt be dust?"
Say to thy foe, "Is death not common to us twain?
Come, then, death-kinsman mine, and we 'll be friends again."
Much rather than the spots upon the sun's broad light,
Would love spy out the stars, scarce twinkling through the night.
Thou none the better art for seeking what to blame,
And ne'er wilt famous be by blasting others' fame.

The name alone remains, when all beside is reft:
O, leave, then, to the dead that little which is left!
Repentance can avail from God's rebuke to save;
But men will ne'er forget thine errors in thy grave.
Be good, and fear for naught that slanderous speech endangers:
Who bears no sin himself affords to bear a stranger's.
Say to thy pride, "'T is all but ashes for the urn;
Come, let us own our dust, before to dust we turn."
Be yielding to thy foe, and peace shall he yield back;
But yield not to thyself, and thou 'rt on victory's track.
Who is thy deadliest foe? — An evil heart's desire,
That hates thee still the worse, as thy weak love mounts higher.
Know'st thou where neither lords nor wretched serfs appear?
Where one the other serves, for each to each is dear.
Thou 'lt ne'er arrive at love, while still to life thou 'lt cling:
I 'm found but at the cost of thy self-offering.
According as thou wouldst receive, thou must impart;
Must wholly give a life, to wholly have a heart.
Till thought of thine own worth far buried from thee lies,
How know I that indeed *my* worth 's before thine eyes?
What more says he that speaks, than he that holds his peace?
Yet woe betide the heart that from thy praise can cease!
Say I, "In thee I am"? — say I, "Thou art in me"? —
Thou art what in me is; — what I am is through thee.
O sun, I am thy beam! O rose, I am thy scent!
I am thy drop, O sea! thy breath, O firmament!
Unmeasured mystery! what not the heavens contain
Will here be held in this small heart and narrow brain.
Of that tree I 'm a leaf, which ever new doth sprout:
Hail me! my stock remains, though winds toss me about.
Destruction blows on thee, while thou *alone* dost stay:
O, feel thee in that whole which ne'er shall pass away!
How great soe'er thyself, thou 'rt naught before the All;
But, as a member there, important, though most small.
The little bee to fight doth like a champion spur,
Because not for herself, — she feels her tribe in her;
Because so sweet her work, so sharp must be her sting:
The earth hath no delight unscourged by suffering.
From the same flower she sucks both food and poison up;
For death doth lurk alway in life's delicious cup.
The mulberry-leaf must bear the biting of a worm,
That so it may be raised to wear its silken form.
See, how along the ground the ant-hosts blindly throng!
Yet no more than the choirs of stars can these go wrong.
Toward setting sun the lark floats on in jubilee;
Frisking in light, the gnat to himself makes melody.
Sunset, the lark's note melts into the air of even;
To earth she falls not back; her grave is in the heaven.
When twilight fades, steal forth the constellations bright;
Below, 't is day that lives, — in upper air, the night.
The powerful sun to earth the fainting spirit beats,
Which mounts again on night's sweet breath of violets.
Through heaven, the livelong night, I 'm floating in my dreams,
And, when aroused, my room a scanty limit seems.
Wake up! the sun presents an image, in his rays,
How man can shine at morn to his Creator's praise.

. . . . . .

The flowers will tell to thee a sacred, mystic story,
How moistened earthy dust can wear celestial glory.
On thousand stems is found the love-inscription graven,
"How beautiful is earth, when it can image heaven!"
Wouldst thou first pause to thank thy God for every pleasure,
For mourning over griefs thou wouldst not find the leisure.
O heart, but try it once: 't is easy good to *be;*
But *to appear* so, such a strain and misery!
Who hath his day's work done may rest him as he will:
O, urge thyself, then, quick thy day's work to fulfil!
Of what each one should be, he sees the form and rule,
And, till he reach to that, his joy can ne'er be full.
O, pray for life! thou feel'st, that, with those faults of thine,
Thou art not ready yet with sons of God to shine.

From the sun's might away may the calm planet rove?
How easy, then, for man to wander from God's love!
Yet from each circle's point to the centre lies a track;
And there 's a way to God from furthest error back.
Whoso mistakes me now but spurs me on to make
My life so speak, henceforth, that no one can mistake.
And though, throughout the world, the good I nowhere find,
I still believe in it, for its image in my mind.
The heart that loves somewhat is not abandoned yet:
The smallest fibre serves some root in God to set.

. . . . . .

Because she bears the pearl, that makes the shell-fish sore:
Be thankful for the grief that but exalts thee more.
The sweetest fruit grows not when the tree's sap is full:
The spirit is not ripe, till meaner powers grow dull.
Spring weaves a spell of odors, colors, sounds:
Come, Autumn, free the soul from these enchanted bounds.
My tree was thick with shade: O blast, thine office do,
And strip the foliage off, to let the heaven shine through.
They 're wholly blown away, bright blossoms and green leaves:
They 're brought home to the barn, all colorless, the sheaves.

THE SUN AND THE BROOK.

The Sun he spoke
To the Meadow-Brook,
And said, — "I sorely blame you;
Through every nook
The wild-flower folk
You hunt, as naught could shame you.
What but the light
Makes them so bright, —
The light from me they borrow?
Yet me you slight,
To get a sight
At them, and I must sorrow!
Ah! pity take
On me, and make
Your smooth breast stiller, clearer;
And, as I wake
In the blue sky-lake,
Be thou, O Brook, my mirror!"

The Brook flowed on,
And said anon, —
"Good Sun, it should not grieve you
That, as I run,
I gaze upon
The motley flowers, and leave you.
You are so great
In your heavenly state,
And they so unpretending,
On you they wait,
And only get
The graces of your lending.
But when the sea
Receiveth me,
From them I must me sever;
I then shall be
A glass to thee,
Reflecting thee for ever."

NATURE MORE THAN SCIENCE.

I have a thousand thousand lays,
Compact of myriad myriad words,
And so can sing a million ways,
Can play at pleasure on the chords
Of tuned harp or heart;
Yet is there one sweet song
For which in vain I pine and long;
I cannot reach that song, with all my minstrel-art.

A shepherd sits within a dell,
O'ercanopied from rain and heat;
A shallow, but pellucid well
Doth ever bubble at his feet.
His pipe is but a leaf;
Yet there, above that stream,
He plays and plays, as in a dream,
One air that steals away the senses like a thief.

A simple air it seems, in truth,
And who begins will end it soon;
Yet, when that hidden shepherd-youth
So pours it in the ear of Noon,
Tears flow from those anear:
All songs of yours and mine,
Condensed in one, were less divine
Than that sweet air to sing, that sweet, sweet air to hear!

'T was yester noon he played it last;
The hummings of a hundred bees
Were in mine ears, yet, as I passed,
I heard him through the myrtle-trees:
Stretched all along he lay,
'Mid foliage half decayed;
His lambs were feeding while he played,
And sleepily wore on the stilly summer day.

THE PATRIOT'S LAMENT.

"What forgest, smith?" "We 're forging chains; ay, chains!"
"Alas! to chains yourselves degraded are!" —
"Why ploughest, farmer?" "Fields their fruit must bear."
"Yes, seed for foes; — the burr for thee remains!"

"What aim'st at, sportsman?" "Yonder stag, so fat."
"To hunt you down, like stag and roe, they 'll try."—
"What snarest, fisher?" "Yonder fish, so shy."
"Who 's there to save you from your fatal net?"

"What art thou rocking, sleepless mother?" "Boys."
"Yes; let them grow, and wound their country's fame,
Slaves to her foes, with parricidal arm!"—
"What art thou writing, poet?" "Words of flame;
I mark my own, record my country's harm,
Whom thought of freedom never more employs."

I blame them not, who with the foreign steel
Tear out our vitals, pierce our inmost heart;
For they are foes created for our smart,
And when they slay us, why they do it, feel.

But, in these paths, ye seek what recompense?
For you what brilliant toys of fame are here,
Ye mongrel foes, who lift the sword and spear
Against your country, not for her defence?

Ye Franks, Bavarians, and ye Swabians, say,
Ye aliens, sold to bear the slavish name,—
What wages for your servitude they pay.
Your eagle may perchance redeem your fame;
More sure his robber-train, ye birds of prey,
To coming ages shall prolong your shame!

CHRISTKINDLEIN.

How bird-like o'er the flakes of snow
Its fairy footsteps flew!
And on its soft and childish brow
How delicate the hue!

And expectation wings its feet,
And stirs its infant smile;
The merry bells their chime repeat;
The child stands still the while.

Then clasps in joy its little hand;
Then marks the Christian dome;
The stranger child, in stranger land,
Feels now as if at home.

It runs along the sparkling ground;
Its face with gladness beams;
It frolics in the blaze around,
Which from each window gleams.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
Reflected from the trees;
And from the branches, green and tall,
The glittering gifts it sees.

It views within the lighted hall
The charm of social love;—
O, what a joyous festival!
'T is sanctioned from above.

But now the childish heart 's unstrung:
"Where is my taper's light?
And why no evergreen been hung
With toys for me to-night?

"In my sweet home there was a band
Of holy love for me;
A mother's kind and tender hand
Once decked my Christmas-tree.

"O, some one take me 'neath the blaze
Of those light tapers, do!
And, children, I can feel the plays;
O, let me play with you!

"I care not for the prettiest toy;
I want the love of home;
O, let me in your playful joy
Forget I have to roam!"

The little fragile hand is raised,
It strikes at every gate;
In every window earnest gazed,
Then 'mid the snow it sat.

"Christinkle![1] thou, the children's friend,
I 've none to love me now!
Hast thou forgot my tree to send,
With lights on every bough?"

The baby's hands are numbed with frost,
Yet press the little cloak;
Then on its breast in meekness crossed,
A sigh the silence broke.

And closer still the cloak it drew
Around its silken hair;
Its pretty eyes, so clear and blue,
Alone defied the air.

Then came another pilgrim child,—
A shining light he held;
The accents fell so sweet and mild,
All music they excelled.

"I am thy Christmas friend, indeed,
And once a child like thee;
When all forget, thou need'st not plead,—
I will adorn thy tree.

"My joys are felt in street or bower,
My aid is everywhere;
Thy Christmas-tree, my precious flower,
Here, in the open air,

"Shall far outshine those other trees,
Which caught thy infant eye."
The stranger child looks up, and sees,
Far, in the deep blue sky,

A glorious tree, and stars among
The branches hang their light;
The child, with soul all music, sung,
"My tree indeed is bright!"

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[1] A corruption of the German *Christkindlein*. It means the child Christ, to whom it is thought all these gifts are owing.

As 'neath the power of a dream
The infant closed its eyes,
And troops of radiant angels seem
Descending from the skies,

The baby to its Christ they bear;
With Jesus it shall live;
It finds a home and treasure there
Sweeter than earth can give.

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ.

The Baron von Zedlitz, one of the most gifted of the German poets of the present day, was born in 1790, at Johannisburg in Austrian Silesia. After having studied several years at Breslau, he made choice of a military career, and in 1806 entered the hussar regiment of the Archduke Ferdinand. He rose to high military rank by successive promotions; was present in the battles of Regensburg, Aspern, and Wagram; in 1810, was appointed to an office at the imperial court, and, the following year, married the daughter of the Baron von Liptay. Afterwards he left the military service, and devoted himself to science and art. He published in various journals a series of short lyrical poems, which he called "Spring Roses." These were followed by a rapid succession of dramatic compositions, which were brought upon the stage at Vienna with great applause. Those of his lyrical poems, which he judged worthy of preservation, were published at Stuttgart in 1833. The best known of his pieces, at least to English readers, is "The Midnight Review," which was set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm. He has also translated Lord Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and for several years edited the Vienna annual, called the "Vesta," and contributed several critical papers to the Vienna "Jahrbücher der Literatur."

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight from his grave
The drummer woke and rose,
And, beating loud the drum,
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks rise and fall;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillé and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves
To life start at the sound:

Both they in farthest North,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And they who warm repose
Beneath Italian clay:

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath the Arabian sand,
Their burial-place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave
The trumpeter arose,
And, mounted on his horse,
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then
The cavalry are seen,
Old squadrons, erst renowned,
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque, their skulls
Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their bony hands
Their long, sharp swords they bare.

And at midnight from his tomb
The chief awoke and rose,
And, followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain has he,
A little sword for arms
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon
A paly lustre threw:
The man with the little hat
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,
Deep rolls the drum the while;
Recovering then, the troops
Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round
In circles formed appear;
The chief to the first a word
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the line;
That word they give is, — *France!*
The answer, — *Saint Hélène!*

'T is there, at midnight hour,
The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held,
In the *Champs-Élysées!*

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

This writer, equally distinguished as a poet and hero, was born September 23d, 1791, at Dresden. He studied first at the Mining Academy in Freiberg, and in 1810 entered the University of Leipsic. Being compelled to leave the University on account of some imprudences

he had committed, he went to Vienna, where he wrote for the theatre. In 1813, he served in Lützow's corps in the war against Napoleon, and in the battle of Kitzen he was severely wounded and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Recovering from his wounds during the armistice, he rejoined the corps on the renewal of hostilities, and fought with signal intrepidity in several battles against the French under Davoust. He fell on the field of battle, August 26th, 1813, a short distance from Rosenberg, having only an hour before finished his celebrated "Sword-Song," and read it to his comrades. His poems are marked by a lofty lyrical genius and the greatest patriotic enthusiasm. His works are lyrical poems, entitled "Knospen," or Buds, 1810; "The Lyre and Sword," 1814,—seventh edition, Berlin, 1834; and dramatic pieces, including tragedies and comedies. His collected works were published in four volumes, Berlin, 1838; second edition, 1842. His life was written by Lehmann, Halle, 1819; also by his father. His works have been translated into English by G. F. Richardson, in two volumes, London, 1827; and his lyrical poems, by W. B. Chorley, London, 1834.

MY FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the minstrel's fatherland? —
Where noble spirits beam in light;
Where love-wreaths bloom for beauty bright;
Where noble minds enraptured dream
Of every high and hallowed theme:
This *was* the minstrel's fatherland!

How name ye the minstrel's fatherland? —
Now o'er the corses of children slain
She weeps a foreign tyrant's reign;
She once was the land of the good oak-tree,
The German land, the land of the free:
So named we once my fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland? —
She weeps, that, for a tyrant, still,
Her princes check their people's will;
That her sacred words unheeded fly,
And that none will list to her vengeful cry:
Therefore weeps my fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland? —
She calls upon the God of heaven,
In a voice which Vengeance's self hath given;
She calls on a free, devoted band;
She calls for an avenging hand:
Thus calls the minstrel's fatherland!

What will she do, thy fatherland? —
She will drive her tyrant foes away;
She will scare the bloodhound from his prey;
She will bear her son no more a slave,
Or will yield him at least a freeman's grave:
This will she do, my fatherland!

And what are the hopes of thy fatherland? —
She hopes, at length, for a glorious prize;
She hopes her people will arise;
She hopes in the great award of Heaven;
And she sees, at length, an avenger given:
And these are the hopes of my fatherland!

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD night!
Be thy cares forgotten quite!
Day approaches to its close;
Weary nature seeks repose.
Till the morning dawn in light,
Good night!

Go to rest!
Close thine eyes in slumbers blest!
Now 't is still and tranquil all;
Hear we but the watchman's call,
And the night is still and blest.
Go to rest!

Slumber sweet!
Heavenly forms thy fancy greet!
Be thy visions from above,
Dreams of rapture, — dreams of love!
As the fair one's form you meet,
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light!
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its sorrows with its ray!
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! Good night!
good night!

SWORD-SONG.

"SWORD at my left side gleaming!
Why is thy keen glance beaming,
So fondly bent on mine?
I love that smile of thine!
Hurrah!"

"Borne by a trooper daring,
My looks his fire-glance wearing,
I arm a freeman's hand:
This well delights thy brand!
Hurrah!"

"Ay, good sword! Free I wear thee;
And, true heart's love, I bear thee,
Betrothed one, at my side,
As my dear, chosen bride!
Hurrah!"

"To thee till death united,
Thy steel's bright life is plighted;
Ah, were my love but tried!
When wilt thou wed thy bride?
Hurrah!"

"The trumpet's festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning;
When loud the cannon chide,
Then clasp I my loved bride!
Hurrah!"

"O, joy, when thine arms hold me!
I pine until they fold me.
Come to me! bridegroom, come!
Thine is my maiden bloom.
Hurrah!"

"Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou wild, dear steel, art ringing?
Why clanging with delight,
So eager for the fight?
Hurrah!"

"Well may thy scabbard rattle,
Trooper, I pant for battle;
Right eager for the fight,
I clang with wild delight.
Hurrah!"

"Why thus, my love, forth creeping?
Stay, in thy chamber sleeping;
Wait, still, i' th' narrow room;
Soon for my bride I come.
Hurrah!"

"Keep me not longer pining!
O, for Love's garden, shining
With roses, bleeding red,
And blooming with the dead!
Hurrah!"

"Come from thy sheath, then, treasure!
Thou trooper's true eye-pleasure!
Come forth, my good sword, come!
Enter thy father-home!
Hurrah!"

"Ha! in the free air glancing,
How brave this bridal dancing!
How, in the sun's glad beams,
Bride-like thy bright steel gleams!
Hurrah!"

Come on, ye German horsemen!
Come on, ye valiant Norsemen!
Swells not your hearts' warm tide?
Clasp each in hand his bride!
Hurrah!

Once at your left side sleeping,
Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping;
Now, wedded with your right,
God plights your bride i' th' light.
Hurrah!

Then press, with warm caresses,
Close lips, and bridal kisses,
Your steel;—cursed be his head,
Who fails the bride he wed!
Hurrah!

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing;
Day dawns for bridal pride;
Hurrah, thou Iron-bride!
Hurrah!

THE OAK-TREES.

Evening is near,—the sun's last rays have darted
O'er the red sky,—day's busy sounds wax low;
Beneath your shade I seat me, anxious-hearted,
Full of high thoughts and manhood's youthful glow.
Ye true old witnesses of times departed,
Still are ye decked in young life's greenest show;
The strong old days, the past world's forms of power,
Still in your pride of strength before us tower.

Much that was noble Time hath been defiling;
Much that was fair an early death hath died;
Still through your leaf-crown glimmers, faintly smiling,
The last departing glow of eventide:
Careless ye view the Fates wide ruins piling,—
In vain Time menaces your healthy pride,
And voices whisper, through your branches sighing,
"All that is great must triumph over dying!"

Thus have ye triumphed! O'er what droops decaying,
Green, fresh, and strong, ye rear your lusty heads;
No weary pilgrim, through the forest straying,
But rests him in the shade your branch-work spreads;
E'en when your leaves are dead, each light wind playing
On the glad earth their precious tribute sheds:
Thus o'er your roots your fallen children sleeping,
Hold all your next spring-glories in sure keeping.

Fair images of true old German feeling,
As it showed in my country's better days,
When, fearlessly with life's-blood freedom sealing,
Her sons died, glad the holy wall to raise!
Ah! what avails our common grief revealing?
On every heart a hand of death it lays!
My German land! thou noblest under heaven!
Thine Oak-trees stand,—Thou down to earth art driven!

ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN.

This poet was the oldest brother of Dr. Charles Follen, whose name is so well known in the United States. He was born January 21st, 1794, at Darmstadt. He studied several years at the Gymnasium in Giessen, then gave two years to theology at the High School there, after which he passed some time as private tutor in a noble family. In 1814, he joined

the Hessian jäger corps of volunteers, and shared with them in the campaign against France. On his return, he studied law two years in Heidelberg; afterwards edited the Elberfeld "Universal Gazette." In 1819, he was implicated in the "Demagogical Intrigues," and imprisoned in Berlin. Being set at liberty in 1821, he removed to Switzerland, and received an appointment in the Canton School of Aarau, which at a later period he resigned, and has ever since lived as a private citizen. He was highly distinguished among the poets of the excited period from 1813 to 1819. His works consist of songs of very great merit, and translations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian. The best known of his pieces are the "Free Voices of Fresh Youth," Jena, 1819. Afterwards he published the "Gallery of German Poetry," two volumes, Winterthür, 1827.

BLÜCHER'S BALL.*

By the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance;
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye through, ye knaves of France!
For there struck the great bass-viol an old German master famed, —
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wallstadt, Gebhardt Lebrecht Blücher named.
Up! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted with the cannon's glare!
Spread yourselves, ye gay, green carpets, that the dancing moistens there!
And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg and with Jauer;
Whew! he 's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy northern shower!
Ha! the dance went briskly onward, tingling madness seized them all;
As when howling, mighty tempests on the arms of windmills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery, wants a pleasant dancing chime;
And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly, beats the old Teutonic time.
Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the kettle-drum,
And, with crushing strength of arm, down lets the thundering hammer come?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion: Alemannia's envious foes
Smites the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shivering blows.
And the old man scrapes the sweep-out:[1] hapless Franks and hapless trulls!
Now what dancers leads the graybeard? Ha! ha! ha! 't is dead men's skulls!
But, as ye too much were heated in the sultriness of hell,
Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the Katzbach cool ye well.
From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the ancient proverb say,
"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with clubs be beat away!"

* In the battle of Katzbach, which was fought on the 26th of August, 1813, the Russians and Prussians, under the command of the veteran Field-marshal Blücher, defeated the French, who were led by Macdonald, Ney, Lauriston, and Sebastiani, and were driven pell-mell into the Katzbach. Skirmishes had previously taken place at Goldberg and Jauer. The day of the battle was rainy, and the soldiers fought with clubbed muskets. The poet represents the scene as a ball, under the direction of old Blücher, who had received, from his vigor and promptitude, the name of "Marshal Forward."

WILHELM MÜLLER.

Wilhelm Müller was born October 7th, 1795, at Dessau. In 1812, he began his studies at Berlin, devoting himself chiefly to history and philology. The Liberation War of 1813 interrupted his studies, and he was present, as a volunteer, in the battles of Lützen, Bautzen, Hanau, and Culm. He resumed his studies in 1814. In 1819, he travelled in Italy, and, on his return, published the results of his observations on Rome. He then became a teacher in the Gymnasium at Dessau, Court Councillor, and Librarian. He died October 1st, 1827. His works are, "Poems from the Papers of a Travelling Player on the Bugle-horn," two volumes, 1824; "Songs of the Greeks," 1821; "Lyrical Walks," 1827. He also published a valuable collection of the poets of the seventeenth century, ten volumes, Leipsic, 1822–27; and a translation of Fauriel's "Modern Greek Popular Songs." His poems were edited by Schwab, Leipsic, 1837, who also wrote his life.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

"The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And every thing, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?" —
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

[1] The *kehraus*, or *sweep-out*, was formerly the concluding dance at balls and parties in Germany. All the company, headed by the musicians, danced up and down every staircase, and through every room in the house.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou may'st stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,—
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither poet nor printer may know."

WHITHER?

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

AUGUST GRAF VON PLATEN-HALLERMÜNDE.

THIS accomplished and interesting person was born at Anspach, October 24th, 1796. He was educated for the military career, and served against France. But, unsatisfied with a military life, he studied at Würzburg and Erlangen, and by his unwearied industry made himself a proficient in the Latin, Greek, Persian, Arabic, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Swedish languages. He travelled and resided much in Italy, where many of his best pieces were written. He died at Syracuse, in Sicily, December 5th, 1835. His principal writings are dramatic poems, lyrical pieces, "Gazelles" (poems in imitation of the Persian), and "The Abassides," in nine cantos. His collected works were published in 1838.

SONNETS.

I.

FAIR as the day that bodes as fair a morrow,
With noble brow, with eyes in heaven's dew,
Of tender years, and charming as the new,
So found I thee,—so found I, too, my sorrow.
O, could I shelter in thy bosom borrow,
There most collected where the most unbent!
O, would this coyness were already spent,
That aye adjourns our union till to-morrow!
But canst thou hate me? Art thou yet unshaken?
Wherefore refusest thou the soft confession
To him who loves, yet feels himself forsaken?
O, when thy future love doth make expression,
An anxious rapture will the moment waken,
As with a youthful prince at his accession!

II.

TO SCHELLING:

WITH SOME POEMS IN THE ORIENTAL STYLE.

Is he not also *Beauty's* sceptre bearing,
Who holds in *Truth's* domain the kingly right?
Thou seest in the Highest both unite,
Like long-lost melodies together pairing.
Thou wilt not scorn the dainty, motley band,
With clang of foreign music hither faring,
A little gift for thee, from Morning-land,—
Thou wilt discern the beauty they are wearing.
Among the flowers, forsooth, of distant valleys,
I hover like the butterfly, that clings
To summer-sweets and with a trifle dallies:
But thou dost dip thy holy, honeyed wings,
Beyond the margin of the world's flower-chalice,
Deep, deep into the mystery of things.

HEINRICH HEINE.

HEINRICH HEINE, well known as a political writer and a poet, was born in 1797, at Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, and studied law at the Universities of Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen; at the last of which he took his degree. He afterwards resided in Hamburg, Berlin, and Munich; and since 1830 has lived in Paris. His principal writings are "Buch der Lieder," a collection of lyrical poems; two tragedies, "Almansor" and "Radcliff"; the four volumes of "Reisebilder"; the "Beiträge zur Geschichte der neuern schönen Literatur in Deutschland"; the "Französische Zustände"; and "Der Sa-

lon"; — the last two being collections of his various contributions to the German newspapers. The most popular of his writings is the "Reisebilder" (Pictures of Travel). The "Beiträge" has been translated into English, by G. W. Haven, under the title of "Letters auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany" (Boston, 1836); a work several times referred to in this volume. The same work, with many additions, has been published in Paris, under the title of "De l'Allemagne."

The style of Heine is remarkable for vigor, wit, and brilliancy; but is wanting in taste and refinement. To the recklessness of Byron he adds the sentimentality of Sterne. The "Reisebilder" is a kind of "Don Juan" in prose, with passages from the "Sentimental Journey." He is always in extremes, either of praise or censure; setting at naught the decencies of life, and treating the most sacred things with frivolity. Throughout his writings are seen traces of a morbid, ill-regulated mind; of deep feeling, disappointment, and suffering. His sympathies seem to have died within him, like Ugolino's children in the tower of Famine. With all his various powers, he wants the one great power, — the power of truth. He wants, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavours, the aspiration "after an ideal standard, that is higher than himself."

In the highest degree reprehensible, too, is the fierce, implacable hatred with which Heine pursues his foes. No man should write of another as he permits himself to write at times. In speaking of Schlegel as he does in his "German Literature," he is utterly without apology. And yet to such remorseless invectives, to such witty sarcasms, he is indebted in a great degree for his popularity. It was not till after it had bitten the heel of Hercules, that the Crab was placed among the constellations.

The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose-writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone, the same endless sigh, pervades them. Though they possess a high lyric merit, they are for the most part fragmentary; — expressions of some momentary state of feeling, — sudden ejaculations of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love. They profess to be songs, and as songs must they be judged. Then these imperfect expressions of feeling, — these mere suggestions of thought, — this "luminous mist," that half reveals, half hides the sense, — this selection of topics from scenes of every-day life, — and, in fine, this prevailing tone of sadness, will not seem affected, misplaced, or exaggerated. At the same time it must be confessed, that, in these songs, the lofty aim is wanting; we listen in vain for the spirit-stirring note, — for the word of power, — for those ancestral melodies, which, amid the uproar of the world, breathe into our ears for evermore the voices of consolation, encouragement, and warning.

THE VOYAGE.

As at times a moonbeam pierces
Through the thickest cloudy rack,
So to me, through days so dreary,
One bright image struggles back.

Seated all on deck, we floated
Down the Rhine's majestic stream;
On its borders, summer-laden,
Slept the peaceful evening-gleam.

Brooding, at the feet I laid me
Of a fair and gentle one,
On whose placid, pallid features
Played the ruddy-golden sun.

Lutes were ringing, youths were singing,
Swelled my heart with feelings strange;
Bluer grew the heaven above us,
Wider grew the spirit's range.

Fairy-like beside us flitted
Rock and ruin, wood and plain;
And I gazed on all reflected
In my loved one's eyes again.

THE TEAR.

The latest light of evening
Upon the waters shone,
And still we sat in the lonely hut,
In silence and alone.

The sea-fog grew, the screaming mew
Rose on the water's swell,
And silently in her gentle eye
Gathered the tears and fell.

I saw them stand on the lily hand,
Upon my knee I sank,
And, kneeling there, from her fingers fair
The precious dew I drank.

And sense and power, since that sad hour,
In longing waste away;
Ah me! I fear, in each witching tear
Some subtile poison lay.

THE EVENING GOSSIP.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
We looked on sea and sky,
We saw the mists of evening
Come riding and rolling by:

The lights in the lighthouse window
Brighter and brighter grew,
And on the dim horizon
A ship still hung in view.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
Of the seaman's anxious life;
How he floats 'twixt sky and water,
'Twixt joy and sorrow's strife:

We spoke of coasts far distant,
We spoke of south and north,
Strange men, and stranger customs,
That those wild lands send forth:

Of the giant trees of Ganges,
Whose balm perfumes the breeze;
And the fair and slender creatures,
That kneel by the lotus-trees:

Of the flat-skulled, wide-mouthed, Laplanders,
So dirty and so small;
Who bake their fish on the embers,
And cower, and shake, and squall.

The maidens listened earnestly,
At last the tales were ended;
The ship was gone, the dusky night
Had on our talk descended.

THE LORE-LEI.*

I know not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine,
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair:

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lore-lei has done!

THE HOSTILE BROTHERS.

Yonder, on the mountain summit,
Lies the castle wrapped in night;
In the valley gleam the sparkles
Struck from clashing swords in fight.

Brothers they who thus in fury
Fierce encounter hand to hand;
Say, what cause could make a brother
'Gainst a brother turn his brand?

Countess Laura's beaming glances
Did the fatal feud inflame,
Kindling both with equal passion
For the fair and noble dame.

Which hath gained the fair one's favor?
Which shall win her for his bride?—
Vain to scan her heart's inclining;
Draw the sword, let that decide.

Wild and desperate grows the combat,
Clashing strokes like thunder fly;
Ah! beware, ye savage warriors!
Evil powers by night are nigh.

Woe for you, ye bloody brothers!
Woe for thee, thou bloody vale!
By each other's swords expiring,
Sink the brothers, stark and pale.

Many a century has departed,
Many a race has found a tomb,
Yet from yonder rocky summits
Frown those moss-grown towers of gloom;

And within the dreary valley
Fearful sights are seen by night;
There, as midnight strikes, the brothers
Still renew their ghastly fight.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

The sea it hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love.

THE FIR-TREE AND THE PALM.

A lonely fir-tree standeth
On a height where north winds blow;
It sleepeth, with whitened garment,
Enshrouded by ice and snow.

It dreameth of a palm-tree,
That far in the Eastern land,
Lonely and silent, mourneth
On its burning shelf of sand.

* A witch, who, in the form of a lovely maiden, used to place herself on the remarkable rock, called the *Lurleyberg*, overlooking the Rhine, and, by her magic songs arresting the attention of the boatmen, lured them into the neighbouring whirlpool.

HEINRICH AUGUST HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

Heinrich August Hoffmann, called Von Fallersleben, to distinguish him from the numerous other writers of the same name, was born April 2d, 1798, at Fallersleben. In 1812, he entered the Gymnasium at Helmstädt, and in 1816, began his studies at the University of Göttingen. He was destined for theology, but soon gave it up and devoted himself wholly to literary history and German philology, the study of which he prosecuted at the newly established University of Bonn, to which he resorted in 1819. In his various journeys along the Rhine, his attention was attracted to the remains of German popular poetry still preserved among the people. In 1821, he visited Holland for the purpose of investigating the old Netherlandish literature. In 1823, he was appointed keeper of the University library at Breslau. In 1830, he was made Professor Extraordinary, and in 1835, Ordinary Professor of the German Language and Literature in the Berlin University. Besides numerous valuable works in various departments of literary history and criticism, particularly upon German philology, he has also written "Alemannic Songs," Fallersleben, 1826; "Poems," two volumes, Leipsic, 1833; "The Book of Love," Breslau, 1836; "Poems, a new Collection," Breslau, 1837. His poems are distinguished by an artless simplicity, by harmony of language, and skilful versification.

The following is part of Laube's * sketch of Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

"I can never speak of Hoffmann without singing some of his verses, and methinks that is a good sign. He is a singer, and not merely the idea of a singer, like many of those our blessed native land possesses. I never think of the *secunda* and *prima*, where metre was drilled into us, where, in a dead white, comfortless room, we sat on black, unyielding benches; I do not think of the metrical crotchets and quavers, when I see Hoffmann; no, thank God! one needs not to have learned, in order to enjoy him. The sounding beech-groves upon our hillocks, the hamlets with black wooden walls, with nut-brown maids, and uproarious youngsters in short leathern breeches and short jackets, — the whole, dear, rustic Germany rises before me in this poet. The little, peaceful valleys, with their green slopes, open before me; I see the white cottages, I hear the clarionet, and under the great linden, before the inn, sits a long gentleman with one or two travelling companions, in the midst of boors. A great flask of wine stands before him, a happy friendliness rests upon his features, and smiling eyes upon that small, delicate countenance. Long, waving locks float over his shoulders, and a little, funny black cap covers the top of his head. He shows in his looks that his heart is delighted with the clarionet, with the merry peasants, with the sunbeams dancing among the branches of the linden, with the whole world, and the next song, that is already sitting upon his lips. Is it an ancient wayfaring Mastersinger? There is something in the whole cut of his figure so like the later Middle Ages, something so scholarly and careless and German. Such a long, slender man, with his hearty affection for his country, — it can only be a German, who loves the spring, the wine-cup, and a traveller's song, to the melody,

"'Once on a time, three jolly blades,
Three jolly blades were they,'—

who likes all that a great deal better than freedom and fame and God knows what.

"Yes, it is a German, and that, too, a German from Fallersleben; it is the tall Hoffmann von Fallersleben, the tall professor; a German poet through and through and over and over. I never thought of any thing but Germany, when I saw him near Breslau, striding along the Marienau Oderdamm, with long and wide step, into the shade of the oaks. By day, he sits in the cool, lofty library on the Sandgasse, where once monks or nuns have prayed. There he studies old German codices; hard by ring the bells of the Sandkirche; single laborious students pass reverently, softly brushing by the long rows of books, and look with astonishment upon the folios. There, perhaps, a silent song occurs to him, of romantic longing for the ancient Rhine, its castles, turrets, and cellars. And when he goes home at evening, the trees are rustling, the maidens singing, the lads yodling, the mother lulling the baby to sleep, a lover standing on the bridge and waiting for his love.

"From all this, the homely, hearty, and yet so bright and fresh poetry of Hoffmann is woven. The German song is his soul. It sounds, and rustles, and rings through all his little volumes of songs: all we can do fitly is to write a song again about him; reviewing sounds like a discord. Swallows, living swallows are his poems, and the spring is not far off."

* Moderne Characteristiken, Vol. II., p. 121.

ON THE WALHALLA.*

Hail to thee, thou lofty hall
Of German greatness, German glory!
Hail to you, ye heroes all
Of ancient and of modern story!

O, ye heroes in the hall,
Were ye but alive, as once!
Nay, that would not do at all, —
The king prefers you, stone and bronze!

* A temple on the banks of the Danube, near Regensburg, in which the king of Bavaria has assembled the busts and statues of the great men of Germany, heroes, patriots, and reformers; Luther, and such little men, however, excepted.

LAMENTATION FOR THE GOLDEN AGE.

Would our bottles but grow deeper,
Did our wine but once get cheaper,
Then on earth there might unfold
The golden time, the age of gold.

But not for us, — we are commanded
To go with temperance even-handed; —
The golden age is for the dead;
We 've got the paper age instead.

But, ah! our bottles still decline,
And daily dearer grows our wine,
And flat and void our pockets fall; —
Faith! soon there 'll be no times at all!

GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We 're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Confederation protocols;
Heaps of tax and budget-rolls;
A whole ship-load of skins, to fill
With proclamations just at will.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We 're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
A brave supply of corporals' canes;
Of livery suits a hundred wains;
Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and
Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We 're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Chamberlains' keys; a pile of sacks;
Books of full blood-descents in packs;
Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton;
Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We 're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Skull-caps, periwigs, old-world airs;
Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs;
Councillors' titles, private lists,
Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We 're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding,
and funeral;
Passports and wander-books great and small;
Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,
And just three million police-directions.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

DIETRICH CHRISTIAN GRABBE.

This unfortunate, but richly gifted person was born at Detmold, December 11th, 1801. His whole life was made wretched by the demoralizing circumstances in which his childhood was passed under the domestic roof. In spite of such unhappy influences at home, Grabbe was laborious at school, and at the Universities of Leipsic and Berlin. He wrote several dramas, which indicated great, though irregular and disordered powers; but his personal character prevented him from forming intimate relations with the distinguished men whom the genius displayed in his writings had at first attracted. He attempted, but without success, to figure upon the stage. After this he gave several years of earnest labor to his juridical studies, commenced the practice of law, received a government appointment, and married; but he soon fell into difficulties of various kinds. His dissipated habits had broken down his health, and he quarrelled with his acquaintances and his wife; but his poetical abilities were not suffered to remain idle. He was at length dismissed from his place, deserted his wife, and went to Frankfort, whence, on the invitation of Immermann, he repaired to Düsseldorf. Here, after a short respite, he yielded himself wholly to dissipation, abandoned himself to the lowest company, and was utterly ruined. In May, 1836, he returned, with health irremediably shattered, to his native city, was reconciled with his wife, and died on the 12th of September. Freiligrath has commemorated this ill-fated man in a poem, from which the following lines are taken.

"This camp! ah, yes! methinks it images well
What thou hast been, thou lonely tower!
Moonbeam and lamplight mingled; the deep choral swell
Of Music, in her peals of proudest power,
And then — the tavern dice-box rattle!
The Grand and the Familiar fought
Within thee for the mastery; and thy depth of thought
And play of wit made every conflict a drawn battle!

"And, O, that such a mind, so rich, so overflowing
With ancient lore and modern phantasy,
And prodigal of its treasures as a tree
Of golden leaves when autumn winds are blowing, —
That such a mind, made to illume and glad
All minds, all hearts, should have itself become
Affliction's chosen sanctuary and home!
This is, in truth, most *marvellous* and sad!"

The works of Grabbe are chiefly dramatic; the most noted of them are, "The Duke of Gothland," "Don Juan and Faust," "Barbarossa," "Henry the Sixth," and "The Battle of Arminius." He also wrote a dramatic epic, entitled "Napoleon, or the Hundred Days."

EXTRACT FROM CINDERELLA.

[*Scene.* — A grass-plat surrounded by woods and hills. — The Fairies appear.]

THE FAIRIES.

NESTLED in the rose we lie,
And scatter perfume through the sky.

FIRST FAIRY.

The snowdrop bells are ringing.

SECOND FAIRY.

Hark, how the brooks are singing!

FAIRIES.

They ring, they sing,
For the coming spring!
From a far-off zone does the stranger seem,
And his robe is wove of the sunny beam.

FIRST FAIRY.

The golden sun is the crown he wears.

SECOND FAIRY.

His carpet, the dew-besprinkled green.

FIRST FAIRY.

The flowers, the prints where his foot hath been.

SECOND FAIRY.

And winter flies when his voice he hears.

FIRST FAIRY.

The greenwood longs for his warm embrace.

SECOND FAIRY.

The lake looks up with a smiling face.

FIRST FAIRY.

And the bee and fly
In ambush lie,
To catch but a glance of his gentle eye.
Hear'st thou the tale
Of the nightingale?

SECOND FAIRY.

Clear as the day sounds her silver note.
Through the thickets dark,
Breaks the glowing spark
That fires my bosom and tunes my throat
To sing love's joys and woes.

FIRST FAIRY.

What means the perfume of the rose?

SECOND FAIRY.

'T is the rose's voice,
That, with trembling noise,
Thus to the sun-god whispers low:
"In my bed of green
Did I sleep unseen,
Till thou didst wake me to blush and blow!"

A GNOME (rising out of the earth).

So! So!
Why here 's a taking spectacle!
A miracle! a miracle!
Not much amiss, in truth, are they;
And I am not quite frightful in my way.
Here, then, I may succeed, — at least, I 'll try;
I see no use of being over-shy.
Ah! what a foot and ankle now was there!
She dances on the air
Unharmed, as I declare!
O, were I but as light and debonair!

THE FAIRIES (without perceiving the Gnome).

Greet well the gentle spring!
As in the swimming eye
Of love, *in* ecstasy,
Sparkles the evening star *with softer light*;
So, fierier and more bright,
Shine out the new-born world!
Their hair with leafy garlands curled,
The horn of plenty heavy in their hand,
The hours, a smiling band,
In flying dance shall greet the race of men
No evil eye
From subterranean deeps be there to spy;
But golden morns be near,
And evenings swathed in gold,
And noons all crystal-clear,
To light him on his way!
Away! dull clouds, away!
Let naught but fleecy flakes,
Like solitary sheep,
Across the blue of heaven
At times come driving by,
Losing themselves in its immensity.

GNOME.

I must confess I like these fairies now;
All of them pretty fair, I must avow.
But yet I can 't make up my mind
To which of all the group I am inclined.
That nearest one would never do. . . . . .

THE FAIRIES (suddenly perceiving him).

See! see! a gnome!

GNOME.

A gnome? — and what of that?

THE FAIRIES.

How short and squat!
His hair how tangled! and how black, like soot!

GNOME.

Upon my honor, 't is the latest cut.

FAIRIES.

Has he an eye? or has he not?

GNOME.

They 're quizzing me, I see, by Jove!
And quizzing is a step to love.
But what is this? — O Lord! I faint for fear.

FAIRIES.

Our queen, our queen draws near!

[The queen of the Fairies appears.

GNOME.

O all ye lightnings,
No meteor flashes brighter
Than she, from pole to pole!
She is, indeed, the fairest of them all!
See, how, submissive, at her feet they fall!
The sun himself loses his countenance
Before her blooming cheek, her garment's glance!
I feel, I know not how,—I really quake.
O, yes! this must be love,—and no mistake.

FIRST FAIRY.

The queen is angry,—see, she pouts her lip!

GNOME.

Would that I were a bee, from thence to sip!

KARL SIMROCK.

This distinguished scholar and author was born at Bonn, August 28th, 1802. He received his early education at the Lyceum. In 1818, after the left bank of the Rhine had been restored to Germany, he commenced the study of law at the newly established University of Bonn, and completed it in Berlin under the direction of Savigny. In 1823, he entered the Prussian civil service. But from his early youth he had shown a love of poetry and letters. His first translation of the "Nibelungenlied" appeared in 1827. In 1830, some expressions in a poem, which he wrote on the July Revolution in France, caused his dismissal from the service. But this did not interfere with his literary ardor. He has since then published a series of very interesting and valuable works, consisting of translations from the old German, such as the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide, editions of the originals of many curious and important ancient German poems, translations from Shakspeare, &c. Since 1839, he has been associated with Freiligrath and Matzerath, in writing the "Rheinische-Jahrbuch für Kunst und Poesie."

WARNING AGAINST THE RHINE.

To the Rhine, to the Rhine, go not to the Rhine,—
I counsel thee well, my boy;
Too many delights of life there combine,
Too blooming the spirit's joy.

Seest the maidens so frank, and the men so free,
As a noble race they were,
And near with thy soul all-glowing shouldst be,—
Then it seems to thee good and fair.

On the river, how greet thee the castles so bright,
And the great cathedral town!
On the hills, how thou climbest the dizzy height,
And into the stream lookest down!

And the Nix from the deep emerges to light,
And thou hast beheld her glee,
And the Lurley hath sung with lips so white,—
My son, 't is all over with thee.

Enchants thee the sound, befools thee the shine,
Art with rapture and fear overcome,—
Thou singest for aye, "On the Rhine! on the Rhine!"
And returnest no more to thy home.

JULIUS MOSEN.

Julius Mosen was born at the village of Marienei, in Saxon Voigtland, July 8th, 1803. His education, until his fourteenth year, was directed by his father; he was then placed at the Gymnasium in Plauen. He did not readily submit himself to the discipline of the school, but when, in 1822, he entered the University of Jena, he found the comparative freedom of the student-life very much to his taste, and several of his poems were composed at this period. In 1824, he travelled in Italy; and afterwards, in 1826, accompanied by Dr. Kluge, who died subsequently in Egypt, he visited Florence and Venice. In 1827, he resorted to the University of Leipsic, and in the following year passed his examination in law. He returned home, but found himself reduced to poverty, with but a slender chance of mending his condition by the practice of his profession. The July Revolution made a deep impression on his mind, and roused him from despair. He went to Leipsic, and published the novel, "George Venlot." In 1831, he left Leipsic, and received an appointment in Kohren, which he held until 1834. Since then he has lived at Dresden, and has published an epic poem, "Ahasuerus," Dresden and Leipsic, 1838; "Poems," Leipsic, 1836; ballads, tales, and a number of historical dramas. He also labors in his profession, as an advocate.

Ferdinand Stolle says, in the preface to "The Book of Songs,"* "The poetry of Julius Mosen, like a mineral spring, rushes down from a high and forest-covered mountain, bearing golden grains, now breaking boldly through the rocks, now sporting with the bluebell flowers, which hang down from its margin. Mosen, next to Heine, has the most original power, depth, and delicacy of all the lyrical poets of the present age. His songs are magnets, which must be borne not so much on the breast as in the breast, in order to be convinced of their miraculous vigor."

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them,
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

* Das Buch der Lieder, oder die Lyriker der Gegenwart in ihren Schönsten Gesängen, herausgegeben Von Ferdinand Stolle. Grimma, 1839.

In his mantle, — wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind, —
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs, — green leaves and blossoms, —
Up to heaven's door would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy-rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered quite with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG.

This writer, belonging to the noble and princely house of Auersperg, was born April 11, 1806. He is known under the poetical pseudonym of Anastasius Grün. His poem entitled "The Last Knight" appeared at Munich, in 1831; and his pieces called "Walks of a Poet of Vienna" have gained him great celebrity, and placed him among the best of the living German poets.

SALOON SCENE.

'T is evening: flame the chandeliers in the ornamented hall;
From the crystal of tall mirrors thousand-fold their splendors fall:
In the sea of radiance moving, almost floating, round are seen
Lovely ladies young and joyous, ancient dames of solemn mien.

And amongst them staidly pacing, with their orders graced, elate,
Here the rougher sons of war, there peaceful servants of the state;
But, observed by all observers, wandering 'mid them, one I view
Whom none to approach dare venture, save the elect, illustrious few.

It is he who holds the rudder of proud Austria's ship of state,
Who, 'mid crowned heads in congress, acting for her, sits sedate.
But now see him! O, how modest! how polite to one and all!
Gracious, courtly, smiling round him, on the great and on the small.

The stars upon his bosom glitter faintly in the circle's blaze,
But a smile so mild and friendly ever on his features plays:
Both when from a lovely bosom now he takes a budding rose,
And now realms, like flowers withered, plucks, and scatters as he goes.

Equally bewitching sounds it, when fair locks his praise attends,
Or when he from heads anointed kingly crowns so calmly rends:
Ay, the happy mortal seemeth in celestial joys to swim,
Whom his word to Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim.

O, could Europe now but see him, so obliging, so gallant,
As the man in martial raiment, as the church's priestly saint,
As the state's star-covered servant, by his smile to heaven advanced,
As the ladies, old and young, are all enraptured and entranced!

Man o' th' empire! Man o' th' council! as thou art in kindly mood,
Show'st thyself just now so gracious, unto all so wondrous good, —
See! without, an humble client to thy princely gate hath pressed,
Who with token of thy favor burns to be supremely blessed.

Nay, — thou hast no cause of terror; he is honest and discreet,
Carries no concealed dagger 'neath his garments smooth and neat:
It is Austria's people! — open, full of truth and honor, — see!
How he prays most mildly, "May I — *take the freedom to be free?*"

THE CENSOR.

Many a hero-priest is shown us in the storied times of yore,
Who the word of truth, undaunted, through the world unceasing bore;
Who *in halls of kings* hath shouted, — "Fie! I scent lost Freedom's grave!"
And to many a high dissembler bluntly cried, "Thou art a knave!"

Were I but such Freedom's champion, shrouded in the monkish frock,
Straight unto the Censor's dwelling I must hie, and loudly knock;
To the man must say, — "Arch scoundrel! down at once upon thy knees!
For thou art a vile offender, — down! confess *thy villanies!*"

And I hear the wretch already how he wipes his vileness clean, —
"O, your reverence is in error, I am not the man you mean!
I omit no mass, no duty, fill my post with service true;
I'm no lewd one, no blasphemer, murderer, thief, or godless Jew!"

But my zeal indignant flashes from my heart in flaming tones;
Like the thunder 'mid the mountains, in his ear my answer groans:
Every glance falls like an arrow, cutting through his guilty heart;
Every word is like a hammer, which makes bone and marrow part.

"Yes! thou art a stock-blind Hebrew! for thou hast not yet divined,
That for us, like Christ, all-glorious rose, too, Freedom of the Mind!
Yes! thou art a bloody murderer! doubly cursed and doubly fell! —
Others merely murder bodies, — thou dost murder souls as well!

"Yes! thou art a thief, a base one! or, by Heaven! a fouler wight! —
Others to steal fruits do merely leap our garden-fence by night;
But thou, wretch! into the garden of the human mind hast broke,
And with fruit, and leaf, and blossom, fell'st the tree too at a stroke!

"Yes! thou art a base adulterer! but in shame art doubly base! —
Others burn and strive for beauties that their neighbours' gardens grace;
But a crime inspired by beauty for thy grovelling soul 's too poor:
Night, and fog, and vilest natures can alone thy heart allure!

"Yes! thou art a foul blasphemer! or, by Heaven! a devil born! —
Others wood and marble figures dash to pieces, in their scorn;
But thy hand, relentless villain! strikes to dust the living frame,
Which man's soul, God's holy image, quickens with its thoughts of flame!

"Yes! thou art an awful sinner! True, our laws yet leave thee free;
But within thy soul, in terror, rack and gallows must thou see!
Smite thy breast, then, in contrition; thy bowed head strew ashes o'er;
Bend thy knee, make full confession; — go thy way, and sin no more!"

THE CUSTOMS-CORDON.

Our country is a garden, which the timid gardener's doubt
With an iron palisado has inclosed round about;
But without live folk whom entrance to this garden could make glad;
And a guest who loves sweet scenery cannot be so very bad.

Black and yellow lists go stretching round our borders grim and tight;
Custom-house and beadle-watchers guard our frontiers day and night, —
Sit by day before the tax-house, lurk by night i' th' long damp grass,
Silent, crouching on their stomachs, lowering round on all that pass;

That no single foreign dealer, foreign wine, tobacco bale,
Foreign silk, or foreign linen, slyly steal within their pale;
That a guest, than all more hated, set not foot upon our earth, —
Thought, which in a foreign soil, in foreign light, has had its birth!

Finally the watch grows weary, when the ghostly hour draws near;
For in our good land how many from all spectres shrink in fear!
Cold and cutting blows the north wind, on each limb doth faintness fall;
To the pot-house steal the watchers, where both wine and comfort call.

See! there start forth from the bushes, from the night-wind's shrouding wings,
Men with heavy packs all laden, carts upheaped with richest things:
Silent as the night-fog creeping, through the noiseless tracts they wend;
See! there, too, goes *Thought* amongst them, — towards his mission's sacred end.

With the smugglers must he travel, — he whom
nothing hides from sight;
With the murky mists go creeping, — he the
son of Day and Light!
O, come forth, ye thirsty drinkers! weary
watchers-out, this way!
Fling yourselves in rank and file, — post your-
selves in armed array!

Point your muskets! sink your colors, with the
freeman's solemn pride!
Let the drums give joyful thunder! — cast the
jealous barriers wide!
That with green palms all-victorious, proud and
free in raiment bright,
Through the hospitable country THOUGHT may
wander, scattering light!

THE LAST POET.

"WHEN will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?

"Is it not, long since, empty,
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?"

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek 's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break; —

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy,
And with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel; —
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask, — if of the question
Not weary yet, — "How long,
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"

HENRY FRAUENLOB.

IN Mentz 't is hushed and lonely, the streets
are waste and drear,
And none but forms of sorrow, clad in mourn-
ing garbs, appear;
And only from the steeple sounds the death-
bell's sullen boom;
One street alone is crowded, and it leads but to
the tomb.

And as the echo from the tower grows faint and
dies away,
Unto the minster comes a still and sorrowful
array, —
The old man and the young, the child, and
many a maiden fair;
And every eye is dim with tears, in every
heart is care.

Six virgins in the centre bear a coffin and a bier,
And to the rich high-altar steps with deadened
chant draw near,
Where all around for saintly forms are dark
escutcheons found,
With a cross of simple white displayed upon a
raven ground.

And, placed that raven pall above, a laurel-gar-
land green,
The minstrel's verdant coronet, his meed of
song, is seen;
His golden harp, beside it laid, a feeble murmur
flings,
As the evening wind sweeps sadly through its
now forsaken strings.

Who rests within his coffin there? For whom
this general wail?
Is some beloved monarch gone, that old and
young look pale?

A king, in truth,—a king of song! and Frauenlob his name;
And thus in death his fatherland must celebrate his fame.

Unto the fairest flowers of heaven that bloom this earth along,
To women's worth, did he on earth devote his deathless song;
And though the minstrel hath grown old, and faded be his frame,
They yet requite what he in life hath done for love and them.

GUSTAV PFIZER.

Gustav Pfizer, well known as a poet, translator, and critic, was born at Stuttgart, July 29, 1809. His education was commenced at the Gymnasium there, and he afterwards studied philology, philosophy, and theology at Tübingen. But few events have happened to disturb the even tenor of his literary life. His "Poems," published at Stuttgart, 1831, were received with applause. In 1834, after a tour in Italy, he published a new collection. He has written a "Life of Luther"; translated the greater part of Byron's poems, several of Bulwer's novels, and the "Athens" of the same author; he has published many poems, in various journals, and contributed critical articles to the reviews; thus leading a life of external quiet, but of great literary activity.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away, that dream,—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that, both by night and day,
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;—
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair,—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

Ferdinand Freiligrath was born at Detmold, in Westphalia, in the year 1810, and there passed his childhood and early youth. He afterwards engaged in commercial pursuits, and resided for a season in Holland. Of late years, he has given himself wholly to literature, and has chosen for his residence the beautiful town of St. Goar, on the Rhine, where, dividing his time between his books and his friends, he leads the true life of a poet, in the quiet of rural scenes, whose seclusion is not solitude, and whose transcendent beauty moves the soul to song.

Among all the younger poets of Germany, Freiligrath possesses the highest claim to our admiration. He has the richest imagination and the greatest power of language. His writings are filled with the most vivid pictures, sketched with a bold hand and a brilliant coloring. He delights particularly in remote and desert regions, in the geysers of Iceland, the ocean, and the sands of Africa:

"Where the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread, void of living sight or sound."

This is one of the most striking characteristics of his genius, and was nurtured from his childhood by his favorite books, which were those of wild adventure, and voyages and travels in far-off lands. He seems to say:

"Alone in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen,
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine,
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen, where the wild ass is drinking his fill."

Indeed, from the vividness of his pictures, the reader would be led to think him a great traveller, and to imagine that he had seen all he describes. But this is not the case. He has beheld these scenes with the eye of the mind only.

Freiligrath is also remarkable for his great skill as a translator. Among other beautiful versions, he has rendered into his native tongue Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," and "The Forest Sanctuary" of Mrs. Hemans; and is now occupied with a volume of selections from the American poets.

The following characteristic poems, though not always very literally rendered, are full of

life, and of that fire, vigor, and originality, which place Freiligrath at the head of the young poets of Germany.

"Wholly different from the other poets," says Ferdinand Stolle,* "Ferdinand Freiligrath gallops about upon his 'steed of Alexandria'; and, from dislike of present time and place, flies, with careering strength of imagination, to the deserts of Arabia, where the phantom caravan sweeps grimly along, or to the interior of Africa, where the lion bounds through the sandy sea upon the bleeding giraffe, or to the primeval forests of Canada, where the red men sit silently around their fires."

THE MOORISH PRINCE.

PART I.

His lengthening host through the palm-vale wound;
The purple shawl on his locks he bound;
He hung on his shoulders the lion-skin;
Martially sounded the cymbal's din.

Like a sea of termites, that black, wild swarm
Swept, billowing onward: he flung his dark arm,
Encircled with gold, round his loved one's neck:—
"For the feast of victory, maiden, deck!

"Lo! glittering pearls I 've brought thee there,
To twine with thy dark and glossy hair;
And the corals, all snake-like, in Persia's green sea,
The dripping divers have fished for me.

"See, plumes of the ostrich, thy beauty to grace!
Let them nod, snowy white, o'er thy dusky face;
Deck the tent, make ready the feast for me,
Fill the garlanded goblet of victory!"

And forth from his snowy and shimmering tent
The princely Moor in his armor went:
So looks the dark moon, when, eclipsed, through the gate
Of the silver-edged clouds she rides forth in her state.

A welcoming shout his proud host flings;
And "welcome!" the stamping steed's hoof rings;
For him rolls faithful the negro's blood,
And Niger's old, mysterious flood.

"Now lead us to victory, lead us to fight!"—
They battled from morning far into the night;
The hollow tooth of the elephant blew
A blast that pierced each foeman through.

How scatter the lions! the serpents fly
From the rattling tambour; the flags on high,
All hung with skulls, proclaim the dead,
And the yellow desert is dyed in red.

So rings in the palm-vale the desperate fight;—
But she is preparing the feast for the night;
She fills the goblets with rich palm-wines,
And the shafts of the tent-poles with flowers she twines.

With pearls, that Persia's green flood bare,
She winds her dark and curly hair;
Feathers are floating her brow to deck,
And gay shells gleam on her arms and neck.

She sits by the door of her lover's tent,
She lists the far war-horn till morning is spent;
The noonday burns, the sun stings hot,
The garlands wither,—she heeds it not.

The sun goes down in the fading skies,
The night-dew trickles, the glowworm flies,
And the crocodile looks from the tepid pool,
As if he, too, would enjoy the cool.

The lion, he stirs him and roars for prey,
The elephant-tusks through the jungles make way,
Home to her lair the giraffe goes,
And flower-leaves shut, and eyelids close.

Her anxious heart beats fast and high,
When a bleeding, fugitive Moor draws nigh:—
"Farewell to all hope now! The battle is lost!
Thy lover is captured,—he 's borne to the coast,—

"They sell him to white men,—he 's carried—"
O, spare!
The maiden falls headlong; she clutches her hair;
All-quivering, she crushes the pearls in her hand;
She hides her hot cheek in the burning-hot sand.

PART II.

'T is fair-day; how sweeps the tempestuous throng
To circus and tilt-ground, with shout and with song!
There 's a blast of trumpets, the cymbal rings,
The deep drum rumbles, Bajazzo springs.

Come on! come on!—how swells the roar!
They fly, as on wings, o'er the hard, flat floor;
The British sorrel, the Turk's black steed,
From plumed beauty seek honor's meed.

And there, by the tilting-ground's curtained door,
Stands, silent and thoughtful, a curly-haired Moor:
The Turkish drum he beats full loud;
On the drum is hanging a lion-skin proud.

He sees not the knights and their graceful swing,
He sees not the steeds and their daring spring;
The Moor's dry eye, with its stiff, wild stare,
Sees naught but the shaggy lion-skin there.

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* Das Buch der Lieder. Vorwort, p. 8.

He thinks of the far, far distant Niger,
And how he once chased there the lion and tiger;
And how he once brandished his sword in the fight,
And came not back to his couch at night.

And he thinks of *her*, who, in other hours,
Decked her hair with his pearls and plucked him her flowers; —
His eye grew moist, — with a scornful stroke
He smote the drum-head, — it rattled and broke.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band!
Your little all to see you lay,
Each, in the waiting seaman's hand!

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket, on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown
By German wives, on German hearth!

And you, with braided queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you:
On far Missouri's silent banks,
Shall these the scenes of home renew: —

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
That, as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles;
The hearth and its familiar seat;
The mantle and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
Soon, many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

O, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye 'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home,
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by!
Like some unearthly, mystic tale,
'T will stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!

THE LION'S RIDE.

WHAT! — wilt thou bind *him* fast with a chain?
Wilt bind the king of the cloudy sands?
Idiot fool! — he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain!
See! he crouches down in the sedge,
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore-boughs to quiver!
Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that river.

Not so! — The curtain of evening falls,
And the Caffre, mooring his light canoe
To the shore, glides down through the hushed karroo,
And the watchfires burn in the Hottentot kraals,
And the antelope seeks a bed in the bush
Till the dawn shall blush,
And the zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,
And the changeful signals fade from the Table Mountain.

Now look through the dusk! What seest thou now?
Seest such a tall giraffe! She stalks,
All majesty, through the desert walks, —
In search of water to cool her tongue and brow.
From tract to tract of the limitless waste
Behold her haste!
Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries her face in
The reeds, and, kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.

But look again! — look! — see once more
Those globe eyes glare! The gigantic reeds
Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds, —
The lion leaps on the drinker's neck with a roar!
O, what a racer! Can any behold,
'Mid the housings of gold
In the stables of kings, dyes half so splendid
As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal blended?

Greedily fleshes the lion his teeth
In the breast of his writhing prey: — around
Her neck his loose brown mane is wound. —
Hark, that hollow cry! She springs up from beneath,

And in agony flies over plains and heights.
See, how she unites,
Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,
With the grace of the leopard, the speed of the camel!

She reaches the central moon-lighted plain,
That spreadeth around all bare and wide;
Meanwhile, adown her spotted side
The dusky blood-gouts rush like rain,—
And her woful eyeballs, how they stare
On the void of air!
Yet on she flies,—on,—on;—for her there is no retreating;—
And the desert can hear the heart of the doomed one beating!

And, lo! a stupendous column of sand,
A sand-spout out of that sandy ocean, upcurls
Behind the pair in eddies and whirls;
Most like some flaming colossal brand,
Or wandering spirit of wrath
On his blasted path,
Or the dreadful pillar that lighted the warriors and women
Of Israel's land through the wilderness of Yemen.

And the vulture, scenting a coming carouse,
Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;
The bloody hyena, be sure, is nigh,—
Fierce pillager he of the charnel-house!
The panther, too, who strangles the Cape-Town sheep
As they lie asleep,
Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows;
While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the sandy hollows!

She reels,—but the king of the brutes bestrides
His tottering throne to the last:—with might
He plunges his terrible claws in the bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.
Yet hold!—fair play!—she rallies again!
In vain,—in vain!
Her struggles but help to drain her life-blood faster;—
She staggers,—gasps,—and sinks at the feet of her slayer and master!

She staggers,—she falls;—she shall struggle no more!
The death-rattle slightly convulses her throat;—
Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore!
Adieu! The orient glimmers afar,
And the morning-star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly.—
So rides the lion in Afric's deserts nightly.

ICELAND-MOSS TEA.

Old even in boyhood, faint and ill,
And sleepless on my couch of woe,
I sip this beverage, which I owe
To geysers' depths and Hecla's hill.

In fields where ice lies layer on layer,
And lava hardens o'er the whole,
And the circle of the Arctic Pole
Looks forth on snow-crags ever bare;

Where fierce volcanic fires burn blue,
Through many a meteor-lighted night,
'Mid springs that foam in boiling might,
These blandly-bitter lichens grew.

Where from the mountain's furnace-lair,
From thousand smoke-enveloped cones,
Colossal blocks of red-hot stones
Are, *night by night*, uphurled *in air*—

(Like blood-red saga-birds of yore),
While o'er the immeasurable snows
A sea of burning resin flows,
Bubbling like molten metal ore;

Where, from the jökuls to the strand,
The dimmed eye turns from smoke and steam,
Only to track some sulphur-stream,
That seethes *along* the blasted land;

Where clouds lie black on cinder-piles,
And all night long the lone seal moans,
As, one by one, the mighty stones
Fall echoing down on far-off isles;

Where, in a word, hills vomit flame,
And storms for ever lash the sea,—
There sprang this bitter moss for me,
Thence this astringent potion came.

Yes! and my heart beats *lightlier* now,
My blood begins to dance *along*:
I now feel *strong*,—O, *more than strong*!
I feel transformed, I know not how.

The meteor-lights are in my brain,—
I see through smoke the desolate shore,—
The raging torrent sweeps once more
From Hecla's crater o'er the plain.

Deep in my breast the boiling springs
Beneath apparent ice are stirred,—
My thoughts are each a saga-bird,
With tongues of living flame for wings!

Ha! if this green beverage be
The chalice of my future life,—
If now, as in yon isle, the strife
Of snow and fire be born in me,—

O, be it thus! O, let me feel
The lava-flood in every vein!
Be mine the will that conquers pain,
The heart of rock, the nerves of steel!

O, let the flames that burn unfed
Within me wax until they glow,
Volcano-like, through even the snow
That in few years shall strew my head!

And, as the stones that Hecla sees
Flung up to heaven through fiery rain
Descend like thunderbolts again
Upon the distant Faröese, —

So let the rude but burning rhymes
Cast from the caldron of my breast
Again fall flashing down, and rest
On human hearts in farthest climes!

THE SHEIK OF MOUNT SINAI.

A NARRATIVE OF OCTOBER, 1830.

"How sayest thou? Came to-day the caravan
From Africa? And is it here? 'T is well;
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine ottoman;
I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the gazelle
Rushes to drink, will I to hear, and gather
thence fresh vigor."

So spake the sheik. They bore him forth; and thus began the Moor: —
"Old man! upon Algeria's towers the tricolor is flying!
Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door;
In the streets the loud réveil resounds at break of day;
Steeds prance to the Marseillaise o'er heaps of dead and dying:
The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

"Southward their legions marched through burning lands;
The Barbary sun flashed on their arms; about
Their chargers' manes were blown clouds of Tunisian sands.
Knowest where the giant Atlas rises dim in
The hot sky? Thither, in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

"The Franks pursued. Hu! Allah!—Each defile
Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire, and bomb!
The lion left the deer's half-cranched remains the while;
He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey!
Hark! the shout, '*En Avant!*' To the topmost peak upclomb
The conquerors in that bloody fray!

"Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the mountain's height.
The hundred cities of the plain, from Atlas to the sea afar,
From Tunis forth to Fez, shone in the noonday light.
The spearmen rested by their steeds, or slaked their thirst at rivulets;
And round them through dark myrtles burned, each like a star,
The slender, golden minarets.

"But in the valley blooms the odorous almond-tree,
And the aloe blossoms on the rock, defying storms and suns.
Here was their conquest sealed. Look! — yonder heaves the sea,
And far to the left lies Franquistân. The banners flouted the blue skies,
The artillery-men came up. Mashallah! how the guns
Did roar, to sanctify their prize!".

"'T is they!" the sheik exclaimed; "I fought among them, I,
At the battle of the Pyramids! Red, all the long day, ran,
Red as thy turban-folds, the Nile's high billows by!
But, their sultan? — Speak! — He was once my guest.
His lineaments, — gait, — garb? Sawest thou The Man?"
The Moor's hand slowly felt its way into his breast.

"No," he replied; "he bode in his warm palace-halls.
A pacha led his warriors through the fire of hostile ranks;
An aga thundered for him before Atlas' iron walls.
His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold, at least, they lack
The kingly stamp. See here! A spahi[1] of the Franks
Gave me this coin, in chaffering, some days back."

The kashef[2] took the gold; he gazed upon the head and face.
Was this the great sultan he had known long years ago?
It seemed not; for he sighed, as all in vain to trace
The still remembered features. "Ah, no! — this," he said, "is
Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye: who *this* man is I do not know.
How very like a pear his head is!"

TO A SKATING NEGRO.

Man of giant height and form,
Who beside the Gambia river,
Oft, amid the lightning storm,
Sawest the glittering fetish quiver!

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[1] Horse-soldier. [2] Governor.

Who hast poured the panther's hot
Life-blood out beneath the equator,
And with poisoned arrow shot
Through red reeds the alligator!

Wherefore art thou here? Why flies
Thy fleet foot o'er frozen places,—
Thou, the child of tropic skies,
Cradled in the sun's embraces?

Thou that, reeking from the wave,
On thy war-horse often sprungest,
And around the Foulah slave
Guinea's badge of bondage flungest!

O, at home, amid thy mates,
There, where skulls tattooed and gory
Whiten high o'er palace-gates,
Let me see thee in thy glory!

Where gold gum from bursten trees
Oozes like the slime of Lethe,
As in dreams my spirit sees,
Let mine eyes in daylight see thee!

See thee, far from our chill North,
Which thou in thy soul abhorrest,
Chase the koomozeeno[1] forth
Through the boundless bannian-forest!

See thee, in thine own rich land,
Decked with gems of barbarous beauty,
Keeping watch, with spear in hand,
O'er thy manza's[2] piles of booty!

Whirling, gliding here along,
Ever shifting thy position,
Thou resemblest, in this throng,
Some strange African magician,

Who, within the enchanted ring,
All the host of hell defieth,
Or, upborne on griffin-wing,
Through Zahara's desert flieth!

O, when sunny spring once more
Melts the ice of western oceans,
Hie thee back to that loved shore
Where were born thy first emotions!

There, around thy jet-black head
Bright gold-dust in garlands flashes,—
Here, hoar-frost and snows instead
Strew it but with silver ashes!

THE ALEXANDRINE METRE.

Bound! bound! my desert-barb from Alexandria!
My wild one! Such a courser no emir or shah
Bestrides,—whoever else may, in those Eastern lands,
Rock in magnificent saddles upon field or plain!
Where thundereth such a hoof as thine along the sands?
Where streameth such a tail? Where such a meteor mane?

As it stands written, thus thou neighest loud, "Ha! ha!"
Spurning both bit and reins! The winds of Africa
Blow the loose hair about thy chaffron to and fro!
Lightning is in thy glance, thy flanks are white with foam!
Thou art not, sure, the animal snaffled by Boileau,
And whom Gottschedian turnpike-law forbade to roam!

He, bitted, bridled, reined, steps delicately along,
Ambling for ever to the air of one small song,
Till he reaches the *cæsura*. That 's a highway-ditch
For him to cross! He stops,—he stares,—he snorts,—at last,
Sheer terror screwing up his pluck to a desperate pitch,
He—jumps one little jump, and the ugly gulf is passed.

Thou, meanwhile, speedest far o'er deserts and by streams,
Like rushing flame! To thee the same cæsura seems
A chasm in Mount Sinai. The rock is riven in two!
Still on! Thy fetlocks bleed. Now for an earthquake shock!
Hurrah! thou boundest over, and thine iron shoe
Charms rattling thunder and red lightning from the rock!

Now hither! Here we are! Knowest thou this yellow sand?
So!—there,—that 's well! Reel under my controlling hand!
Tush! never heed the sweat:—Honor is born of Toil.
I 'll see thee again at sunset, when the southern breeze
Blows cool. Then I will lead thee o'er a soft green soil,
And water thee till nightfall in the Middle Seas.

THE KING OF CONGO AND HIS HUNDRED WIVES.

Fill up with bright palm-wine, unto the rim fill up
The cloven ostrich-eggshell cup,
And don your shells and cowries, ye sultanas!
O, choose your gayest, gorgeousest array,
As on the brilliant Buram holiday
That opes the doors of your zenanas!

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[1] Rhinoceros. [2] Sovereign's.

Come! never sit a-trembling on your silk dewauns!
What fear ye? To your feet, ye timid fawns!
See here your zones embossed with gems and amber!
See here the fire-bright beads of coral for your necks!
In such a festal time, each young sultana decks
Herself as for the nuptial chamber.

Rejoice! — your lord, your king, comes home again!
His enemies lie slaughtered on the desert plain.
Rejoice! — it cost you tears of blood to sever
From one you loved so well, — but now your griefs are o'er:
Sing! dance! — he leaves his land, his house, no more;
Henceforward he is yours for ever!

Triumphant he returns; naught seeks he now; his hand
No more need hurl the javelin; sea and sand and land
Are his, far as the Zaire's blue billows wander;
Henceforth he bids farewell to spear and battle-horse,
And calls you to his couch, — a cold one, for — his corse
Lies on the copper buckler yonder!

Nay, fill not thus the harem with your shrieks!
'T is he; — behold his cloak, striped quagga-like with bloody streaks!
'T is he, albeit his eyes lie glazed for ever under
Their lids, — albeit his blood no more shall dance along
In rapture to the music of the tomtom gong,
Or headlong war-steed's hoof of thunder!

Yes! the Great Buffalo sleeps! His mightiest victory was his last.
His warriors howl in vain, — his necromancers gaze aghast;
Fetish, nor magic wand, nor amulet of darnel,
Can charm back life to the clay-cold heart and limb.
He sleeps, — and you, his women, sleep with him!
You share the dark pomps of his charnel!

Even now the headsman whets his axe to slay you at the funeral feast!
Courage! a glorious fate is yours! Through Afric and the East
Your fame shall be immortal! Kordofan and Yemen
With stories of your lord's exploits and your devotedness shall ring,
And future ages rear skull-obelisks to the king
Of Congo and his hundred women!

SAND-SONGS.

I.

Sing of Sand! — not such as gloweth
Hot upon the path of the tiger and snake; —
Rather such sand as, when the loud winds wake,
Each ocean-wave knoweth.

Like a Wrath with pinions burning
Travels the red sand of the desert abroad;
While the soft sea-sand glisteneth smooth and untrod,
As eve is returning.

Here no caravan or camel;
Here the weary mariner alone finds a grave,
Nightly mourned by the moon, that now on yon wave
Sheds a silver enamel.

II.

Weapon-like, this ever-wounding wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore;
So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind,
Ever, ever, ever more!

Darkly unto past and coming years
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands;
Marvel not, then, if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad, like the sands!

III.

'T were worth much lore to understand
Thy nature well, thou ghastly sand,
Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
Yet savest them that cling to thee!

The wild-gull banquets on thy charms,
The fish dies in thy barren arms;
Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
With vaults of treasure in thy heart!

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
Who eyed thee with such lofty scorn!
Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
Flow over like a too-full bowl.

IV.

Would I were the stream whose fountain
Gushes
From the heart of some green mountain,
And then rushes
On through many a land with a melodious motion,
Till it finds a bourne in the globe-girdling ocean!

That, in sooth, were truest glory!
Vernal
Youth, and eld serene and hoary,
Coëternal!
All the high-souled stripling feels of great and glowing,
Tempered by the wisdom of the world's bestowing!

V.

Gulls are flying, one, two, three,
Silently and heavily,
Heavily as winged lead,
Through the sultry air over my languid head.

Whence they come, or whither flee,
They, not I, can tell; I see,
On the bright, brown sand I tread,
Only the black shadows of their wings outspread.

Ha! a feather flutteringly
Falls down at my feet for me!
It shall serve my turn instead
Of an eagle's quill, till all my songs be read.

VI.

Mist robes the moss-grown castle-walls;
And as the veil of evening falls
In deep and ever deeper shades,
The autumn-landscape slowly fades,

And all is dusk. One after one
The red lamps on the heights are gone,
And crag and castle, hill and wood,
Evanish in the engulfing flood.

Farewell, green valleys! Did I not
Once wind my way through hill and grot,
And muse beside some wine-dark stream?
Or was it all an Eastern dream?

The moonless heaven is dim once more,
The waves break on the shingly shore; —
I listen to their mournful tone,
And pace the silent sands alone.

MY THEMES.

"Most weary man! — why wreathest thou
Again and yet again," methinks I hear you ask,
"The turban on thy sunburnt brow?
Wilt never vary
Thy tristful task;
But sing, still sing, of sands and seas, as now,
Housed in thy willow zumbul on the dromedary?

"Thy tent has now o'er many times
Been pitched in treeless places on old Ammon's plains;
We long to greet in blander climes
The love and laughter
Thy soul disdains.
Why wanderest ever thus, in prolix rhymes,
Through snows and stony wastes, while we come toiling after?

"Awake! Thou art as one who dreams!
Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!
Thou faintest in the noontide beams!
Thy crystal beaker
Of song is banned!
Filled with the juice of poppies from dull streams
In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee weaker!

"O, cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee, then, with an awakened eye!
The waters healthier bards have quaffed
At Europe's fountains
Still bubble by,
Bright now as when the Grecian summer laughed,
And poesy's first flowers bloomed on Apollo's mountains!

"So many a voice thine era hath,
And thou art deaf to all! O, study mankind!
Probe
The heart! Lay bare its love and wrath,
Its joy and sorrow!
Not round the globe,
O'er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
But into thine own bosom look, and thence thy marvels borrow!

"Weep! Let us hear thy tears resound
From the dark iron concave of life's cup of woe!
Weep for the souls of mankind bound
In chains of error!
Our tears will flow
In sympathy with thine, when thou hast wound
Our feelings up to the proper pitch of grief or terror.

"Unlock the *life-gates* of the flood
That rushes through thy veins! Like vultures, we delight
To glut our appetites with blood!
Remorse, Fear, Torment,
The blackening blight
Love smites young hearts withal, — these be the food
For us! without such stimulants our dull souls lie dormant!

"But no long voyagings, — O, no more
Of the weary East or South, — no more of the simoom, —
No apples from the Dead Sea shore, —
No fierce volcanoes,
All fire and gloom!
Or else, at most, sing *basso*, we implore,
Of Orient sands, while Europe's flowers monopolize thy *sopranos!*"

Thanks, friends, for this your kind advice!
Would I could follow it, — could bide in balmier land!
But those far Arctic tracts of ice,
Those wildernesses
Of wavy sand,
Are the only home I have. They must suffice
For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri blesses.

Yet count me not the more forlorn
For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. O, no!
The heart laid waste by grief or scorn,

Which only knoweth
Its own deep woe,
Is the only desert. *There* no spring is born
Amid the sands,—in that no shady palm-tree groweth.

GRABBE'S DEATH.

THERE stood I in the camp. 'T was when the setting sun
Was crimsoning the tents of the hussars.
The booming of the evening-gun
Broke on mine ear. A few stray stars
Shone out, like silver-blank medallions
Paving a sapphire floor. There flowed in unison the tones
Of many hautboys, bugles, drums, trombones,
And fifes from twenty-two battalions.

They played, "Give glory unto God our Lord!"
A solemn strain of music and sublime,
That bade imagination hail a coming time,
When universal mind shall break the slaying sword,
And *sin and wrong* and suffering shall depart
An earth which Christian love shall turn to heaven.
A dream!—yet still I listened, and my heart
Grew tranquil as that summer even.

But soon uprose pale Hecate,—she who trances
The skies with deathly light. Her beams fell wan, but mild,
On the long line of tents, on swords and lances,
And on the pyramids of muskets piled
Around. Then sped from rank to rank
The signal order, "*Tzako ab!*" The music ceased to play.
The stillness of the grave ensued. I turned away.
Again my memory's tablets showed a saddening blank!

Meanwhile, another sort of scene
Was acting at the outposts. Carelessly I strolled,
In quest of certain faces, into the canteen.
Here wine and brandy, hot or cold,
Passed round. At one long table fredericksd'or
Glittered, *à qui mieux mieux*, with epaulettes;
And, heedless of the constant call, "Who sets?"
Harp-women played and sang old ballads by the score.

I sought an inner chamber. Here sat some
Dragoons and yagers, who conversed, or gambled,
Or drank. The dice-box rattled on a drum.
I chose a seat apart. My speculations rambled.
Scarce even a pensive listener or beholder,
I mused: "Give glory—" "*Qui en veut?*"—The sound
Came from the drum-head. I had half turned round,
When some one touched me on the shoulder.

"Ha!—is it you?"—"None other."—"Well,—what news?
How goes it in Mühlhausen?" Queries without end
Succeed, and I reply as briefly as I choose.
An hour flies by. "Now then, adieu, my friend!"—
"Stay!—tell me—" "Quick! I am off to *Rouge-et-Noir*:"—
"Well,—one short word, and then good night!—
Grabbe?"—"Grabbe? He is dead. Wait: let me see. Ay, right!
We buried him on Friday last. *Bon soir!*"

An icy thrill ran through my veins.
Dead?—buried?—Friday last?—and here? *His* grave
Profaned by vulgar feet?—O noble, gifted, brave!
Bard of The Hundred Days!—was this to be thy fate indeed?
I wept. Yet not because life's galling chains
No longer bound thy spirit to this barren earth;
I wept to think of thy transcendent worth
And genius,—and of what had been their meed!

I wandered forth into the spacious night,
Till the first feelings of my heart had spent
Their bitterness. Hours passed. There was an Uhlan tent
At hand. I entered. By the moon's blue light
I saw some arms and baggage, and a heap
Of straw. Upon this last I threw
My weary limbs. In vain! The moanful night-winds blew
About my head and face, and memory banished sleep.

All night he stood, as I had seen him last,
Beside my couch. Had he indeed forsaken
The tomb? Or did I dream, and should I waken?
My thoughts flowed like a river, dark and fast.
Again I gazed on that columnar brow:
"Deserted house! of late so bright with vividest flashes
Of intellect and passion, can it be that thou
Art now a mass of sparkless ashes?

"Those ashes once were watch-fires, by whose gleams
The glories of the Hohenstaufen race,
And Italy's shrines, and Greece's hallowed streams
Stood variously revealed,—now, softly, as the face
Of night illumined by her silver lamp,—
Now, burning with a deep and living lustre,
Like the high beacon-lights that stud this camp,
Here, far apart,—there, in a circular cluster.

"This camp! ah, yes! methinks it images well
What thou hast been, thou lonely tower!
Moonbeam and lamplight mingled; the deep choral swell
Of Music, in her peals of proudest power,

And then — the tavern dice-box rattle!
The Grand and the Familiar fought
Within thee for the mastery; and thy depth of thought
And play of wit made every conflict a drawn battle!

"And, O, that such a mind, so rich, so overflowing
With ancient lore and modern phantasy,
And prodigal of its treasures as a tree
Of golden leaves when autumn winds are blowing, —
That such a mind, made to illume and glad
All minds, all hearts, should have itself become
Affliction's chosen sanctuary and home!
This is, in truth, most marvellous and sad!

"Alone the poet lives, — alone he dies.
Cain-like, he bears the isolating brand
Upon his brow of sorrow. True, his hand
Is pure from blood-guilt, but in human eyes
His is a darker crime than that of Cain, —
Rebellion against social wrong and law!" —
Groaning, at length I slept, and in my dreams I saw
The ruins of a temple on a desolate plain.

FRANZ DINGELSTEDT.

Franz Dingelstedt was born in 1814, at Halsdorf, in Upper Hessia. Though a very young man, he has gained a high reputation among the living political poets of Germany by his "Songs of a Cosmopolitan Watchman," from which the following extracts have been made. Several of his pieces are contained in Stolle's "Buch der Lieder." Dingelstedt has recently been appointed Aulic Councillor at Vienna. It is to be hoped that the poet will not be lost in the politician.

THE WATCHMAN.

The last faint twinkle now goes out
Up in the poet's attic;
And the roisterers, in merry rout,
Speed home with steps erratic.

Soft from the house-roofs showers the snow,
The vane creaks on the steeple,
The lanterns wag and glimmer low
In the storm by the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,
The churches and taverns deserted,
And a body may now wend at his will,
With his own fancies diverted.

Not a squinting eye now looks this way,
Not a slanderous mouth is dissembling,
And a heart that has slept the livelong day
May now love and hope with trembling.

Dear Night! thou foe to each base end,
While the good still a blessing prove thee,
They say that thou art no man's friend, —
Sweet Night! how I therefore love thee!

THE GERMAN PRINCE.

In the royal playhouse lately
Sat our honored prince sedately,
When this amusing thing befell,
As the paper states it well.

Taking, from his usual station,
Through his lorgnette observation,
Straight his eagle eye did hit
On a stranger in the pit.

Such stranger ne'er was seen before; —
A blue-striped shirt the fellow wore;
His neckerchief tri-colored stuff; —
Ground for suspicion quite enough!

His face was red as sun at rising,
And bore a scar of breadth surprising;
His beard was bushy, round, and short,
Just of the forbidden Hambach sort.

Quick to the prince's brow there mounted
Frowns, though he did not want them counted,
But asked the chamberlain quite low,
"Who is that fellow? do you know?"

The chamberlain, though most observant,
Knew not, so asked the prince's servant;
The valet, to supply the want,
Asked councillor and adjutant.

No soul could give the slightest notion; —
The nobles all were in commotion;
Strange whispers through the boxes ran,
And all about the stranger man.

"His Highness talks of Propagand; —
Forth with the villain from the land!
Woe to him, if he make delay
I' th' city but another day!"

Thus the police began exclaiming,
With sacred zeal all over flaming.
But soon his Highness gave the hint,
None but himself should meddle in 't.

One of his servants he despatches
Down to the fellow, while he watches,
And bids him ask him, blunt and free,
Who, and what, and whence he be.

After some minutes' anxious waiting,
Staring below, and calculating,
With knowing, but demurest face,
Comes back the lacquey to his Grace.

"Your Highness!" says he, in a whisper,
"He calls himself John Jacob Risper;
Travels in mustard for his house!"
"Hush! not a word! to man or mouse!"

GEORG HERWEGH.

This young poet, a native of Würtemberg, received his early education in Stuttgart, and afterwards studied at Tübingen. He has recently become one of the celebrities of Germany. He is known particularly by his "Poems of a Living Man, with a Dedication to the Dead." For a full account of his writings, see "Foreign Quarterly Review," No. LXI., for April, 1843.

THE FATHERLAND.

Comrade, why the song so joyous, — why the goblet in your hand, —
While, in sackcloth and in ashes, yonder weeps our Fatherland?

Still the bells, and bid the roses wither, girls, on German strand;
For, deserted by her bridegroom, yonder sits our Fatherland!

Wherefore strive for crowns, ye princes? — quit your state, your jewels grand;
See, where, at your palace-portal, shivering sits our Fatherland!

Idle priestlings, what avail us prayer and pulpit, cowl and band?
Trodden in the dust and groaning, yonder lies our Fatherland!

Counting out his red round rubles, yon sits Dives smiling bland, —
Reckoning his poor wounds and sores, Lazarus, our Fatherland!

Woe, ye poor! for priceless jewels lie before ye in the sand, —
Even my tears, my best and brightest, lie there, wept for Fatherland!

But, O poet, cease thy descant, — 't is not thine as judge to stand;
Silence now, — the swan hath sung his death-song for our Fatherland!

THE SONG OF HATRED.

Brave soldier, kiss the trusty wife,
And draw the trusty blade!
Then turn ye to the reddening east,
In freedom's cause arrayed.
Till death shall part the blade and hand,
They may not separate:
We 've practised loving long enough,
And come at length to hate!

To right us and to rescue us
Hath Love essayed in vain;
O Hate! proclaim thy judgment-day,
And break our bonds in twain.
As long as ever tyrants last,
Our task shall not abate:
We 've practised loving long enough,
And come at length to hate!

Henceforth let every heart that beats
With hate alone be beating; —
Look round! what piles of rotten sticks
Will keep the flame a-heating! —
As many as are free and dare,
From street to street go say 't:
We 've practised loving long enough,
And come at length to hate!

Fight tyranny, while tyranny
The trampled earth above is;
And holier will our hatred be,
Far holier than our love is.
Till death shall part the blade and hand,
They may not separate:
We 've practised loving long enough,
Let 's come at last to hate!

THE PROTEST.

As long as I 'm a Protestant,
I 'm bounden to protest;
Come, every German musicant,
And fiddle me his best!
You 're singing of "the Free old Rhine";
But I say, No, good comrades mine, —
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that I do protest.

I scarce had got my christening o'er,
Or was in breeches dressed,
But I began to shout and roar
And mightily protest.
And since that time I 've never stopped,
My protestations never dropped;
And blessed be they
Who every way
And everywhere protest.

There's one thing certain in my creed,
And schism is all the rest, —
That who 's a Protestant indeed
For ever must protest.
What is the river Rhine to me?
For, from its source unto the sea,
Men are not free,
Whate'er they be,
And that I do protest.

And every man in reason grants,
What always was confessed,
As long as we are Protestants,
We sternly must protest.
And when they sing "the Free old Rhine,"
Answer them, "No," good comrades mine, —
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that you shall protest.

TO A POETESS.

On humble knees, of silent nights,
No more my lady prays;
But now in glory she delights,
And pines to wear the bays.
The gentle secrets of her heart
She 'd tell to idle ears,
And fain would carry to the mart
The treasure of her tears!

When there are roses freshly blown
That forehead to adorn,
Why ask the poet's martyr-crown, —
The bitter wreath of thorn?
That lip which all so ruddy is,
With freshest roses vying,
Believe me, sweet, was made to kiss, —
Not formed for prophesying.

Remain, my nightingale, remain,
And warble in your shade!
The heights of glory were in vain
By wings like yours essayed.
And while at Glory's shrine the priest
A hecatomb must proffer,
There 's Love, — O, Love! will take the least
Small mite the heart can offer.

BENEDIKT DALEI.

"Who Benedikt Dalei is we know not," says a writer in the London "Athenæum," from whose pages the following pieces are taken; "but his songs have all the feeling and effect of the genuine effusions of a Catholic priest who has passed through the dispensations which he describes. He traces, or rather retraces, every painful position and stage in the life of the solitary priest who possesses a feeling heart; — the trials, the temptations, the pangs, which his unnatural vow and isolated existence heap upon him, amid the social relationships and enjoyments of his fellow-men. The domestic circle, the happy group of father, mother, and merry children; the electric touch of youthful love which unites two hearts for ever; the wedding, the christening, the funeral; all have for him their inexpressible bitterness. The perplexities, the cares, the remorse, the madness, which, spite of the power of the church, of religion, and of the most ardent faith and devotion, have, through the singular and unparalleled position of the Catholic priest, made him often a walking death, are all sketched with a master's hand, or, more properly, perhaps, a sufferer's heart."

ENVIABLE POVERTY.

I glance into the harvest field,
Where, 'neath the shade of richest trees,
The reaper and the reaper's wife
Enjoy their noon-day ease.

And in the shadow of the hedge
I hear full many a merry sound,
Where the stout, brimming water-jug
From mouth to mouth goes round.

About the parents, in the grass,
Sit boys and girls of various size,
And, like the buds about the rose,
Make glad my gazing eyes.

See! God himself from heaven spreads
Their table with the freshest green,
And lovely maids, his angel band,
Bear heaped dishes in.

A laughing infant's sugar lip,
Waked by the mother's kiss, doth deal
To the poor parents a dessert
Still sweeter than their meal.

From breast to breast, from arm to arm,
Goes wandering round the rosy boy,
A little circling flame of love,
A living, general joy.

And strengthened thus for farther toil,
Their toil is but joy fresh begun;
That wife, — O, what a happy wife!
And, O, how rich is that poor man!

THE WALK.

I went a walk on Sunday,
But so lonely everywhere! —
O'er every path and upland
Went loving pair and pair.

I strolled through greenest corn-fields,
All dashed with gold so deep; —
How often did I feel as though
My very heart would weep!

The heaven so softly azure,
The sun so full of life!
And everywhere was youth and maiden,
Was happy man and wife.

They watched the yellowing harvest,
Stood where cool water starts;
They plucked flowers for each other,
And with them gave their hearts.

The larks, how they singing hovered
And streamed gladness from above!
How high in the listening bosoms
Rose the flame of youthful love!

In the locks of the blithe youngsters
The west wind loved to play, —
And lifted, with colder finger,
My hair, already gray.

Ah! I heard song and laughter,
And it went to my heart's core; —
O, were I again in boyhood!
Were I free and young once more!

DUTCH LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

THE *Dutch* is that form of the Gothic now spoken between the shores of the *Zuider-Zee* and the mouths of the Rhine, or, in other words, the kingdom of Holland. To the north and east it passes into the Frisic, or language of Friesland,* which connects it with the *Platt Deutsch*, or Low German; and to the south, in Brabant and Flanders, changes into the Flemish, which differs from the Dutch in having more French idioms and fewer guttural sounds.

The Frisic, Dutch, and Flemish were originally the same language, and were known by the name of Belgian or Netherlandic; but, in the lapse of time, the Dutch has gained the ascendency as the language of literature, and the Frisic and Flemish remain as less cultivated dialects, whose literature is confined mostly to popular songs, tales, and farces.† In parts of Belgium, the Walloon, a dialect of the French, descended from the old *Roman Wallon*, is still spoken. "In all Flanders," says a writer in the "Conversations-Lexicon,"‡ "Northern Brabant, and a part of Southern Brabant, the Flemish is the common language. The line of division is in Brussels, where the people of the lower city speak Flemish, in the upper city, Walloon. To the south of Brussels, in the (so called) Walloon Brabant, in Hainault, Namur, Liege, and part of Limbourg, the Walloon continues to be the popular language. It is worthy of remark, that, even in that part of Flanders which has been under the French sceptre for a long series of years, the Flemish, nevertheless, is the popular language as far as Dunkirk, while, to this moment, Walloon is spoken in Hainault, Brabant, and particularly in Liege, though so long united to Germany. The dialects of the Low German, spoken in the Netherlands, may be divided into five: 1. The Dutch proper, which, as early as towards the end of the fifteenth century, was elevated to a literary language in the northern provinces; 2. the (so called) Peasant-Frisian (once the literary language of Gysbert Japicx), an idiom which is gradually disappearing; 3. the Gelders dialect, or the (so called) Lower Rhenish; 4. the Groningen dialect, to which also belongs the Upper Yssel dialect; and, 5. the Flemish, which has remained the literary language in the southern provinces, though much poorer than the Dutch, and overloaded with all the mongrel words, of which Coornhert, Spiegel, and Hoost have purified the Dutch."

In single words and phrases, the Dutch language strikingly resembles the English; as in the proverbs:

> "Wanneer de wijn is in den man,
> Dan is de wijsheid in de kan";

which hardly needs a translation into

> Whene'er the wine is in the man,
> Then is the wisdom in the can.

And again,

> "Als April blaast op zijn hoorn,
> Is 't goed voor hooi en koorn";

in English,

> When April blows on his horn,
> It is good for hay and corn. *

The Dutch is said also to preserve a more striking resemblance to the original Gothic tongue than any of the cognate dialects. For a more detailed account of the language and its history, the reader is referred to Bosworth, Meidinger, Bowring, and Mone.†

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* For a sketch of the Frisic language and literature, see WIARDA, Geschichte der alten ausgestorbenen Friesischen oder Sächsischen Sprache: Aurich: 1794; — Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. III.; — BOSWORTH, Preface to the Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, p. xxxv.; — and MONE, Übersicht der Niederlandischen Volks-Literatur, the Appendix of which contains a list of works published in the Frisic language.

† As, for example, in Frisic, GYSBERT JAPICX'S Friesche Rijmlerye, and the plays and songs of J. P. HAUSEN; — and in Flemish, De Dulle Griete, Vlaemsche Liedekens op den Tyd; JACOBUS DE RUYTER'S Nieuw Lied-Boek; the Tales of Thyl Uylenspiegel, and Reynaert den Vos; and BROECKAERT'S Jelle en Mietje.

‡ Vol. IX., p. 223.

* If proverbs may be relied on, the resemblance between Frisic and *English* is still greater; for

> "Bread, butter, and green cheese,
> Is *good* English and good Friese."

But let not the reader be deluded by this into the belief that he can read Frisic as easily as English.

† BOSWORTH. Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language. Preface, p. xci. — MEIDINGER. Dictionnaire Comparatif. Introduction, p. xxxi. — BOWRING. Sketch of the Language and Literature of Holland. Amsterdam: 1829. 12mo.; first published in the Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. IV. — MONE. Übersicht der Niederlandischen Volks-Literatur älterer Zeit. Tübingen: 1833. 8vo. — See also Gemeenschap tussen de Gottische Spraeke en de Nederduytsche. t'Amsterdam: 1710. 4to.

The historian Niebuhr, in one of his letters, gives the following account of the dialects of the Netherlands. "1. In old times, as in the seventh century, the Yssel formed the boundary between the Frisians and Saxons, so that all the country west of this river, excepting a portion of Veluve, belonged to Friesland, which was bounded on the south by the Maas. The Zuyder-Zee, or, as it was then called, the Vlie, was still only an inland lake, and Friesland extended along the coast to the north as far as Schleswig. Inland, it reached, at most points, as far as the great morasses, which extend from Overyssel and Drenthe, through

The history of Dutch poetry may be divided into five periods. I. From the earliest times to 1600, including the old Flemish writers. II. From 1600 to 1700. III. From 1700 to 1775. IV. From 1775 to the revolution of 1795. V. From 1795 to the present time.

I. From the earliest times to 1600. The history of the poetry of the Netherlands begins as far back as the twelfth century, with the rhymed romance of "The Siege of Troy" (*De Trojaensche Oorlog*), a poem of between three and four thousand lines, by Seger Dieregodgaf (Deodatus). It commences with a royal feast in the court of Priam, and ends with Hector's death. To the same century belongs the wonderful "Journey of St. Brandaen" (*Reis van Sinte Brandaen*),* containing an account of his remarkable adventures by sea and land; how he put to sea with his chaplain and monks, and provisions for nine years; how, after sailing about for a whole year without sight of shore, they landed on what, like Sinbad the Sailor, they supposed to be an island, but found to be a great fish; how they all took to their heels, and were no sooner on board than the fish sank and came near swamping their ship; how they were followed by a sea-monster, half woman, half fish (*half wijf, half visch*), which the Saint sank with a prayer; how they came to a country of scoriæ and cinders (*drossaerden en schinkers*), where they suffered from the extremes of heat and cold; how they were driven by a storm into the Leverzee (the old German *Lebermeer*), where they saw a mast rise from the water, and heard a mysterious voice, bidding them sail eastward, to avoid the Magnetic Rocks, that drew to them all that passed too near; how they steered eastward, and saw a beautiful church on a rock, wherein were seven monks, fed with food from Paradise by a dove and a raven; how they were driven by a southwest wind into the Wild Sea, in the midst of which they found a man perched on a solitary rock, who informed them he was the king of Pamphylia in Cappadocia, and, having been shipwrecked there ninety-nine years previous, had ever since been sitting alone on that solitary rock; how they came to a fearful whirlpool called Helleput, or Pit of Hell, where they heard the lamentations of damned souls; how they arrived in Donkerland, a land covered with gold and jewels instead of grass, and watered by a fountain of oil and honey; how one of the monks stole there a costly bridle, by which afterwards a devil dragged him down to hell; how they came to a goodly castle, at the gate of which sat an old man with a gray beard, and beside him an angel with a flaming sword; how the monks loaded their ship with gold, and a great storm rose, and St. Brandaën prayed, and a demon came with the lost monk on his shoulders, and threw him into the rigging of the ship; how they sailed near the Burning Castle (*Brandenden Burcht*) and heard the dialogues of devils; how they came to the Mount of Syoen, and found there a castle whose walls were of crystal, inset with bronze lions and leopards, the dwelling of the *Walschrander*, or rebel angels; how they journeyed farther and found a little man no bigger than one's thumb, trying to bail out the sea; how a mighty serpent wound himself round the ship, and, taking his tail in his mouth, held them prisoners for fourteen days; and finally, how they came to anchor, and St. Brandaen asked his chaplain Noe if he had recorded all these wonders, and the chaplain Noe answered, "Thank God, the book is written" (*God danc, dit boec es volscreven*). And so ends this ancient "Divina Commedia" of the Flemish School; not unlike, in its general tone and coloring, "The Vision of Frate Alberico," or "The Legend of Barlaam and Josaphat," and the rest of the ghostly legends of the Middle Ages, which mingled together monkhood and knight-errantry.*

To the close of this century is referred, also, the famous poem of "Renard the Fox" (*Reinaert de Vos*), in its antique Flemish form. "In all probability," says Willems, in the Introduction to his beautiful edition of this work, "the fable of the Fox and the Wolf was known among us as early as the ninth century; but

Westphalia, into the county of Hoya. These were the northern limits of the Westphalian Saxons; and I find that the word which I heard in Suhlingen, and supposed to be Frisian, really belongs to this language. Overyssel is therefore purely Saxon. 2. The ancient inhabitants of Brabant, Flanders, and the country between the Maas and the Rhine, before and under the Romans, *seem* to have been of the same race as the Frisians. But in the last mentioned country, and in the Betuve, the Franks settled in the fourth century, and altered the dialect still more than in the countries west of the Maas, where they never were so numerous. However, here as well as there, it was their supremacy which affected the language most. 3. Low Dutch is not an original language, but Frisian, modified by the influence of Frankish and Saxon. The most distinctive words are originally Frisian, and indigenous in no other German dialect. This appears especially in the particles, which in all languages are least borrowed, and therefore the most characteristic parts of it. All words in Hollandish, which resemble Danish or English, and vary from German, are Frisian. 4. The mixture of Frankish arose through the conquest and settlement of the Franks; that of Saxon, through the circumstance that Low Saxon was from early times the written language of these regions. Thence comes the Low Dutch mode of spelling, which deceives the Low Saxon; for many words are spelt as they formerly were with us, but pronounced quite differently. Hence it is that the sound *u* is designated by *oe*. They pronounce *mûd, blîd, hûd, mûder;* and write, as they formerly did with us, *moed, bloed, hoed, moeder*. 5. In the thirteenth century the present language of Holland already existed, and was nearer to German than now."—Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. XXXI., pp. 389, 390.

* This old romance is probably of French origin. There is a poem on the same subject by an Anglo-Norman Trouvère, of which an analysis, with extracts, may be found in Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. XXXIX., p. 807.

* Oudvlaemsche Gedichten der XIIe, XIIIe, en XIVe Eeuwen, uitgegeven door Jonkhr. Ph. Blommaert. Gent: 1838–41. 8vo.

the poem of which we here speak seems to have been composed in the second half of the twelfth century, probably about the year 1170. All circumstances conspire to fix this date; so that the 'Reinaert' may be regarded as the oldest known poem in our mother tongue, of which the Netherlanders can boast." *

In the thirteenth century flourished Jacob van Maerlant, the father of Dutch poetry. He was born at Damme, in Flanders, and apologizes for his use of Flemish words in his poems:

"For I am Flemysh, I yow beseche,
Of youre curtesye, al and eche,
That shal thys Boche chaunce peruse,
Unto me nat youre grace refuse:
And yf ye fynden any worde
In youre countrey that ys unherde,
Thynketh that clerkys for her ryme
Taken a faultie worde somtyme." †

His principal works are his "Poetic Paraphrase of the Scriptures" (*Rijmbijbel*); and the "Mirror of History" (*Spiegel Historiel*), a free translation of the "Speculum Historiale" of Vincent de Beauvais. To the same century belong Melis Stoke, author of a "Rhyme-Chronicle" of Holland (*Rijmkronijk*); — Jan van Heelu, who celebrated in song the victory of Duke John of Brabant in Gelderland; — Heijnric van Holland, author of "The Power of the Moon," (*De Kragt der Maane*); — Friar Thomas, author of a poem on "Natural Philosophy" (*Natuurkunde*); — Claes van Brechten, translator of some of the romances of the Round Table; — Willem Utenhoven; — Calfstaf and Noijdekijn, of which last two Maerlant makes honorable mention, as translators of "Esop's Fables":

"These have Calfstaf and Noijdekijn
Put into rhyme so fair and fine."

The chief poetic names that have survived the civil wars of the fourteenth century are Lodewijk van Velthem, author of a "Rijmkronijk"; and Jan de Clerk, author of "Brabantsche Jeesten" (*Gesta*), the "Dietschen Doctrinael," and the didactic poem of "Lêkenspiegel," or Mirror for Laymen. Niclaes de Clerk and Jan Dekens are also mentioned; but the personal identity of the last seems to be confounded with that of Jan de Clerk.‡ To these may be added Jan de Weert, and Claes Willems, and the list is nearly, if not quite, complete. The bloody feuds of the *Hoekschen* and the *Kabbeljauwschen* were not favorable to poetry. To this period, however, are to be referred a great number of old chivalrous romances, of French, German, and Scandinavian origin; as, "Roland," "Olger the Dane," "Lancelot," "Parcival," "The Holy Grail," and many more. At the close of the century, also, the *Kamern der Rederijkern*, or Chambers of Rhetoricians, had their origin; but as they flourished more extensively during the following century, the notice of them properly belongs to that period.

The literary names of the fifteenth century are hardly more numerous than those of the fourteenth. The only ones of any note are Jan Van den Dale, Anton de Rovere, Dirk van Munster, and Lambertus Goetman, who seem to have been honest burghers, and some of them respectable members of the Chambers of Rhetoric. These Chambers were to Holland, in the fifteenth century, what the Guilds of the Meistersingers were to Germany, and were numerous throughout the Netherlands. Brussels could boast of five; Antwerp of four; Louvain of three; and Ghent, Bruges, Malines, Middelburg, Gouda, Haarlem, and Amsterdam of at least one. Each chamber had its coat of arms and its standard, and the directors bore the title of Princes and Deans. At times they gave public representations of poetic dialogues and stage-plays, called *Spelen van Sinne*, or Moralities. Like the Meistersingers, they gave singular titles to their songs and metres. A verse was called a *Regel;* a strophe, a *Clause;* and a burden or refrain, a *Stockregel*. If a half-verse closed a strophe, it was called a *Steert*, or tail. *Tafelspelen*, and *Spelen van Sinne*, were the titles of the dramatic exhibitions; and the rhymed invitation to these was called a *Charte*, or *Uitroep* (outcry). *Ketendichten* (chain-poems) are short poems in which the last word of each line rhymes with the first of the line following; *Scaekberd* (checker-board), a poem of sixty-four lines, so rhymed, that in every direction it forms a strophe of eight lines; and *Dobbelsteert* (double-tail), a poem in which a double rhyme closes each line.*

Upon this subject Dr. Bowring says: "The degeneracy of the language may mainly be attributed to the wandering orators (*sprekers*), who, being called to the courts of princes, or admitted though uninvited, rehearsed, for money, the miserable doggerel produced by themselves or others. These people afterwards formed themselves, in Flanders and Brabant, into literary societies, which were known by the name of Chambers of Rhetoricians (*Kamern der Rhetorijkern* or *Rederijkern*), and which offered prizes to the most meritorious poets. The first Chambers appear to have been founded at Dixmuiden and Antwerp: at the former place in 1394, and at the latter in 1400. These societies were formed in imitation of the French, who began to institute them about the middle

* Reinaert de Vos, episch fabeldicht van de Twaelfde en Dertiende Eeuw, met aenmerkingen en ophelderingen van J. F. Willems. Gent: 1836. 8vo.

† Bowring. Batavian Anthology, p. 25.

‡ See Mone, p. 118.

* With the Rederijkern, Hood's amusing "Nocturnal Sketch" would have been a *Driedobbelsteert*, or a poem with three tails:

"Even is come; and from the dark park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun, one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain.
Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as with his poetic tongue Young sung."

of the fourteenth century, under the name of *Colléges de Rhétorique*. The example of Flanders was speedily followed by Zeeland and Holland. In 1430, there was a Chamber at Middelburg; in 1433, at Vlaardingen; in 1434, at Nieuwkerk; and in 1437, at Gouda. Even insignificant Dutch villages had their Chambers. Among others, one was founded in the Lier, in the year 1480. In the remaining provinces they met with less encouragement. They existed, however, at Utrecht, Amersfoort, Leeuwaarden, and Hasselt. The purity of the language was completely undermined by the rhyming self-called Rhetoricians, and their abandoned courses brought poetry itself into disrepute. All distinction of genders was nearly abandoned; the original abundance of words ran waste; and that which was left became completely overwhelmed by a torrent of barbarous terms."*

To the fifteenth century belongs the earliest specimen of the Dutch drama. It is one of the *Spelen van Sinne*, or Moralities of the Rederijkern, entitled "The First Joy of Maria" (*De eerste blîscap van Maria*), and was performed in the public square of Brussels during the reign of Philip the Good, in 1444, by the Kersauwe Chamber of Rhetoric. It seems to have been rather a splendid spectacle; for the characters introduced are Envy, Lucifer, Serpent, Eve, Adam, God, Angel, two children, Seth, David, Job, Esaias, Misery, Prayer, Charity, Righteousness, Truth, the Holy Ghost, God's Son, Peace, Joachim, Bishop, Priest, Anna, two peasants, Maria, two young men, Joseph, and Gabriel. Six other spiritual plays, on the six other joys of the Virgin Mary, were composed by them; one of which was annually performed by command of the city of Brussels. Wagenaer, in his "Description of Amsterdam,"† gives a copy of a painter's bill for work done at the play-house in the town of Alkmaar, of which the following is a translation:

"Imprimis, made for the Clerks a Hell;
Item, the Pavilion of Satan;
Item, two pairs of Devil's-breeches;
Item, a Shield for the Christian Knight;
Item, have painted the Devils whenever they played;
Item, some Arrows and other small matters.
Sum total; worth in all xii. guilders.
"Jaques Mol.
"Paid, October viii., 95 [1495]."

It was customary for the various Chambers of Rhetoric to meet together, and perform plays in rivalship of each other. These meetings were held in all the principal cities of Flanders. Thirteen are on record between the years 1441 and 1599. They were of three different kinds, according to the number of Chambers assembled. The simplest form was when one or two Chambers united to represent a single play. When several joined in the festival, it was called a *Haegspel;* and when all, or nearly all, came together, a *Landt-Juweel.*

The palmiest days of the Rederijkern were in the sixteenth century. In the year 1539, nineteen Chambers met at Ghent, and the playing lasted from the 12th to the 23d of June. The Antwerp Chamber bore away the highest prize, consisting of four silver tankards of nine marks' weight; and Sinte Wynocx-berge the second, three silver beakers of seven marks' weight. The plays performed on this occasion were published at Antwerp during the same year. A second edition appeared there in 1562, and a third at Wesel in 1564.*

On the 3d of August, 1561, fourteen Chambers of Rhetoric, from various Belgian towns, held a *Landt-Juweel* in the city of Antwerp. They entered the city in procession, on horseback, arrayed in gorgeous dresses of scarlet, violet, and green, with plumes, and banners, and devices. Each Chamber was followed by its *Spelwaghenen*, or carts, upon which were performed, as on a stage, the *Spelen van Sinne.* The fourteen Chambers were: 1. The Golden Flower of Antwerp; 2. The Olive-branch of Antwerp; 3. The Passion-flower of Bergen op Zoom; 4. The Piony of Mechlin; 5. The Evergreen of Lier; 6. The Fleur de Lis of Mechlin; 7. The Pumpkin of Herenthals; 8. The Golden Flower of Vilvoorden; 9. The Lily of Diest; 10. The Lily of the Valley of Leeuwen; 11. The Oculus Christi of Diest; 12. The Rose of Löven; 13. The Holy Thorn of Schertoghenbosch; 14. The Garland of Maria of Brussels.

The Chambers were received with great pomp by the Gillyflower of Antwerp, the founders of the festival (*Opsetters des Landt-Juweels*), and conducted to the market-place, where the plays were performed. In the following year, these plays were printed by Willem Silvius in a handsome volume, with the escutcheons of the several Chambers, and a description of the triumphal entry. The title of the work is, "*Spelen van Sinne:* full of beautiful Moral Expositions and Representations of all the Fine Arts, wherein clearly, as in a Mirror, figuratively, poetically, and rhetorically, may be seen how necessary and serviceable these same Arts are to all Mankind." Most of these pieces are allegorical, with such characters as Common Report, Carnal Delight, Small Profit, Greedy Heart, Subtle Conceit, and Stout-in-Adventure. Some aspire to a classic tone, and represent the gods of Greece; and one is a conversation between Bacchus, who is called the *Wijnen Patroon*, and his retainers, Malmsey, Romané, Ay, Rhine-Wine, and Leus-Beer.

* Batavian Anthology, pp. 27, 28.—For further and more minute information on the subject of the Rederijkern the reader is referred to Mone's Niederländische Volks-Literatur;—Kop, Schets eener geschiedenis der Rederijkeren, in the Second Part of the Transactions of the Leyden Society of Belles-Lettres; and Castelryn, De Const van Rethoriken: Gent: *1550*, 12mo.

† Beschryvning van Amsterdam, Vol. II., p. 392.

* Spelen van Sinne by den XIV. gheconfirmeerden camaren van rhethorijkern, &c. Thantwerpen: 1539. 8vo.

The poetic names of the sixteenth century are few in number, and not of great renown. The chief of them are Hendrik Spieghel, author of a didactic poem, called "The Mirror of the Heart" (*Hertspiegel*); — Dirk Volkert Coornherts, translator of Homer, Cicero, and Boëthius; — Petrus Dathenus, translator of the Psalms; — Roemer Visscher, called the Dutch Martial; — and Anna Byns, the Dutch Sappho.

Due mention should here be made of the old ballads and popular songs of Holland, which extend back as far as the fourteenth century. Among them is a vast number of Christmas carols, Easter hymns, Pater-Nosters, Ave-Marias, Salve-Reginas, songs on the cross and the name of Jesus, the ballads of Sister Bertha, and the love-songs of a nun, who calls herself a wretched woman (*ellendech wijf*), and laments that she has never known what love is, and shall go to her grave without knowing it. Speaking of these old spiritual songs, Hoffmann says, in his Preface: "The older spiritual poetry of Holland, at least that part of it which is extant in the form of songs, existed for a very limited period. The greater portion of the songs of this class appeared in the middle of the fifteenth century, and disappeared again before the close of the following one. Many had found favor with the people, and might therefore justly lay claim to the title of popular songs. These, like all the religious ones, were for the most part either adapted to the airs of profane ones, or imitated from them; the greater number were, however, not so widely spread, but confined rather to the circle of private devotion. Moreover, from the nature of their contents, they were of necessity kept within a very limited circle; for the greatest number of them consisted of songs which treated of the nature and circumstances of the loving soul, and of the means whereby it sought to gain the affections of its Bridegroom, — Jesus Christ. The other divisions of the sacred songs were severally devoted to the celebration of the birth and resurrection of Christ, and to the praises of the Blessed Virgin. Thus, then, the earlier sacred poetry of Holland consisted only of four descriptions of songs, namely, the Christmas Carols, the Easter Hymns, the Songs of the Virgin, and the Songs of Christian Doctrine." *

Among these popular songs will be found also some romantic ballads, and others of a historic character. Two collections have recently been published by Le Jeune and Hoffmann.†

II. From 1600 to 1700. The seventeenth century was the Augustan age of Holland. Then lived and labored her greatest men in the arts of peace and war; — her admirals, Heemskerk, Ruyter, and Tromp; — her statesmen, Barneveld, Grotius, and De Witt; — her scholars, Scaliger, Salmasius, and Gronovius; — her men of science, Leoninus, Aldegonde, and Dousa; — her painters, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyk; — her poets, Hooft, Vondel, and Cats; and many more, almost as illustrious in their various spheres of thought and action. Piet Hein's celebrated victory over the Silver Fleet of Spain is but a type of the victories and treasures won by others in the domain of intellect. The names of more than sixty poets adorn the annals of that age. Of the best of these biographical sketches will be given in connection with the extracts from their writings. To these the reader is referred for the history of Dutch poetry during the seventeenth century.

III. From 1700 to 1775. This is a darker period in the history of Dutch poetry, and by its darkness increases the brilliancy of that which preceded it:

> "O thou vain glory of the human powers,
> How little green upon thy summit lingers,
> If 't be not followed by a grosser age!"

An English writer pronounces the following summary and severe judgment upon this period: "There is little but weariness now and for some time forward. Rotgans is hardly entitled to be mentioned; nor Langendyk, who seems to have been a joyous creature, but not a very wise one. There is an absolute deluge of rhymesters. Some few eminent men appeared in the field of philology, particularly Ten Kate, whose knowledge of the principal sources of the Dutch tongue enabled him to treat the subject with originality and with success.

"Perhaps the only poetical name that ought to be rescued from amidst these obscurities is Poots, the poet of the plough, whom we mention more because he was a ploughman, than because we deem him a poet. Of himself he says:

> "'I am a peasant's son, no wealth have I,
> For wanton Fortune turns her back on me;
> Even to this hour my hands my food supply.
> . . . . . .
> Though young, I hailed the light of poetry,
> With Hooft and Vondel ever in mine eye,
> Lost in her wastes, and sought, at distance long,
> To follow her proud swans, and imitate their song.'

His best pieces are his 'De Maan by Endymion' (The Moon by Endymion), 'Wachten' (Watching), and 'Het Landleven' (Country Life). De Clercq has fancied a resemblance between *him* and Burns: it goes no further than that they both followed the wain, and both made verses, — Burns, full of nature, beauty, truth, and power, — Poots, usually bombastic, mythological, false, and feeble.

. . . . . .

"Holland was next deluged with a flood of translations, imitations, and adaptations of the masterpieces of the French drama; the effect was to introduce a false and foreign taste, and a determination to sacrifice all nationality on the altar of the unities. A handful of pedants took possession of the whole field of literature,

* Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV., p. 164.

† Letterkundig overzigt en proeven van de Nederlandsche volkszangen sedert de XV^de eeuw, door Mr. J. C. W. Le Jeune. Ts 'S Gravenhage: 1823. 8vo. — Holländische Volkslieder, gesammelt und erläutert von Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann. Breslau: 1833. 8vo.

with their oversettings (*overzettingen*), misspeechifyings (*vertaalingen*), and dislocations (*verplaatsingen*), of the dramatists of France. Individually weak, they tried to become strong by association, and they banded together to bring the histrionic genius of the Seine to preside over the *Gragts* of the Amstel. . . . . The next step in Holland was to make French prose the text of Dutch poetry; the versified translation of Fénélon's admirable romance occupied no less than twenty years of the life of a man who was the great authority of his day and generation, but who is now forgotten, — Feitama. His translation was ushered into the world with a 'flourish of trumpets' sufficient to shake the walls of Jericho. The art of puffing was then but imperfectly understood; yet year after year the progress of the mountain's labor was announced, a thousand minute-guns told mankind the hour of parturition was come, *et nascitur* — amidst the roar of the artillery — a trumpery brat, that died in childhood, whose story is already in oblivion, and whose name was 'Feitama's Telemachus.' Feitama was a pernicious literary fop, who settled all matters of taste in his day, and got round him a circle of worshippers. The delusion was soon dissipated, and we need not linger about it. Schim is tasteless, De Marre diffuse, Zweerts altogether worthless; and Didier Smits, whose 'brilliant qualities' the too laudatory professor too precipitately praises, was a very virtuous citizen, but nothing more. Steenwyk, who was Feitama's favorite follower, published two bombastic epics, in which divers grand allegorical personages tread on the heels of one another in fine confusion." *

In addition to the names so lightly spoken of here, may be mentioned, as belonging to the same epoch, Lucas Schermer, a poet of great promise, who died at the early age of twenty-one; — Arnold Hoogvliet, author of "The Patriarch Abraham," a poem in twelve cantos; — Willem Swanenburg, author of "The Muses of a Painter"; — Jaen de Marre, author of the tragedies of "Jaqueline de Bavière" and "Marcus Curtius"; — Philip Sweers, Frans van Steenwijk, Lucas Pater, Balthazar Huydecoper, and Onno van Haren, all of them dramatic writers. Willem van Haren, brother of the last mentioned, also distinguished himself as a poet, and it was to him that Voltaire addressed the ode, beginning, "Demosthenes in the Council and Pindar on Parnassus" (*Démosthène au conseil et Pindare au Parnasse*). To these may be added the names of Lucas Trip, burgomaster of Groningen, and author of "Time-saving of Leisure Hours," which has been designated by the critics, as "one of those gloomy works, which, like Young's 'Night Thoughts,' seem made rather to destroy, than to excite, enjoyment"; — Johannes Eusebius Voet, translator of the Psalms; — and Dirk Smits, a custom-house officer at Rotterdam, whose fame not inappropriately floats on a poem entitled "The River Rotte" (*Rottestroom*), the river whose waters wash the quays of Rotterdam.

IV. From 1775 to 1795. The most distinguished poets of this period are Nicolas Simon van Winter, author of "The River Amstel," "The Seasons," a descriptive poem in four cantos, and the tragedies of "Menzikoff" and "Monzongo"; — his wife, Lucretia Wilhelmina van Merken, authoress of several tragedies, "David," an heroic poem in twelve cantos, and "Germanicus," an epic in twenty-four; — her rival, the Baroness Juliana Cornelia de Lanroy, authoress of the tragedies of "Leo the Great," "The Siege of Haarlem," and "Cleopatra"; — and Jan Nomsz, Willem Haverkorn, Pieter Uylenbroek, and Jan Gérard Doovnik, all of them writers for the stage. More distinguished than these, and the harbingers of a better epoch, are Hieronimus van Alphen, author of many popular and patriotic songs, poetic meditations, and poems for children, which are familiar as household words in every family in Holland; — Jacobus Bellamy, a lyric poet of great tenderness and beauty, who died young; — and Peter Nieuwland, son of a village carpenter, and a lyric poet of great distinction. Many of the poets, who, properly speaking, belong to the next period, and will there be introduced, began their career in this.

V. From 1795 to the present time. A list of some thirty names constitutes the poetic catalogue of this period, and completes the sketch of Dutch poetry. The most distinguished among them are Feith, Helmers, Bilderdijk, Tollens, Borger, Da Costa, Klijn, Loots, Van Lennep, Nierstrasz, Kinker, Staring van der Wildenbosch, Spandaw, Withuis, Loosjes, Van Winter, Simonsz, and Westerman. Several of these will be more particularly noticed hereafter; and the remainder must be passed over in silence.

For more extended notices of the literature of Holland the reader is referred to the "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire Littéraire des Dix-sept Provinces des Pays Bas," par M. Paquot, 3 vols., folio, and 18 vols., 8vo., Löven, 1765 – 70; — "Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Néerlandaise," par J. de 'S Gravenweert, Amsterdam, 1830, 8vo.; — "Précis de l'Histoire Littéraire des Pays Bas," traduit du Hollandais de M. Siegenbeek, par H. S. Lebrocquy, Ghent, 1827, 18mo.; — the sketch by Van Kampen in Eichhorn's "Geschichte der Litteratur," Vol. III., Göttingen, 1812; — "Verhandling van den Heer Willem de Clercq ter beantwoording der vraage, welken invloed heaft vreemde Letterkunde, &c., gehad op de Nederlandsche Taal en Letterkunde," Amsterdam, 1825, 8vo.; — and the "Biographisch, Anthologisch en Critisch Woordenboek der Nederduitsche Dichters," door P. G. Witsen Geysbeek, 6 vols., Amsterdam, 1821 – 27, 8vo. To these may be added the works of Hoffmann, Mone, Le Jeune, and Bowring, cited in the course of this Introduction.

* Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. IV., pp. 57-59.

BALLADS.

THE HUNTER FROM GREECE.

A HUNTER went a-hunting into the forest wide,
And naught he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
"Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
"What! should I fear a woman, who never feared a man?"
Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
She seized his arms, and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side:
The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low.
Two sucklings dead, one turning upon a spit, he saw:
"And am I doomed to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
"What! are you, then, from Greece? — for my husband is a Greek; —
And tell me of your parents, — perchance I know them, — speak!"
"But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown: —
My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret his consort, — my mother, too, is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
"The monarch of the Grecians, — a comely man and gay; —
But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
"Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
"How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green? —
I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,
And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
"You boast so of your daughter, I wish she 'd cross my way, —
I 'd steal her kisses slyly, and bid her a good day."
"I have a little courser that 's swifter than the wind;
I 'll lend it to you slyly; — go, seek, — the maiden find."
Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad:
"Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
"O, had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
You dared not then have called me — you dared not call me 'black.'"
She struck the wee in fury with a club-stick which she took,
Till the trees in the greenwood trembled, and all the green leaves shook.

THE FETTERED NIGHTINGALE.

"Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love dwells, —
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet love dwells.
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love:
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove."
"The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean man meet."
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
And they travelled far away to where a couch was spread;
And there they lay concealed through the loving livelong night,
From evening to the morning, till broke the gay daylight.
"And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear;
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear,
And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above."
"We 'll chain the nightingale, — his head unto his feet, —
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet."

"I 'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound."

THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE.

A KNIGHT and his esquire did stray
Santio [1]
In the narrow path and the gloomy way.
Non weder
So quoth the knight, — "Yon tree do thou
Santio
Climb, — bring the turtle from the bough."
Non weder
"Sir Knight, I dare not; for the tree
Santio
Is far too light to carry me."
Non weder
The knight grew grave and stern; and he
Santio
Mounted, himself, the waving tree.
Non weder
"My master is fallen dead below!
Santio
Where are my well earned wages now?"
Non weder
"Your well earned wages? get you all:
Santio
Chariots and steeds are in the stall."
Non weder
"Chariots and steeds I seek not after,
Santio
But I will have the youngest daughter."
Non weder
The squire is now a knight; and still
Santio
Drives steeds and chariots at his will.
Non weder

THE THREE MAIDENS.

THERE were three maidens wandered forth
In the spring-time of the year;
The hail and the snow fell thick and fast,
And all three barefooted were.

The first of the three was weeping sore;
With joy skipped the second there;
The third of those maidens the first did ask,
"O, how does thy true love fare?"

"O, why, and O, wherefore askest thou,
How does my true love fare?
Three men-at-arms did fall upon him, —
His life they would not spare."

"Did three men-at-arms fall upon him?
His life would they not spare?
Another lover must kiss you, then;
To be merry and glad prepare."

"If another lover should kiss me, then,
O, how sad would my poor heart be!
Adieu, my father and mother!
Ye never more shall see me.

"Adieu, my father and mother,
And my youngest sister dear!
And I will to the green linden go, —
My true love lieth there."

DAY IN THE EAST IS DAWNING.

"DAY in the east is dawning,
Light shineth over all;
How little knows my dearest
What fate shall me befall!

"Were every one a friend to me
Whom now I count my foe,
I 'd bear thee far from this countree,
My trust, my own true joe!"

"Then whither wouldst thou bear me,
Thou knight so stout and gay?"
"All under the green linden,
Darling, we 'd take our way."

"In my love's arms I 'm lying
With great honor per fay;
In my love's arms I 'm lying,
Thou knight so stout and gay."

"In thy love's arms thou 'rt lying?
Woe 's me, that is not truth!
Seek under the green linden, —
There lies he slain forsooth."

The maiden took her mantle,
And hastened on her way,
Where under the green linden
Her murdered lover lay.

"O, liest thou here murdered,
And bathed in thy blood!
'T is all because of thy high fame,
Thy noble mind and good.

"O, liest thou here murdered,
Who wast my comfort all!
Alas! how many bitter days
Must I now weep thy fall!"

The maiden turned her homewards,
With grief and dolor sore,
And when she reached her father's,
Yclosed was every door.

[1] The chorus of this romance is, —
— Santio
Non weder de kneder de koorde sante jante
Iko, kantiko di kandelaar sti.

"What! is there no one here within,
No lord, no man of birth,
Who will assist me bury
This corse in the cold earth?"

The lords within stood mute and still,
No help to her they lent;
The maiden turned her back again,
Loud weeping as she went.

Then with her hair so yellow
She cleansed him from his gore,
And with her hands so snowy
His wounds she covered o'er.

And with his own white sword
A grave for him she made,
And with her own white arms
His corse within it laid.

And with her hands so snowy
Her lover's knell she rang,
And with her voice so gentle
Her lover's dirge she sang.

"Now to some lonely cloister
Straight I 'll myself betake,
And wear for aye a sable veil,
For my own true love's sake."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JACOB CATS.

Jacob Cats was born in 1577, at Brouwershaven, in Zeeland. He studied at Leyden, and afterwards held several of the most important offices in the state. He was Ambassador to England, and afterwards, during five years, Grand Pensionary of Holland. He died at his estate in Zargvliet, in 1660. His poems consist of fables, songs, allegories, &c. They are distinguished for purity and simplicity of style, a rich fancy, and delicate morality. His works, after having been long neglected and almost forgotten, were republished by Bilderdijk and Feith, in nineteen volumes, at Amsterdam, in 1790–1800. A large part of his poems appeared in German at Hamburg, in eight volumes, 1710–17.

THE IVY.

When ivy twines around a tree,
And o'er the boughs hangs verdantly,
Or on the bark, however rough,
It seems, indeed, polite enough;
And, judging from external things,
We deem it there in friendship clings;
But where our weak and mortal eyes
Attain not, hidden treachery lies:
'T is there it brings decay unseen,
While all without seems bright and green;
So that the tree, which flourished fair,
Before its time grows old and bare;
Then, like a barren log of wood,
It stands in lifeless solitude:
For treachery drags it to its doom,
Which gives but blight,—yet promised bloom.

Thou, whom the powerful Fates have hurled
'Midst this huge forest called the world,
Know, that not all are friends whose faces
Are habited in courteous graces;
But think that 'neath the sweetest smile
Oft lurk self-interest, hate, and guile;
Or that some gay and playful joke
Is spite's dark sheath, or envy's cloak.
Then love not each who offers thee,
In seeming truth, his amity;
But first take heed, and weigh with care,
Ere he thy love and favor share:
For those, who friends too lightly choose,
Soon friends and all besides may lose.

THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

We read in books of ancient lore,
An image stood in days of yore,
Which, when the sun with splendor dight
Cast on its lips his golden light,
Those lips gave back a silver sound,
Which filled for hours the waste around:
But when again the living blaze
Withdrew its music-waking rays,
Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,
Or evening shades its face concealed,
This image stood all silent there,
Nor lent one whisper to the air.
This was of old.—And even now,
The man who lives in fortune's glow
Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,
In town and country, court and college;
And all assert, *nem. con.*, whatever
Comes from his mouth is vastly clever:
But when the glowing sun retires,
His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,
And all his praise like vapor flies,—
For who e'er calls a poor man wise?

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT.

This writer, one of the fathers of the literature of Holland, was born at Amsterdam,

March 16th, 1581. His taste was formed by the study of the ancient classics, and by his travels in Italy. As a literary man, he distinguished himself both in historical composition and in poetry. In the former, Tacitus was his model, and the translation which he published *of this* great historian holds the rank of a classic. He wrote the "Life of Henry the Fourth," the "History of the House of Medici," and the "History of the Netherlands." The last is considered his most important work. As a poet, he is regarded as the creator of tragedy and of erotic poetry in Holland. He died at the Hague, May 21, 1647.

ANACREONTIC.

THREE long years have o'erwhelmed me in sadness,
Since the sun veiled his vision of gladness:
Sorrow be banished, — for sorrow is dreary;
Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
In my heart I perceive the day breaking;
I cannot resist its awaking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gayly and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me, —
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting;
Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their sparkling,
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes, — then the beauties have bound them,
And scattered their shadows around them;
Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high-places:
But the brightest of stars is but twilight,
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth, — all the flowers spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel, then, if, in its kisses,
My soul is o'erwhelmed with sweet blisses?

O, how blest, how divine the employment!
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips, and soft, amorous glances, —
Kindling, and quenching, and fanning sweet fancies, —
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes, that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing, —
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye!
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
O, no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul — ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips, — thy sweet lips, — they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection:
And, sure, never triumph was purer;
And, sure, never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fettered and fastened so sweetly;
And blessed are the tones, and the looks, and the mind, too,
Which my senses control, and my heart is inclined to:
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fastened love's fetters the tightest.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER.

OF the Visscher family, who were contemporaries of Hooft, a writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" (Vol. IV., p. 46) remarks as follows: —

"Visscher was one of the principal luminaries of the most renowned of the Chambers of Rhetoric — *In Liefde bloeijnde* (Blooming in Love) — of Amsterdam. He published a series of allegories, entitled 'Zinne Peppen'; but he did better than this by cultivating the taste of his two daughters, whose names are sung in every variety of flattering homage by almost every Dutch poet of their day and generation. They were highly accomplished; they rendered popular the study of other languages; and, though their literary works are not numerous, they exercised an important and a purifying influence on the compositions of their countrymen."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the Nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he, — a winged and wandering sound:

Whose tender carolling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire:

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone, —
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare,
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song; thy breast
Thrills for one month o' th' year, — is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call, —
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so loud a note.

HUIG DE GROOT.

This great man, known to the world under the name of Hugo Grotius, was born at Delft, April 10th, 1583. After completing his studies, in which he gained great distinction at an early age, he accompanied Barneveldt, the Dutch ambassador, to France. Returning thence, he commenced the practice of the law, and conducted his first cause at the age of seventeen. In his twenty-fourth year, he was appointed Advocate-General. In 1619, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Louvesteijn, for the part he took in the controversy between the Remonstrants and their opponents, the former of whom, together with Barneveldt, he supported. By the assistance of his wife he made his escape, and took refuge in France, where he received for some time a pension of three thousand livres from Louis the Thirteenth. Through the influence of his enemies, the pension was withdrawn in 1631, and Grotius returned to his native country, relying on the friendship of the prince of Orange; but his enemies proving too powerful for him, he was condemned to perpetual banishment. Soon after this, he accepted the liberal offers of Christina, queen of Sweden, and her celebrated chancellor, Oxenstiern, and, in 1634, repaired to Stockholm, where he was appointed Councillor of State, and Ambassador to France. He appeared in Paris, in 1635, and discharged the duties of ambassador for ten years with distinguished ability. On his return to Sweden by way of Holland, he met with the most honorable reception from his countrymen, who now looked upon him as the glory of his native land. He was received with equal favor and distinction by the queen of Sweden. Wishing to return to his native country, he requested a dismission from the Swedish service. On his way to Holland, he fell sick at Rostock, where he died, August 28th, 1645.

Grotius was an able statesman and lawyer, a profound theologian, and a most accomplished scholar. His metrical translations from the Greek are executed with admirable skill and fidelity. He is renowned as one of the best of the modern Latin poets. He also wrote Dutch verses, but with less success.

SONNET.

Receive not with disdain this product from my hand,
O mart of all the world! O flower of Netherland!
Fair Holland! let this live, though I may not, with thee;
My bosom's queen! I show e'en now how fervently
I 've loved thee through all change, — thy good and evil days, —
And love, and still will love, till life itself decays.
If here be aught on which thou may'st a thought bestow,
Thank Him without whose aid no good from man can flow.
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly then
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble eyes of men;
And rather spare than blame this humble work of mine,
And think, "Alas! 't was made — 't was made at Louvesteijn."

JAN DE BRUNE.

This writer, known under the Latinized name of Johannes Brunæus, was born in 1585. He was not only a poet, but a statesman, and filled many important offices. He died in 1658.

SONG.

I lay in gasping agonies,
And my eyes
Were covered by a cloud of death;
It seemed as if my spirit hung
On my tongue,
About to vanish with my breath;

When Laura, smiling fondness, came,
And, with shame,
Offered her delightful lip,
Her sweet lip, to which the bee
Well might flee,
Fragrant honey there to sip.

Enraptured with the sudden bliss
Which her kiss
Gave my heart, when bowed by pain,
Instantly I felt a light,
Pure and bright,
Kindle new existence then.

O, may Heaven grant once more that I
Thus may lie!
The pangs of death I 'd undergo,
If lips as blooming and as dear
Were but near,
To cure me with their honey so.

GERBRAND BREDERODE.

Gerbrand Brederode was born at Amsterdam, March 16th, 1585, and died August 23d, 1618. "He was principally celebrated," says Bowring,* "for his comedies, into which he introduced the language of the lower classes of Amsterdam with great effect. It is said that he often attended the fish-market and similar places, to collect materials for his various pieces. This is apparent in his 'Moortje' and his 'Spaanschen Brabander.' His poems were published at Amsterdam, in 1622, by Cornelis van der Plasse, under the titles of 'Het Boertigh Liedt-Boeck' (Facetious Song-Book), 'De Groote Bron der Minnen' (The Great Fountain of Love), and 'Aendachtigh Liedt-Boeck' (Meditative Song-Book)."

SONG.

FROM THE GREAT FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

Canst thou so soon unkindly sever
My long, long suit from memory,—
The precious time now lost for ever,
The vanished moments passed with thee,
In friendliness, in love's caress,
In happiness, and converse free from guile,
From night till morning, and 'neath twilight's smile?

A father's rage and friends' derision
For thee I 've borne, when thou wert kind;
But they fled by me as a vision
That fades and leaves no trace behind.
O, thus I deemed, when fondly beamed,
And purely gleamed, those brilliant eyes, whose ray
Hath made me linger near thee through the day!

How oft those tender hands I 've taken,
And drawn them to my breast, whose flame
Seemed, at their gentle touch, to waken
To feelings I dared scarcely name!
I wished to wear a lattice there,
Of crystal clear or purest glass, that well
Thou might'st behold what tongue could never tell.

O, could the heart within me glowing
E'er from its cell have been removed,
I had not shrunk,—that heart bestowing
On thee, whom I so warmly loved,
So longed to wed, so cherished!
Ah! who could dread that thou wouldst wanton be,
And so inconstant in thy love to me?

Another youth has stolen my treasure,
And placed himself upon the throne
Where late I reigned, supreme in pleasure,
And weakly thought it all my own.

What causes now that chilling brow?
Or where didst thou such evil counsel gain,
As thus to pride and glory in my pain?

What thoughts, too painful to be spoken,
Hath falsehood for thy soul prepared,
When thou survey'st each true-love token,
And think'st of joys together shared,—
Of vows we made beneath the shade,
And kisses paid by my fond lips to thine,
And given back with murmured sigh to mine!

Bethink thee of those hours of wooing,—
Of words that seemed the breath of truth,—
The Eden thou hast made a ruin,—
My withered hopes and blighted youth!
It wonders me that thou shouldst be
So calm and free, nor dread the rage that burns
Within the heart where love to malice turns.

Away,—away,—accursed deceiver!
With tears delude the eyes and brain
Of him, the fond, the weak believer,
Who follows now thy fickle train.
That senseless hind (to whom thou 'rt kind,
Not for his mind, but for his treasured ore)
Disturbs me not. Farewell!—we meet no more!

* Batavian Anthology, p. 88.

DIRK RAFAEL KAMPHUYZEN.

Kamphuyzen was born at Gorkum, in 1586, and died July 9th, 1626. He wrote "Edifying Poems," and a "Paraphrase of the Psalms." "Kamphuyzen's religious poetry," says Bowring,* "is superior to any which preceded it. There is a pure and earnest feeling throughout,—an intense conviction of truth, and an elevated devotion. His 'May Morning' is one of the most popular productions of the Dutch poets; its harmonious versification and its simplicity have made it the common source of consolation in distress."

PSALM CXXXIII.

If there be one whose thoughts delight to wander
In pleasure's fields, where love's bright streams meander;
If there be one who longs to find
Where all the purer blisses are enshrined,—
A happy resting-place of virtuous worth,—
A blessed paradise on earth:

Let him survey the joy-conferring union
Of brothers who are bound in fond communion,
And not by force of blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are known,
And every heart and every mind relies
Upon fraternal, kindred ties.

* Batavian Anthology, p. 115.

O, blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's fame!
O, what are all earth's joys, compared to thee,
Fraternal unanimity?

E'en as the ointment, whose sweet odors blended,
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended;
Which hung awhile in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And, falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
The holy garb the prophet wore:

So doth the unity that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
And makes them seem as if one frame
Contained their minds, and they were formed the same,
And spreads its sweetest breath o'er every part,
Until it penetrates the heart.

E'en as the dew, that, at the break of morning,
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines:

So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers, without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast,—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest,—
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Ah! happy they whom genial concord blesses!
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,
And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquillity and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded;
And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses crowned,
And tastes, in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power, from concord flows.

God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it;
His promises of future blessings greet it,
And fixed prosperity, which brings
Long life and ease beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune, that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

This poet, one of the most distinguished in Dutch literature, was born at Cologne in 1587. In his childhood, his parents removed to Amsterdam. He was richly endowed by nature, but his education was defective. When about thirty years old, he learned the Latin and French languages, and then read the works of the ancients and of the French. He devoted himself wholly to poetry; his writings include occasional poems, satires, tragedies, and translations from the Psalms of David, from Virgil, and from Ovid. His death took place in 1659.

"He had," says Gravenweert,* "all the independence of the poet in his character, which was often harsh. His epigrams, and an excessive freedom of opinion, which caused him to change his religion and to sacrifice his interests to his ideas, involved him in quarrels with Hooft, Cats, Huijgens, and others. He never begged the favor of the powerful. He died at the age of ninety-one years, overwhelmed with infirmities and domestic misfortunes, but covered with imperishable laurels. Vondel was a man of letters, and found this title preferable to all the toys of ambition and of vanity. He lived for immortality, and knew well that a grateful nation would not judge him by the places he had occupied, but by the excellence of his productions. This admirable genius excelled in every department; in fugitive poetry as well as in satire, in the ode and the epic, but above all in tragedy.

. . . . .

"Vondel was buried with pomp; a medal was struck in honor of him; and a hundred years afterwards, a simple monument was erected to his memory, in one of the churches of Amsterdam, bearing no eulogium but his name. Vondel has had many panegyrists, and some detractors, who, either in good faith, or because they wished to create a sensation, have depreciated his name and fame, and endeavoured to destroy this idol of Dutch literature. In spite of the defects which criticism has pointed out in his numerous works, the name of Vondel is still honored in Holland, as that of Shakspeare is in England, and all the efforts of envy and of too severe criticism have served only to augment the brightness of a reputation which counts more than two centuries of glory."

TO GEERAERT VOSSIUS,

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

Why mourn'st thou, Vossius? why has pain
Its furrows to thy pale brow given?
Seek not to hold thy son from heaven!
'T is heaven that draws,—resign him, then.

Yes,—banish every futile tear,
And offer to its Source above,
In gratitude and humble love,
The choicest of thy treasures here.

* Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Néerlandaise, pp. 73–87.

We murmur, if the bark should strand:
But not, when, richly laden, she
Comes from the wild and raging sea,
Within a haven safe to land.

We murmur, if the balm be shed;
Yes, — murmur for the odor's sake:
But not, whene'er the glass may break,
If that which filled it be not fled.

He strives in vain who seeks to stay
The bounding waters in their course,
When hurled from rocks with giant force,
Towards some calm and spacious bay.

Thus turns the earthly globe; — though o'er
His infant's corse a father mourn,
Or child bedew its parents' urn, —
Death passes neither house nor door.

Death, nor for gay and blooming youth
Nor peevish age, his stroke defers;
He chains the lips of orators,
Nor cares for wisdom, worth, or truth.

Blest is the mind, that, fixed and free,
To wanton pleasures scorns to yield,
And wards, as with a pliant shield,
The arrows of adversity.

CHORUS.

FROM GYSBRECHT VAN AEMSTEL.

O NIGHT! far lovelier than the day!
How can Herodes bear the ray,
Whose consecrated, hallowed glows
Rich splendor o'er this darkness spread?
To reason's call his pride is dead;
Her voice his heart no longer knows.

By slaughter of the guiltless, he
Would raise up guilt and tyranny.
He bids a loud lament awake
In Bethlehem and o'er the plain,
And Rachel's spirit rise again
To haunt the desolate field and brake.

Now wandering east, now wandering west,
For her, lone mother, where is rest,
Now that her children are no more, —
Now that she sees them blood-stained lie,
Even at their births condemned to die,
And swords unnumbered red with gore?

She sees the milk, no nurture bringing,
Unto their lifeless, pale lips clinging,
Torn from their mother's breast but late;
She marks the stagnant tears reclining,
Like dew, upon their cold cheeks shining, —
Poor victims of a ruthless fate!

The brows, now pallid, dimmed, and fading,
Those closed and joyless eyes are shading,
Whose rays pure lustre once had given,
Like stars; and with their playful light,
Ere covered with death's cloud of night,
Transformed the visage to a heaven.

Vain are description's feeble powers
To number all the infant flowers
Which faded, died, when scarcely born, —
Before their opening leaves could greet
The wooing air with fragrance sweet,
Or drink the earliest dew of morn!

So falls the corn beneath the sickle;
So shake the leaves, when tempests fickle
Awake the mountain's voice from thrall.
What can result from blind ambition,
When raging with some dark suspicion? —
What bard so vile to mourn its fall?

Then, Rachel, haunt not spots once cherished;
Thy children even as martyrs perished:
Those first-loved fruits that sprang from thee,
From which thy heart was doomed to sever,
In praise of God, shall bloom for ever,
Unhurt, untouched, by tyranny.

CHORUS.

FROM PALAMEDES.

THE thinly sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendor;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear:
The constellation's [1] charioteer
No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.
O sweetly welcome break of morn!
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily,
Contentedly, unwearily,
Surveys whatever Nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives,
And wanders oft the banks along
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.
O, more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest, secluded spot,
Remote from crowded cares and fears,
His loved, his cherished dwelling rears!
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard:
When morning dews, which Zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend;
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,

[1] Ursa Major.

Or bridal robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun or shade.
Contented there to plant or set,
Or snare the birds with crafty net;
To grasp his bending rod, and wander
Beside the banks where waves meander,
And thence their fluttering tenants take;
Or, rising ere the sun 's awake,
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds,
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds;
Or ride, beneath the noontide rays,
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth;
Or where the purple *hyacinth*
Is glowing on its bed; or where
The meads red-speckled daisies bear:
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil behind the plough,
Or reap the crops beneath their feet,
Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.
Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn;
There glides a bark by meadows green;
And there the village smoke is seen;
And there a castle meets the view,
Half-fading in the distance blue.
How hard, how wretched is his doom
Whom sorrows follow to the tomb,
And whom, from morn till quiet eve,
Distresses pain, and troubles grieve,
And cares oppress! — for these await
The slave, who, in a restless state,
Would bid the form of concord flee,
And call his object — liberty:
He finds his actions all pursued
By envy or ingratitude.
The robe is honoring, I confess;
The cushion has its stateliness; —
But, O, they are a burden too!
And pains spring up, for ever new,
Beneath the roof which errors stain,
And where the strife is, — who shall reign.
But he who lives in rural ease
Avoids the cares that torture these:
No golden chalices invite
To quaff the deadly aconite;
Nor dreads he secret foes, who lurk
Behind the throne with coward dirk, —
Assassin-friends, — whose murderous blow
Lays all the pride of greatness low.
No fears his even life annoy,
Nor feels he pride, nor finds he joy
In popularity, — that brings
A fickle pleasure, and then — stings.
He is not roused at night from bed,
With weary eyes and giddy head;
At morn, no long petitions vex him,
Nor scrutinizing looks perplex him:
He has no joy in others' cares;
He bears, — and, while he bears, forbears;
And from the world he oft retreats
Where learning's gentle smiles he meets.
He heeds not priestcraft's ban or praise,
But scorns the deep anathemas
Which he, who in his blindness errs,
Receives from these, — *God's messengers!*

Near rocks where danger ever lies,
Through storms of evil auguries
Proceeding from calumnious throats,
The exhausted Palamedes floats:
And shipwrecked he must be at last,
If Neptune do not kindly cast
Protection round him, and appease
With trident-sway these foaming seas.

CHORUS OF BATAVIAN WOMEN.

FROM THE BATAVIAN BROTHERS.

STROPHE.

Ours was a happy lot,
Ere foreign tyrants brought
The servile iron yoke, which bound
Our necks with humbling slavery to the ground.
Once all was confidence and peace; — the just
Might to his neighbour trust.
The common plough turned up the common land,
And Nature scattered joy with liberal hand.
The humble cot of clay
Kept the thick shower, the wind, and hail away.
Upon the frugal board
No luxuries were stored;
But 'neath a forest-tree the table stood, —
A simple plank, — unpolished and rude:
Our feasts, the wild game of the wood;
And curds and cheese our daily food.
Man, in his early virtues blest,
Slept satisfied on woman's breast,
Who, modest and confiding, saw
In him her lord, and love, and law.
Then was the stranger and the neighbour, each,
Welcomed with cordial thoughts and honest speech;
And days flowed cheerful on, as days should flow, —
Unmoved by distant or domestic woe.

ANTISTROPHE.

Then was no value set on silver things,
Nor golden stores, nor coin, nor dazzling rings;
They bartered what they had for what they wanted; —
And sought no foreign shores, — but planted
Their own low dwellings in their mother-land;
Raised all by their own hand,
And furnished with whatever man requires
For his moderate desires.
They had no proud adornings, — were not gilt
Nor sculptured, — nor in crowded cities built;
But in wide-scattered villages they spread,
Where stand no friendly lamps above the head:

Rough and undecked the simple cot,
With the rich show of pomp encumbered not.
As when in decorated piles are seen
The bright fruits peeping through the foliage green;
Bark of the trees and hides of cattle cover
The lowly hut, when storms rage fiercely over:
Man had not learned the use of stone;
Tiles and cement were all unknown;
Some place of shelter dug, — dark, dreary, far, —
For the dread hour of danger or of war,
When the stray pirate broke on the serene
And cheerful quiet of that early scene.

STROPHE.

No usurer, then, with avarice's burning thirst,
His fellow-men had cursed.
The coarse-wove flax, the unwrought fleece, alone,
On the half-naked, sturdy limbs were thrown.
The daughters married late
To a laborious fate;
And to their husbands bore a healthy race,
To take their fathers' place.
If e'er dispute or discord dared intrude,
'T was soon, by wisdom's voice, subdued:
The wisest then was called to reign,
The bravest did the victory gain:
The proud were made to feel
They must submit them to the general weal;
For to the proud and high a given way
Was marked, that thence they might not stray: —
And thus was freedom kept alive.
Rulers were taught to strive
For subjects' happiness, — and subjects brought
The cheerful tribute of obedient thought;
And 't was indeed a glorious sight,
To see them wave their weapons bright:
No venal bands, the murderous hordes of fame;
But freedom's sons, — all armed in freedom's name.

ANTISTROPHE.

No judge outdealing justice in his hate,
Nor in his favor. Wisdom's train sedate
Of books, and proud philosophy,
And stately speech, could never needed be,
While they for virtue's counsellings might look
On Nature's open book,
Where bright and free the Godhead's glory falls; —
Not on the imprisoning walls
Of temples, — for their temple was the wood, —
The heavens its arch, — its aisles were solitude.
And then they sang the praise
Of heroes, and the seers of older days.
They never dared to pry
Into the mysteries of the Deity;
They never weighed his schemes, nor judged his will, —
But saw his works, and loved and praised him still;
Obeyed in awe, — kept pure their hearts within;
For this they knew, — God hates and scourges sin.
Some dreams of future bliss were theirs,
To gild their joys and chase their cares.
And thus they dwelt, and thus they died,
With guardian-freedom at their side,
The happy tenants of a happy soil, —
Till came the cruel stranger to despoil.

EPODE.

But, O, that blessed time is past!
The strangers now possess our land;
Batavia is subdued, at last, —
Batavia fettered, ruined, banned!
Yes, — honor, truth have taken flight
To seats sublimer, thrones more pure.
Look, Julius, from thy throne of light, —
See what thy Holland's sons endure!
Thy children still are proud to claim
Their Roman blood, their source, from thee;
Friends, brothers, comrades bear the name; —
Desert them not in misery!
Terror and power and cruel wrong
Have a free people's bliss undone;
Too harsh their sway, — their rule too long!
Arouse thee from thy cloudy throne;
And if thou hate disgrace and crime,
Recall, recall departed time!

CONSTANTIJN HUIJGENS.

Constantijn Huijgens was born at the Hague, in 1596. He was secretary to the princes of Nassau, and became famous for the universality of his literary acquirements. He had a familiar knowledge of many languages, both ancient and modern. His death took place in 1687.

Of Huijgens, a writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" (Vol. IV., p. 48) says: — "His versification is sometimes harsh and hard. The perplexities of rhyme he could not always unravel, and his Alexandrines are not unfrequently eked out with expletives, — the curse, be it permitted us to say, of the poetry of Holland. The Alexandrines offer a fatal attraction to the indifferent poet. One rhyme in four-and-twenty or six-and-twenty syllables is no great discovery, in a language possessing an immense number of rhyming sounds. Huijgens wrote in several tongues with facility, and his 'Ledige Uren' (Leisure Hours) have specimens in Latin, French, and Italian. Notwithstanding some very obvious affectations, he is a writer whose vigor of expression is remarkable. His 'Batava Tempe,' especially, has many very striking passages, — some in very

bad taste, — but very ingenious and emphatic. In De Clercq's estimate of Huijgens we cordially agree. He has more originality than most of the Dutch poets, and more variety, although he is one of those who are least read. He is frequently obscure from overstrained effort, — infelicitous in his selection of words and images, — and scarcely less so in the choice of the foreign sources from whom he has largely borrowed. Huijgens was not merely a literary benefactor to his country. The beautiful road from the Hague to Scheveling, on the left side of which resided old Father Cats, owes its existence to him."

A KING.

He 's a crowned multitude; — his doom is hard;
Servant to each, a slave without reward:
The state's tall roof on which the tempests fall:
The reckoning-book that bears the debts of all:
He borrows little, yet is forced to pay
The most usurious interest day by day:
A fettered freeman, — an imploring lord, —
A ruling suppliant, — a rhyming word:
A lightning-flash, that breaks all bonds asunder,
And spares what yields, — a cloud that speaks in thunder:
A sun, in darkness and in day that smites, —
A plague, that on the whirlwind's storm alights:
A lesser god: a rudder to impel:
Targe for ingratitude, and flattery's bell:
In fortune praised, — in sorrow shunned; his lot
To be adored, — deserted, — and forgot.
His wish a thousand hurry to fulfil;
His will is law, — his law is all men's will:
His breath is choked by sweetly sounding lies,
And seeming mirth, and cheating flatteries,
Which ever waft truth's accents from his ear;
And if, perchance, its music he should hear,
They break its force, and through the crooked way
Of their delusions flatter and betray.
He knows no love, — its smiles are all forbidden;
He has no friend, — thus virtue's charms are hidden;
All round is self, — the proud no friends possess;
Life is with them but scorn and heartlessness.
He is a suitor forced by fear to wed,
And wooes the daughter, though the sire he dread, —
In this far less than even the lowest slave
That fells the tree or cleaves the rising wave.
His friends are foes, when tried. Corruption flies
O'er his disordered country, when he dies.
If long success from virtue's path entice,
They will not blend their honor with his vice,
But rather shed their tears in that swift stream
Against whose might their might is as a dream.
His days are not his own, for smiles and sorrow
Visit him each: the eventide, the morrow,
Deny him, rest, — sleep's influence steals not o'er him:
Wearied he lives, and joy retreats before him.
Beneath care's sickle all his flowers decay;
His sparkling cup in dulness sinks away.
His son on tiptoe stands to seize the crown,
Which a few years of woes shall tumble down.
O gilded thistle! why should mortals crave thee,
Who art but bitter medicine when they have thee?
Or why aspire to state ne'er long possessed, —
By dangers ever circled, and no rest?

JACOB WESTERBAEN.

Jacob Westerbaen was born in 1599, and died in 1670. Of an illustrious family, a knight, and Lord of Brantwijck, he preferred the elegant leisure of the country to the honors and intrigues of the court. The greater part of his life was passed in retirement at his château of Ockenburg, which he made the subject of a descriptive and didactic poem, after the manner of Thomson's "Seasons" and Delille's "Homme des Champs." He published, also, some love songs, and other fugitive poems, and made translations from Virgil, Terence, and Ovid.

SONG.

Think not that the dear perfume
And the bloom
Of those cheeks, divinely glowing,
Ever shall remain to thee,
While there be
None for whom those flowers are blowing.

By the eglantine be taught
How 't is sought
For its bloom and fragrance only:
Is not all its beauty past,
When, at last,
On the stem 't is hanging lonely?

Maidens are like garden bowers
Filled with flowers,
Which are spring-time's choicest treasure:
While the budding leaves they bear
Flourish there,
They will be a source of pleasure.

But whene'er the lovely spring
Spreads her wing,
And the rose's charms have fleeted;
Nor those lately valued flowers,
Nor the bowers,
Shall with former praise be greeted.

While Love's beam in woman's eyes
Fondly lies,
All the heart's best feelings telling,
Love will come, — a welcome guest, —
And her breast
Be his own ecstatic dwelling.

But when envious Time takes arms
'Gainst her charms,
All her youthful graces spurning;
Love, who courted beauty's ray,
Steals away,
Never thinking of returning.

Maidens! who man's suit deride,
And whose pride
Scorns the hearts that bow before ye,
From my song this lesson learn:
"Be not stern
To the lovers who adore ye."

SONG.

E'EN as a tender rose,
To which the spring gives birth,
Falls when the north wind blows,
And withers on the earth:
So, when her eye-light throws its glances brightly through me,
I sink o'erwhelmed and gloomy.

E'en as the herb by day
Its green leaf downwards turns,
What time the sun's fierce ray
Upon it fiercely burns:
So, 'neath the quenchless fire, that from her eyes is shining,
I feel myself declining.

. . . . .

My courage is subdued
By sorrow's mighty thrill,
And so in solitude
I linger sadly still;
While her sweet witcheries cast their magic influence round me,
And in their chains have bound me.

JEREMIAS DE DECKER.

THIS poet was born at Dordrecht in 1610. His education was carefully superintended by his father, and his poetical talents were early unfolded. His first poetical work was a translation of the Lamentations of Jeremiah; this was followed by imitations of Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and other Latin classics. He wrote also many original poems. He died at Amsterdam, in 1666.

TO A BROTHER WHO DIED AT BATAVIA.

BLESSED, though misery-causing, thou!
Who seest not our domestic woe,
And hear'st not our funereal plaint;
But slumberest on thy bed of rest,
Stretched in the furthest Orient,
With Java's sands upon thy breast!

Did I not tell thee, broken-hearted,
Thy doom,—sad doom!—when last we parted?
Did I not paint the dangers near?
Tell thee what misery would be mine,
To leave a father's solemn bier,
With tottering steps,—to weep o'er thine?

Long absence brought thee to my sight,
In fiery flashes,—lightning bright;—
But, that the thunder might not shock thee,
Death to his bosom gathered thee;
And now no more the wild winds rock thee,
And rages now no more the sea.

When Fortune smiled, he neither bowed
To luxury, nor waxed vain and proud;
He was too wise on childish toys
To fix a heart unstained by guile,
Or give to earthly griefs or joys
The useless tear, the idle smile.

Upright in all,—of lips sincere;
Of open hand,—disposed to cheer
The suppliant, and assist the poor;
Willing to lend,—and pleased to pay;
And still subduing, more and more,
The natural frailties of our way.

A father, tutored to submit
To all that Heaven deemed right and fit,
And with a tranquil spirit say,
While far above earth's changes raised,—
"The Lord has given,—he takes away,—
And be his name for ever praised!"

His country's government he ever
Cheerfully served, but flattered never:
So fully bent in every thought
Upon his nation's interest, he
From every side instruction brought,
And knowledge, like the Athenian bee.

A father such as this,—a friend
And brother,—have I seen descend
Smitten by death; beneath him years
Hollowed the tomb's descent; and slow
And silent down the vale of tears
He sank to where he sleeps below.

The mouth which words of mirth supplied,
At morning's dawn and eventide,
Truth gathered from the immortal book,
Is still for ever: it shall slake
Its thirst no more in Eden's brook,
Nor Zion's sweet refreshment take.

But, ah! we are driven by distress
From bitterness to bitterness;
For scarce had sorrow o'er thee strewed
The dews of sympathy, ere pain
Brought all its busy multitude
Of griefs and woes to wound again:

And of our house—O, fatal day!—
Bore chief and honor both away:
The wheel was stopped on which it turned,
And we, a desolate race, were left
Alone,—and hopeless there we mourned
Him, whom remorseless death had reft.

A father, who in wisdom guided
The love that in his love confided:
A father, who, upon our heart,
And in our blood, Heaven's laws did write;
And taught us never to depart
From virtue's way, — befall what might.
. . . . . .
A father, temperate, wise, and brave, —
Who, when the whirlwind and the wave
Beat on his bark, could seize the helm,
And, spite of storm and stream, convey
To port, — while billows overwhelm
A thousand ships that round him lay.

Those lips, alas! we loved so well,
Whence no ungentle accents fell, —
No thoughts but virtue, — have I seen
Parched with a black, pestiferous hue,
And marked the dry and up-scorched skin
Just spotted with a feverish dew.

That tongue which oft with us hath poured
The song of joy, — and oft adored, —
That voice which taught us wisdom's word,
And Heaven's admonitory will, —
In gently breathing tones I heard, —
And gentler yet, — and then 't was still.

That bright and noble countenance,
Which gleamed with truth in every glance,
And made us love it, — 't was so fair
And so attractive, — soon was wan,
And gloom and darkness nestled there:
'T was pale and sunk and wobegone.

I saw him sink, — and day by day
I marked the progress of decay:
His old and venerable head
Dropped, — and his smiles were dimmed;
— at last
The death-mist on his crown was spread,
And our sun's glory veiled and past.

I saw his hands grow stiff and cold,
Long used our honor to uphold;
His limbs, that long had borne the weight
Of many a care, then tottering shook,
As on he moved with trembling gait,
And towards the tomb his pathway took.

And then I saw his corpse conveyed
Down to death's lonely paths of shade,
Where gloom and dull oblivion reign:
Even now, even now, that scene I view; —
How could I seek the light again? —
How? — mourn I not my sorrows too?

How valueless is life to me!
It seems impossible *to be*.
To talk of life, when those are gone
Who gave us life, is false and vain:
O, yes! I have a heart of stone, —
For he is gone, and I remain.

O noble branch of Montpensier!
His name shall be to Memory dear,
And in Fame's brightest archives stored;
For not alone his tears he gave,
But with his tears his being poured,
An offering on his father's grave.

Alas! alas! sad heart of mine,
Were such a glorious privilege thine,
It were indeed a blissful doom! —
No! not a father's cheek to see
Damp with the cold dews of the tomb,
And mingling with mortality.

But fain with him, in silence deep,
Sheltered from all my woes, I 'd sleep,
Where, from life's sad and darksome cares,
Beneath the damp and gloomy ground,
My soul his bed of silence shares,
With peace and solitude around.

So, freed and far from misery's power,
And fears and hopes, the hastening hour
Glides now no more away in pain,
Nor weary nights in sleepless thought;
But, ah! the lovely dream is vain, —
My shaken heart deserves it not.

See, brother! thou didst leave thy home,
And woes like these, far off to roam:
Yet other woes pursued thee there;
And even across the Indian seas,
Sorrow and darkness and despair
Told their sad tales and miseries.

But thou hast 'scaped the worst, — thy bed
From woe's loud storm hath screened thy head:
Thou shouldst have borne thy share, but now
Thou art above the reach of woe;
And I — a wretched being! — bow,
And cry as I was wont to do: —

"Blessed, though misery-causing, thou!
Who seest not all our sorrows now,
And hear'st not our funereal plaint;
But slumberest on thy bed of rest,
Stretched in the furthest Orient,
With Java's sands upon thy breast!"

ODE TO MY MOTHER.

O, NONE will deem it a disgrace,
Or ever with reproaches sting thee,
That thy fair brow should bear the trace
Of all the inward griefs that wring thee!
Without the sun, the pallid moon
Would lose her gayest lustre soon:
Then who, when wife and husband sever,
Would marvel that her eyes are dim,
Since he is her bright sun for ever,
And she a gentle moon to him?

The sun that cheered thy life has faded;
'T is time for thee to mourn and sigh;
Thy light and splendor now are shaded,
In dust thy crown and honor lie:
And, ah! thy house, that flourished fair,
Seems visited by thy despair,

And mourns like some abode deserted,
Or headless trunk in mute decay,
A land whose ruler has departed,
A world whose sun has passed away.

. . . . . .

'T is meet that for a season thou
Shouldst pour the tribute of thy sorrow;
But endless tears, a cheerless brow,
And woes that hope no joyous *morrow*,
Are trifling, vain, — though sprung from love, —
And sinful to thy God above:
And if my father's spirit, reigning
Beyond the earth, can see our grief,
Thy never-ceasing, lone complaining
Will bring him misery, — not relief.

Too deep for tears, the pangs we feel, —
For he is gone beyond recalling:
But, hark! what murmured accents steal?
What voice upon my ear is falling,
And through my mournful spirit flies,
As if it came from yonder skies?
O, can it be my father speaking,
In pity to thy widowed lot,
To soothe the heart that now is breaking?
It is! — it is! — dost hear it not?

I feel his accents from above,
Through heart and soul and senses creeping:
"My wife!" he cries, "my sorrowing love!
O, why give way to endless weeping,
And to despair in weakness bow?
O, blam'st thou Heaven, because it now
Has opened Eden's glorious portal?
Think'st thou that death could pardon me?
Ah, no! all, all on earth is mortal,
And fades into eternity.

. . . . . .

"I lie in safety and at rest,
And naught that I behold displeases;
I hear no accents that molest,
E'en when the North with tempest-breezes
Sweeps in its fury o'er the deep,
And wakes the ocean from its sleep;
Or when the thunder-cloud is scowling,
Or lightning rages from the west,
I fear not for the tempest's howling,
But lie in safety and at rest.

"The journey of my life is o'er,
From earthly chains has heaven unbound me,
And punishment and shame no more
Can cast their torturing influence round me.
And dost thou, dearest, weep for me?
And dost thou mourn that I should be
No more on earth? And art thou sighing
That I in peace have left a life
Which is but one long scene of dying,
Anxiety, and worrying strife?

. . . . . .

"Whilst here that brightened visage glows,
From which, whene'er my eyes retrace it,
A stream of joy and luxury flows,
Too vast for language to embrace it.
Here I approach, with forehead bright,
The majesty of endless light;
Light, — whose eternal beam is dwelling
Where mortal eye can see no way;
Light, — the gay sun as much excelling,
As he excels morn's faintest ray.

. . . . . .

"Ye men, who wear delusion's chain,
What madness *hath* your judgments riven?
Could you a transient glance obtain
Of all we see and feel in heaven,
All earth's delights would seem but care, —
Its glory, mist, — its bliss, despair, —
Its splendors, slavish melancholy, —
Its princely mansions, loathsome sties, —
Its greatest wisdom, merest folly, —
And all its riches, vanities!

"Then, dearest, be *the* pomp and state
Of earth's *vain world for ever slighted*,
And ask of God that still our fate
May be above again united.
We 'll join the bridal scene once more, —
A bridal, not, like ours of yore,
Earthly and weak, nor long remaining;
But heavenly, firm, and without end. —
Be comforted, and cease complaining,
And deem all good that God may send."

REINIER ANSLO.

Reinier Anslo was born of wealthy parents, at Amsterdam, in 1622. The greater part of his life was passed in travelling, particularly in Italy, where he became a Catholic, and where most of his poems were written. He died at Perugia, in 1669. His principal works are "The Plague of Naples" and "The Eve of St. Bartholomew"; both of an epic character, and written with great vigor and beauty.

FROM THE PLAGUE OF NAPLES.

Where shall we hide us, — he pursuing?
What darksome cave, what *gloomy* ruin?
It matters not, — distress and fear
Are everywhere.

Who now can shield us from the fury
That seems upon our steps to hurry?
Our brow exudes a frozen sweat,
On hearing it.

List to that scream! that broken crying!
Could not the death-gasp hush that sighing?
Are these the fruits of promised peace?
O, wretchedness!

E'en as a careless shepherd sleeping,
Forgetful of the flocks he 's keeping,
Is smitten by the lightning's breath, —
The bolt of death:

E'en as the growing mountain-current
Pours down the vales its giant torrent,
And sweeps the thoughtless flocks away
That slumbering lay:

So were we roused, — so woe descended
Before the bridal feast was ended,
And sleep *hung* heavy, — followed there
By blank despair.

JOANNES ANTONIDES VAN DER GOES.

This famous writer was born at Der Goes, in 1647. He had the good fortune early to gain the esteem of Vondel, who used to call him his son. He took the degree of Doctor in Medicine at the University of Utrecht, and became a successful practitioner. He died in 1684, at the early age of thirty-seven years.

The character of Van der Goes is thus sketched in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" (Vol. IV., pp. 56, 57): — "Antonides van der Goes had the enthusiasm, but not the high talents, necessary to redeem his country's literature from the affectation and servility into which it was rapidly falling. He expresses his indignation at the corrupting influence of the French in the following words, in a letter to his friend Oudaan: —

"'What turbulent spirit rules the land, and stains
With its pollution Holland's patriot plains,
Poisons our pens, infects the very air,
Long ere we know the hideous monster 's there?
For unperceived it rears a monarch's head,
Insults our language, and confers, instead,
The bastard speech, the wantonness, of Gaul.'

"Antonides followed Vondel, as far as he was able. His principal work is his poem on the River Y. There is an episode, — where the spirit of the Peruvians, Ataliba, appeals to the Hollanders in the waters of the tropics, imploring them to avenge the tyranny of the Spaniards, — which has been much praised. The idea is obviously borrowed from Camoens's 'Adamastor'; but Antonides's creation is at an infinite distance from that huge and sublime creation, that mass of intellectual granite rolling about amidst the storms of the Cape, tormented by mortal passions, and shipwrecked in more than mortal disappointment. Antonides's 'Bellona' was received with great enthusiasm; it sang the triumphs of Holland over England. Sad subjects these for song; the triumphs pass away, but not the hatred; and the malignant passions, awakened for the purposes of an hour, remain behind to torment many generations. A very acute author (Witsen Geysbeek), who has lately published an edition of the 'Ystroom,' places Antonides at the head of all the poets of the seventeenth century. He was the favorite child of Vondel's affection. The effect of his works is much diminished by his mythological machinery, but there are very few compositions which can be read with such a sustained pleasure as his 'River Y.' Hoogstraten wrote the life of Antonides, which is placed at the head of his works."

OVERTHROW OF THE TURKS BY VICE-ADMIRAL WILLEM JOSEPH.

Algiers, that on the midland sea
Rules o'er her bloody pirate-horde,
Sees now her crown in jeopardy,
And drops her cruel robber-sword.
The coast of Barbary, terrified,
Trembles beneath the conquerors' sway;
Our heroes on her waters ride,
While the fierce bandits, in dismay,
And mad with plunder and with ire,
Are smothered in a sea of fire.

Thrice had the sun from the orient verge
Into his golden chariot sprung;
From the rain-clouds his rays emerge,
With brightest glory round him flung:
The northern winds are roused, — the Turk
Is borne along; — in vain he tries,
While terrors in his bosom lurk,
To 'scape our glance: — in vain he flies.
He may not fly, — for he is bound
In his pursuers' toils around.

Ye rapine vultures of the sea,
Haste, haste before the storm and stream;
Stretch out your pinions now, and be
The fearful, flying flock ye seem!
No! ye shall not escape, — for we
Have hemmed you in on every side;
Your crescent now looks mournfully,
And fain her paling horns would hide.
But no! but no! ye shall be driven
From earth and ocean, as from heaven.

No! terror shakes the Afric strand,
The Moor perceives his glory wane;
The madman glares with fiery brand,
As glares the heaven above the main.
The cannons rattle to the wind;
Black, noisome vapors from the waves
The bright-eyed sun with darkness blind;
And Echo shouts from Nereus' caves,
As if, with rage and strength immortal,
Salmoneus shook hell's brazen portal.

How should they stand against the free, —
The free, — the brave, — whom Ocean's pride
Hath loved to crown with victory,
Yet victory never satisfied?
The Amstel's thunders roar around,
While the barbarians clamor loud,
And, scattered on their native ground,
The base retire before the proud;
While their sea-standards, riven and torn,
Are but the noisy tempest's scorn.

There twice three ships submit them, — led
By their commander. — Ocean 's freed
From its old tyrants, — and in dread,
On the wide waters when they bleed,

From that inhospitable shore
Upon the mingled flame and smoke
Looks the heart-agitated Moor,
Whose power is lost, and riven his yoke:
He stamps and curses, as he sees
How his fear-stricken brother flees.

O, ye have earned a noble meed,
Brave Christian heroes! — the reward
Of virtue. Gratitude shall speed
Your future course: ye have unbarred
The prison-doors of many a slave,
Whom heathen power had bound, — and these
In memory's shrines your names shall have;
And this shall be your stainless praise, —
Leaving sweet thoughts, — as seamen ride
From land to land o'er favoring tide.

JAN VAN BROEKHUIZEN.

Jan van Broekhuizen, better known among scholars by the Latinized name of *Janus Broukhusius*, was born at Amsterdam, in 1649. When young, he lost his father; and, much against his own inclination, was placed by his guardian with an apothecary, "his genius cramped over a pestle and mortar." At this time he wrote verses, which gained some applause; and subsequently entering the military service, he sailed, in 1674, to the West Indies, as a marine, under the celebrated Admiral De Ruyter. In the autumn of the same year, he returned to Utrecht, where he became acquainted with several scientific men. Here, in 1684, he published an edition of his poems. He afterwards received a military appointment at Amsterdam, where he remained till the peace of Ryswick, when he retired from the service with the rank of Captain. He was an editor, as well as an author, and published editions of several of the classics, with critical notes. He died in 1707. The best edition of his poems is that of Amsterdam, 1711, quarto.

SONG.

I sigh, lament, and moan,
Whene'er I am alone;
And, O, my eyes in bitterness complain,
Which dared to gaze on her who caused my pain!
At daybreak, and when night draws nigh,
Clorinda still dwells in my memory:
Yes, — there the lovely image is enshrined,
Whose power I feel for ever in my mind.

My dreams are never free
From this sad slavery:
All other thoughts love in oblivion drowns.
My heart throbs fluttering, fearful of her frowns;
Her eye of light, her lip of rose,
Her dulcet voice, her cheeks, where beauty glows,
Are snares which lure the bosom that relies,
And wound the soul that trusts them, through the eyes.

Then go, my eyes, and crave
Some pity for her slave:
But let your mission unobtrusive be,
Your language tempered with humility.
She will not scorn the heart that brings
Its love to her, and round her mercy clings.
But if she do not listen to your prayer,
Despise her heart, — self-love alone is there.

SONNET.

Beyond the Rhine, in solitudes and snows,
Through every starless night and cheerless day,
I muse, and waste myself in thought away,
And breathe my sighs to where the Amstel flows.
My spring of life is hastening to its close,
The sun of youth emits its latest ray,
While grief asserts its most ungentle sway;
And toils I bear, but toils without repose.
But, O, my past enjoyment, life, and light!
How soon would sorrow take its hurried flight,
And every thought that pains my breast depart,
If thou wert present when my spirits pine!
For thou wouldst bring, with those sweet eyes of thine,
A summer in the land, — a heaven within my heart.

MORNING.

The morning hour, its brightness spreading,
In more than common lustre rose;
And o'er day's portals sparkling snows
And corals, gems of gold, was shedding.

The moon grew paler, paler yet, —
And night, her gloomy face averting,
Rolled slowly up her misty curtain, —
And star by star in twilight set.

Closed are the thousand eyes of heaven,
And light shines brighter forth from one;
And, lo! the bee comes forth alone,
To rob the rose and thyme till even.

The lordly lion wakes the wood
With mighty roar; his eyeball flashes;
He shakes his mane, his tail he lashes;
His loud voice breaks the solitude.

Away, thou monarch, brave, unshaken!
Endymion, when he hears thy cries,
Far from the woods in terror flies,
And leaves his old abode forsaken.

He finds his mistress on the mead,
Who, where the shady boughs are twining,
Upon the greensward is reclining,
And counts the flocks that round her feed.

How gayly comes that maiden straying,
Before the sheep, that fawn and play!
All light and smiles,—like dawning day,
When o'er the ocean's bosom playing.

The lambkin, youthful as the grass,
As white as snow, as soft as roses,
Now at her tarrying feet reposes,
And now beside her loves to pass.

The feathered choir, with songs of pleasure,
Salute the sun, whose glowing ray
Is shining on their plumage gay,
And glads their thousand-chorus measure.

What art can equal the sweet notes
Of their wild lays in grief and sadness?
What hand can wake such tones of gladness
As flow from their untutored throats?

The peasant, with the dawn beginning,
Now yokes the oxen to the ploughs;
And peasant-girls, with laughing brows,
Sing gay and cheerily while spinning.

A varied sound and fitful light
On dreams and silence are encroaching;
The sun in glory is approaching
To wake to day the slumbering night.

The lover, who with passion smarted,
And sighed his soul at Chloris' feet,
Starts when he finds the night's deceit,
And Chloris with his dream departed.

The busy smith, with naked arms,
Whom sparks and blasts and flames environ,
Beats sturdily the glowing iron,
Which the loud-hissing water warms.

Come, let us rise and wander, dear one!
Our taper's flame is faint and dead,
The morning ray is on our bed;
Come, let us rise and wander, fair one!

Come, rouse, beloved! let us rove
Where 'neath our welcomed steps are growing
Roses and lilies, fair and glowing
As those upon thy cheeks, my love!

DIRK SMITS.

Dirk Smits was born at Rotterdam, in 1702. Gravenweert* describes his character as follows: — "Nature alone formed him. He was employed in some small occupations in the customs, and struggled all his life against the inequalities of fortune. Several of his pieces are still cited, as models of an agreeable and easy style. All his productions are full of grace and feeling, and every lover of letters knows the 'Song of the Cradle,' and the 'Funeral Wreath for my Daughter.' In most of his poems, a gravity nearly approaching to melancholy reigns; and, whether it be the influence of climate or national character, this tone predominates in the good poets of Holland; it is this which they have generally seized the best."

* Littérature Néerlandaise, p. 130.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor:
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

WILLEM BILDERDIJK.

Willem Bilderdijk, renowned as a jurist, an accomplished scholar, and a poet, was born at Amsterdam, September 7th, 1756. He received a careful education. He studied at the University of Leyden, where he devoted himself to jurisprudence under the direction of the learned Van der Keessel. He left his country when the French occupied it, went to Brunswick, and afterwards to London, where he delivered lectures on law, poetry, and literature, which were numerously attended. In 1806, he returned to Holland. At the beginning of the reign of Louis Bonaparte, Bilderdijk was selected by him to be his teacher in the Dutch language. After having resided in various places, he established himself in Haarlem in 1827, where he died, December 18th, 1831.

His feelings were strong and impetuous. He was "a good hater"; and his expressions of literary and national animosity were often violent and overcharged. Speaking of the French language, he says:

"Begone! thou bastard tongue, so base, so broken,
By human jackals and hyenas spoken;

Formed for a race of infidels, and fit
To laugh at truth and skepticize in wit!
What stammering, snivelling sounds, which scarcely dare
Through nasal channels to salute the ear,
Yet, helped by apes' grimaces and the devil,
Have ruled the world, and ruled the world for evil!"

One of his principal literary quarrels was with Siegenbeek, on the orthography of the Dutch language. During this controversy, he wrote a poetical pasquinade, entitled "Dance round a Coffin," in which he represents his enemies as dancing round his dead body, and rejoicing, that, their great schoolmaster and tyrant being dead, they can corrupt the language at their pleasure. The following are a few stanzas of this poem.

Now Bilderdijk, the dread,
Is dead!
Now his mouth is shut,
Now his pen and fingers still!
Now has Marsyas his will!
Faithful fellow-croakers,
Bilderdijk is dead and gone,
And our kingdom and our throne
Shall no more be shaken!

Now again, with crash
And dash,
Bastardize our language;
Metre, tone, and common sense
Banish from the land far hence!
Hurrah, poetasters!
Lay the pure Hollandish by,
And forward with your Mollery,[1]
Modern-style schoolmasters!

Kwik-kwak-kwak! and Rik-
Kik-kik!
Now is the time for gladness!
Spring, then, merrily plunge and splash!
Knights of the puddle, dive and dash
In the muddy river!
Far and wide is holyday,
Bilderdijk no more shall bray,
Our throne stands fast for ever!

Bilderdijk was one of the most learned and voluminous writers of Holland. His published works fill more than one hundred octavo volumes, and there are more behind in manuscript.

His character is strikingly delineated by Robert Southey, in his "Epistle to Allan Cunningham" (Works, Vol. III., pp. 311, 312).

"'And who is Bilderdijk?' methinks thou sayest.
A ready question; yet which, trust me, Allan,
Would not be asked, had not the curse that came
From Babel clipped the wings of Poetry.
Napoleon asked him once, with cold, fixed look,
'Art thou, then, in the world of letters known?'
'I have deserved to be,' the Hollander
Replied, meeting that proud imperial look
With calm and proper confidence, and eye
As little wont to turn away abashed
Before a mortal presence. He is one
Who hath received upon his constant breast
The sharpest arrows of adversity;
Whom not the clamors of the multitude,
Demanding, in their madness and their might,
Iniquitous things, could shake in his firm mind;
Nor the strong hand of instant tyranny
From the straight path of duty turn aside:
But who, in public troubles, in the wreck
Of his own fortunes, in proscription, exile,
Want, obloquy, ingratitude, neglect,
And what severer trials Providence
Sometimes inflicteth, chastening whom it loves,—
In all, through all, and over all, hath borne
An equal heart, as resolute toward
The world, as humbly and religiously
Beneath his Heavenly Father's rod resigned.
Right-minded, happy-minded, righteous man,
True lover of his country and his kind;
In knowledge, and in inexhaustive stores
Of native genius, rich; philosopher,
Poet, and sage. The language of a state
Inferior in illustrious deeds to none,
But circumscribed by narrow bounds, and now
Sinking in irrecoverable decline,
Hath pent within its sphere a name wherewith
Europe should else have rung from side to side."

Gravenweert* says of him, "This extraordinary genius is not only the greatest poet that Holland has produced, but he is one of her first grammarians and most distinguished scholars. Destined to the profession of an advocate, besides being an excellent lawyer, he became a scholar, theologian, physician, critical historian, astronomer, antiquary, draftsman, and engineer, and acquired a thorough knowledge of nearly all the modern languages, as well as of the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian, the most brilliant pieces in which he translated and imitated, but with a spirit which gives them an inimitable color. Bilderdijk excels in every species of poetry, tragedy alone excepted; in this he has been able to equal neither the ancients, nor the French triumvirate, nor Shakspeare, nor Schiller, nor Vondel; yet, excepting these great models, he bears a comparison with all that Europe has produced."

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Child of the Unborn! dost thou bend
From Him we in the day-beams see,
Whose music with the breeze doth blend?
To feel thy presence is to be.
Thou, our soul's brightest effluence, — thou
Who in heaven's light to earth dost bow,
A spirit 'midst unspiritual clods, —
Beauty! who bear'st the stamp profound
Of Him, with all perfection crowned,
Thine image, — thine alone, — is God's.

How is thine influence o'er us spread,
That in thy smile we smile and play?
How art thou woven with life's thread?
Thou consciousness of greatness! say,
Art thou a spirit of the breeze,
Which our awakening vision sees,
That grasps our hand, and pours a flood
Of glory, and, with thought more high
Than mortal thoughts can magnify,
Stirs with heaven's warmth our icy blood?

[1] Germanisms.

* Littérature Néerlandaise, pp. 188, 189.

Thou dazzling, driving, despot power,
Mortality before thee kneels;
Thou wert not born in earthly hour,
Whose breath the tomb with glory fills:
No! thee the Almighty's hand did mould
Out of the morning-beams of gold
Which burst on heaven when earth was made,—
He plumed and he perfumed thy wings,
And bade thee brood o'er mortal things,
And in thy smiles his smile conveyed.

How shall I catch a single ray
Thy glowing hand from nature wakes,—
Steal from the ether-waves of day
One of the notes thy world-harp shakes,—
Escape that miserable joy,
Which dust and self with darkness cloy,
Fleeting and false,—and, like a bird,
Cleave the air-path, and follow thee
Through thine own vast infinity,
Where rolls the Almighty's thunder-word?

Perfect thy brightness in heaven's sphere,
Where thou dost vibrate in the bliss
Of anthems ever echoing there!
That, that is life,—not this,—not this:
There in the holy, holy row,
And not on earth, so deep below,
Thy music unrepressed may speak;
Stay, shrouded, in that holy place;—
Enough that we have seen thy face,
And kissed the smiles upon thy cheek.

We stretch our eager hands to thee,
And for thine influence pray, in vain;
The burden of mortality
Hath bent us 'neath its heavy chain;—
And there are fetters forged by art,
And science cold hath chilled the heart,
And wrapped thy godlike crown in night;
On waxen wings they soar on high,
And when most distant deem thee nigh,—
They quench thy torch, and dream of light.

They dare, in their presumptuous pride,—
They,—miserable clods of clay!—
Thy glorious influence to deride,
And laws to make, thy course to sway;
They,—senseless stones, and brainless things,—
Would point thy course, unplume thy wings,
And lower thee to their littleness;
They,—fools unblushing,—vile and vain,—
Would God, would truth, would thee constrain,
Their Midas' idols to caress.

See *there* the glory of the earth!
See *there*, how laurel wreaths are spread!
See the base souls, in swinish mirth,
Worship the gold round Titan's head!
They tyrants will not crush,—not they!
The despot gods of heathen-sway,—
The imps that out of darkness start:
No! these they raise;—but stamp, if thou
To their vile bidding will not bow,
Their iron foot upon thy heart.

No! proud provokers! no! unhushed
My song shall flow, my voice shall sound,
And, till the world—till you—are crushed,
Sing God, truth, beauty's hymns around:
I will denounce your false pretence,
For holiness find eloquence,
While genuine beauty sits beside;—
Crawl in the mire, ye mushroom crews!
Lo! I am fed with heavenly dews
That nourish spirits purified.

Child of the Unborn! joy! for thou
Shinest in every heavenly flame,
Breathest on all the winds that blow,
While self-conviction speaks thy name:
O, let one glance of thine illume
The longing soul that bids thee come,
And make me feel of heaven, like thee!
Shake from thy torch one blazing drop,
And to my soul all heaven shall ope,
And I—dissolve in melody!

THE ROSES.

I saw them once blowing,
Whilst morning was glowing;
But now are their withered leaves strewed o'er the ground,
For tempests to play on,
For cold worms to prey on,—
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds, which then flourished,
With dew-drops were nourished,
Which turned into pearls as they fell from on high;
Their hues are now banished,
Their fragrance all vanished,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay;
And smiling and gladness,
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reached its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances
And Melody's glances
Are rays of a moment,—are dying when born:
And Pleasure's best dower
Is naught but a flower,—
A vanishing dew-drop,—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded,
Our strength disappears,—we are helpless and lone:
No reason avails us,
And intellect fails us,
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

H. TOLLENS.

Tollens was born at Rotterdam, in 1778. He received a classical education, and also devoted himself much to the modern languages. He showed early an inclination for poetry. His first attempts appeared in 1802, and gave an earnest of his future distinction. In 1806, he gained a prize by his well known poem entitled "The Death of Egmont and Horn." A collection of his poems was published in 1808. Since then, a long series of works has appeared from his indefatigable pen, which have had an immense circulation. He still lives to enjoy the honors which his admiring countrymen have awarded him. Gravenweert* calls him "one of the greatest Dutch authors in descriptive poetry, the ballad, and the sweet, graceful, and moral kind which delineates the events of private life."

SUMMER MORNING'S SONG.

Up, sleeper! dreamer! up! for now
There 's gold upon the mountain's brow, —
There 's light on forests, lakes, and meadows, —
The dew-drops shine on floweret-bells, —
The village clock of morning tells.
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

Up! out! o'er furrow and o'er field!
The claims of toil some moments yield
For morning's bliss, and time is fleeter
Than thought; — so out! 't is dawning yet;
Why twilight's lovely hour forget?
For sweet though be the workman's sweat,
The wanderer's sweat is sweeter.

Up! to the fields! through shine and stour!
What hath the dull and drowsy hour
So blest as this, — the glad heart leaping
To hear morn's early songs sublime?
See earth rejoicing in its prime!
The summer is the waking time,
The winter time for sleeping.

O, fool! to sleep such hours away,
While blushing nature wakes to day,
On down, through summer mornings snoring!
'T is meet for thee, the winter long,
When snows fall fast and winds blow strong,
To waste the night amidst the throng,
Their vinous poisons pouring.

The very beast that crops the flower
Hath welcome for the dawning hour;
Aurora smiles, — her beckonings claim thee.
Listen! — look round! — the chirp, the hum,
Song, low, and bleat, — there 's nothing dumb, —
All love, all life! Come! slumberers, come!
The meanest thing shall shame thee.

We come, — we come, — our wanderings take
Through dewy field, by misty lake,
And rugged paths, and woods pervaded
By branches o'er, by flowers beneath,
Making earth odorous with their breath;
Or through the shadeless gold-gorze heath,
Or 'neath the poplars shaded.

Were we of feather or of fin,
How blest, to dash the river in,
Thread the rock-stream as it advances, —
Or, better, like the birds above,
Rise to the greenest of the grove,
And sing the matin song of love
Amidst the highest branches!

O, thus to revel, thus to range,
I 'll yield the counter, bank, or change;
The business crowds, all peace destroying;
The toil, with snow that roofs our brains;
The seeds of care, which harvests pains;
The wealth, for more which strives and strains,
Still less and less enjoying!

O, happy, who the city's noise
Can quit for nature's quiet joys,
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow;
No more 'midst prison-walls abide,
But in God's temple vast and wide
Pour praises every eventide,
Ask mercies every morrow!

No seraph's flaming sword hath driven
That man from Eden or from heaven,
From earth's sweet smiles and winning features;
For him, by toils and troubles tossed,
By wealth and wearying cares engrossed, —
For him, a paradise is lost,
But not for happy creatures.

Come, — though a glance it may be, — come,
Enjoy, improve; then hurry home,
For life's strong urgencies must bind us.
Yet mourn not; morn shall wake anew,
And we shall wake to bless it too.
Homewards! — the herds that shake the dew
We 'll leave in peace behind us.

WINTER EVENING'S SONG.

The storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Thank Heaven, with blazing coals and wood
We sit in comfort here!
The trees as whitest down are white,
The river hard as lead.
Sweet mistress! why this blank to-night?
There 's punch so warm, and wine so bright,
And sheltering roof and bread.

And if a friend should pass this way,
We give him flesh and fish;
And sometimes game adorns the dish:
It chances as it may.

* Littérature Néerlandaise, p. 226.

And every birthday festival,
Some extra tarts appear,
An extra *glass of wine for all*, —
While to *the child*, or *great or small*,
We drink the happy year.

Poor beggars, *all the city through*
That wander! — *pity knows*
That if it rains, or hails, or snows,
No difference 't is to you.
Your children's birthdays come, — no throng
Of friends approach your door;
'T is a long suffering, sad as long:
No fire to warm, — to cheer, no song, —
No presents for the poor.

And should not we far better be,
We far more blest than they?
Our winter hearth is bright and gay,
Our wine-cups full and free;
And we were wrought in finer mould,
And made of purer clay:
God's holy eyes, that all behold,
Chose for our garments gems and gold, —
And made *them* rags display.

I? better I? O, would 't were so!
I am perplexed in sooth;
I wish, I wish you 'd speak the truth;
You do not speak it, — no!
Who knows — I know not — but that vest
That 's pieced and patched all through,
May wrap a very honest breast,
Of evil purged, by good possessed,
Generous, and just, and true?

And can it be? Indeed it can,
That I so favored stand;
And he, the offspring of God's hand,
A poor, deserted man.
And then I sit to muse; I sit
The riddle to unravel;
I strain my thoughts, I tax my wit;
The less my thoughts can compass it,
The more they toil and travel.

And thus, and thus alone, I see,
When poring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto *the* poor,
But not the poor to *me*:
That, having more than I require,
That more I 'm bound to spread,
Give from my hearth a spark of fire,
Drops from my cup, and feed desire
With morsels of my bread.

And thus I found, that, scattering round
Blessings in mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my torn heart grew sound.
The storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Come, beggar, come, our garments bear,
A portion of our dwelling share,
A morsel of our food.

List, boys and girls! the hour is late,
There 's some one at the door;
Run, little ones! the man is poor; —
Who first unlocks the gate?
What do I hear? Run fast, run fast!
What do I hear so sad?
'T is a poor mother in the blast,
Trembling, — I heard her as she passed, —
And weeping o'er her lad.

I thank thee, Source of every bliss,
For every bliss I know;
I thank thee, thou didst train me so
To learn thy way in this:
That wishing good, and doing good,
Is laboring, Lord, with thee;
That charity is gratitude;
And piety, best understood,
A sweet humanity.

JOHN A' SCHAFFELAAR.

When high the flame of discord rose,
And o'er the country spread,
When friends were changed to deadliest foes,
And nature's feelings fled:

When doubtful questions of debate
Disturbed the public mind,
And all, impelled by furious hate,
Forgot their kin and kind:

When foreign armies, helmed and plumed,
Were hurrying to our strand,
And fierce internal fires consumed
The heart of Netherland:

Then flourished John a' Schaffelaar, —
A hero bold was he,
Renowned for glorious deeds of war,
And feats of chivalry.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name
Give Schaffelaar his due,
Who was, though lauded less by fame,
The nobler of the two.

Secluded virtue fairest shines,
No flattery dims its rays;
While virtue on a throne declines,
And fades beneath its praise.

You ask me once again to sing, —
And I have yet the will;
And whilst my lyre retains a string,
'T will sound for Holland still.

When Utrecht saw her sons appear
Her bishop to depose,
And all with musket and with spear
Against his vassals rose:

When Amersfoort had sworn to shield,
Defend him, and obey;
And Barneveldt had made it yield,
And wrested him away:

Then flourished John a' Schaffelaar, —
A hero bold was he,
Renowned for glorious deeds of war,
And feats of chivalry.

Up, up the steepest tower he went,
With eighteen men to aid,
And from the lofty battlement
A deadly havoc made.

He dares their fire, which threatens death,
And gives it back again;
And showers of bullets fall beneath,
As thick as winter's rain.

Erect he stands, — no vain alarm,
No fear of death appalls;
And many a foeman, by his arm,
Drops from the castle-walls.

But courage must be crushed, at last,
In such unequal fight:
The best and bravest blood flows fast,
And quenches glory's light.

Fearfully rolls the tempest there,
And vengeance breathes around;
The thunder bursts and rends the air,
And shrieks along the ground.

The castle rocks at every blow
Upon its giant frame;
The raging fire ascends, and, lo!
The tower is wrapped in flame.

"Your will?" cried John a' Schaffelaar,
"Your will? my comrades true!
Though thoughts of self are banished far,
I still can mourn for you."

"O, yield to them! give up the tower!"
To Schaffelaar they call;
"We cannot now withstand their power;
Yield, or we perish all.

"The flames are round us, and our fate
Is certain," was the cry;
"Then yield, O, yield, ere 't is too late!
Amid the smoke we die."

"We yield it, then," the hero cried,
"We yield it to your might,
We bow our stubborn necks of pride,
Ye conquerors in the fight!"

"No! No!" exclaimed the furious crowd,
"A ransom we require;
A ransom, quick!" they called aloud,
"Or perish in the fire!"

"What is your wish? — no more we war,"
They cry to those without.
"We would have John a' Schaffelaar,"
The furious rabble shout.

"Never! by Heaven! — we yield him not,"
They cry, as with one voice;
"If death must be our leader's lot,
We 'll share it, and rejoice!"

"Hold! on your lives!" with lifted hand
Said Schaffelaar the free;
"Whoe'er opposes their demand
Is not a friend to me.

"Mine was the attempt, — be mine the fate,
Since we in vain withstood;
On me alone would fall the weight
Of all your guiltless blood.

"The flames draw nearer, — all is o'er, —
And here I may not dwell;
Give me your friendly hands once more, —
For ever fare ye well!"

He rushes from his trusty men,
Who would in vain oppose,
And from the narrow loophole then
He springs amid his foes.

"Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar, —
No longer battle wage, —
Divide and banquet, hounds of war!
And satisfy your rage.

"Now sheathe your swords, and bear afar
The muskets that we braved;
Here have ye John a' Schaffelaar; —
My comrades true are saved."

His limbs were writhing on the ground
In death's convulsive thrill;
The blood-drops that are shed around
With shame his foemen fill.

The sounds of war no more arise,
And banished is the gloom;
But glory's wreath, which never dies,
Surrounds the hero's tomb.

Let him who would Rome's Curtius name
Give Schaffelaar his due,
Who was, though lauded less by fame,
The nobler of the two.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Restless Time, who ne'er abidest!
Driver, who life's chariot guidest
O'er dark hills and vales that smile!
Let me, let me breathe awhile:
Whither dost thou hasten? say! —
Driver, but an instant stay.

What a viewless distance thou,
Still untired, hast travelled now!
Never tarrying, — rest unheeding, —
Over thorns and roses speeding, —
Through lone places unforeseen, —
Cliff and vast abyss between!

Five-and-twenty years thou 'st passed,
Thundering on unchecked and fast,
And, though tempests burst around,
Stall nor stay thy coursers found:
I am dizzy, faint, oppressed,—
Driver! for one moment rest.

Swifter than the *lightning* flies,
All things vanish from my eyes;
All that rose so brightly o'er me,
Like pale mist-wreaths, fade before me;
Every spot my glance can find
Thy impatience leaves behind.

Yesterday thy wild steeds flew
O'er a spot where roses grew;
These I sought to gather blindly,
But thou hurriedst on unkindly:
Fairest buds I trampled, lorn,
And but grasped the naked thorn.

Driver! turn thee quickly back
On the selfsame beaten track:
I, of late, so much neglected,
Lost, forgot, contemned, rejected,
That I still each scene would trace:—
Slacken thy bewildering pace!

Dost thou thus impetuous drive,
That thou sooner may'st arrive
Safe within the hallowed fences
Where delight—where rest commences?
Where, then, dost thou respite crave?
All make answer, "At the grave."

There, alas! and only there,
Through the storms that rend the air,
Doth the rugged pathway bend:
There all pains and sorrows end;
There repose's goal is won:—
Driver! ride, in God's name, on!

ELIAS ANNE BORGER.

Borger, well known as a Dutch theologian, was born February 26th, 1785, at Joure, in Friesland. In 1800, he resorted to the University of Leyden, where he studied theology, and took the degree of Doctor, in 1807. In the same year, he was appointed Teacher of Biblical Exegesis in the University; in 1813, he was made Professor Extraordinary, and in 1815, Professor Ordinary. In 1817, he left the theological faculty and became Professor of History. He died, October 12th, 1820. His poems are of an elegiac character.

ODE TO THE RHINE.

In the Borean regions stormy
There 's silence,—battling hail and rain
Are hushed. The calm Rhine rolls before me,
Unfettered from its winter chain.
Its streams their ancient channels water,
And thousand joyous peasants bring
The flowery offerings of the spring
To thee, Mount Gothard's princely daughter!
Monarch of streams, from Alpine brow,
Who, rushing, whelm'st with inundations,
Or, sovereign-like, divid'st the nations;
Lawgiver all-imperial, thou!

I have had days like thine, unclouded,—
Days passed upon thy pleasant shore;
My heart sprung up in joy unshrouded,—
Alas! it springs to joy no more.
My fields of green, my humble dwelling,
Which love made beautiful and bright,
To me,—to her,—my soul's delight,—
Seemed monarchs' palaces excelling,
When, in our little happy bower,
Or 'neath the starry vault at even,
We walked in love, and talked of heaven,
And poured forth praises for our dower.

But now I could my hairs well number,
But not the tears my eyes which wet:
The Rhine will to their cradle-slumber
Roll back its waves, ere I forget,—
Forget the blow that twice hath riven
The crown of glory from my head.
God! I have trusted,—duty-led,
'Gainst all rebellious thoughts have striven,
And strive,—and call thee Father,—still
Say all thy will is wisest, kindest,—
Yet,—twice,—the burden that thou bindest
Is heavy,—I obey thy will!

At Katwyk, where the silenced billow
Thee welcomes, Rhine, to her own breast,
There, with the damp sand for her pillow,
I laid my treasure in its rest.
My tears shall with thy waters blend them:
Receive those briny tears from me,
And, when exhaled from the vast sea,
To her own grave in dew-drops send them,—
A heavenly fall of love for her.
Old Rhine! thy waves 'gainst sorrow steel them:
O, no! man's miseries,—thou canst feel them;—
Then be my *grief's interpreter.*

And greet the babe, which earth's green bosom
Had but received, when she who bore
That lovely undeveloped blossom
Was struck by death,—the bud,—the flower.
I forced my daughter's tomb,—her mother
Bade me,—and laid the slumbering child
Upon that bosom undefiled.
Where, where could I have found another
So dear, so pure? 'T was wrong to mourn,
When those so loving slept delighted:
Should I divide what God united?
I laid them in a common urn.

There are who call *this* earth a palace
Of Eden, who on roses go;—
I would not drink again life's chalice,
Nor tread again its paths of woe:

I joy at day's decline, — the morrow
Is welcome. In its fearful flight,
I count, and count with calm delight,
My five-and-thirty years of sorrow
Accomplished. Like this river, years
Roll. Press, ye tombstones, my departed
Lightly, and o'er the broken-hearted
Fling your cold shield, and veil his tears.

DA COSTA.

Da Costa belongs to the school of Bilderdijk. A writer in the "Westminster Review" (Vol. X., p. 43) says of this poet: — "His productions have none of the ordinary defects of those of his master, — they are all smooth and polished, without those irregularities which so often destroy the charm of Bilderdijk's compositions. Da Costa, full of the pride of his Jewish ancestry, was some years ago converted to the Christian faith. Intense emotions, — profound and anxious studies, — the struggles of doubts and fears, — produced a state of mind which then often gave vent to its mingled emotions in language wonderfully eloquent and harmonious."

INTRODUCTION TO A HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

When Homer fills his fierce war-trump of glory,
And wakes his mighty lyre's harmonious word,
Whose soul but thrills enraptured at the story,
As thrilled old Ilium's ruins, when they heard?

Mæonian Swan! that shakes the soul, when loudly
Rushing, — or melts the heart in strains sublime;
Strong as the arm of Hector, lifted proudly, —
Sweet as his widow's tears, in watching-time!

Though still thy strains song's glorious crown inherit,
Though age to age kneel lowly at thy shrine,
Yet, (O, forgive me, — venerable spirit!)
Thou leav'st a void within this heart of mine.

My country is the land of sunbeams, — Heaven
Gave me no cradle in the lukewarm West;
The glow of Libyan sands by hot winds driven
Is like the thirst of song within my breast.

What is this fray to me, — these battle-noises
Of mortals led by weak divinities?
I must hear higher notes and holier voices, —
Not the mere clods of beauteous things, like these.

What are these perished vanities ideal
Of thee, — old Grecian bard, — and following throng?
Heaven, heaven, must wake the rapturous and the real,
The sanctified, the sacred soul of song.

Can they do this, the famed Hellenic teachers,
Or Northern bards? O, no! 't is not for them;
'T is for the inspired, the God-anointed preachers, —
The holy prophets of Jerusalem!

O privileged race! sprung forth from chosen fathers, —
The son of Jesse, and his fragrant name!
Within my veins thy holy life-blood gathers,
And tracks the sacred source from whence it came.

Angelic Monarch's son! the great Proclaimer,
The great Interpreter of God's decree!
Herald, at once, of wrath, and the Redeemer!
Announcing hopes, — announcing agony!

The seraphs sing their "Holy, holy, holy,"
Greeting the Godhead on his awful throne;
And earth repeats heaven's song, — though far and lowly, —
Poured, 'midst the brightness of the dazzling One,

By safety-girded angels. Hallowed singers!
Yours is the spirit's spiritual melody;
Touch now the sacred lyre with mortal fingers, —
Aspirers! earth is gazing tremblingly.

My heart springs up, — its earthly bonds would sever,
Upon the pulses of that hymn to mount;
My lips are damp with the pale blights of fever,
And my hot blood grows stagnant at its fount.

My Father! give me breath, and thought, and power!
My heart shall heave with your pure, hallowed words;
Hear! if ye hear, the loud-voiced psalm shall shower
From east to west its vibrating accords.

Inspire! if ye inspire, the glad earth, reeling
With rapture, shall God's glory echo round;
And God-deniers, low in ashes kneeling,
Blend their subjected voices in the sound.

O, if my tongue can sing the Lord of ages,
The Ruler, the Almighty, King of kings;
He who the flaming seraphim engages,
His watchers, — while he makes the clouds his wings!

Spread, spread your pinions, — spread your loftiest pinions,
Spirit of song, for me, — for me! — in vain
To the low wretchedness of earth's dominions
I seek your heavenly, upward course to rein!

Wake, lyre! break forth, ye strings! — let rapture's current
Soar, swell, surprise, gush, glow! — thou heart, be riven!
Pour, pour, the impassioned, overflowing torrent!
The hymns are hymns of heaven!

THE SABBATH.

On the seventh day reposing, lo! the great Creator stood,
Saw the glorious work accomplished, — saw and felt that it was good;
Heaven, earth, man and beast have being, day and night their courses run, —
First creation, — infant manhood, — earliest Sabbath, — it is done.

On the seventh day reposing, Jesus filled his sainted tomb,
From his spirit's toil retreating, while he broke man's fatal doom;
'T was a new creation bursting, brighter than the primal one, —
'T is fulfilment, — reconcilement, — 't is redemption, — it is done.

KINKER.

"KINKER is one of the most remarkable men in Holland; his writings are tainted with the mysticisms of the Kant school, — but he is evidently a man of genius and erudition, whose power and influence would be much greater if he could see his way, which nobody can, through the mists and clouds of a philosophy which is darkness with a few sparks of light; — a philosophy perplexing alike by its incumbrance of phrase and its vagueness of conception, — a sort of moral opium, exciting for a while, and then leaving the mind distressed and perplexed. This confusion of ideas, conveyed in a very energetic phraseology, is found even in the poetry of Kinker. In truth, his verses are frequently unintelligible, though they leave the impression, that, if we could but understand them, they would be very fine. The same tone of mind gives a too common harshness even to his versification, though no man can discourse more fitly than he on the prosody and harmony of language. Yet it would seem as if his art produced his hard verses, for most of his off-hand and numerous pieces are smooth and flowing. His verses to Haydn are striking, and his 'Adieu to the Y and the Amstel,' on his removal to Liege, is among the best of modern compositions." *

VIRTUE AND TRUTH.

GOODNESS and truth require no decoration;
They, in and through themselves, are great and fair:
All ornament is supererogation,
Giving false coloring and fictitious air.

Beauty is virtue's image, truth's best light, —
Virtue and truth its representatives;
'T is the grand girdle, that, with radiance bright,
To both, — in all that are, — their lustre gives.

To its sublime control all evil bows,
Or sneaks away, subjected to its reign;
O'er each defect a garb of mystery throws,
Or seeks her midnight nakedness again.

Error must be the lot of mortal kind,
But virtue, in life's night, man's guide may be;
For man's dim eye, so weak, — 't is almost blind, —
Scarce looks through mist-damps of mortality.

Vain is endeavour! — true; but that endeavour,
It goodness, truth, and virtue testifies;
Struggles and fails, but fails through weakness ever,
Yet, failing, pours out light on darkened eyes.

Ye vainly dream, obscurers of the earth,
That all is tending downwards to its fall;
Vain are your scoffs on manhood, and man's worth,
And that great tendency which governs all.

In vain, with fading and offensive flowers,
Ye hide the chains of mental tyranny:
The unhealthy spirit, lured to treacherous bowers,
May joy in its free-chosen slavery;

Call what is incomplete, degenerate;
God's children, bastards; and its curses throw
At all who bend not at its temple-gate,
Nor to night's image kneel in worship low.

We see in the unfinished, tottering, frail,
A slowly, surely, sweetly working leaven,
And in the childish dreams of life's low vale,
The faint, but lovely, shadowings-forth of heaven.

We sink not, sacred ones! but fluttering tend, —
Though weak, we tend towards God: the word we hear,
Audibly bidding us uprise, and wend
Our way above man's feebleness and fear.

An idle toil is slumbering man's poor fate,
And duty neither lovely looks, nor true;
God's mandate seems despotic, — desolate
His doings, — and his voice terrific too.

Yet duty is but deeds of loveliness,
And truth is power to make the prisoner free;
And him, whose self-forged chains his spirit press,
No effort shall arouse from slavery.

What 's true and good demands no decoration;
It, in and through itself, is great and fair:
All ornament is supererogation,
Giving false coloring and fictitious air.

* Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. IV., p. 73.

LOOTS.

Of Loots and his productions, the writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" already cited (Vol. IV., p. 72) remarks: "His 'Taal' (Language), and 'Schilderkunst' (Painting), have some very fine passages; and his 'Beurs van Amsterdam,' too, must not be passed over. He has frequently an original air, though wild and strange, and wants that cultivation which classical studies give. His portrait of De Ruyter is prettily drawn."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along!
Love-sick warbler! come and reach me
With the secrets of thy song!

How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long lingering tries,—
Or, a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies!

Or, when rising shrill and shriller,
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller,—
Songster of the night and day!

Till,—all sunk to silence round thee,—
Not a whisper,—not a word,—
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee,—
Breathless all,—thou only heard.—

Tell me,—thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?

Is there in your woodland history
Any Homer whom ye read?
Has your music aught of mystery?
Has it measure, cliff, and creed?

Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,
Checking each ambitious strain;
Learned parrots to conduct ye,
When ye wander, back again?

Smiling at my dreams, I see thee,—
Nature, in her chainless will,
Did not fetter thee, but free thee,—
Pour thy hymns of rapture still!

Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,
Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;
But his grating voice, so hideous,
Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.

Finches may be trained to follow
Notes which dexterous arts combine;
But those notes sound vain and hollow,
When compared, sweet bird, with thine.

Classic themes no longer courting,
Ancient tongues I'll cast away,
And, with nightingales disporting,
Sing the wild and woodland lay.

WITHUIS.

Withuis is one of the living poets of Holland. The following piece gives a very favorable idea of his powers.

ODE TO TIME.

Ye paint me old! and why? ye fools short-sighted!
And doth my speed eld's frozen blood betray?
Methinks the storm-wind is not swifter-flighted;
The rapid lightning scarce o'ertakes my way.
Ye think your hurrying thoughts perchance outrun me:
Go, race with sunbeams,—when they have outdone me,
Talk of my age,—I fly more swift than they.

Ye call me gray! Now try me. I 'll confound ye
With youth's most vigorous arm. One glance—but one—
O'er the huge tombs of vanished time, around ye,—
Mountains of ruins piled by me alone:
I did it;—I smote, yesterday,—to-morrow,
I wait to smite,—your cities,—you: go, borrow
Safety and strength,—they shall avail you none.

Eternity was mine,—and still eternal
I hold my course,—God's being is my stay,—
I saw worlds fashioned by his word supernal:
I saw them fashioned,—saw them pass away.
I bear upon my cheeks unfading roses;
Man sees me, as he flits,—and, fool! supposes
I have my grave, and limits to my sway.

Take from my front the white locks folly fancies:
My hair is golden, and my forehead curled,—
My youth but sports with years,—fire are my glances,—
My brow resists the wrinklings of the world.
Not for the scythe alone my hand was shapen:
'T was made to crush;—give me the club,—that weapon
Oft hath my power in awful moments hurled.

But give me, too, the hour-glass,—ever raining
Exhaustless streams untired,—for I am he
Who pours forth gems and gold, and fruits undraining,
And treasures ever new. Or can it be
For desolation only? Do not new drops
Of dew in summer fervors follow dew-drops?
Fresh flowers replace each flower that 's crushed by me.

I, the destroyer, do it,—without measure,
I fill creation's cup of joy,—man's lot,
That vibrates restlessly 'twixt pain and pleasure,
Determine,—in my youth his years forgot,
Worlds crumble,—virtue mounts to heaven,—no sleeping
In dust for me,—but, with bright angels keeping
God's throne, with God I dwell, and perish not.

FRENCH LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

After the Roman Conquest, the Latin became the prevalent language of Gaul. It was not the elegant and nervous Roman of the Augustan age, for the existence of the Latin language in its purity was limited to a single century, from the days of the last Scipio Africanus to those of Augustus.* The "Attic Nights" of the grammarian Aulus Gellius bears witness to its corruption at Rome; infinitely greater must have been its corruption in the wide-spread territories of the Roman provinces.†

Towards the middle of the fourth century, the Franks, after repeated forays and ravages in the territories of the Gaul, obtained a firm foothold, and established themselves to the westward of the Rhine. From this point they gradually widened the circle of their territory, until it reached the fertile borders of the Seine. In the latter half of the succeeding century, the victorious arms of Clovis triumphed over Alaric the Visigoth, who had crossed the Pyrenees from Spain, and pillaged the luxuriant provinces of the South. Thus a large portion of the Gallic territory passed under the sceptre of the Franks; and the throne of the French monarchy was established. Instead of promulgating an entirely new code of laws, the Franks received in part those of the conquered people. These laws, as well as all public acts and documents, were in Latin, and continued to be so for centuries; though the court language of the Franks was the *Francthеuch*, called also the *Théotique*, or *Tudesque*. The Latin was thus preserved in public records, and in the ceremonies of the church; whilst with the people it was daily losing ground, and becoming more and more corrupt. It was gradually affected by the dialects of the North, till at length a new vulgar dialect was formed, called the Romance Language, or the *Roman Rustic;* a name given to it, because the Latin words and idioms predominated in its composition, and because it was the language of the peasantry and the lower classes of society.

In the days of Charlemagne, we find that the Latin had become obsolete with the great mass of the people. It no longer existed, save in statutes and contracts, in the homilies of pious fathers, in ghostly diptychs, and the legends of saints. By a canon of the third council of Tours, held in 813, one year before the death of Charlemagne, it was ordered, that the bishops should select certain homilies of the Fathers to be read in the churches, and that they should cause them to be translated into the Roman Rustic and into Tudesque, in order that the people might understand them.*

Of the prevalence of the Roman Rustic in the eighth century, as the popular or *vulgar* language, throughout the southern dominions of Charlemagne, that is, throughout the South of France, a part of Spain, and nearly all Italy, there is ample evidence. The Tudesque, however, continued to be the court language. In order to reduce it to fixed rules and principles, and to facilitate the acquisition of it, Charlemagne composed a grammar. With feelings of national pride he endeavoured to improve and extend it, hoping that he might one day publish his laws and edicts in his own maternal tongue, and that it would become the language of his realm. In this he was disappointed. The people were better pleased with the accents of their own unpolished jargon, than with the still ruder dialect of the North; and thus the Roman Rustic grew stronger day by day, and at length succeeded in completely dethroning the Tudesque.

The most ancient monument of the Roman Rustic, now existing, is the "Serment de Louis le Germanique." This document is an oath of defensive alliance between Louis of Germany and Charles the Bold of France, against the dangerous and ambitious projects of their elder brother, Lothaire. It was made at Strasburg, in the year 842.

Toward the close of the ninth century, the Roman Rustic became the court language of the king of Arles in Provence, and was called the *Roman Provençal*, or the *Langue d'Oc*. At a later period, it was enriched and perfected by the poems of the Troubadours. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was in great repute, not only in France, but in Spain and Italy; and every one, who has made himself at all familiar with the structure of the Troubadour poetry, must be fully persuaded of the richness and flexibility of a language, which afforded such a redundancy of similar sounds, and was moulded into such a variety of forms.

Whilst the Roman Rustic had been thus perfected in the South of France, in the prov-

* Velleius Paterculus, speaking of Cicero, says, "Delectari ante eum paucissimis, mirari verum neminem possis, nisi aut ab illo visum, aut qui illum viderit."

† Specimens of the popular Latin of the seventh and ninth centuries may be found in three battle-songs given by Grimm in the "Altdeutsche Wälder," Vol. II., p. 31.

* Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Tome xvii., p. 173.

inces north of the Loire it had been gradually transformed into a new dialect. This change seems to have commenced about the close of the ninth century. Upon this subject, Cazeneuve writes thus: "Yet this *Langue Romaine* underwent in a short time a notable change; for, as languages generally follow the fortunes of states, and lose their purity as these decline, when the crown of Germany was separated from that of France, the court of our kings was removed from Aix-la-Chapelle to Paris; and as this city was situated near the frontier of the German territory, and consequently at a distance from the Gaule Narbonnoise, where the Roman Rustic, or *Langue Romaine*, was spoken, there was imperceptibly formed at the French court, and in the neighbouring provinces, a *third* language, which still retained the name of *Romaine*, but in the course of time became totally different from the ancient *Langue Romaine*, which, however, remained in its purity in the provinces south of the Loire; and since the people north of the Loire expressed affirmation by the word *Oui*, and those south of it, by the word *Oc*, France was divided into the land of the *Langue d'Oui*, or French, and the land of the *Langue d'Oc*, or Provençal."* This northern Romance dialect was also called the *Roman Wallon*, or Walloon Romance, from the appellation of *Waelches* or *Wallons*, given by the Germans to the inhabitants of the North of France.

This *Roman Wallon* soon ripened into a language, and at the commencement of the tenth century became the court dialect of William Longue-Épée, duke of Normandy. The most ancient monument of this language, now existing, is to be found in the laws of William the Conqueror, who died in the year 1087. After this period, the *Roman Wallon* was called *French*.

Speaking of his native language, Montaigne, who flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century, says: "There is stuff enough in our language, but there is a defect in fashioning it; for there is nothing that might not be made out of our terms of hunting and war, which is a fruitful soil to borrow from; and the forms of speaking, like herbs, improve and grow stronger by being transplanted. I find it sufficiently abounding, but not sufficiently pliable and vigorous; it quails under a powerful conception; if you would maintain the dignity of your style, you will oft perceive it to flag and languish under you." †

This opinion of the merits and defects of the French language, as it existed in the days of Montaigne, is to a certain extent just, when applied to its present character. Its chief characteristics are ease, vivacity, precision, perspicuity, and directness. It is superior to all the other modern languages in colloquial elegance; and those who are conversant with the genteel comedy of the French stage, and have frequented the theatrical exhibitions of the French metropolis, must have been struck with the vast superiority of the French language over the English, in its adaptation to the purposes of conversation and the refinement of its familiar dialogue. It possesses a peculiar point and antithesis in the epigram, a spirited ease in songs, and great sweetness and pathos in ballad-writing. But in the higher walks of tragic and epic poetry it feebly seconds the high-aspiring mind. The sound but faintly echoes to the sublime harmony of thought; and the imagination, instead of being borne upward, on sounding wings, stoops to the long accustomed rhyme, like a tired falcon to the hood and jesses on a lady's wrist.*

The dialects of the French language may be divided into two great branches or families: 1. the dialects of the *Langue d'Oil*, in the North, and 2. those of the *Langue d'Oc*, in the South. A line drawn from the mouth of the Gironde westward to Savoy in Switzerland divides them geographically. The principal dialects of the North are: 1. The Poitevin; 2. The Saintongeois; 3. The Burgundian; 4. The Franc-Comtois; 5. The Lorrain; 6. The Picard; 7. The Walloon. The principal dialects of the South are: 1. The Gascon; 2. The Périgourdin; 3. The Limousin; 4. The Languedocien; 5. The Provençal; 6. The Dauphinois. These principal dialects have numerous subdivisions, more or less distinctly marked, amounting in all to seventy or eighty. Specimens of all these may be found in a work entitled "Mélanges sur les Langues, Dialectes et Patois," † in which will be found the parable of the Prodigal Son in one hundred dialects, nearly all of them French. The Bas-Breton, a Celtic dialect, is spoken in Lower Brittany, or the Basse-Bretagne; and the Basque, in a portion of the Basses-Pyrénées.

Some of the Southern dialects are soft and musical. Those of the North have greater harshness. In many of them there are amusing perversions of words; as, for example, in the Lorrain, *infection* for *affection; engendré*

* See RAYNOUARD. Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours. Tome I., p. xxvj. The custom of naming a language from its affirmative particle was a general one. The Italian was called the *Langue de Si*, and the German, the *Langue de Ya*.

† Essays. Book III., Ch. V.

* For a more complete history of the French language, the reader is referred to the Histoire de la Langue Française, par M. HENRI: Paris: 2 vols. 8vo.;—Révolutions de la Langue Française, by the Abbé RAVALLIÈRE, in the first volume of Les Poésies du Roy de Navarre: Paris: 1742;—Origine et Formation de la Langue Romaine, par M. RAYNOUARD, in his Choix des Poésies des Troubadours: Paris: 6 vols. 8vo. 1816–21.

† Mélanges sur les Langues, Dialectes et Patois, renfermant, entre autres, une collection de versions de la Parabole de l'Enfant Prodigue en cent idiomes en Patois différens, presque tous de France. Paris: 1831. 8vo.—See also, on this subject, CHAMPOLLION-FIGEAC, Nouvelles Recherches sur les Patois. Paris: 1809. 12mo;—OBERLIN, Essai sur le Patois Lorrain des environs du Comté du Ban de la Roche. Strasbourg: 1775. 12mo.

for *herité*, as "Il a *engendré* son père"; *brutalité* for *pluralité*, as "Il a été élu à la *brutalité* des voix." Most of the dialects have their literature; consisting mainly of popular songs and Christmas carols. The name of Pierre Goudelin, the Gascon, is well known in the annals of song; and, at the present day, many a traveller on the banks of the Garonne stops at the town of Agen, to be shaved by the Troubadour-Barber. *

The history of French poetry may be conveniently divided into the following periods: — I. From the earliest times to 1300. II. From 1300 to 1500. III. From 1500 to 1650. IV. From 1650 to 1700. V. From 1700 to 1800. VI. From 1800 to the present time.

I. From the earliest times to 1300. To this period belong the Jongleurs, the Trouvères, and the Troubadours. † The Jongleurs were in France what the Gleemen were in England. They were wandering minstrels, who sang at the courts of kings and princes the heroic achievements of their ancestors. They may be traced back as far as the tenth century; but at a later day they degenerated into mimes and mountebanks. The Jongleur of the twelfth century became the Juggler of the fifteenth.

To the Jongleurs and Trouvères are to be referred the old rhymed romances, or *Chansons de Geste*, if not as they now exist, at least in their original form. The three great divisions of these romances are: 1. The Romances of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; 2. The Romances of Arthur and the Round Table, and of the St. Grail; and, 3. The Miscellaneous Romances.

Speaking of these ancient *Chansons de Geste*, many of which are anonymous and of uncertain date, M. Paulin Paris * remarks: —

"We possessed in former times great epic poems, which, for four centuries, constituted the principal study of our fathers. And during that period, all Europe, — Germany, England, Spain, and Italy, — having nothing of the kind to boast of, either in their historic recollections or in their historic records, disputed with each other the secondary glory of translating and imitating them.

"Even amid the darkness of the ninth and tenth centuries, the French still preserved the recollection of an epoch of great national glory. Under Charlemagne, they had spread their conquests from the Oder to the Ebro, from the Baltic to the Sicilian Sea. Mussulmans and Pagans, Saxons, Lombards, Bavarians, and Batavians, — all had submitted to the yoke of France, all had trembled at the power of Charles the Great. Emperor of the West, King of France and Germany, restorer of the arts and sciences, wise lawgiver, great converter of infidels, — how many titles to the recollection and gratitude of posterity! Add to this, that, long before his day, the Franks were in the habit of treasuring up in their memory the exploits of their ancestors; that Charlemagne himself, during his reign, caused all the heroic ballads, which celebrated the glory of the nation, to be collected together; and, in fine, that the weakness of his successors, the misfortunes of the times, and the invasions of the Normans, must have increased the national respect and veneration for the illustrious dead, — and you will be forced to confess, that, if no poetic monuments of the ninth century remained, we ought rather to conjecture that they had been lost, than that they had never existed.

"As to the contemporaneous history of those times, it offers us, if I may so speak, only the outline of this imposing colossus. Read the Annals of the Abbey of Fulde and those of Metz, Paul the Deacon, the continuator of Frédégaire, and even Eginhart himself, and you will there find registered, in the rapid style of an itinerary, the multiplied conquests of the French. The Bavarians, the Lombards, the Gascons revolt; — Charles goes forth to subdue the Bavarians, the Lombards, and the Gascons. Witikind rebels ten times, and ten times Charles passes the Rhine and routs the insurgent army; and there the history ends. Nevertheless the emperor had his generals, his companions in glory, his rivals in genius; but in all history

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* The following are among the most important works in the literature of the French dialects.

Gui Barôzai. Noei Borguignon. Dijon: 1776. 12mo.

Recueil de Poëtes Gascons. Amsterdam: 1700. 2 vols. 8vo. Containing the works of Goudelin of Toulouse, Sieur Lesage of Montpellier, and Sieur Michel of Nismes.

Pierre Goudelin. Las Obros augmentados d'uno noubèlo Floureto. Toulouse: 1648. 4to.

Augié Gaillard. Toutos las Obros. Paris: 1583. 8vo.

Poésies en Patois du Dauphiné. Grenoble: 1840. 12mo.

Gros. Recueil de Pouesies prouvençalos. Marseille: 1763. 8vo.

† On the Jongleurs and Trouvères, see the following works.

Abbé de la Rue. Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs et les Trouvères Normands et Anglo-Normands. 3 vols. Caen: 1834. 8vo.

De Roquefort. De l'État de la Poésie Françoise dans les XIIe et XIIIe Siècles. Paris: 1821. 8vo.

Fauchet. Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poésie Françoise, Ryme et Romans. Paris: 1581. 4to.

Barbazan. Fabliaux et Contes des Poëtes François, des XI., XII., XIII., XIV. et XVe Siècles. 4 vols. Paris: 1808. 8vo.

Auguis. Les Poëtes François, depuis le XIIe Siècle jusqu'à Malherbe. 6 vols. Paris: 1824. 8vo.

Van Hasselt. Essai sur l'Histoire de la Poésie Française en Belgique. Bruxelles: 1838. 4to.

Sismondi. Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. Translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 2 vols. New York: 1827. 8vo.

* In the Introductory Letter prefixed to "Li Roman de Berthe aus grans piés." Paris: 1832. This is the first of a series of the Romances of the Twelve Peers. The following works have since been published in continuation: — Nos. II., III., Roman de Garin le Loherain, 2 vols.; IV., Parise la Duchesse; V., VI., Chansons de Saxons; VII., Raoul de Cambray; VIII., IX., La Chevalerie Ogier de Danemarche, 2 vols. The whole of M. Paris's introductory letter may be found translated in the "Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature." Boston: 1833. Vol. I., pp. 125 - 152.

we find not a whisper of their services; hardly are their names mentioned. It has been left to the popular ballads, barren as they are of all historic authority, to transmit to posterity the proofs of their ancient renown.

"But although these ancient *Chansons de Geste*, or historic ballads, fill up the chasms of true history, and clothe with flesh the meagre skeleton of old contemporaneous chroniclers, yet you must not thence conclude that I am prepared to maintain the truth of their narratives. Far from it. Truth does not reign supreme on earth; and these romances, after all, are only the expression of public opinion, separated by an interval of many generations from that whose memory they transmit to us. But to supply the want of historians, each great epoch in national history inspires the song of bards; and when the learned and the wise neglect to prepare the history of events which they themselves have witnessed, the people prepare their national songs; their sonorous voice, prompted by childish credulity and a free and unlimited admiration, echoes alone through succeeding ages, and kindles the imagination, the feelings, the enthusiasm of the children, by proclaiming the glory of the fathers. Thus Homer sang two centuries after the Trojan war; and thus arose, two or three centuries after the death of Charlemagne, all those great poems called the 'Romances of the Twelve Peers.'"

After speaking of the metre of these poems, which, like the old Spanish ballads, are monorhythmic, that is, preserving the same rhyme or assonance for a strophe of many consecutive lines, he goes on to say: "After an attentive examination of our ancient literature, it is impossible to doubt, for a moment, that the old monorhyme romances were set to music, and accompanied by a viol, harp, or guitar; and yet this seems hitherto to have escaped observation. In the olden time no one was esteemed a good minstrel, whose memory was not stored with a great number of historic ballads, like those of 'Roncesvalles,' 'Garin le Loherain,' and 'Gerars de Roussillon.' It is not to be supposed that any one of these poems was ever recited entire; but as the greater part of them contained various descriptions of battles, hunting adventures, and marriages, — scenes of the court, the council, and the castle, — the audience chose those stanzas and episodes which best suited their taste. And this is the reason why each stanza contains in itself a distinct and complete narrative, and also why the closing lines of each stanza are in substance repeated at the commencement of that which immediately succeeds.

"In the poem of 'Gerars de Nevers' I find the following curious passage. Gerars, betrayed by his mistress and stripped of his earldom of Nevers by the duke of Metz, determines to revisit his ancient domains. To avoid detection and arrest, he is obliged to assume the guise of a minstrel.

"'Then Gerars donned a garment old,
And round his neck a viol hung,
For cunningly he played and sung.
. . . . . .
Steed he had none; so he was fain
To trudge on foot o'er hill and plain,
Till Nevers' gate he stood before.
There merry burghers full a score,
Staring, exclaimed in pleasant mood:
"This minstrel cometh for little good;
I wene, if he singeth all day long,
No one will listen to his song."'

"In spite of these unfavorable prognostics, Gerars presents himself before the castle of the duke of Metz.

"'Whilst at the door he thus did wait,
A knight came through the courtyard gate,
Who bade the minstrel enter straight,
And led him to the crowded hall,
That he might play before them all.
The minstrel then full soon began,
In gesture like an aged man,
But with clear voice and music gay,
The song of "Guillaume au cornez."
Great was the court in the hall of Loön,
The tables were full of fowl and venison,
On flesh and fish they feasted every one;
But Guillaume of these viands tasted none,
Brown crusts ate he, and water drank alone.
When had feasted every noble baron,
The cloths were removed by squire and scullion.
Count Guillaume then with the king did thus reason:—
"What thinketh now," quoth he, "the gallant Charlon?*
Will he aid me against the prowes of Mahon?"
Quoth Loéis, "We will take counsel thereon;
To-morrow in the morning shalt thou comne,
If aught by us in this matter can be done."
Guillaume heard this, — black was he as carbon,
He louted low, and seized a baton,
And said to the king, "Of your fief will I none,
I will not keep so much as a spur's iron;
Your friend and vassal I cease to be anon;
But come you shall, whether you will or non."
Thus full four verses sang the knight,
For their great solace and delight.'"

The limits of this Introduction prevent us from going much into detail upon the writings of the Jongleurs and Trouvères. We can do no more than enumerate some of their most famous romances. These are, 1. Of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers: "Charlemagne," "Ogier le Danois," "Garin de Lorraine," "Guillaume d'Aquitaine." 2. Of the Round Table: "Le Brut d'Angleterre," "L'Âtre Périlleux," "Merlin," "Meliadus"; and of the St. Grail: "Tristan," "Lancelot du Lac," "Perceval le Gallois." 3. Miscellaneous Romances: "Guy de Warwick," "Beuves de Hanstone," "Robert-le-Diable," "Roman du Roi," "Haveloc le Danois," "Le Roi Horn," "Ypomédon," "Prothésilaüs," two "Romans du Renard," and eight, of which Alexander is the hero.

The Trouvères differed from the Jongleurs in not being minstrels; they did not sing the songs they wrote. They were poets, not balladsingers; and often accused the Jongleurs of appropriating their works. In return, they avail-

* Charlemagne.

ed themselves of the ballads of the Jongleurs; and many of the romances of chivalry, which in their present form come from the pens of distinguished Trouvères, had an earlier origin and a ruder form among the Jongleurs. The greater part of the writings of the Trouvères are epic in their character, consisting of romances, fabliaux, and tales. There are no traces of lyric compositions, properly so called, till about the commencement of the thirteenth century. Their taste for song-writing is probably to be attributed to the influence of the Troubadours. Their songs are marked by graceful simplicity, which is their greatest merit.

Among the Trouvères existed poetic societies, for the recital of songs, and the distribution of prizes. These were known under the names of *Chambres de Rhétorique*, *Cours d'Amour*, *Puys d'Amour*, and *Puys Verts*. They were called *Puys* from the Latin *Podium*, the judges of the meeting being seated upon an elevated platform. The earliest mentioned *Puy* is that of Valenciennes, in the year 1229.* As early as the days of Robert Wace, there existed at Caen, in Normandy, the *Puy de la Conception de la Vierge*, in imitation of the *Puys d'Amour*. Here these poets sang the beauty of the *Dame des Cieux*, instead of the praises of an earthly lady-love. The prizes were palms, golden rings, and plumes of silver. † It was not, however, till the following century that these *confréries* flourished in all their glory.

While the Jongleurs and Trouvères were filling the North of France with their romances and fabliaux, in the accents of the *Langue d'Oil*, the Troubadours of the South poured forth their songs of love upon a balmier air, and in the more melodious numbers of the *Langue d'Oc*. Their poems are almost entirely lyrical. Only four Provençal romances are in existence, and one of these is in prose. ‡ They called their art *Le Gai Saber*, and *La Gaia Sciencia*. Many of the Troubadours sang their own songs; others were poets only, and not minstrels. These had Jongleurs to sing their songs.

From a well written article in an English review, § we take the following passage, on the character of the Troubadour poetry.

"An essential characteristic of this poetry is, that it is addressed rather to the fancy, than to the hearts of its hearers. The love which inspired the bosom of the Troubadour partook of the same character as the poetry which emanated from its existence. It was essentially a poetical passion, that is, a passion indulged in less from the operation of natural feelings, than from the advantages it presented in its poetical uses. The poet selected, for the object of his songs, the lady whom he deemed most worthy of that honor, — sometimes the daughter, frequently the wife, of the noble under whose roof he resided. Inferiority of condition on the side of the poet was no bar to his claim to a requital of his affections, for his genius and his talent might entitle him to take rank with the highest. The marriage vow, on the part of the lady, was no bar to the advances of the poet, for a serious and earnest passion rarely existed between the parties. But according to the usages of the times, every noble beauty must muster in her train some admiring poet, — every bard was obliged to select some fair object of devotion, whom he might enshrine in his verses, and glorify before the world; and both parties were well content to dignify the cold-blooded relationship, in which they stood to each other, by the hallowed name of love. That the head, and not the heart, was most frequently the source of this simulated affection, is shown by the fact, that we find, in cases where the chosen fair one was living in single blessedness, the poetical wooings of her imaginative adorer rarely terminated in the prose of marriage. There were instances, certainly, of such events resulting from these poetical connections, but they were few; not so those in which the married fair, who woke the poet's lyre, broke the silken bonds of matrimony, and made returns somewhat more than Platonic to the herald of her charms. The connection between the parties frequently degenerated into intrigue, but rarely elevated itself into a noble and virtuous attachment.

"That a passion, so essentially artificial in its origin, should give rise to equally artificial forms for its avowal, was to be expected. Accordingly, we find the amatory poetry of the Troubadours distinguished more for delicacy of expression, than fervency of thought, — for a pleasing application of well known images, rather than a ready coinage of new and appropriate ones. The feelings of the poet were evinced rather in the constancy, than in the ardor of his homage. 'From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,' he was expected to mark his devotion to his mistress, by harping variations on one endless theme,—her beauty and his love. In the execution of this task, he was not confined to one style of composition, but might choose the *Chant* or the *Chanson*, the *Son* or the *Sonet*, the *Alba* or the *Serena*, or, in fact, whichsoever of the many 'set forms of speech' he thought best adapted to record his sufferings, or display his genius. Such is the general character of this branch of Troubadour poetry; there are exceptions certainly, exhibiting both fervor and sincerity, and in a high degree; but in these cases the sentiments to which they have given expression appear to have been the result of real, and not of counterfeit emotions. The *Planhs*, or songs written upon the death of a mistress, generally display the pathos and tenderness which such an event might be expected to call forth."

* See VAN HASSELT. Poésie Française en Belgique. p. 126.

† DE LA RUE. Vol. II., p. 173.

‡ Gerars de Roussillon, Jaufré the son of Dovon, Ferabras, and, in prose, Philomena.

§ Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. XII., pp. 173, 174.

The Troubadours, as well as the Trouvères, had their Courts of Love, commencing as far back as the twelfth century; and continuing till as late as the close of the fourteenth. At those courts ladies of high degree presided. There was the court of Ermengarde, viscountess of Narbonne, there was the court of Queen Éléonore, and many others. Before them questions of love and gallantry were debated, and by them judgment was pronounced. These questions were decided in conformity with the Code of Love, of which the following are some of the Articles.

"Marriage is no legitimate excuse for not having a lover.

"Love must always increase or diminish.

"Every lover turns pale in the presence of his mistress.

"At the sudden appearance of his mistress, the heart of the lover trembles.

"A lover is always timid.

"Little sleepeth and eateth he who is harassed by the thoughts of love.

"Love can deny nothing unto love.

"Nothing prevents a woman from being loved by two men, nor a man from being loved by two women." *

The following are specimens of the questions and decisions in these courts.

Question. "Can true love exist between husband and wife?"

Judgment of the countess of Champagne. "We hereby declare and affirm, by the tenor of these presents, that love cannot exercise its power over husband and wife, &c., &c.

"Let this decision, which we have pronounced with extreme prudence, and by the advice and consent of a great number of other ladies, be for you of constant and irrefragable verity. Thus decided, in the year 1174, the 3d day of the kalends of May, indiction VIIe."

Question. "A knight was enamoured of a lady already engaged; but she promised him her love, if it ever happened that she should lose the affection of her lover. Shortly after, the lady and her lover were married. The knight claimed the love of the young bride; she refused, pretending she had not lost the affection of her lover."

Judgment. This case being brought before Queen Éléonore, she decided thus: "We dare not set aside the decision of the countess of Champagne, who, by a solemn judgment, has pronounced that true love cannot exist between husband and wife. We therefore decide that the aforementioned lady accord the love she promised." †

The songs of the Troubadours died away amid the discords of the wars of the Albigenses, during the thirteenth century. In the following century, in 1323, a few poets of Toulouse were accustomed to meet together in the gardens of the Augustine monks, for an academy, which they called *La Sobregaya Companhia dels Sept Trobadors de Tolosa*. In 1324, this society, in connection with the *Capitouls*, or chief magistrates of Toulouse, established the *Jeux Floraux*, or Floral Games, which are still in existence. A golden violet was offered as a prize for the best poem in the Provençal language; and on the first of May, in the gardens of the Augustine convent, and in the presence of a vast multitude, the poems of the rival candidates were read, and the prize was awarded to Arnaud Vidal, who was straightway declared Doctor in the Gay Science. In 1355, the number of prizes was increased to three: a golden violet for the best song; a silver eglantine for the best pastoral; and a *flor de gaug*, or flower of joy, the yellow acacia blossom, for the best ballad. *

* Raynouard, II., cv.

† Raynouard, II., cvii. The reader will there find a sketch of the Courts of Love, drawn chiefly from the "Livre de l'Art d'aimer, et de la Réprobation de l'Amour," by the chaplain André, a writer of the twelfth century. In the fifteenth century, the Courts of Love and their decisions were ridiculed by Martial de Paris, in his "Arrêts d'Amours." An amusing notice of this book, with extracts, may be found in the "Retrospective Review," Vol. V., pp. 70-86, from which we take the following cases.

"This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a lover, against the defendant, to whom he was attached, for refusing to dance with him. The declaration stated, that on, &c., at, &c., the plaintiff had requested the said defendant to dance, which she, without any reasonable cause in that behalf, refused to do, alleging a certain frivolous excuse. That afterwards the said plaintiff did again, with great earnestness, humbly request the said defendant to dance a few steps with him, to save him, the said plaintiff, from being laughed at by certain persons then and there present, which she also refused to do. And he averred that he had, on divers occasions, moved to the said defendant, and taken off his hat, whenever he, the said plaintiff, met her. Yet, although the said defendant well knew that he was stricken with and loved her, she nevertheless wholly disdained and refused to speak to him, the said plaintiff; or if at any time the said defendant said, 'How d' ye do?' to the said plaintiff, it was with a toss of the head of her, the said defendant. The declaration concluded in the usual manner."

"An action was brought by a young married lady against her husband, for not allowing her to wear a gown and a bonnet made in the newest fashion. The pleadings ran to a considerable length, and the Court declared that the matter should be referred to two milliners, who should report thereon; and if any thing objectionable were found in the fashion of the gown and bonnet, the Court directed that the referees should call in the assistance of two ladies, on the part of the plaintiff, and two on the part of the defendant, to assist them in their judgment."

"An action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, for having pricked him with a pin, whilst she was giving him a kiss. The defendant denied ever having given the plaintiff a kiss, but, on the contrary, said that the plaintiff had taken it; and she said that the wound, if any, had happened only by mischance and accident. Certificates from several surgeons were produced of the nature and extent of the wound, and the Court sentenced the defendant to kiss the wound at all reasonable times, until it was healed, and to find linen for plasters."

* On the Troubadours and their poetry, see the following works.

Raynouard. Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours. 6 vols. Paris: 1816-21.

Crescimbeni. Vite de' Poeti Provenzali. Translated

To this period is to be referred, also, the first trace of the French drama. It began in the *Miracles* and *Mystères* of the Jongleurs, the representation of which can be traced as far back as the close of the eleventh century. The *Miracles* were founded on the legends of saints, and the *Mystères* on the Old and New Testaments. The earliest play now extant is, however, of a much later date, and will be noticed in the history of the next period.

II. From 1300 to 1500. The most popular poem of this period — the poem which seems to have been to the French what the "Divina Commedia" was to the Italians, and which fully satisfied the romantic and poetic taste of the age — was the "Romaunt of the Rose." It was commenced in the latter part of the thirteenth century by Guillaume de Lorris, and finished in the first part of the fourteenth by Jean de Meun. This was by no means a poetic age. Next to Meun, the writers most worthy of mention are, Jean Froissart, better known as a chronicler than as a poet; Christine de Pise; Alain Chartier; Charles, duke of Orleans; François Villon; Jean Regnier, and Martial de Paris. From the writings of these authors, and of several others, extracts will be given.

Though some traces of the drama have been discovered as far back as the close of the eleventh century, the history of the French theatre begins, properly speaking, with the fifteenth. At this period, certain pilgrims, returning from the Holy Land, formed themselves into the *Confrérie de la Passion*. In 1402, they received the permission of Charles the Sixth to establish themselves at Paris, and accordingly opened their theatre in the Hôpital de la Trinité. Their stage was filled with several scaffolds, or *établies*, the highest of which represented heaven, and the lower, different parts of the scene. Beneath, in the place of the modern trap-door, hell was represented by the jaws of a dragon, which opened and shut for the entrances and exits of the devils. At the sides were seats for the actors, most of whom seem never to have left the stage. Here was represented the celebrated "Mystère de la Passion," divided into four *journées*,* or days; as the play was continued for successive days. In the first *journée* there are thirty-two scenes and eighty-seven characters; in the second, twenty-five scenes and one hundred characters; in the third, seventeen scenes and eighty-seven characters; and in the fourth, twelve scenes and one hundred and five characters. The following scenes of this play are from Roscoe's translation of Sismondi.*

"Saint John enters into a long discourse, and we can only account for the patience with which our forefathers listened to these tedious harangues, by supposing that their fatigue was considered by them to be an acceptable offering to the Deity; and that they were persuaded, that every thing, which did not excite them to laughter or tears, was put down to the account of their edification. The following scene in dialogue, in which Saint John undergoes an interrogation, displays considerable ability.

ABYAS.

Though fallen be man's sinful line,
Holy prophet! it is writ,
Christ shall come to ransom it,
And by doctrine and by sign
Bring them to his grace divine.
Wherefore, seeing now the force
Of thy high deeds, thy grave discourse,
And virtues shown of great esteem,
That thou art he we surely deem.

SAINT JOHN.

I am not Messiah, — no!
At the feet of Christ I bow.

ELYACHIM.

Why, then, wildly wanderest thou
Naked in this wilderness?
Say! what faith dost thou profess?
And to whom thy service paid?

BANNANYAS.

Thou assemblest, it is said,
In these lonely woods, a crowd
To hear thy voice proclaiming loud,
Like that of our most holy men.
Art thou a king in Israel, then?
Know'st thou the laws and prophecies?
Who art thou? say!

NATHAN.

Thou dost advise
Messiah is come down below.
Hast seen him? Say, how dost thou know?
Or art thou he?

SAINT JOHN.

I answer, No!

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from the French of NÔTREDAME. In Vol. II. of the Istoria della Volgar Poesia. 6 vols. Venezia: 1730-31. 4to.

MILLOT. Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. 3 vols. Paris: 1774. 12mo.

SCHLEGEL. Observations sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençales. Paris: 1818. 8vo.

DIEZ. Die Poesie der Troubadours. Zwickau: 1826. 8vo.

DIEZ. Leben und Werke der Troubadours. Zwickau: 1829. 8vo.

* The word *jornada* is still preserved in the Spanish drama, though the French *journée* has given place to the word *acte*. It originally indicated the portion of a play acted in one day.

* Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe, Vol. I., pp. 179-184. In the first volume of the "Histoire du Théâtre Français" (15 vols. Paris: 12mo.), an analysis, with extracts, is given of this Mystery, and of those of the Conception and the Resurrection. These three Mysteries have been published together, "as played at Paris in the year of grace, 1507." The whole title is, "Le Mystere de la Conception et Nativité de la glorieuse Vierge Marie, avec le Mariage d'icelle, la Nativité, Passion, Résurrection et Assencion de Nostre-Sauveur et Redempteur Jesu-Christ, joué à Paris l'an de grace mil cinq cens et sept; imprimée audict lieu, pour Jehan Petit, Geuffroy de Marnef et Michel le Noir, Libraires-Jurez en l'Université de Paris, demourans en la grant rue P. Jacques."

In the second volume of the "Histoire du Théâtre Français" may be found a chronological catalogue of the other Mysteries of the fifteenth century.

NACHOR.

Who art thou? Art Elias, then?
Perhaps Elias?

SAINT JOHN.

No!

BANNANYAS.

Again,
Who art thou? what thy name? Express!
For never, surely, shall we guess.
Thou art the prophet.

SAINT JOHN.

I am not.

ELYACHIM.

Who and what art thou? Tell us what;
That true answer we may bear
To our lords, who sent us here
To learn thy name and mission.

SAINT JOHN.

Ego
Vox clamantis in deserto:
A voice, a solitary cry,
In the desert paths am I.
Smooth the paths, and make them meet
For the great Redeemer's feet,
Him, who, brought by our misdoing,
Comes for this foul world's renewing.

"The result of this scene is the conversion of the persons to whom Saint John addresses himself. They eagerly demand to be baptized, and the ceremony is followed by the baptism of Jesus himself. But the versification is not so remarkable as the stage directions, which transport us to the very period of these Gothic representations.

"'Here Jesus enters the waters of Jordan, all naked, and Saint John takes some of the water in his hand and throws it on the head of Jesus.'

SAINT JOHN.

Sir, you now baptized are,
As it suits my simple skill,
Not the lofty rank you fill:
Unmeet for such great service I;
Yet my God, so debonair,
All that 's wanting will supply.

"'Here Jesus comes out of the river Jordan, and throws himself on his knees, all naked, before paradise. Then God the Father speaks, and the Holy Ghost descends, in the form of a white dove, upon the head of Jesus, and then returns into paradise: — and note that the words of God the Father be very audibly pronounced, and well sounded in three voices; that is to say, a treble, a counter-treble, and a counter-bass, all in tune: and in this way must the following lines be repeated: —

'*Hic est filius meus dilectus,*
In quo mihi bene complacui.
C'estui-ci est mon fils aimé Jésus,
Que bien me plaist, ma plaisance est en lui.'

"As this Mystery was not only the model of subsequent tragedies, but of comedies likewise, we must extract a few verses from the dialogues of the devils, who fill all the comic parts of the drama. The eagerness of these personages to maltreat one another, or, as the original expresses it, *à se torchonner* (to give one another a wipe), always produced much laughter in the assembly.

BERITH.

Who he is I cannot tell, —
This Jesus; but I know full well,
That, in all the worlds that be,
There is not such a one as he.
Who it is that gave him birth
I know not, nor from whence on earth
He came, or what great devil taught him;
But in no evil have I caught him,
Nor know I any vice he hath.

SATAN.

Haro! but you make me wroth,
When such dismal news I hear.

BERITH.

Wherefore so?

SATAN.

Because I fear
He will make my kingdom less.
Leave him in the wilderness,
And let us return to hell,
To Lucifer our tale to tell,
And to ask his sound advice.

BERITH.

The imps are ready in a trice;
Better escort cannot be.

LUCIFER.

Is it Satan that I see,
And Berith, coming in a passion?

ASTAROTH.

Master, let me lay the lash on.
Here 's the thing to do the deed.

LUCIFER.

Please to moderate your speed
To lash behind and lash before ye,
Ere you hear them tell their story,
Whether shame they bring, or glory.

"As soon as the devils have given an account to their sovereign of their observations and their vain efforts to tempt Jesus, Astaroth throws himself upon them with his imps, and lashes them back to earth from the infernal regions."

The success of the *Confrérie de la Passion* inspired the *Clercs de la Bazosche*, or Students of the Inns of Court, already an incorporated society, with their king, chancellor, and other high dignitaries, to represent plays. But as the *Confrérie de la Passion* had by law the exclusive right to the Miracles and Mysteries, the clerks invented *Moralités*, or allegorical plays, and *Farces*. The most renowned of these is "La Farce de Maistre Pierre Pathelin," * first performed in 1480, and still held in high esteem as a characteristic specimen of French fun.

During the thirteenth century, was formed a third dramatic corps, who, being lovers of mirth and frolic, took the merry name of *Les Enfans sans Souci*. Their leader bore the title of *Prince des Sots*, and the plays were called *Sotises*, and

* A neat edition of this famous farce was published at Paris, in 1723.

were filled with the follies of the time, and sometimes with personal satire.*

III. From 1500 to 1650. This is a far more brilliant epoch than that which preceded it. It embraces the names of Rabelais and Montaigne in prose, and of Marot and Malherbe in poetry. It commences with the reign of Francis the First, who was surnamed the Father of Letters. The better to understand how much this monarch contributed to the cultivation of his native tongue, it should be borne in mind, that until his day all public acts and documents were published in Latin, and that to him belongs the praise of having abolished this ancient usage, and ordered that "*doresnavent tous arrêts soient prononcés, enregistrés et délivrés aux parties en langage maternel François, et non aultrement.*" This elevated the character of the language, and gave a fresh impulse to its advancement. The new encouragement given to literature, and the new honors paid to literary men, seconded this impulse; and during the single reign of this munificent monarch, the French language made as much progress in ease and refinement, as it has made from that day to the present. Pre-eminent among the names of those authors who were instrumental in effecting the improvement stands that of Clément Marot, the most celebrated of all the ancient worthies of French poetry. Surrounded by the elegance and refinement of the French court, and guided by the counsels of his friend and preceptor, Jehan Lemaire, he applied himself assiduously to the cultivation of his native tongue, and to establishing for it those rules and principles which would give it permanence and precision, but which all previous writers had entirely disregarded. "Marot," says M. Auguis, in his "Discourse upon the Origin and Progress of the Poetic Language of France," "had but one course to pursue; to leave the imitation of every other language, and seek for the genius of our own within itself: and this he did. The asperity of its terminations and connections was the fatal quicksand of our grammar; he adhered to those words and turns of expression which had been smoothed by the constant attrition of good usage. He treasured up and employed every pleasing rhyme and easy-flowing phrase which by chance had fallen from the pens of more ancient writers; but it was in the cultivated and refined conversations of ladies of high rank, that he acquired the most delicate perception of the true harmony of language; it was from the natural beauty of their expressions, and the vivacity, clearness, and melody of their periods, that he drew his own honeyed sweetness, and learned the true character of our language. This was all which at that period could be done; and it was doing much, to teach the future scholar that the genius of the French language consists in its ease, its vivacity, its precision, and, above all, in its perspicuity and directness." *

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the poet Ronsard, thinking the language poor and feeble, conceived the design of enriching it with phrases from the Greek and Latin:

"Et sa muse, en François, parla Grec et Latin."

This was like equipping the graceful limbs of a ballet-dancer in a ponderous suit of antique armor. Ronsard was called the Prince of the French Poets. He gathered around him a society of friends and admirers, who assumed the name of the Pleiades. The principal star in this constellation was Ronsard himself. The other six were Joachim du Bellay, Antoine de Baïf, Pontus de Thyard, Remi Belleau, Jean Dorat, and Etienne Jodelle, whose tragedy of "Cleopatra," formed on the classic model, took the place of the old Mysteries and Moralities, and began a new era in the French drama. The grace of the language began to yield beneath the weight of this scholastic jargon; when fortunately a superior mind appeared, to rescue literature from the ill effects of this perverted taste. This was Malherbe; who so strenuously asserted the rights of his native tongue against all foreign usurpation, that he gained at court the appellation of the Tyrant of Words and Syllables. It is related of him, that, but an hour before his death, his father-confessor, speaking to him of the felicity of the life beyond the grave, expressed himself in language so vulgar and incorrect, that the dying poet exclaimed, "Say no more of it; your pitiful style will disgust me with it."

Malherbe is regarded by the French as the father of their poetry. To him belongs the glory of having first developed the full power of the French language in many of the various branches of poetic composition. "Beauty of expression and imagery," says Auguis, "rapidity of movement and sublimity of ideas, enthusiasm, number, cadence, all are to be found in his beautiful odes. No one knew better than he the effects of harmony; no one possessed a more exquisite taste, or a more delicate ear. Grief and sensibility find beneath his pen expressions *naïves* and pathetic, and the form of versification follows naturally the emotions of the soul. We are filled with astonishment and admiration, when we compare his noble language with the barbarous style of the disciples of Ronsard. Thus was ushered in the brilliant age of Louis the Fourteenth." †

* For a *full account* of the *Clercs de la Bazoseche*, and the *Enfans suns Souci*, the reader is referred to the "Histoire du Théâtre Français," Vol. II., pp. 78, 193.

* Poëtes François. Discours Préliminaire. I., 20.

† Poëtes François, VI., 53. This work contains selections from the writings of two hundred and seventy-two authors, sixty-six of whom are Troubadours. At the close of the work is a list of poets before Malherbe, from whose writings no extracts are given. These are two hundred and eighty-eight Troubadours, one hundred and seventy-three Trouvères, and four hundred and fifty-four early French poets. This makes in all one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven poets before the middle of the seventeenth century.

The poets and versifiers of this period are very numerous, amounting in all to one hundred and thirty-seven. Extracts from the writings of all of these may be found in the collection of Auguis. Among them are several royal authors: Francis the First, Henry the Second, Charles the Ninth, Henry the Fourth, and his mother, Jeanne d'Albret; Marie Stuart, and Marguerite de Navarre.

IV. *From* 1650 *to* 1700. The age of Louis the Fourteenth is one of the most brilliant in history; illustrious by its reign of seventy-two years, its eighty-seven marshals, and its three hundred and seventy authors.* The reign of this monarch has been called "a satire upon despotism." His vanity was boundless; his magnificence equally so. The palaces of Marly and Versailles are monuments of his royal pride. Equestrian statues, and his figure on one of the gates of Paris, represented as a naked Hercules, with a club in his hand and a flowing wig on his head, are monuments of his self-esteem.

His court was the home of etiquette and the model of all courts. "It seemed," says Voltaire, "that Nature at that time took delight in producing in France the greatest men in all the arts; and of assembling at court the most beautiful men and women that had ever existed. But the king bore the palm away from all his courtiers, by the grace of his figure, and the majestic beauty of his countenance. The noble and winning sound of his voice captivated the hearts that his presence intimidated. His carriage was such as became him and his rank only, and would have been ridiculous in any other. The embarrassment he inspired in those who spoke with him flattered in secret the self-complacency with which he recognized his own superiority. The old officer who became agitated and stammered in asking a favor from him, and, not being able to finish his discourse, exclaimed, 'Sire, I do not tremble so before your enemies!' had no difficulty in obtaining the favor he asked." †

All about him was pomp and theatrical show. He invented a kind of livery which it was held the greatest honor to wear; a blue waistcoat, embroidered with gold and silver; — a mark of royal favor. To all around him he was courteous; towards women chivalrous. He never passed even a chambermaid without touching his hat; and always stood uncovered in the presence of a lady. When the disappointed duke of Lauzun insulted him by breaking his sword in his presence, he raised the window, and threw his cane into the court-yard, saying, "I never should have forgiven myself, if I had struck a gentleman."

He seems, indeed, to have been a strange mixture of magnanimity and littleness; — his gallantries veiled always in a show of decency; severe, capricious, fond of pleasure, — hardly less fond of labor. One day, we find him dashing from Vincennes to Paris in his hunting-dress, and, standing in his great boots, with a whip in his hand, dismissing his parliament, as he would a pack of hounds. The next, he is dancing in the ballet of his private theatre, in the character of a gypsy, and whistling or singing scraps of opera songs; and then parading at a military review, or galloping at full speed through the park of Fontainebleau, hunting the deer in a calash drawn by four ponies. Towards the close of his life, he became a devotee. "It is a very remarkable thing," says Voltaire, "that the public, who forgave him all his mistresses, could not forgive him his father-confessor." He outlived the respect of his subjects. When he lay on his death-bed, — those godlike eyes, that had overawed the world, now grown dim and lustreless, — his courtiers left him to die alone, and thronged about his successor, the duke of Orleans. An empiric gave him an elixir, which suddenly revived him. He ate once more, and it was said he would recover. The crowd about the duke of Orleans diminished very fast. "If the king eats a second time, I shall be left all alone," said he. But the king ate no more. He died like a philosopher. To Madame de Maintenon he said, "I thought it was more difficult to die!" and to his domestics, "Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal?"

Of course, the character of the monarch stamped itself upon the society about him. The licentious court made a licentious city. Yet everywhere external decency and decorum prevailed. The courtesy of the old school held sway. Society, moreover, was pompous and artificial. There were pedantic scholars about town, and learned women, and *Précieuses Ridicules*, and *Euphuism*. With all its greatness, it was an effeminate age.

The old city of Paris, which lies in the *Marais*, was once the court end of the town. It is now entirely deserted by wealth and fashion. Travellers, even, seldom find their way into its broad and silent streets. But sightly mansions, and garden walls, over which tall, shadowy trees wave to and fro, speak of a more splendid age; when proud and courtly ladies dwelt there, and the frequent wheels of gay equipages chafed the now grass-grown pavements.

In the centre of this part of Paris, within pistol-shot of the Boulevard St. Antoine, stands the Place Royale; the Little Britain of Paris. Old palaces, of a quaint and uniform style, with a low arcade in front, run quite round the square. In its centre is a public walk, with trees, an iron fence, and an equestrian statue of Louis the Thirteenth. It was here that monarch held his court. But there is no sign of a court now. Under the arcade are shops and

* Prefixed to VOLTAIRE'S "Siècle de Louis XIV.," is a catalogue of these authors, with a word or two of comment on each.

† Siècle de Louis XIV., ch. 25.

fruit-stalls, and in one corner sits a cobbler, seemingly as old and deaf as the walls around him. Occasionally you get a glimpse through a grated gate into spacious gardens, and a large flight of steps leads up into what was once a royal palace and is now a tavern.

Not far off is the Rue des Tournelles; and the house is still standing, in which lived and loved that Aspasia of the seventeenth century, — the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos. From the Boulevard you look down into the garden where her illegal and ill-fated son, on discovering that the object of his passion was his own mother, put an end to his miserable life. Not very remote from this is the house once occupied by Madame de Sévigné. You are shown the very cabinet where she composed those letters which beautified her native tongue, and "make us love the very ink that wrote them." In a word, you are here in the centre of the Paris of the seventeenth century; the gay, the witty, the licentious city, which in Louis the Fourteenth's time was like Athens in the age of Pericles. And now all is changed to solitude and silence. The witty age, with its brightness and licentious heat, all burnt out, — puffed into darkness by the breath of Time. Thus passes an age of libertinism, and bloody, frivolous wars, and fighting bishops, and devout prostitutes, and "factious *beaux esprits*, improvising epigrams in the midst of seditions, and madrigals on the field of battle."

Westward from this quarter, near the Seine and the Louvre, stood the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, the court of euphuism and false taste. Here Catherine de Vivonne, marchioness of Rambouillet, gave her æsthetical soirées in her bedchamber, and she herself in bed, among the curtains and mirrors of a gay alcove. The master of ceremonies was the lady's *cavalier servente*, and bore the title of the *Alcoviste*. He did the honors of the house, and directed the conversation; and such was the fashion of the day, that no evil tongue soiled with malignant whisper the fair fame of the *précieuses*, as the ladies of the society were called.

Into this bedchamber came all the noted literary personages of the day: Corneille, Malherbe, Bossuet, Fléchier, La Rochefoucault, Balzac, Bussy-Rabutin, Madame de Sévigné, Mademoiselle de Scudéri, and others of less note, though hardly less pretension. They paid their homage to the marchioness under the titles of *Arthénice*, *Éracinthe*, and *Carinthée*, anagrams of the name of Catherine. There, as in the Courts of Love of a still earlier age, were held grave dissertations on frivolous themes, — and all the metaphysics of love and the subtilties of exaggerated passion were discussed with most puerile conceits and vapid sentimentality. "We saw, not long since," says La Bruyère, "a circle of persons of the two sexes, united by conversation and mental sympathy. They left to the vulgar the art of speaking intelligibly. One obscure expression brought on another still more obscure, which in turn was capped by something truly enigmatical, attended with vast applause. With all this so-called delicacy, feeling, and refinement of expression, they at length went so far, that they were neither understood by others, nor could understand themselves. For these conversations one needed neither good sense, nor memory, nor the least capacity; only *esprit*, and that not of the best, but a counterfeit kind, made up chiefly of fancy."

The chief poets of this period are Corneille, Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, Boileau, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, Benserade, Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Fare, Quinault, Thomas Corneille, Crébillon, and Fontenelle. In addition to an immense amount of dramatic, lyric, satiric, and epistolary poems, this period produced five unsuccessful epics; namely, the "Clovis" of Demarets; the "Pucelle, ou la France Délivrée," of Chapelain; the "Alaric, ou Rome Vaincue," of George de Scudéri; the "St. Louis, ou la Sainte Couronne Reconquise," of Le Moine; and finally, another "Clovis," by St. Didier.

V. From 1700 to 1800. This is the age of Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, Diderot and D'Alembert. Voltaire stands at the head of the French epic poets, and, as a tragic writer, next to Corneille and Racine. His is the greatest name of this period. After him, in the list of poets, may be mentioned Ducis, Chénier, Piron, Louis Racine, Parny, Colardeau, Dorat, St. Lambert, Delille, Florian, and Gresset.

VI. From 1800 to the present time. The writings of Chateaubriand, like a bridge, extending from century to century, connect the literature of the last period with that of the present. He belongs, however, chiefly to the past. He writes "new books with an old faith"; and this faith is not the popular faith of the day.

The principal poets of this period are Millevoye, Delavigne, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Béranger, Barbier, De Musset, De Vigny, Madame Tastu, and Madame Desbordes-Valmore.

For a further history of French poetry, see the following works. "Histoire Littéraire de la France," 17 vols., Paris, 1733–1832; a very learned and elaborate work, commenced by monks of St. Maur, and continued by members of the Institute. It brings the history of French literature down to the thirteenth century. — "Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit," von Friedrich Bouterwek, Vols. V. and VI., Göttingen, 1806, 8vo. — "Cours de Littérature Française," par A. F. Villemain, 6 vols., Paris, 1840, 8vo. — "Lycée, ou Cours de Littérature Ancienne et Moderne," par J. F. de La Harpe, 17 vols., Paris, An VII., 8vo. — "Fragmens du Cours de Littérature," Paris, 1808; and "Tableau Historique de l'Etat et des Progrès de la Littérature Française depuis 1789"; par M. J. de Chénier.

FIRST PERIOD.—CENTURIES XII., XIII.

JONGLEURS, TROUVÈRES, AND TROUBADOURS.

I.—CHANSONS DE GESTE, LAIS, LEGENDS, AND FABLIAUX.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

FROM THE CHANSON DE ROLAND.

The archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.
Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succour went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining haubert from his breast;
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
"Rest, Sire," he cried, — "for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on, — there is no hope of life;
In paradise, where the almoners live again,
There are our couches spread, — there shall we rest from pain."
Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave?
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee and left thee weak and poor!"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
"My gentle friend! — what parting full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see; —
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the second death."
Then to the paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore; —
No heart had he to smile, — but, weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The archbishop, then, — on whom God's benison rest! —
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast; —
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart, — his panting bosom heaves, —
Death comes apace, — no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made, —
Born of the Virgin, — scorned and crucified, —
In paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison;
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion; —
God grant to him his holy benison!

ROMAN DU ROU.

Robert Wace, the author of this romance, was one of the most distinguished Trouvères of the twelfth century. He was born in the island of Jersey; the date of his birth and death are uncertain. For a long time he resided in the city of Caen, where he devoted himself to the composition of romances, of which he wrote many, as he himself declares: —

"De Romanz faire m'entremis,
Mult en escris et mult en fis."

Only two of them have reached our day. The first of these is "Le Brut d'Angleterre," so called from Brutus, son of Ascanius, and grandson of Æneas, and first king of the Britons. It gives the history of the kings of Great Britain, from the sack of Troy to the end of the seventh century. Geoffrey of Monmouth translated it from the original Armorican, or British, into Latin prose, and Wace turned it into French verse. Robert de Brune translated part of it into English in the fourteenth century; and a new prose translation has lately appeared in England. The work is in great part fabulous; and is a romance, rather than a history. It describes the Round Table, and the sports and tourneys of King Arthur's court; and may be regarded as the fountain-head of the romances of the Round Table. It had immense popularity in its day.

The "Roman du Rou," so called from Rollo, is a poetic chronicle of the dukes of Normandy. It is in two parts; the first written in Alexandrines; the second, in octo-syllabic verse.

A few other poems by Wace have been preserved, but these are the most important.

DUKE WILLIAM AT ROUEN.

FROM THE ROMAN DU ROU.

THEN Duke William was right sorrowful, and strength and power had none,
For he thought that in the battel he should well-nigh stand alone;
He knew not who would fight for him, or who would prove a foe:
"Why should we linger here?" quoth he,—"I into France will go."
Then said Boten,—"Duke William, thou hast spoke a coward's word;—
What! fly away at once, ere thou hast wielded lance or sword?
Think'st thou I e'er will see thee fly? Thou talk'st quite childishly.
Summon thy men, prepare for fight, and have good heart in thee;
Perjured thy foemen are, and they shall surely vanquished be."
"Boten," said William, "how can I prepare me for the fight?
Rioulf can bring four well armed men for every single wight
I can command;—I sure shall die, if I against him go."
"That thou 'rt a coward," said Boten, "Saint Fiacre well doth know;
But, by the faith which firm I hold to the Son of God, I say,
Whoe'er should do as thou deserves sound beating in the fray;
For thou wilt neither arm nor fight, but only run away."
"Mercie!" cried William, "see ye not how Rioulf me sieges here?
And my perjured knights are all with him; must it not cost me dear?
And they all hate me unto death, and round encompass me;
I never can, by my soul I swear, drive them from this countrie;
I must forsake it, and to France right speedily I 'll flee."
Then spake Bernart,—"Duke, know this well, we will not follow thee.
Too much of ill these men have wrought, but a day will surely come
For payment, and we 'll pay them well. When erst we left our home
In Denmark, and to this land came, we gained it by our might;
But thou to arm thee art afraid, and dar'st not wage the fight.
Go, then, to France, enjoy thyself, a wretched caitiff wight;
No love of honest praise hast thou, no prayer will e'er avail thee.
O wicked one! why shouldst thou fear that God will ever fail thee?
Rollo, like bold and hardy chief, this land by his good sword won;
And thou wouldst do even as he did, wert thou indeed his son!"

"Bernart," said William, "well, methinks, thou hast reviled me,
Offence enow to me hast given, enow of villainye;
But thou shalt see me bear myself even as a man right wode;
Whoe'er will come and fight with me shall see my will is good.
Boten, good friend," said he, "Bernart, now list to me, I pray;
No longer hold me evil one, nor coward, from this day;
Call my men unto the battle-field; I pledge my word, and know,
That, henceforth, for the strife of swords ye shall not find me slow."

Then all did rush to arms, and all with equal spirit came;
And, fully armed, thrice haughtily defiance did proclaim
To Rioulf and his vassals, who the challenge heard with glee,
And flung it back to William, who returned it joyfully.
Full harnessed was he now, and toward his foemen blithe he ran;
"God be our aid!" he shouted, and rushed on like a giant man.
Ye never saw such heavy blows as Duke William gave that day;
For when the sword was in his grasp, scant need of leech had they
Who felt its edge; and vain were lance and brand 'gainst him, I trow;
For when Duke William struck them down, joy had they never moe.
'T was blithe to see how he bore himself, like a wild bull, 'mid the fight,
And drove his foemen left and right, all flying with sore affright;
For truly he did pay them off, and with a right good will.

Now when Rioulf saw his vassals there, lying all cold and still
Upon the field, while William's men boldly maintained their ground,
He seized his good steed's bridle-rein, and madly turned him round,
And stayed not to prick and spur, till near a wood he drew;
Then, fearing that Duke William's men did even yet pursue,
His hauberk, lance, and trusty sword away he gladly threw,
That more swiftly he might speed along;—but though he was not caught,
Scarce better fate that gallant fight unto bold Rioulf brought;
For there he died, heart-broke, I ween, with shame and mickle woe,
And his corpse was after in the Seine (do not all that story know?)

Found floating on the rising tide. So the victory was won,
And far and wide was the story spread of the deeds the duke had done."

RICHARD'S ESCAPE.

FROM THE SAME.

"And now, fair Sir," said Osmont, "I pray you, sickness feign,
And keep your bed, nor eat, nor drink; but, as in bitter pain,
Groan loudly, sigh, and moan, and then at last, as near your end,
Pray that a priest, to housel ye, the king at least may send;
And bear ye warily in all, for I do trust that ye,
By God's aid, even yet shall 'scape from this captivity."
"This will I do," said Richard, "even as ye counsel me."

And well did Richard act the part that Osmont taught;
He kept his bed, nor ate, nor drank, and thus so low was brought,
That his flesh was soft and sallow, his visage deadly pale;
For so well acted he his part, that all thought his life must fail.
But when King Louis heard of it, his woe was scant, I trow;
For he thought Duke Richard's heritage to his eldest son would go.
Then Osmont made loud sorrow, and mourned and wept full sore:
"Alas, Sire Richard! one so mild and courteous never more
Shall we behold! — Ay, 't was alone for thy goodly heritage
That Louis snatched thee from thy friends, and at such tender age
A captive deemed thee, — O, his hate but from thy lands arose!
Alas! that our rich Normandie should make so many foes! —
O, what will Bernart say, who watched thy tender infancy,
That thou here shouldst die, not in the town of thy nativity? —
O God! look down, for only thou our failing hope can raise!
Thou know'st how well beloved he was, how worthy of all praise
And honor too; O, there was none ever beloved as he!"
Now when the warders heard Osmont mourning so bitterly,
They doubted not but Richard then upon his death-bed lay;
And others thought so too, and each did to the other say
That Richard's spirit certainly was passing swift away.

Now it came to pass that night the king at supper sat,
And they who guarded Richard most carelessly of late
Kept watch and ward, for well they thought he was so weak and low,
That, save unto his burial, abroad he ne'er would go;
For how could he live long who never spoke, or tasted food?
And wherefore else should Osmont weep and be so sad of mood?
Then when good Osmont saw the watch right from the door depart,
His steeds he caused ydight to be, in readiness to start;
Then he hastened to Duke Richard's bed, and bade him swift uprise;
Then in a truss of rushes green hides him from prying eyes,
And binds and cords the bundle well; bids his menye mount and ride;
In a churchman's gown he wraps himself, nor heeds what may betide,
So Richard 's safe; then, last of all, he follows his menye; —
The night was dark, and that was well, for no need of light had he.
Soon as outside the walls they came, Duke Richard they unbound,
And brought to him as gallant steed as ever stepped on ground;
Right glad was he to mount, I ween, right glad were they also,
And off they set, and spurred well, for they had far to go.
O, when Duke Richard seized the rein, a joyful one was he!
But, whether he rode fast or no, ye need not ask of me.

THE LAY OF THE LITTLE BIRD.

In days of yore, at least a century since,
There lived a carle as wealthy as a prince:
His name I wot not; but his wide domain
Was rich with stream and forest, mead and plain;
To crown the whole, one manor he possessed
In choice delight so passing all the rest,
No castle burgh or city might compare
With the quaint beauties of that mansion rare.
The sooth to say, I fear my words may seem
Like some strange fabling, or fantastic dream,
If, unadvised, the portraiture I trace,
And each brave pleasure of that peerless place;
Foreknow ye, then, by necromantic might
Was raised this paradise of all delight.
A good knight owned it first; he, bowed with age,
Died, and his son possessed the heritage;
But the lewd stripling, all to riot bent, —
His chattels quickly wasted and forespent, —

Was driven to see this patrimony sold
To the base carle of whom I lately told:
Ye wot right well there only needs be sought
One spendthrift heir, to bring great wealth to naught.
A lofty tower and strong, the building stood
'Midst a vast plain surrounded by a flood;
And hence one pebble-paved channel strayed,
That compassed in a clustering orchard's shade:
'T was a choice, charming plat; abundant round,
Flowers, roses, odorous spices clothed the ground;
Unnumbered kinds; and all profusely showered
Such aromatic balsam, as they flowered,
Their fragrance might have stayed man's parting breath,
And chased the hovering agony of death.
The sward one level held; and close above,
Tall, shapely trees their leafy mantles wove,
All equal growth, and low their branches came,
Thickset with goodliest fruits of every name.
In midst, to cheer the ravished gazer's view,
A gushing fount its waters upward threw,
Thence slowly on with crystal current passed,
And crept into the distant flood at last;
But nigh its source a pine's umbrageous head
Stretched far and wide, in deathless verdure spread,
Met with broad shade the summer's sultry gleam,
And through the livelong year shut out the beam.
Such was the scene; — yet still the place was blessed
With one rare pleasure passing all the rest:
A wondrous bird, of energies divine,
Had fixed his dwelling in the tufted pine;
There still he sat, and there with amorous lay
Waked the dim morn and closed the parting day:
Matched with these strains of linked sweetness wrought,
The violin and full-toned harp were naught;
Of power they were with new-born joy to move
The cheerless heart of long-desponding love;
Of power so strange, that, should they cease to sound,
And the blithe songster flee the mystic ground,
That goodly orchard's scene, the pine-tree's shade,
Trees, flowers, and fount, would all like vapor fade.
"Listen, listen to my lay!"
Thus the merry notes did chime,
"All who mighty love obey,
Sadly wasting in your prime,
Clerk and laic, grave and gay!
Yet do ye, before the rest,
Gentle maidens, mark me tell!
Store my lesson in your breast:
Trust me, it shall profit well:
Hear and heed me, and be blessed!"
So sang the bird of old; but when he spied
The carle draw near, with altered tone he cried, —
"Back, river, to thy source! and thee, tall tower,
Thee, castle strong, may gaping earth devour!
Bend down your heads, ye gaudy flowers, and fade!
And withered be each fruit-tree's mantling shade!
Beneath these beauteous branches once were seen
Brave gentle knights disporting on the green,
And lovely dames; and oft these flowers among
Stayed the blithe bands, and joyed to hear my song;
Nor would they hence retire, nor quit the grove,
Till many a vow were passed of mutual love:
These more would cherish, those would more deserve
Cost, courtesy, and arms, and nothing swerve.
O, bitter change! for master now we see
A faitour villain carle of low degree;
Foul gluttony employs his livelong day,
Nor heeds nor hears he my melodious lay."
So spake the bird; and, as he ceased to sing,
Indignantly he clapped his downy wing,
And straight was gone; — but no abasement stirred
In the clown's breast at his reproachful word:
Bent was his wit alone by quaint device
To snare, and sell him for a passing price.
So well he wrought, so craftily he spread
In the thick foliage green his slender thread,
That, when at eve the little songster sought
His wonted spray, his heedless foot was caught.
"How have I harmed you?" straight he 'gan to cry,
"And wherefore would you do me thus to die?"
"Nay, fear not," quoth the clown, "for death or wrong;
I only seek to profit by thy song;
I 'll get thee a fine cage, nor shalt thou lack
Good store of kernels and of seeds to crack; —
But sing thou shalt; for if thou play'st the mute,
I 'll spit thee, bird, and pick thy bones to boot."
"Ah, woe is me!" the little thrall replied,
"Who thinks of song, in prison doomed to bide?
And, were I cooked, my bulk might scarce afford
One scanty mouthful to my hungry lord."
What may I more relate? The captive wight
Assayed to melt the villain all he might;
And fairly promised, were he once set free,
In gratitude to teach him secrets three:
Three secrets, all so marvellous and rare,
His race knew naught that might with these compare.
The carle pricked up his ears amain; he loosed
The songster thrall, by love of gain seduced.
Up to the summit of the pine-tree's shade
Sped the blithe bird, and there at ease he stayed,
And tricked his plumes full leisurely, I trow,
Till the carle claimed his promise from below.
"Right gladly," quoth the bird; "now grow thee wise:
All human prudence few brief lines comprise:
First, then, lest haply in the event it fail,
Yield not a ready faith to every tale."

"Is this thy secret?" quoth the moody elf,—
"Keep, then, thy silly lesson for thyself;
I need it not." "Howbe, 't is not amiss
To prick thy memory with advice like this;
But late, meseems, thou hadst forgot the lore;
Now may'st thou hold it fast for evermore.
Mark next my second rule, and sadly know,
What 's lost, 't is wise with patience to forego."
The carle, though rude of wit, now chafed amain;
He felt the mockery of the songster's strain.
"Peace," quoth the bird; "my third is far the best;
Store thou the precious treasure in thy breast:
What good thou hast, ne'er lightly from thee cast."
He spoke, and twittering fled away full fast.
Straight, sunk in earth, the gushing fountain dries;
Down fall the fruits; the withered pine-tree dies;
Fades all the beauteous plat, so cool, so green,
Into thin air, and never more is seen.
Such was the meed of avarice: — bitter cost!
The carle, who all would gather, all has lost.

PARADISE.

FROM LE VOYAGE DE SAINT BRANDAN.

Issuing from the darkness, see,
With joyful hearts, right gratefully,
Beyond the cloud that bright wall rise,
That round engirdleth paradise.
A lofty wall was it, and high,
Reaching as though 't would pierce the sky,—
All battlemented, — but no tower,
Breastwork, nor palisade, — for power
Of foe was never dreaded there.
And snowy white beyond compare
Its hue; and gems most dazzling to sight,
In inlay work, that wall bedight;
For it was set with chrysolite,
And many a rich gem flashing light;
Topaz and emerald fair to see,
Carbuncle and chalcedony,
And chrysoprase, sardonyx fair,
Jasper and amethyst most rare,
Gorgeously shining, jacinth too,
Crystal and beryl, clear to view, —
Each to the other giving brightness.
Right toward the port their course they hold;
But other dangers, all untold,
Were there; before the gate keep guard
Dragons of flaming fire, dread ward!
Right at the entrance hung a brand
Unsheathed, turning on either hand
With innate wisdom; they might well
Bear it, for 't was invincible, —
And iron, stone, ay, adamant,
Against its edge had strength full scant.
But, lo! a fair youth came to meet them,
And with meek courtesy did greet them,
For he was sent by Heaven's command
To give them entrance to that land;
So sweetly he his message gave,
And kissed each one, and bade the glaive
Retain its place; the dragons, too,
He checked, and led them safely through,
And bade them rest, now they had come
At last unto that heavenly home;
For they had now, all dangers past,
To certain glory come at last.
And now that fair youth leads them on,
Where paradise in beauty shone;
And there they saw the land all full
Of woods and rivers beautiful,
And meadows large besprent with flowers,
And scented shrubs in fadeless bowers,
And trees with blossoms fair to see,
And fruit also deliciously
Hung from the boughs; nor brier, nor thorn,
Thistle, nor blighted tree forlorn
With blackened leaf, was there, — for spring
Held aye a year-long blossoming;
And never shed their leaf the trees,
Nor failed their fruit; and still the breeze
Blew soft, scent-laden from the fields.
Full were the woods of venison;
The rivers of good fish each one,
And others flowed with milky tide, —
No marvel all things fructified.
The earth gave honey, oozing through
Its pores, in sweet drops like the dew;
And in the mount was golden ore,
And gems, and treasure wondrous store.
There the clear sun knew no declining,
Nor fog nor mist obscured his shining;
No cloud across that sky did stray,
Taking the sun's sweet light away;
Nor cutting blast, nor blighting air, —
For bitter winds blew never there;
Nor heat, nor frost, nor pain, nor grief,
Nor hunger, thirst, — for swift relief
From every ill was there; plentie
Of every good, right easily,
Each had according to his will,
And aye they wandered blithely still
In large and pleasant pastures green,
O, such as earth hath never seen!
And glad was Brandan, for their pleasure
So wondrous was, that scant in measure
Their past toils seemed; nor could they rest,
But wandered aye in joyful quest
Of somewhat fairer, and did go
Hither and *thither*, to and fro,
For very joyfulness. And now
They climb a mountain's lofty brow,
And see afar a vision rare
Of angels, — I may not declare
What there they saw, for words could ne'er
The meaning tell; and melodie
Of that same heavenly company,
For joy that they beheld them there,
They heard, but could not bear its sweetness,
Unless their natures greater meetness
To that celestial place had borne, —
But they were crushed *with joy*. "Return,"
Said they, — "we may not this sustain."
Then spoke the youth in gentle strain:

"O Brandan, God unto thine eyes
Hath granted sight of paradise;
But know, it glories hath more bright
Than e'er have dazed thy mortal sight;
One hundred thousand times more fair
Are these abodes; but thou couldst ne'er
The view sustain, nor the ecstasy
Its meanest joys would yield to thee:
For thou hast in the body come;
But, when the Lord shall call thee home,
Thou, fitted then, a spirit free
From weakness and mortality,
Shalt aye remain, no fleeting guest,
But taking here thine endless rest.
And while thou still remain'st below,
That Heaven's high favor all may know,
Take hence these stones, to teach all eyes
That thou hast been in paradise."
Then Brandan worshipped God, and took
Of paradise a farewell look.
The fair youth led them to the gate;
They entered in the ship, and straight
The signal 's made, the wind flows free,
The sails are spread, and o'er the sea
They bound; but swift and blithe, I trow,
Their homeward course; for where was foe,
Of earth or hell, 'gainst them to rise,
Who were returned from paradise?

THE GENTLE BACHELOR.

What gentle bachelor is he,
Sword-begot in fighting-field,
Rocked and cradled in a shield,
Whose infant food a helm did yield?
On lion's flesh he makes his feast;
Thunder lulls him to his rest;
His dragon-front doth all defy,
His lion-heart, and libbard-eye,
His teeth that like boar's tushes are,
His tiger-fierceness, drunk with war.
Ponderous as a mace, his fist
Down descends where'er it list,—
Down, with bolt of thunder's force,
Bears to earth both knight and horse.
Keener far than falcon's sight,
His eye pervades the clouds of fight;
And at tourneys 't is his play
To change the fortune of the day,
Wielding well his helpful arm,
Void of fear, as naught might harm.
O'er the seas to English ground,
Be some rare adventure found,
Or to Jura's mount, he hies;
These are his festivities.
In the fields of battle joined,
Like to straws before the wind,
All his foes avoid his hand;
None that deadly brunt may stand.
Him in joust may no man see
But still with foot from stirrup free,
Knight and courser casting down
Oft with mortal dint o'erthrown;
Nor shield of bark, nor steel, nor lance,
Aught may ward the dire mischance.
When he slumbers, when he sleeps,
Still on head his helm he keeps;
Other pillow fits not him,
Stern of heart and stout of limb.
Broken swords, and spears that fail,
And the shattered hauberk's mail,
These compose the warrior's treat
Of poignant sauce or comfits sweet;
And dust he quaffs in fields of death,
And quaffs the panting courser's breath.
When the lusty chase he tries,
On foot o'er hill and dale he hies;
Lion, rutting hart, or bear,
He joys to seek and slaughter there.
Wealth to all throughout the land
Wide he deals with lavish hand.

THE PRIEST WHO ATE MULBERRIES.

Ye lordings all, come lend an ear;
It boots ye naught to chafe or fleer,
As overgrown with pride:
Ye needs must hear Dan Guerin tell
What once a certain priest befell,
To market bent to ride.

The morn began to shine so bright,
When up this priest did leap full light
And called his folk around:
He bade them straight bring out his mare,
For he would presently repair
Unto the market-ground.

So bent he was on timely speed,
So pressing seemed his worldly need,
He weened 't were little wrong
If pater-nosters he delayed,
And cast for once they should be said
E'en as he rode along.

And now with tower and turret near
Behold the city's walls appear,
When, as he turned aside,
He chanced in evil hour to see
All hard at hand a mulberry-tree
That spread both far and wide.

Its berries shone so glossy black,
The priest his lips began to smack,
Full fain to pluck the fruit;
But, woe the while! the trunk was tall,
And many a brier and thorn did crawl
Around that mulberry's root.

The man, howbe, might not forbear,
But reckless all he pricked his mare
In thickest of the brake;
Then climbed his saddle-bow amain,
And tiptoe 'gan to stretch and strain
Some nether bough to take.

A nether bough he raught at last;
He with his right hand held it fast,
And with his left him fed:
His sturdy mare abode the shock,
And bore, as steadfast as a rock,
The struggling overhead.

So feasted long the merry priest,
Nor much bethought him of his beast
Till hunger's rage was ended;
Then, "Sooth!" quoth he, "whoe'er should cry,
'What ho, fair sir!' in passing by,
Would leave me here suspended."

Alack! for dread of being hanged,
With voice so piercing shrill he twanged
The word of luckless sound,
His beast sprang forward at the cry,
And plumb the priest dropped down from high
Into the brake profound.

There, pricked and pierced with many a thorn,
And girt with brier, and all forlorn,
Naught boots him to complain:
Well may ye ween how ill bested
He rolled him on that restless bed,
But rolled and roared in vain:

For there algates he must abide
The glowing noon, the eventide,
The livelong night and all;
The whiles with saddle swinging round,
And bridle trailing on the ground,
His mare bespoke his fall.

O, then his household shrieked for dread,
And weened at least he must be dead;
His lady leman swooned:
Efisoons they hie them all to look,
If haply in some dell or nook
His body might be found.

Through all the day they sped their quest;
The night fled on, they took no rest;
Returns the morning hour:
When, lo! at peeping of the dawn,
It chanced a varlet boy was drawn
Nigh to the mulberry-bower.

The woful priest the help descried:
"O, save my life! my life!" he cried,
"Enthralled in den profound!
O, pluck me out, for pity's sake,
From this inextricable brake,
Begirt with brambles round!"

"Alas, my lord! my master dear!
What ugly chance hath dropped thee here?"
Exclaimed the varlet youth.
"'T was gluttony," the priest replied,
"With peerless folly by her side:
But help me straight, for ruth!"

By this were come the remnant rout;
With passing toil they plucked him out,
And slowly homeward led:
But, all so tattered in his hide,
Long is he fain in bed to bide,
But little less than dead.

THE LAND OF COKAIGNE.

Well I wot 't is often told,
Wisdom dwells but with the old;
Yet do I, of greener age,
Boast and bear the name of sage:
Briefly, sense was ne'er conferred
By the measure of the beard.
List, — for now my tale begins, —
How, to rid me of my sins,
Once I journeyed far from home
To the gate of holy Rome:
There the Pope, for my offence,
Bade me straight, in penance, thence
Wandering onward, to attain
The wondrous land that hight Cokaigne.
Sooth to say, it was a place
Blessed with Heaven's especial grace;
For every road and every street
Smoked with food for man to eat:
Pilgrims there might halt at will,
There might sit and feast their fill,
In goodly bowers that lined the way,
Free for all, and naught to pay.
Through that blissful realm divine
Rolled a sparkling flood of wine;
Clear the sky, and soft the air,
For eternal spring was there;
And all around, the groves among,
Countless dance and ceaseless song.

. . . . . .

But the chiefest, choicest treasure,
In that land of peerless pleasure,
Was a well, to saine the sooth,
Cleped the living well of youth.
There, had numb and feeble age
Crossed you in your pilgrimage,
In those wondrous waters pure
Laved awhile you found a cure;
Lustihead and youth appears
Numbering now but twenty years.
Woe is me, who rue the hour!
Once I owned both will and power
To have gained this precious gift;
But, alas! of little thrift,
From a kind, o'erflowing heart,
To my fellows to impart
Youth, and joy, and all the lot
Of this rare, enchanted spot,
Forth I fared, and now in vain
Seek to find the place again.
Sore regret I now endure, —
Sore regret beyond a cure.
List, and learn from what is passed,
Having bliss, to hold it fast.

THE LAY OF BISCLAVERET.

MARIE DE FRANCE, the author of this and thirteen other lays, was one of the most popular writers of the thirteenth century. She has been called the Sappho of her age. Of her history nothing is known, save that she was born in France, and passed the greater part of her life in England.

WHEN lays resound, 't would ill beseem
Bisclaveret were not a theme:
Such is the name by Bretons sung,
And Garwal[1] in the Norman tongue;—
A man of whom our poets tell,—
To many men the lot befell!—
Who in the forest's secret gloom
A wolf was destined to become.

This savage monster in his mood
Roams through the wood in search of blood,
Nor man nor beast his rage will spare,
When wandering near his hideous lair.
Of such an one shall be my lay,—
A legend of Bisclaveret.

In Brittany a knight was known,
Whose virtues were a wonder grown:
His form was goodly, and his mind
With truth endued, with sense refined:
Valiant, and to his lord sincere,
And by his neighbours held most dear.
His lady was of fairest face,
And seemed all goodness, truth, and grace.
They lived in mutual love and joy,
Nor could one thought their peace annoy,
Save that, three days each week, the knight
Was absent from his lady's sight,
Nor knew she where he made repair;
In vain all questions and all care.

One evening, as they sat reclined,
And rest and music soothed his mind,
With winning smiles and arts she strove
To gain the secret from his love.
"Ah! is it well," she softly sighed,
"Aught from this tender heart to hide?
Fain would I urge, but cannot bear
That thy dear brow a frown should wear,
Else would I crave so small a boon:
'T is idly asked, and granted soon."
The gentle knight that lady pressed,
And drew her closer to his breast:
"What is there, fairest love," he cried,
"I ever to thy wish denied?
What may it be I vainly muse
That thou couldst ask, and I refuse?"

"Gramercy," said the artful dame,
"My kindest lord, the boon I claim.
O, in those days, to sorrow known,
When left by thee in tears alone,
What fears, what torments wound my heart,
Musing in vain why thus we part!
If I should lose thee! if no more
The evening should thy form restore!—
O, 't is too much! I cannot bear
The pangs of such continued care!
Tell me, where go'st thou?—who is she
Who keeps my own dear lord from me?
For 't is too plain, thou lov'st me not,
And in her arms I am forgot!"
"Lady," he said, "by Heaven above,
No deed of mine has wronged thy love.
But, were the fatal secret thine,
Destruction, death, perchance were mine."

Then pearly tears that lady shed,
And sorrow bowed her lovely head;
And every grace, and art, and wile,
Each fond caress, each gentle smile,
She lavished on her lord, who strove
In vain against her seeming love,
Till all the secret was revealed,
And not the slightest thought concealed:
"Know, then, a truth which shuns the day,
I am a foul —— Bisclaveret!
Close sheltered in my wild retreat,
My loathsome food I daily eat,
And, deep within yon hated wood,
I live on rapine and on blood!"

Faint grew that pale and lovely dame,
A shudder crept o'er all her frame;
But yet she urged her questions still,
Mindless but of her eager will,
To know if, ere the change was made,
Clothed or unclad he sought the shade.
"Unclad, in savage guise I range,
Till to my wolfish shape I change."
"Where are thy vestments then concealed?"
"That, lady, may not be revealed,—
For, should I lose them, or some eye
Where they are hid presume to pry,
Bisclaveret I should remain,
Nor ever gaze on thee again,
Till he who caused the fatal harm
Restored them and dissolved the charm."
"Alas!" she said, "my lord, my life,
Am I not thine, thy soul, thy wife?
Thou canst not doubt me, yet I feel
I die if thou the truth conceal.
Ah! is thy confidence so small,
That thou shouldst pause, nor tell me all?"
Long, long she strove, and he denied;
Entreaties, prayers, and tears were tried,
Till, vanquished, wearied, and distressed,
He thus the fatal truth confessed:
"Deep in the forest's awful shade
Has chance a frightful cavern made;
A ruined chapel moulders near,
Where oft is shed my secret tear:

[1] *Garwal* is a corruption of the Teutonic *Wer-wolf* or English *Were-wolf*, the same as the λυκάνθρωπος of the Greeks, Man-wolf, *Loup-garou*, a man who has the power of transforming himself into a wolf. It does not appear that this word, *Garwal*, has continued in Normandy to our time; neither is that of *Bisclaveret* found among Bretons, who still say *Denbleis* (Man-wolf).

There, close beside a hollow stone,
With rank and bushy weeds o'ergrown,
My garments lie, till I repair,
My trial past, to seek them there."

The lady heard the wondrous tale,
Her cheek now flushed, now deadly pale;
And many a day and fearful night,
Pondered with horror and affright.
Fain would she the adventure try,
Whose thought drove slumber from her eye.
She dared not seek the wood alone,—
To whom, then, could she make it known?

A knight there was, whose passion long
Had sought the hapless lord to wrong;
But coldly from his vows she turned,
And all his feigning ardor spurned.
Yet now, a prey to evil's power,
She sought him, in a luckless hour,
And swore a deadly oath of love,
So he would the adventure prove:
The wood's recess, the cave, the stone,
All to his willing ear made known;
And bade him seize the robes with speed,
And she should be the victor's meed.

Thus man, by too much trust betrayed,
Too often is a victim made!

Great search was made the country round,
But trace was none, nor tidings found;
All deemed the gallant knight was dead,—
And his false dame again was wed.

Scarce had the year attained an end,
The king would to the greenwood wend,
Where, 'midst the leafy covert lay
The fierce and fell Bisclaveret.
Soon as the hounds perceive the foe,
Forward at once with yells they go;
The hunters urge them on amain,
And soon the Garwal had been slain,
But, springing to the monarch's knee,
Seemed to implore his clemency:
His stirrup held, embraced his feet,
And urged his suit with gestures meet.
The king, with wondering pity moved,
His hunters called, his hounds reproved:
"'T is strange," he said; "this beast, indeed,
With human reason seems to plead.
Who may this marvel clearly see?—
Call off the dogs, and set him free;
And, mark me, let no subject dare
To touch his life which thus I spare.
Let us away, nor more intrude
On this strange creature's solitude;
And from this time I 'll come no more
This forest's secrets to explore."
The king then rode in haste away;
But, following still, Bisclaveret
Kept ever closely by his side;
Nor could the pitying monarch chide,
But led him to his castle fair,
Whose goodly towers rose high in air

There staid the Garwal, and apace
Grew dearer in the monarch's grace,
And all his train he bade beware,
To tend and to entreat him fair;
Nor murmured they,— for, though unbound,
He still was mild and gentle found.
Couched at his master's feet he lay,
And with the barons loved to stay;
Whene'er the king abroad would wend,
Still with him went his faithful friend:
In hall or bower, at game or feast,
So much he loved the gallant beast.

It chanced the king proclaimed a court,
Where all his barons made resort;
Not one would from the presence stay,
But came in rich and bright array;
Among them, he who with his wife
Had practised on the Garwal's life.
He, all unconscious, paced along
Amidst that gay and gallant throng,
Nor deemed his steps that fatal day
Watched by the sad Bisclaveret.
With sudden bound on him he flew,
And towards him by his fangs he drew;
Nor would have spared him, but the king,
With angry words and menacing,
Forbade the vengeance which had straight
Dealt to the trembling wretch his fate.
Much marvel all, and wondering own
He ne'er before so fell was known:
Why single out this knight from all?
Why on him thus so fiercely fall?
In much amaze each went his way,
But pondered on it many a day.

The king next eve the forest sought,
Where first Bisclaveret was caught,
There to forget the toils of state
That on a monarch's splendor wait.
The guilty wife, with false intent
And artful wiles, to meet him went,
Apparelled in her richest guise,
To draw on her admiring eyes:
Rich presents brought she in her train,
And sought an audience to gain.
When she approached Bisclaveret,
No power his vengeance could allay:
With hideous howl he darted forth
Towards the fair object of his wrath,
And soon her false but beauteous face
Of deadly fury bore the trace:
All rush to stanch the dreadful wound,
And blows and shouts assail him round.

Then spoke a learned and reverend sage,
Renowned for wisdom, gray with age:
"Sire, let the beast receive no wrong;
Has he not here been harboured long,
And never, even in sport, been seen
To show or cruelty or spleen?
This lady and her lord alone
The fury of his ire have known.
Twice has the lady been a wife;—
How her first lord was reft of life,

For whom each baron sorrows still,
Breeds in my mind some fear of ill.
Question the wounded dame, and try
If we may solve this mystery;
I know, by long experience taught,
Are wondrous things in Bretagne wrought."
The king the sage advice approved,
And bade the lady be removed,
And captive held till she should tell
All that her former lord befell:
Her guilty spouse they seek with speed,
And to a separate dungeon lead.
'T was then, subdued by pain and fear,
The fearful tale she bade them hear;
How she her lord sought to betray,
And stole his vestments where they lay,
So that for him the hope were vain
To gain his human form again.

Her deed of treachery displayed,
All pause, with anxious thought dismayed;
Then each to each began to say,
"It is the beast Bisclaveret!"

Soon are the fatal vestments brought,—
Straight is the hapless Garwal sought;
Close in his sight the robes they place,
But, all unmoved, and slow his pace,
He heeds not as he passes by,
Nor casts around a curious eye.
All marvel, save the sage alone,—
The cause is to his prescience known:
"Hope not," he said, "by means so plain
The transformation to obtain.
Deep shame and grief the act attend,
And secrecy its aid must lend;
And to no vulgar mortal eye
'T is given to view this mystery.
Close, then, each gate,—be silence round,—
And let a hollow stone be found;
Choose ye a solitary room,—
Shade each recess with deepest gloom;
Spread forth the robes,—let none intrude,—
And leave the beast to solitude."

All that the sage advised was done.
And now the shades of night were gone,
When towards the spot, with eager haste,
The king and all his barons passed:
There, when they oped the guarded door,
They saw Bisclaveret no more,—
But on a couch, in slumber deep,
Beheld the uncharmed knight asleep!

With shouts of joy the halls resound;
The news soon spreads the country round;
No more condemned to woe and shame,
He wakes to life, to joy, and fame!
Admired, caressed, 'midst hosts of friends,
At once his lingering torment ends.
His lands restored, his foes o'erthrown,
Their treacherous arts to all made known:
The guilty pair condemned to fly
To *banishment* and infamy.
'T is said their lineage to all time
Shall bear a mark that speaks their crime;
Deep wounds and scars their faces grave,
Such as the furious Garwal gave.
And well in Brittany is known
The wondrous tale my lay has shown;
Nor shall the record fade away,
That tells us of Bisclaveret.

FROM THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

TOWARDS the middle of the thirteenth century, flourished Guillaume de Lorris, whom Marot called the French Ennius. French literature owes to his genius the commencement of "The Romaunt of the Rose," a poem remarkable for the brilliant fancy and easy versification it displays, and still more remarkable as standing preëminent above all others of its time.

"The Romaunt of the Rose" is an allegorical poem, in which sacred history is mingled with fable, and the morals of a licentious age are satirized with unsparing severity. The main subject is the art of love; or, as the author informs us, at the commencement of the work,

"Ce est li Rommanz de la Roze,
Ou l'art d'amors est tote enclose."

The death of Guillaume de Lorris is supposed to have taken place about the year 1261. Forty years after, "The Romaunt of the Rose" was completed by Jean de Meun. To this man has been yielded the palm not only of being the greatest poet, but likewise of being one of the most learned men of his age. He died about the year 1320. Having been the scourge of the hypocrisy of the priests during his life, one of his last acts was a practical satire upon their cupidity. In his will he bequeathed to a convent of Dominican friars a large chest, which was not to be opened till after the death of the testator. Supposing, from its great weight, that it was full of valuable effects, they gave the poet an honorable burial in their convent. No sooner were the funeral obsequies over, than they opened the strong-box with eager curiosity, and found it full, not of money and precious articles, but of large squares of slate, covered with inexplicable mathematical figures and diagrams.

The limits of this work render it impossible to give extracts from that part of "The Romaunt of the Rose" of which Meun was the author. Many portions of it are very beautiful; particularly the description of the Loves of the Golden Age, when

"Les oyseaux *en leur latin*
S'estudient chascun matin."

WITHIN my twentie yeere of age,
When that love taketh his courage
Of younge folke, I wente soone
To bed, as I was wont to doone:

And fast I slept: and in sleeping,
Me mette such a swevening,[1]
That liked me wondrous wele:
But in that sweven is never a dele[2]
That it n'is[3] afterward befall,
Right as this dreame woll tell us all.
Now this dreame woll I rime aright,
To make your heartes gay and light:
For love it prayeth, and also
Commaundeth me, that it be so.
And if there any aske me,
Whether that it be he or she,
How this booke which is here
Shall hatte,[4] that I rede[5] you here:
It is the Romaunt of the Rose,
In which all the art of love I close.
The matter faire is of to make:
God graunt me in gree[6] that she it take
For whom that it begonnen[7] is:
And that is she that hath ywis[8]
So mokel prise,[9] and thereto she
So worthie is beloved to be,
That she wel ought, of prise and right,
Be cleped Rose of everie wight.
That it was May me thoughte tho,[10]
It is five yere or more ago,
That it was May, thus dreamed me,
In time of love and jolitie,
That all thing ginneth waxen gay:
For there is neither buske[11] nor hay
In May, that it n'ill[12] shrouded bene,
And it with newe leves wrene:[13]
These woodes eke recoveren grene,
That drie in winter ben to sene,
And the erth waxeth proud withall,
For swote[14] dewes that on it fall,
And the poore estate forget,
In which that winter had it set:
And than[15] become the ground so proude,
That it wol have a newe shroude,
And maketh so queint his robe and faire,
That it had hewes an hundred paire,
Of grasse and floures, of Inde and Pers,
And many hewes full divers:
That is the robe I mean ywis,
Through which the ground to praisen is.
The birdes, that han left hir[16] song,
While they han suffred cold full strong,
In wethers grille,[17] and derke to sight,
Ben in May, for the sunne bright,
So glad, that they shew, in singing,
That in hir heart is such liking,
That they mote singen and ben light:
Than doth the nightingale her might
To maken noyse and singen blithe:
Than is blisfull many a sithe,[18]
The chelaundre,[19] and the popingaye:
Than younge folke entenden[20] aye,
For to ben gay and amorous,
The time is then so savorous.[21]
Harde is his heart that loveth nought
In May, whan all this mirth is wrought,
Whan he may on these braunches here[22]
The smalle birdes singen clere
Hir blisfull swete song piteous,
And in this season delitous:
When love affirmeth all thing,
Me thought one night, in my sleeping
Right in my bed full readyly,
That it was by the morrow[23] early,
And up I rose, and gan me cloth,
Anone I wysshe[24] mine hondes[25] both,
A silver needle forth I drow
Out of an aguiler[26] queint ynow,
And gan this needle thread anone,
For out of towne me list to gone,
The sound of birdes for to heare
That on the buskes singen cleare,
In the swete season that lefe is:
With a thred basting my slevis,
Alone I went in my playing,
The smal foules song hearkening,
That payned hem[27] full many a paire
To sing on bowes blossomed faire:
Jolife[28] and gay, full of gladnesse,
Toward a river gan I me dresse,[29]
That I heard renne[30] faste by,
For fairer playeng[31] none saw I
Than playen me by the rivere:
For from an hill, that stood there nere,
Come downe the stream full stiffe and bold,
Clere was the water, and as cold
As any well is, sooth to saine,[32]
And somedele lasse[33] it was than Saine,
But it was straiter, weleaway,
And never saw I, ere that day,
The water that so wele liked me,
And wonder[34] glad was I to se
That lusty[35] place, and that rivere:
And with that water, that ran so clere,
My face I wysshe, tho saw I wele
The bottome ypaved[36] everidele[37]
With gravel, full of stones shene:[38]
The meadowes softe, sote,[39] and grene,
Beet right upon the water side:
Full clere was than the morowe tide,
And full attempre[40] out of drede:[41]
Tho gan I walken thorow the mede,
Downward aye, in my playing,
The rivers side coösting.

1 Dreaming.
2 Never a bit, nothing at all.
3 For *ne is*, is not.
4 Be named.
5 Advise, explain.
6 Pleasure, good will; *to take in gree*, to take in good part.
7 Begun.
8 Certainly.
9 Much praise.
10 Then.
11 Bush.
12 For *ne will*, will not.
13 Covered.
14 Sweet.
15 Then.
16 Their.
17 Dreadful, horrible.
18 Time.
19 Goldfinch.
20 Listen to, attend.
21 Sweet, pleasant.
22 Hear.
23 In the morning.
24 Washed.
25 Hands.
26 Needle-case.
27 Pained themselves, that is, took great pains or trouble.
28 Joyful.
29 To address, turn towards.
30 Run.
31 Enjoyment, enjoying.
32 To say the truth.
33 Somewhat less.
34 Wonderfully, very.
35 Pleasant.
36 Paved.
37 Entirely, every part.
38 Bright, beautiful.
39 Sweet.
40 Temperate.
41 Without doubt.

II.—LYRIC POEMS OF THE TROUVÈRES.

LE CHÂTELAIN DE COUCY.

The Châtelain de Coucy lived towards the end of the twelfth century. His passion for the Dame de Fayel, and its tragical result, are very characteristic of the age. Learning that his mistress was about to accompany her husband to the Holy Land, he took the cross to follow her. The husband, informed of the feelings of his wife towards Coucy, forbade her departure. The Châtelain distinguished himself by his valor at Ascalon and Cæsarea; but having been dangerously wounded, he left the war, to see once more the object of his love. He died on the homeward passage; but before breathing his last, he charged his squire to embalm his heart, and to convey it to his mistress. The squire was intercepted by the jealous lord, who ordered his cook to prepare the heart and serve it up for his wife. The Dame de Fayel, informed by her barbarous husband that she had just eaten the heart of her lover, died of despair. This tradition is the subject of a beautiful ballad by Uhland. The proud device of the family of De Coucy was,

"Ne prince je suis,
Ni comte aussi,
Mais le Sire de Coucy."

My wandering thoughts awake to love anew,
And bid me rise to sing the fairest fair
That e'er before the world of beauty knew,
That e'er kind Nature made her darling care:
And when, entranced, on all her charms I muse,
All themes but that alone my lays refuse;
Each wish my soul can form is hers alone,—
My heart, my joys, my feelings all her own!

Since first my trembling heart became a prey,
I have no power to turn me back again;
At once I yield me to that passion's sway,
Nor idly seek its impulse to restrain.
If she, who is all sweetness, truth, and joy,
Were cold or fickle, were she proud or coy,
I might my tender hopes at once resign:
But not, thank Heaven! so sad a lot is mine!

If aught I blame, 't is my hard fate alone,—
Not those soft eyes, those gentle looks of thine,
On which I gazed till all my peace was gone!
Not at their dear perfection I repine,—
I cannot blame that form, all winning grace,
That fairy hand, that lip, that lovely face;
All I can beg is that she love me more,
That I may live still longer to adore!

Yes, all I ask of thee, O lady dear,
Is but what purest love may hope to find;
And if thine eyes, whose crystal light so clear
Reflects thy thoughts, be not to me unkind,
Well may'st thou see, by every mournful lay,
By all I ever look, or sigh, or say,
That I am thine, devoted to thy will,
And, 'midst my sadness, fondly thank thee still.

I thank thee, even for these secret sighs,
For all the mournful thoughts that on thee dwell;
For as thou bad'st them in my bosom rise,
Thou canst revive their sweetest hopes as well,—
The blissful remedy for all my woe
In those dear eyes, that gentle voice, I know:
Should Fate forbid my soul to love thee more,
My life, alas! would with my grief be o'er.

To thee my heart, my wishes, I resign:
I am thine own,—O lady dear, be mine!

The first approach of the sweet spring
Returning here once more,—
The memory of the love that holds
In my fond heart such power,—
The thrush again his song essaying,—
The little rills o'er pebbles playing,
And sparkling as they fall,—
The memory recall
Of her on whom my heart's desire
Is, shall be, fixed till I expire.

With every season fresh and new
That love is more inspiring:
Her eyes, her face, all bright with joy,—
Her coming, her retiring,—
Her faithful words,—her winning ways,—
That sweet look, kindling up the blaze
Of love, so gently still,
To wound, but not to kill,—
So that when most I weep and sigh,
So much the higher springs my joy.

HUGUES D'ATHIES.

Hugues d'Athies lived in the latter half of the twelfth century. He held the office of *Grand Panetier*, or Pantler, in the household of Philip Augustus, and afterwards of Louis the Eighth.

Fool! who from choice can spend his hours
Sowing the barren sand with flowers;—
And yet more weak, more foolish you,
Who seek a fickle fair to woo.

No certain rule her course presents;
Quickly she loves, as quick repents:
Her smiles shall naught but grief confer
On him who vainly trusts in her.

The valiant knight her love may boast,
But soon shall rue his labor lost;
His fate the mariner's shall be,
Braving untoward gales at sea.

Fit wooer he for such an one
The flatterer, with his wily tongue,
Who knows the way, by shrewd address,
To crown his purpose with success.

THIBAUD DE BLAZON.

Thibaud de Blazon lived early in the thirteenth century. He was attached to the service of Thibaud, the poetical king of Navarre, and wrote twenty-seven songs.

I am to blame! — Why should I sing?
My lays 't were better to forget;
Each day to others joy may bring, —
They can but give to me regret!
Love makes my heart so full of woe,
That naught can please or soothe me more,
Unless the cruel cause would show
Less coldness than I found of yore.
Yet wherefore all my cares repeat?
Love's woes, though painful, still are sweet.
I am to blame!

I am to blame! — Was I not born
To serve and love her all my life?
Although my recompense is scorn,
And all my care with pain is rife, —
Yet should I die, nor ever know
What 't is to be beloved again;
At least, my silent life shall show
How patiently I bore my chain.
Then wherefore all my griefs repeat?
Love's woes, though painful, still are sweet.
I am to blame!

THIBAUD, KING OF NAVARRE.

This prince was born in 1201, a few months after the death of his father, Thibaud the Third, count of Champagne. During his minority, his states were governed by Blanche of Navarre, his mother. He was educated at the court of Philip Augustus. In 1234, he succeeded his maternal uncle, Sancho, as king of Navarre, and, in 1239, embarked for the East, to take part in the crusade. On his return from this expedition two years after, he devoted himself to the government of his dominions, and made himself deeply beloved by his subjects. He cultivated literature, filled his court with those who were distinguished in poetry, and loaded them with benefits. His poetical talent procured him the name of the Song-maker. He died at Pampeluna, in 1253. His works were published by La Ravalière, in two volumes, 12mo., Paris, 1742.

Lady, the fates command, and I must go, —
Leaving the pleasant land so dear to me:
Here my heart suffered many a heavy woe;
But what is left to love, thus leaving thee?
Alas! that cruel land beyond the sea!
Why thus dividing many a faithful heart,
Never again from pain and sorrow free,
Never again to meet, when thus they part?

I see not, when thy presence bright I leave,
How wealth, or joy, or peace can be my lot;
Ne'er yet my spirit found such cause to grieve
As now in leaving thee; and if thy thought
Of me in absence should be sorrow-fraught,
Oft will my heart repentant turn to thee,
Dwelling, in fruitless wishes, on this spot,
And all the gracious words here said to me.

O gracious God! to thee I bend my knee,
For thy sake yielding all I love and prize;
And O, how mighty must that influence be,
That steals me thus from all my cherished joys!
Here, ready, then, myself surrendering,
Prepared to serve thee, I submit; and ne'er
To one so faithful could I service bring,
So kind a master, so beloved and dear.

And strong my ties, — my grief unspeakable!
Grief, all my choicest treasures to resign;
Yet stronger still the affections that impel
My heart toward Him, the God whose love is mine.
That holy love, how beautiful! how strong!
Even wisdom's favorite sons take refuge there;
'T is the redeeming gem that shines among
Men's darkest thoughts, — for ever bright and fair.

GACE BRULEZ.

Gace Brulez, called in some of the manuscripts Gaste Blé, flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century. He was the friend of Thibaud, and one of the most pleasing poets of his age. Most of his songs, amounting to seventy-nine in number, are addressed to a lady whose name is not given. Some of them were attributed to the king of Navarre.

The birds, the birds of mine own land
I heard in Brittany;
And as they sung, they seemed to me
The very same I heard with thee.
And if it were indeed a dream,
Such thoughts they taught my soul to frame,
That straight a plaintive number came,
Which still shall be my song,
Till that reward is mine which love hath promised long.

RAOUL, COMTE DE SOISSONS.

Raoul de Soissons was a contemporary and friend of Thibaud, king of Navarre, who gives him, in his songs, the title of *Sire de Vertus*. A similar taste for poetry bound them in the closest friendship. Raoul de Soissons is supposed to be the same as Henri de Soissons, who followed St. Louis to the Holy Land, was taken prisoner at the battle of Massura in 1250, and composed verses on his captivity.

Ah! beauteous maid,
Of form so fair!
Pearl of the world,
Beloved and dear!
How does my spirit eager pine
But once to press those lips of thine!—
Yes, beauteous maid,
Of form so fair!
Pearl of the world,
Beloved and dear!

And if the theft
Thine ire awake,
A hundred fold
I 'd give it back,—
Thou beauteous maid,
Of form so fair!
Pearl of the world,
Beloved and dear!

JAQUES DE CHISON.

This poet lived about the middle of the thirteenth century. He composed songs full of grace and feeling, and is considered one of the most distinguished bards of this period; but nothing further is known of his life.

When the sweet days of summer come at last,
And leaves and flowers are in the forest springing;
When the cold time of winter 's overpast,
And every bird his own sweet song is singing;
Then will I sing,
And joyous be,
Of careless heart,
Elate and free;
For she, my lady sweet and sage,
Bids me, as ever wont, engage
In joyful mood to be.

Nor is it yet the spirit of the season,—
The summer time,—that makes my song so gay;
But softer thoughts, and yet a sweeter reason,—
Love,—that o'er all my happy heart hath sway;
That with delight my soul will ceaseless turn
Toward her I ween of all the world the best:
And if my songs be sweet, well may they learn
Sweetness from her whose love my heart has blest.

And since that love is rightfully my boon,
Well may I hold her chief within my soul,
Who helps my numbers, gives me song and tune,
And her own grace diffuses o'er the whole.
For when I think of those dear eyes of hers,
Whence the bright light of love is ever breaking,
Delight and hope that happy thought confers,
And I am blest beyond the power of speaking.

DOETE DE TROIES.

This poetess is mentioned in the "Bible Guyot de Provins," as having been present at the court of the Emperor Conrad, at Mentz.

"De Troye la bele Doete
Y chantait cette chansonette,
'Quant revient la saison
Que l'herbe reverdoie.'"

When comes the beauteous summer time,
And grass grows green once more,
And sparkling brooks the meadows lave
With fertilizing power;
And when the birds rejoicing sing
Their pleasant songs again,
Filling the vales and woodlands gay
With their enlivening strain;—
Go not at eve nor morn, fair maids,
Unto the mead alone,
To seek the tender violets blue,
And pluck them for your own;
For there a snake lies hid, whose fangs
May leave untouched the *heel*,
But not the less,—O, not the less,
Your *hearts* his power shall feel!

BARBE DE VERRUE.

This lady is said to have received her name from a Comte de Verrue, by whom she was adopted. The romance of "Aucassin et Nicolette" is attributed to her.

The wise man sees his winter close
Like evening on a summer day;
Each age, he knows, its roses bears,
Its mournful moments and its gay.

Thus would I dwell with pleasing thought
Upon my spring of youthful pride;
Yet, like the festive dancer, glad
To rest in peace at eventide.

The gazing crowds proclaimed me *fair*,
Ere, autumn-touched, my green leaves fell:
And now they smile, and call me *good*; —
Perhaps I like that name as well.

On beauty bliss depends not; then
Why should I quarrel with old Time?
He marches on: — how vain his power
With one whose heart is in its prime!

Though now, perhaps, a *little* old,
Yet still I love with youth to bide;
Nor grieve I, if the gay coquettes
Seduce the gallants from my side.

And I can joy to see the nymphs
For favorite swains their chaplets twine,
In gardens trim, and bowers so green,
With flowerets sweet and eglantine.

I love to see a pair defy
The noontide heat in yonder shade;
To hear the village song of love
Sweet echoing through the woodland glade.

I joy, too, — though the idle crew
Mock somewhat at my lengthened tale, —
To see how lays of ancient loves
The listening circle round regale.

They fancy time for *them* stands still,
And pity *me* my hairs of gray;
And smile to hear how once their sires
To me could kneeling homage pay.

And I, too, smile, to gaze upon
These butterflies in youth elate,
So heedless, sporting round the flame
Where thousand such have met their fate.

THE AUTHOR OF THE PARADISE OF LOVE.

The romance entitled "The Paradise of Love," from which the following song is taken, belongs to the thirteenth century. An abridgment of it was published by Le Grand d'Aussy, and a free translation by Mr. Way.

Hark! hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine!
Would but love my vows befriend,
To my warm embraces send
That sweet fair one,
Brightest, dear one,
Then my joy might equal thine.

Hark! hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine!
Let love, tyrant, work his will,
Plunging me in anguish still;
Whatsoe'er
May be my care,
True shall bide this heart of mine.

Hark! hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou what griefs are mine!
Come, relieve my heart's distress;
Though, in truth, the pain is less,
That she frown,
Than if unknown
She for whom I ceaseless pine.
Hark! hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine!

III. — LYRIC POEMS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

GUILLAUME, COMTE DE POITOU.

Guillaume IX., Comte de Poitou, and Duc d'Aquitaine, commonly called William, Count of Poictiers, was born in 1071. He is thought to be the oldest of the Troubadours whose works have been preserved. He was distinguished by the beauty of his person, his exquisite voice, and his bravery. He died in 1122. His remaining pieces, nine in number, are marked by facility and elegance of versification; but several of them are rather licentious in their character.

Anew I tune my lute to love,
Ere storms disturb the tranquil hour,
For her who strives my truth to prove,
My only pride and beauty's flower, —
But who will ne'er my pain remove,
Who knows and triumphs in her power.

I am, alas! her willing thrall;
She may record me as her own;
Nor my devotion weakness call,
That her I prize, and her alone.
Without her can I live at all,
A captive so accustomed grown?

What hope have I, O lady dear?
Do I, then, sigh in vain for thee?
And wilt thou, ever thus severe,
Be as a cloistered nun to me?
Methinks this heart but ill can bear
An unrewarded slave to be!

Why banish love and joy thy bowers, —
Why thus my passion disapprove, —
When, lady, all the world were ours,
If thou couldst learn, like me, to love?

PIERRE ROGIERS.

This Troubadour lived about the middle of the twelfth century. He was canon of Clermont, but, not finding the monastic life agreeable to his taste, he renounced it for the pursuits of poet and courtier. He was attracted to the court of Ermengarde, the daughter and heiress of Aiméri II., Vicomte de Narbonne. He became the poetical, and perhaps the real, lover of this princess, and celebrated her in his poems under the name of *Tort-n'avetz*. He was dismissed from her court on account of the malicious comments of the gossips, and retired to that of Rambaud d'Orange. Afterwards, he lived successively at the courts of Alphonso the Second, king of Aragon, and of Raimond the Fifth, count of Toulouse. At length he wholly withdrew from the world, and entered the monastery of Grammont, where he died.

Who has not looked upon her brow
  Has never dreamed of perfect bliss:
But once to see her is to know
  What beauty, what perfection, is.

Her charms are of the growth of heaven,
  She decks the night with hues of day:
Blest are the eyes to which 't is given
  On her to gaze the soul away!

GEOFFROI RUDEL.

Geoffroi Rudel, prince of Blaye, near Bordeaux, lived in the last half of the twelfth century. He was the friend and favorite of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and resided some time at the court of England. It was during this period of his life that he fell desperately in love with a certain countess of Tripoli, whose beauty, grace, and munificent hospitality were celebrated by the pilgrims and crusaders, returning from the Holy Land. The story is gracefully told by Mrs. Jameson, in the "Loves of the Poets," pp. 26, 27.

"These reports of her beauty and her beneficence, constantly repeated, fired the susceptible fancy of Rudel: without having seen her, he fell passionately in love with her, and, unable to bear any longer the torments of absence, he undertook a pilgrimage to visit this unknown lady of his love, in company with Bertrand d'Allamanon, another celebrated Troubadour of those days. He quitted the English court in spite of the entreaties and expostulations of Prince Geoffrey Plantagenet, and sailed for the Levant. But so it chanced, that, falling grievously sick on the voyage, he lived only till his vessel reached the shores of Tripoli. The countess, being told that a celebrated poet had just arrived in her harbour, who was dying for her love, immediately hastened on board, and, taking his hand, entreated him to live for her sake. Rudel, already speechless, and almost in the agonies of death, revived for a moment at this unexpected grace; he was just able to express, by a last effort, the excess of his gratitude and love, and expired in her arms. Thereupon, the countess wept bitterly, and vowed herself to a life of penance for the loss she had caused to the world. She commanded that the last song which Rudel had composed in her honor should be transcribed in letters of gold, and carried it always in her bosom; and his remains were enclosed in a magnificent mausoleum of porphyry, with an Arabic inscription, commemorating his genius and his love for her."

Around, above, on every spray,
  Enough instructers do I see,
To guide my unaccustomed lay,
  And make my numbers worthy thee:
Each field and wood and flower and tree,
  Each bird whose notes with pleasure thrill,
As, warbling wild at liberty,
  The air with melody they fill.
How sweet to listen to each strain!
But, without love, how cold, how vain!

The shepherds love the flocks they tend,
  Their rosy children sporting near;
For them is joy that knows no end,
  And, O, to me such life were dear!

To live for her I love so well,
  To seek her praise, her smile to win, —
But still my heart with sighs must swell,
  My heart has still a void within!

Far off those towers and castles frown
  Where she resides in regal state,
And I, at weary distance thrown,
  Can find no solace in my fate.

Why should I live, since hope alone
Is all to my experience known?

GAUCELM FAIDIT.

This Troubadour was born in the latter part of the twelfth, or not far from the beginning of the thirteenth, century. Nostradamus gives 1220 as the date of his death; but there exists a poem, attributed to him, on the death of Béatrix, countess of Provence, who died in 1260. Having lost his fortune by play, he embraced the profession of Jongleur, and, after the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, travelled from place to place many years, seeking his fortune. Fifty-two pieces of his poetry have been preserved.

And must thy chords, my lute, be strung
  To lays of woe so dark as this?
And must the fatal truth be sung, —
  The final knell of hope and bliss, —

Which to the end of life shall cast
A gloom that will not cease,
Whose clouds of woe, that gather fast,
Each accent shall increase?
Valor and fame are fled, since dead thou art,
England's King Richard of the Lion Heart!

Yes, — dead! — whole ages may decay,
Ere one so true and brave
Shall yield the world so bright a ray
As sunk into thy grave!
Noble and valiant, fierce and bold,
Gentle and soft and kind,
Greedy of honor, free of gold,
Of thought, of grace, refined:
Not he by whom Darius fell,
Arthur, or Charlemagne,
With deeds of more renown can swell
The minstrel's proudest strain;
For he of all that with him strove
The conqueror became,
Or by the mercy of his love,
Or the terror of his name.

I marvel, that, amidst the throng
Where vice has sway so wide,
To any goodness may belong,
Or wisdom may abide;
Since wisdom, goodness, truth must fall,
And the same ruin threatens all?

I marvel why we idly strive
And vex our lives with care,
Since even the hours we seem to live
But death's hard doom prepare.
Do we not see, that, day by day,
The best and bravest go?
They vanish from the earth away,
And leave regret and woe.
Why, then, since virtue, honor, cannot save,
Dread we ourselves a sudden, early grave?

O noble king! O knight renowned!
Where now is battle's pride,
Since, in the lists no longer found,
With conquest at thy side,
Upon thy crest and on thy sword
Thou show'dst where glory lay,
And sealed, even with thy slightest word,
The fate of many a day?

Where now the open heart and hand
All service that o'erpaid,
The gifts that of a barren land
A smiling garden made?
And those whom love and honest zeal
Had to thy fate allied,
Who looked to thee in woe and weal,
Nor heeded aught beside:
The honors thou couldst well allow
What hand shall now supply?
What is their occupation now?
To weep thy loss, — and die!

The haughty pagan now shall raise
The standard high in air,
Who lately saw thy glory's blaze,
And fled in wild despair.

The Holy Tomb shall linger long
Within the Moslem's power,
Since God hath willed the brave and strong
Should wither in an hour.
O, for thy arm on Syria's plain,
To drive them to their tents again!

Has Heaven a leader still in store
That may repay thy loss,
Those fearful realms who dares explore,
And combat for the Cross?
Let him — let all — remember well
Thy glory and thy name, —
Remember how young Henry fell,
And Geoffrey, old in fame!

O, he, who in thy pathway treads,
Must toil and pain endure;
His head must plan the boldest deeds,
His arm must make them sure!

GUILLAUME DE CABESTAING.

Cabestaing, one of the Troubadours of the twelfth century, Châtelain of the Comte de Roussillon, was the chevalier of the Dame Sermonde, the wife of Raimond de Château Roussillon, a powerful seigneur, especially celebrated for his ferocity. He became jealous of the poet, and shut his wife up in a tower, subjecting her to the most savage treatment; and resolved to take summary vengeance upon the poet, who had written a song upon the lady's imprisonment. He attacked the Troubadour at a distance from the château, cut off his head, and tore out his heart. The latter he caused to be dressed and served up to his wife, — a favorite punishment, it would seem, with the jealous lords of the Middle Ages. She ate it, unconscious of what it was. "Do you know that meat?" said the barbarian. "No, but I have found it very good." "No doubt, no doubt," responded the grim husband, and thereupon showed her Cabestaing's head. At this horrible sight, Sermonde exclaimed, "Yes, barbarian, I have found it delicious, and it is the last thing I shall ever eat." Scarcely had she spoken these words, when Raimond fell upon her, sword in hand; she fled, threw herself from a balcony, and was killed by the fall.

No, never since the fatal time
When the world fell for woman's crime,
Has Heaven in tender mercy sent —
All preordaining, all foreseeing —
A breath of purity that lent
Existence to so fair a being!
Whatever earth can boast of rare,
Of precious, and of good, —
Gaze on her form, 't is mingled there,
With added grace endued.

Why, why is she so much above
All others whom I might behold,—
Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,
To whom my sorrows might be told?
O, when I see her, passing fair,
I feel how vain is all my care:
I feel she all transcends my praise,
I feel she must contemn my lays:
I feel, alas! no claim have I
To gain that bright divinity!
Were she less lovely, less divine,
Less passion and despair were mine.

LA COMTESSE DE PROVENCE.

BÉATRIX DE SAVOIE, wife of Raimond Bérenger, the last count of Provence, lived in the first half of the thirteenth century. Only one of her pieces has been preserved,—the lines addressed to her husband. She was a friend and protector of the poets, who repaid her beneficence by their praises.

I FAIN would think thou hast a heart,
Although it thus its thoughts conceal,
Which well could bear a tender part
In all the fondness that I feel;
Alas! that thou wouldst let me know,
And end at once my doubts and woe!

It might be well that once I seemed
To check the love I prized so dear;
But now my coldness is redeemed,
And what is left for thee to fear?
Thou dost to both a cruel wrong;
Should dread in mutual love be known?
Why let my heart lament so long,
And fail to claim what is thine own?

THE MONK OF MONTAUDON.

THIS person, whose real name is unknown, lived in the latter half of the thirteenth century. He became monk of the abbey of Orlac, and afterwards prior of Montaudon. Becoming dissatisfied with the monastic life, he obtained permission to visit the court of Alphonso the Third, king of Aragon, from whom he received the lordship of Puy-Sainte-Marie, a fief which he held for a long time, but finally lost by some unexplained change in his fortunes. He then traversed Spain, and was everywhere received with honor and loaded with benefits by the great. Finally, he obtained the priory of Villefranche, in Roussillon, whither he retired and died.

I LOVE the court by wit and worth adorned,
A man whose errors are abjured and mourned,
My gentle mistress by a streamlet clear,
Pleasure, a handsome present, and good cheer.
I love fat salmon, richly dressed, at noon;
I love a faithful friend both late and soon.

I hate small gifts, a man that 's poor and proud,
The young who talk incessantly and loud;
I hate in low-bred company to be,
I hate a knight that has not courtesy.
I hate a lord with arms to war unknown,
I hate a priest or monk with beard o'ergrown;
A doting husband, or a tradesman's son,
Who apes a noble, and would pass for one.
I hate much water and too little wine;
A prosperous villain, and a false divine;
A niggard lout who sets the dice aside;
A flirting girl all frippery and pride;
A cloth too narrow, and a board too wide;
Him who exalts his handmaid to his wife,
And her who makes her groom her lord for life;
The man who kills his horse with wanton speed,
And him who fails his friend in time of need.

CLAIRE D'ANDUZE.

THE history of this poetess is quite unknown. She probably belonged to the noble family of Bernard, baron of Anduze, one of the most powerful seigneurs in Provence. Only one piece of her poetry has been preserved.

THEY who may blame my tenderness,
And bid me dote on thee no more,
Can never make my love the less,
Or change one hope I formed before;
Nor can they add to each endeavour,
Each sweet desire, to please thee ever!

If any my aversion raise,
On whom my angry looks I bend,
Let him but kindly speak thy praise,
At once I hail him as my friend.

They whom thy fame and worth provoke,
Who seek some fancied fault to tell,
Although with angels' tongues they spoke,
Their words to me would be a knell.

ARNAUD DANIEL.

THIS celebrated person is often mentioned by the Italian poets. The testimonies of Dante, Petrarch, Pulci, and Ariosto would seem to place him, at least in early fame, at the head of the Provençal poets. He was born of poor but noble parents, at the castle of Ribeyrac, in Périgord, and was, according to a Provençal authority cited by Raynouard (Vol. V., p. 31), at one time a resident at the court of Richard, king of England. He was celebrated as the poet of love. Raynouard says, "There remains a positive proof of the existence of

a romance by Arnaud Daniel, namely, that of 'Lancelot du Lac,' — a German translation of which was made towards the end of the thirteenth century by Ulrich von Zatchitschoven, who names Arnaud Daniel as the original author."

When leaves and flowers are newly springing,
And trees and boughs are budding all,
In every grove when birds are singing,
And on the balmy air is ringing
The marsh's speckled tenants' call;
Ah! then I think how small the gain
Love's leaves and flowers and fruit may be,
And all night long I mourn in vain,
Whilst others sleep, from sorrow free.

If I dare tell! — if sighs could move her! —
How my heart welcomes every smile!
My Fairest Hope! I live to love her,
Yet she is cold or coy the while.
Go thou, my song, and thus reprove her:
And tell her, Arnaud breathes alone
To call so bright a prize his own!

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR.

Bernard de Ventadour was born at Ventadour, in Limosin, in the latter half of the twelfth century. Though belonging to an inferior station, the elegance of his figure, the sweetness of his voice, and the brilliancy of his imagination, gained him the favor of Eblis the Second, viscount of Ventadour, and of the viscountess, his beautiful wife, whom he celebrated in his songs. The jealousy of the viscount was at length aroused, and he caused his wife to be imprisoned. The Troubadour, learning the cause of the harsh treatment which his benefactress had received, withdrew to the court of Eleanor of Guienne, wife of Henry, duke of Normandy, by whom he was received with distinguished favor. He celebrated this princess in many of his songs, having, despite his first love, become deeply enamored of another. After her departure for England with the duke, Bernard lived at the court of Raimond the Fifth, count of Toulouse, until the death of that prince in 1194; he then entered the abbey of Dalon, in Limosin, where he soon after died.

When I behold the lark upspring
To meet the bright sun joyfully,
How he forgets to poise his wing,
In his gay spirit's revelry, —
Alas! that mournful thoughts should spring
E'en from that happy songster's glee!
Strange, that such gladdening sight should bring
Not joy, but pining care, to me!
I thought my heart had known the whole
Of love, but small its knowledge proved;
For still the more my longing soul
Loves on, itself the while unloved:
She stole my heart, myself she stole,
And all I prized from me removed;
She left me but the fierce control
Of vain desires for her I loved.

All self-command is now gone by,
E'er since the luckless hour when she
Became a mirror to my eye,
Whereon I gazed complacently:
Thou fatal mirror! there I spy
Love's image; and my doom shall be,
Like young Narcissus, thus to sigh,
And thus expire, beholding thee!

FOULQUES DE MARSEILLE.

Foulques de Marseille, the son of a merchant, lived in the latter half of the twelfth century. Finding himself, at the death of his father, possessed of a sufficient fortune, he surrendered himself wholly to his passion for poetry, and was successively received at the courts of Richard the First, king of England, of Raimond the Fifth, count of Toulouse, and of Barral, viscount of Marseilles. He preferred the last, on account of a passion he had conceived for Alazaïs de Roquemartia, Barral's wife, who listened to his songs with pleasure, but finally, in a fit of jealousy, quarrelled with him and banished him from the court of Marseilles. He resided afterwards at the court of William the Eighth, lord of Montpellier.

After losing most of his protectors, Foulques took the order of Citeaux, became abbé of Terronet, afterwards of Toulouse, and, in 1205, bishop of Toulouse. He was deeply concerned in the bloody wars against the Albigenses.

I would not any man should hear
The birds that sweetly sing above,
Save he who knows the power of love:
For naught beside can soothe or cheer
My soul, like that sweet harmony;
Or like herself, who, yet more dear,
Hath greater power my soul to move
Than songs or lays of Brittany.

In her I joy and hope; yet ne'er
Too daring would my spirit prove;
For he who highest soars above
Feels but his fall the more severe:
Then what shall I a gainer be,
If on her lips no smile appear?
Shall I in cold despair still love? —
O, yes! in patient constancy.

BERTRAND DE BORN.

This warrior and Troubadour flourished in the latter half of the twelfth century. He was viscount of Hautefort, in Périgueux. "He first celebrated," says Mrs. Jameson,* "Eleanor Plantagenet, the sister of his friend and brother in arms and song, Richard Cœur-de-Lion; and we are expressly told that Richard was proud of the poetical homage rendered to the charms of his sister by this knightly Troubadour, and that the princess was far from being insensible to his admiration. Only one of the many songs addressed to Eleanor has been preserved; from which we gather, that it was composed by Bertrand in the field, at a time when his army was threatened with famine, and the poet himself was suffering from the pangs of hunger. Eleanor married the duke of Saxony, and Bertrand chose for his next love the beautiful Maenz de Montagnac, daughter of the viscount of Turenne, and wife of Talleyrand de Périgord. The lady accepted his service, and acknowledged him as her knight; but evil tongues having attempted to sow dissension between the lovers, Bertrand addressed to her a song, in which he defends himself from the imputation of inconstancy, in a style altogether characteristic and original. The warrior poet, borrowing from the objects of his daily cares, ambition, and pleasure, phrases to illustrate and enhance the expression of his love, wishes 'that he may lose his favorite hawk in her first flight; that a falcon may stoop and bear her off, as she sits upon his wrist, and tear her in his sight, if the sound of his lady's voice be not dearer to him than all the gifts of love from another; — that he may stumble with his shield about his neck; that his helmet may gall his brow; that his bridle may be too long, his stirrups too short; that he may be forced to ride a hard-trotting horse, and find his groom drunk when he arrives at his gate, if there be a word of truth in the accusations of his enemies; — that he may not have a *denier* to stake at the gaming-table, and that the dice may never more be favorable to him, if ever he had swerved from his faith; — that he may look on like a dastard, and see his lady wooed and won by another; that the winds may fail him at sea; that in the battle he may be the first to fly, if he who has slandered him does not lie in his throat'; and so on through seven or eight stanzas.

"Bertrand de Born exercised in his time a fatal influence on the counsels and politics of England. A close and ardent friendship existed between him and young Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of our Henry the Second; and the family dissensions which distracted the English court, and the unnatural rebellion of Henry and Richard against their father, were his work. It happened, some time after the death of Prince Henry, that the king of England besieged Bertrand de Born in one of his castles: the resistance was long and obstinate, but at length the warlike Troubadour was taken prisoner and brought before the king, so justly incensed against him, and from whom he had certainly no mercy to expect. The heart of Henry was still bleeding with the wounds inflicted by his ungrateful children, and he saw before him, and in his power, the primary cause of their misdeeds and his own bitter sufferings. Bertrand was on the point of being led out to death, when by a single word he reminded the king of his lost son, and the tender friendship which had existed between them. The chord was struck which never ceased to vibrate in the parental heart of Henry; bursting into tears, he turned aside, and commanded Bertrand and his followers to be immediately set at liberty; he even restored to Bertrand his castle and his lands, '*in the name of his dead son.*'"

Bertrand de Born terminated his career in a monastery, where he had assumed the habit of the order of Citeaux.

In the "Inferno," Dante assigns to Bertrand de Born a horrible punishment: —

> "Without doubt
> I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
> A headless trunk, that even as the rest
> Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair
> It bore the severed member, lantern-wise
> Pendent in hand, which looked at us, and said,
> 'Woe 's me!' The spirit lighted thus himself;
> And two there were in one, and one in two, —
> How that may be, he knows who ordereth so.
> "When at the bridge's foot direct he stood,
> His arm aloft he reared, thrusting the head
> Full in our view, that nearer we might hear
> The words which thus it uttered: 'Now behold
> This grievous torment, thou who breathing goest
> To spy the dead: behold, if any else
> Be terrible as this. And that on earth
> Thou may'st hear tidings of me, know that I
> Am Bertrand, he of Born, who gave King John
> The counsel mischievous. Father and son
> I set at mutual war.'"
>
> Inferno, *Canto* XXVIII.

Lady, since thou hast driven me forth,
Since thou, unkind, hast banished me
(Though cause of such neglect be none),
Where shall I turn from thee?
Ne'er can I see
Such joy as I have seen before,
If, as I fear, I find no more
Another fair; — from thee removed,
I 'll sigh to think I e'er was loved.

And since my eager search were vain,
One lovely as thyself to find, —
A heart so matchlessly endowed,
Or manners so refined,
So gay, so kind,
So courteous, gentle, debonair, —
I 'll rove, and catch from every fair

* Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets, pp. 30 - 32.

Some winning grace, and form a whole,
To glad — till thou return — my soul.

The roses of thy glowing cheek,
Fair Sembelis, I 'll steal from thee;
That lovely smiling look I 'll take;
Yet rich thou still shalt be,
In whom we see
All that can deck a lady bright:
And your enchanting converse, light,
Fair Elis, will I borrow too,
That she in wit may shine like you.

And from the noble Chales I
Will beg that neck of ivory white,
And her fair hands of loveliest form
I 'll take; and speeding, light,
My onward flight,
Earnest, at Roca Choart's gate,
Fair Agnes I will supplicate
To grant her locks, more bright than those
Which Tristan loved on Yseult's brows.

And, Audiartz, though on me thou frown,
All that thou hast of courtesy
I 'll have, — thy look, thy gentle mien,
And all the unchanged constancy
That dwells with thee.
And, Miels de Ben, on thee I 'll wait
For thy light shape, so delicate,
That in thy fairy form of grace
My lady's image I may trace.

The beauty of those snow-white teeth
From thee, famed Faidit, I 'll extort,
The welcome, affable, and kind,
To all the numbers that resort
Unto her court.
And Bels Miraills shall crown the whole,
With all her sparkling flow of soul;
Those mental charms that round her play,
For ever wise, yet ever gay.

The beautiful spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see, all scattered around,
Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see, on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.

It pleases me, when the lancers bold
Set men and armies flying;
And it pleases me, too, to hear around
The voice of the soldiers crying;
And joy is mine,
When the castles strong, besieged, shake,
And walls uprooted totter and crack;
And I see the foemen join,
On the moated shore all compassed round
With the palisade and guarded mound.

Lances, and swords, and stained helms,
And shields, dismantled and broken,
On the verge of the bloody battle-scene,
The field of wrath betoken;
And the vassals are there,
And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead;
And where the mingled strife is spread,
The noblest warrior's care
Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head,—
The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer,
Or banqueting, or reposing,
Like the onset cry of "Charge them!" rung
From each side, as in battle closing,
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to "Aid!" is echoing loud;
And there on the earth the lowly and proud
In the fosse together lie;
And yonder is piled the mangled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons, your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages too,
Before ye haste to the battle-scene!
And, Papiol, quickly go,
And tell the Lord of "Oc and No"[1]
That peace already too long hath been!

ARNAUD DE MARVEIL.

This Troubadour belonged to the latter half of the twelfth century. He was born at the Château de Marveil, in the diocese of Périgord. He was a handsome man, sang well, composed well, and read romances agreeably. These advantages secured him a favorable reception from the Comtesse de Burlas, the daughter of Raimond the Fifth, and wife of Roger the Second, surnamed Taillefer, viscount of Béziers. Adélaïde de Burlas, the object of his passion and the subject of his song, accepted his homage, and retained him as her chevalier; but the jealousy of Alphonso, the king of Castile, caused his dismission, and he retired to the court of Guillaume, the lord of Montpellier.

O, how sweet the breeze of April,
Breathing soft, as May draws near;
While, through nights serene and gentle,
Songs of gladness meet the ear:
Every bird his well known language
Warbling in the morning's pride,
Revelling on in joy and gladness
By his happy partner's side!

When around me all is smiling,
When to life the young birds spring,
Thoughts of love I cannot hinder
Come, my heart inspiriting:

1 "Yes and No,"—a title designating Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Nature, habit, both incline me
In such joys to bear my part;
With such sounds of bliss around me,
Who could wear a saddened heart?

Fairer than the far-famed Helen,
Lovelier than the flowerets gay:
Snow-white teeth, and lips truth-telling,
Heart as open as the day,
Golden hair, and fresh, bright roses; —
Heaven, that formed a thing so fair,
Knows that never yet another
Lived, who could with her compare.

PIERRE VIDAL.

Pierre Vidal belongs to the close of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. He had a fine voice and a lively imagination; but his vanity sometimes passed into insanity. Passionately devoted to the ladies, he fancied that they all fell in love with him at the first sight. Alazaïs, the wife of Barral, viscount of Marseilles, was for a time the theme of his songs; but a little piece of presumption on his part excited the lady's ire, and the gallant Troubadour saw fit to withdraw from the court. He followed Richard to the Holy Land, and married a woman of the island of Cyprus, who pretended to be the niece of the emperor of the East. He assumed the ensigns of royalty, claiming the empire as his inheritance. Meantime the wrath of Alazaïs had been appeased, and on his return he was graciously received. He was deeply afflicted by the death of Raimond the Seventh, count of Toulouse, wore mourning, let his beard and hair grow, made his servants do the same, and cropped the ears and tails of his horses.

The idea of conquering the Oriental empire returned to Pierre Vidal, towards the end of his life; he revisited the East in pursuance of this project, and died two years after his return, in 1229.

Of all sweet birds, I love the most
The lark and nightingale;
For they the first of all awake,
The opening spring with songs to hail.

And I, like them, when silently
Each Troubadour sleeps on,
Will wake me up, and sing of love
And thee, Vierna, fairest one!

. . . . . .

The rose on thee its bloom bestowed,
The lily gave its white,
And nature, when it planned thy form,
A model framed of fair and bright.

For nothing, sure, that could be given,
To thee hath been denied;
That there each thought of love and joy
In bright perfection might reside.

PIERRE D'AUVERGNE.

This poet was born of humble parents, in the diocese of Clermont. He belonged to the first part of the thirteenth century. His personal advantages, and his talent for poetry, gained him the favor of the most powerful lords and the most beautiful ladies of the age. His success turned his head; and he did not hesitate to call himself the first poet in the world. He finally retired to a cloister, where he died.

Go, nightingale, and find the beauty I adore;
My heart to her outpour:
Bid her each feeling tell,
And bid her charge thee well
To say that she forgets me not.
Let her not stay thee there,
But come and quick declare
The tidings thou hast brought;
For none beside so dear have I,
And long for news from none so anxiously.

Away the bird has flown; away
Lightly he goes, inquiring round, —
"Where shall that lovely one be found?"
And, when he sees her, tunes the lay;
That lay which sweetly sounds afar,
Oft heard beneath the evening star.

"Sent by thy true love, lady fair," he sings,
"I come to sing to thee.
And what sweet song shall be
His glad reward, when, eager, up he springs
To meet me as I come
On weary pinion home?
Sweet lady! let me tell
Kind words to him who loves thee well.
And why these cold and keen delays?
Love should be welcomed, while it stays;
It is a flower that fadeth soon;
O, profit, lady, by its short-lived noon!"

Then that enchanting fair in accents sweet replied, —
"Thy faithful nightingale
Has told his pleasant tale;
And he shall tell thee how, by absence tried,
Here, far from thee, my love, I rest;
For long thy stay hath been.
Such grief had I foreseen,
Not with my love so soon hadst thou been blest.
Here, then, for thee I wait;
With thee is joy and mirth,
And nothing here on earth
With thee can e'er compete.

"True love, like gold, is well refined;
And mine doth purify my mind:
Go, then, sweet bird, and quickly say,
And in thy most bewitching way,
How well I love. — Fly! haste thee on!
Why tarriest thou? — What! not yet gone?"

GIRAUD DE BORNEIL.

Giraud de Borneil belongs to the latter half of the thirteenth century. The Provençal authority cited by Raynouard (Vol. V. p. 166) says, that Giraud was born of humble parentage in Limosin, but that he was skilled in letters, and of good natural powers; that he could "*trobairc*" better than any of those who preceded or followed him; for which reason he was called the Master of the Troubadours. He was held in high honor by powerful men, and by the ladies, on account of his poems. "During the winter," says the same writer, "he went to school and learned; and all the summer he visited the courts, and carried with him two singers, who sang his songs. He would not marry, and all that he gained he gave to his poor parents and to the church of the town where he was born, which church bore the name of Saint Gervasi." He died in 1278.

Companion dear! or sleeping or awaking,
Sleep not again! for, lo! the morn is nigh,
And in the east that early star is breaking,
The day's forerunner, known unto mine eye.
The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! with carols sweet I 'll call thee;
Sleep not again! I hear the birds' blithe song
Loud in the woodlands; evil may befall thee,
And jealous eyes awaken, tarrying long,
Now that the morn is near.

Companion dear! forth from the window looking,
Attentive mark the signs of yonder heaven;
Judge if aright I read what they betoken:
Thine all the loss, if vain the warning given.
The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! since thou from hence wert straying,
Nor sleep nor rest these eyes have visited;
My prayers unceasing to the Virgin paying,
That thou in peace thy backward way might tread.
The morn, the morn, is near.

Companion dear! hence to the fields with me!
Me thou forbad'st to slumber through the night,
And I have watched that livelong night for thee;
But thou in song or me hast no delight,
And now the morn is near.

ANSWER.

Companion dear! so happily sojourning,
So blest am I, I care not forth to speed:
Here brightest beauty reigns, her smiles adorning
Her dwelling-place, — then wherefore should I heed
The morn or jealous eyes?

TOMIERS.

Tomiers is mentioned in connection with Palazis by the Provençal historian quoted by Raynouard. They were cavaliers of Tarascon, "esteemed and beloved by good cavaliers, and by the ladies." Tomiers endeavoured by his verse to rouse the South of France against the cruelty of the court in the wars of the Albigenses.

I 'll make a song shall utter forth
My full and free complaint,
To see the heavy hours pass on,
And witness to the feint
Of coward souls, whose vows were made
In falsehood, and are yet unpaid.
Yet, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succours near.

Yes! full and ample help for us
Shall come, — so trusts my heart;
God fights for us, and these our foes,
The French, must soon depart:
For on the souls that fear not God,
Soon, soon shall fall the vengeful rod.
Then, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succours near.

And hither they believe to come, —
The treacherous, base crusaders! —
But e'en as quickly as they come,
We 'll chase those fierce invaders:
Without a shelter they shall fly
Before our valiant chivalry.
Then, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succours near.

And e'en if Frederic, on the throne
Of powerful Germany,
Submit the cruel ravages
Of Louis' hosts to see,
Yet, in the breast of England's king
Wrath deep and vengeful shall upspring.
Then, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succours near.

Not much those meek and holy men —
The traitorous bishops — mourn,
Though from our hands the sepulchre
Of our dear Lord be torn:
More tender far their anxious care
For the rich plunder of Belcaire.
But, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succours near.

And look at our proud cardinal,
Whose hours in peace are passed;
Look at his splendid dwelling-place
(Pray Heaven it may not last!) —
He heeds not, while he lives in state,
What ills on Damietta wait.
But, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succours near.

I cannot think that Avignon
Will lose its holy zeal, —
In this our cause so ardently
Its citizens can feel.
Then shame to him who will not bear
In this our glorious cause his share!
And, noble Sirs, we will not fear,
Strong in the hope of succours near.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

The name and exploits of this chivalrous monarch are so well known in history, poetry, and romance, that only the principal dates in his life need to be mentioned here. He was the son of Henry the Second and Eleanor of Guienne, and was born in 1157. He joined his brothers in a rebellion against his father, on whose death he succeeded to the throne of England. Soon after, he engaged in the crusade, having taken the cross previously to his accession to the throne. He embarked at Acre, in October, 1192, to return to England, but was wrecked on the coast of Istria, near Aquileia. He then attempted to pass through Germany in disguise, but was discovered near Vienna, arrested, and, by order of Leopold, duke of Austria, thrown into prison, and afterwards transferred to the Emperor Henry the Sixth. He was, at length, liberated, on the payment of a large ransom, and arrived in England in March, 1194. He died in April, 1199, in consequence of a wound he had received in the siege of the castle of Chalus.

Richard had assembled around him the principal Troubadours of his age, before he ascended the English throne. He was himself a poet of no small distinction, and during the reverses of his life found his solace in composition. The romantic story of the place of his imprisonment being discovered by the minstrel Blondel, his faithful page, is well known.

No captive knight, whom chains confine,
Can tell his fate, and not repine;
Yet with a song he cheers the gloom
That hangs around his living tomb.
Shame to his friends! — the king remains
Two years unransomed and in chains.

Now let them know, my brave barons,
English, Normans, and Gascons,
Not a liege-man so poor have I,
That I would not his freedom buy.
I will not reproach their noble line,
But chains and a dungeon still are mine.

The dead, — nor friends nor kin have they!
Nor friends nor kin my ransom pay!
My wrongs afflict me, — yet far more
For faithless friends my heart is sore.
O, what a blot upon their name,
If I should perish thus in shame!

Nor is it strange I suffer pain,
When sacred oaths are thus made vain,
And when the king with bloody hands
Spreads war and pillage through my lands.
One only solace now remains, —
I soon shall burst these servile chains.

Ye Troubadours, and friends of mine,
Brave Chail, and noble Pensauvine,
Go, tell my rivals, in your song,
This heart hath never done them wrong.
He infamy — not glory — gains,
Who strikes a monarch in his chains.

SECOND PERIOD.—CENTURIES XIV., XV.

JEAN FROISSART.

This eminent chronicler was born at Valenciennes, about the year 1337. He was destined for the church, but his love of poetry, travelling, and adventure soon withdrew him for a time from an ecclesiastical career. At the age of twenty, he began his history of the wars of his time. Crossing over to England, he was favorably received by Philippe de Hainault, the queen of Edward the Third. After revisiting France, he returned to England, and was appointed secretary to the queen, in whose service he continued five years, during which time he composed many poems. Froissart's passion for adventure, and the desire to visit the scenes of his history, led him to undertake numerous journeys, in the course of which he became known to the most distinguished persons of his age. The precise date of his death is unknown, but it must have happened after the year 1400, as he mentions some of the events of this year.

Though Froissart is much better known as a historian than as a poet, yet his poetical productions are numerous. They remain, however, mostly in manuscript, in the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris.

TRIOLET.

Take time while yet it is in view,
For fortune is a fickle fair:
Days fade, and others spring anew;
Then take the moment still in view.

What boots to toil and cares pursue?
Each month a new moon hangs in air:
Take, then, the moment still in view,
For fortune is a fickle fair.

VIRELAY.

Too long it seems ere I shall view
The maid so gentle, fair, and true,
Whom loyally I love:
Ah! for her sake, where'er I rove,
All scenes my care renew!
I have not seen her,—ah, how long!
Nor heard the music of her tongue;
Though in her sweet and lovely mien
Such grace, such witchery, is seen,
Such precious virtues shine:
My joy, my hope, is in her smile,
And I must suffer pain the while,
Where once all bliss was mine.
Too long it seems!

O tell her, love!—the truth reveal,
Say that no lover yet could feel
Such sad, consuming pain:
While banished from her sight, I pine,
And still this wretched life is mine,
Till I return again.
She must believe me, for I find
So much her image haunts my mind,
So dear her memory,
That, wheresoe'er my steps I bend,
The form my fondest thoughts attend
Is present to my eye.
Too long it seems!

New tears my weary hours employ,
Regret and thoughts of sad annoy,
When waking or in sleep;
For hope my former care repaid,
In promises at parting made,
Which happy love might keep.
O, for one hour my truth to tell,
To speak of feelings known too well,
Of hopes too vainly dear!
But useless are my anxious sighs,
Since fortune my return denies,
And keeps me lingering here.
Too long it seems!

RONDEL.

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!
I do not know thee,—nor what deeds are thine:
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine?
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me:
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!

CHRISTINE DE PISAN.

This poetess was born about the year 1363, at Venice. Her father removed to Paris, when she was five years old; being summoned thither by Charles the Fifth, who gave him a place in his council. She was brought up at court, and at the age of fifteen married Étienne du Castel. Her husband died, leaving her with three children. She sought to console her grief by reading the books left her by her father and her husband, and thus was led to become an author herself. Lord Salisbury, pleased with the intellectual graces of Christine, took her eldest son with him to England, to educate him there; and Henry of Lancaster, after his accession to the English throne, endeavoured to attract her to his court, but she preferred remaining in France. She was a person of rare intellect and exquisite beauty. The date of her death is unknown.

RONDEL.

I live in hopes of better days,
And leave the present hour to chance,
Although so long my wish delays,
And still recedes as I advance:
Although hard fortune, too severe,
My life in mourning weeds arrays,
Nor in gay haunts may I appear,
I live in hopes of better days.

Though constant care my portion prove,
By long endurance patient grown,
Still with the time my wishes move,
Within my breast no murmur known:
Whate'er my adverse lot displays,
I live in hopes of better days.

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

A mourning dove, whose mate is dead,—
A lamb, whose shepherd is no more,—
Even such am I, since he is fled,
Whose loss I cease not to deplore:
Alas! since to the grave they bore
My sire, for whom these tears are shed,
What is there left for me to love,—
A mourning dove?

O, that his grave for me had room,
Where I at length might calmly rest!
For all to me is saddest gloom,
All scenes to me appear unblest;
And all my hope is in his tomb,
To lay my head on his cold breast,
Who left his child naught else to love!
A mourning dove!

ALAIN CHARTIER.

Alain Chartier belonged to a distinguished family of Bayeux, in Normandy. He was born

about 1386, and was educated at the University of Paris. He was well received at court, and became secretary successively to Charles the Sixth and Charles the Seventh. He enjoyed the highest consideration as a poet during his life. He is one of those to whom the French language is most indebted, and he has been called the Father of French Eloquence. His works are numerous, both in prose and verse. Among the best of them is "La Belle Dame sans Mercy," in the old English translation of which, attributed to Chaucer, the poet says:

> "My charge was this, to translate by and by
> (All thing forgiue, as part of my pennance)
> A book, called 'La Bel Dame sans Mercy,'
> Which Maister Alaine made of remembrance,
> Cheefe secretarie with the king of France."

Pasquier devotes a whole chapter to the "Mots Dorez et Belles Sentences de Maistre Alain Chartier." Alain died at Avignon, in 1449.

FROM LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

The bordes were spred in right little space,
The ladies sat each as hem[1] seemed best,
There were no deadly seruants in the place,
But chosen men, right of the goodliest:
And some there were, perauenture most freshest,
That saw their judges full demure,
Without semblaunt, either to most or lest,
Notwithstanding they had hem vnder cure.

Emong all other, one I gan espy,
Which in great thought ful often came and went,
As one that had been rauished vtterly:
In his language not greatly dilligent,
His countenance he kept with great turment,
But his desire farre passed his reason,
For euer his eye went after his entent,
Full many a time, whan it was no season.

To make chere sore himselfe he pained,
And outwardly he fained great gladnesse,
To sing also by force he was constrained,
For no pleasaunce, but very shamefastnesse:
For the complaint of his most heauinesse
Came to his voice, alway without request,
Like as the soune of birdes doth expresse,
Whan they sing loud in frithe or in forrest.

Other there were that serued in the hall,
But none like him, as after mine aduise,[2]
For he was pale, and somwhat lean withall,
His speech also trembled in fearfull wise,
And euer alone, but whan he did seruise,
All blacke he ware, and no deuise but plain:
Me thought by him, as my wit could suffise,
His herte was nothing in his own demain.[3]

To feast hem all he did his dilligence,
And well he coud, right as it seemed me,
But euermore, whan he was in presence,
His chere was done, it nolde[4] none other be:
His schoolemaister had such aucthorite,
That, all the while he bode still in the place,
Speake coud he not, but upon her beautie
He looked still with a right pitous face.

With that his head he tourned at the last
For to behold the ladies euerichone,[5]
But euer in one he set his eye stedfast
On her which his thought was most vpon,
For of his eyen the shot[6] I knew anone,
Which fearful was, with right humble requests:
Than to my self I said, by God alone,
Such one was I, or that I saw these jests.

Out of the prease he went full easely
To make stable his heauie countenance,
And wote ye well, he sighed wonderly
For his sorrowes and wofull remembrance:
Than in himselfe he made his ordinance,
And forthwithall came to bring in the messe,
But for to judge his most wofull pennance,
God wote it was a pitous entremesse.[7]

After dinner anon they hem auanced
To daunce aboue the folke euerichone,
And forthwithall, this heauy man he danced,
Somtime with twain, and somtime with one:
Unto hem all his chere was after one,
Now here, now there, as fell by auenture,
But euer among he drew to her alone
Which he most dread[8] of liuing creature.

To mine aduise good was his purueiance,[9]
Whan he her chose to his maistresse alone,
If that her herte were set to his pleasance,
As much as was her beauteous person:
For who so euer setteth his trust vpon
The report of the eyen, withouten more,
He might be dead, and grauen vnder stone,
Or euer he should his hertes ease restore.

In her failed nothing that I coud gesse,
One wise nor other, priuie nor apert,[10]
A garrison she was of all goodlinesse,
To make a frontier for a louers herte:
Right yong and fresh, a woman full couert,
Assured wele of port, and eke of chere,
Wele at her ease withouten wo or smert,
All vnderneath the standerd of dangere.

To see the feast it wearied me full sore,
For heauy joy doth sore the herte trauaile:
Out of the prease I me withdrow therefore,
And set me downe alone behind a traile,[11]

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1 Them. 2 Observation. 3 Control.
4 For *ne wold*, would not. 5 Every one. 6 Glance. 7 *Entremet*, a dish served between the courses. 8 Feared. 9 Foresight, providence. 10 Secret nor public. 11 Trellis.

Full of leaues, to see a great meruaile,
With greene wreaths ybounden wonderly,
The leaues were so thicke withouten faile,
That throughout no man might me espy.

To this lady he came full courtesly,
Whan he thought time to dance with her a trace,[12]
Set in an herber,[13] made full pleasantly,
They rested hem fro thens but a little space:
Nigh hem were none of a certain compace,[14]
But onely they, as farre as I coud see:
Saue the traile, there I had chose my place,
There was no more between hem two and me.

I heard the louer sighing wonder sore,
For aye the more the sorer it him sought,
His inward paine he coud not keepe in store,
Nor for to speake so hardie was he nought,
His leech was nere, the greater was his thoght,
He mused sore to conquer his desire:
For no man may to more pennance be broght
Than in his heat to bring him to the fire.

The herte began to swell within his chest,
So sore strained for anguish and for paine,
That all to peeces almost it to brest,
Whan both at ones so sore it did constraine,
Desire was bold, but shame it gan refraine,
That one was large, the other was full close:
No little charge was laid on him, certaine,
To keepe such werre, and haue so many fose.

Full oftentimes to speak himself he pained,
But shamefastnesse and drede said euer nay,
Yet at the last, so sore he was constrained,
Whan he full long had put it in delay,
To his lady right thus than gan he say,
With dredeful voice, weeping, half in a rage:
"For me was purueyed an vnhappy day,
Whan I first had a sight of your visage!"

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS.

Charles, Duke of Orléans, was born May 26, 1391. From his earliest years, he devoted himself to poetry and eloquence. He was made prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, and taken to England, where he remained twenty-five years; and during this long period of captivity consoled himself by the study of poetry and letters. He returned to France in 1440, and married Marie de Clèves, niece of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy. He died, greatly regretted, January 8, 1467. His poems are distinguished by delicacy of sentiment and graceful simplicity of style; and his versification is free and flowing.

12 Turn, or measure.
13 Arbour.
14 Compass, circle, distance.

RONDEL.

Hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!
Think ye thus to govern me
All my life long, as ye have done?
That shall ye not, I promise ye:
Reason shall have the mastery.
So hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!

If ever ye return this way,
With your mournful company,
A curse be on ye, and the day
That brings ye moping back to me!
Hence away, begone, I say,
Carking care and melancholy!

RENOUVEAU.

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

RENOUVEAU.

Gentle Spring, in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou — thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields, and the trees so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low,
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;
But, Heaven be praised! thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

SONG.

I stood upon the wild seashore,
And marked the wide expanse;
My straining eyes were turned once more
To long loved, distant France:
I saw the sea-bird hurry by
Along the waters blue;
I saw her wheel amid the sky,
And mock my tearful, eager eye,
That would her flight pursue.

Onward she darts, secure and free,
And wings her rapid course to thee!
O, that her wing were mine, to soar,
And reach thy lovely land once more!
O Heaven! it were enough, to die
In my own, my native home,—
One hour of blessed liberty
Were worth whole years to come!

SONG.

Wilt thou be mine? dear love, reply,—
Sweetly consent, or else deny:
Whisper softly, none shall know,—
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?

Spite of fortune, we may be
Happy by one word from thee:
Life flies swiftly; ere it go,
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?

SONG.

O, let me, let me think in peace!
Alas! the boon I ask is time!
My sorrows seem awhile to cease,
When I may breathe the tuneful rhyme.
Unwelcome thoughts and vain regret
Amidst the busy crowd increase;
The boon I ask is to forget;—
O, let me, let me think in peace!

For sometimes in a lonely hour
Past happiness my dream recalls;
And, like sweet dews, the freshening shower
Upon my heart's sad desert falls.
Forgive me, then,—the contest cease,—
O, let me, let me think in peace!

SONG.

Heaven! 't is delight to see how fair
Is she, my gentle love!
To serve her is my only care,
For all her bondage prove.
Who could be weary of her sight?
Each day new beauties spring:
Just Heaven, who made her fair and bright,
Inspires me while I sing.

In any land where'er the sea
Bathes some delicious shore,
Where'er the sweetest clime may be
The south wind wanders o'er,
'T is but an idle dream to say
With her may aught compare:
The world no treasure can display
So precious and so fair.

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE.

Marguerite-Éléonore-Clotilde de Vallon Chalys, afterwards Madame de Surville, was born at the Château de Vallon, in Languedoc, in the year 1405. She inherited from her mother a taste for poetry and letters, which manifested itself at a very early age. When eleven years old, she translated an ode of Petrarch with so much skill and grace, that Christine de Pisan, after having read it, exclaimed, "I must yield to this child all my rights to the sceptre of Parnassus." In 1421, she married Bérenger de Surville, a young and gallant knight, with whom she was passionately in love. Seven years after the marriage, her husband fell at the siege of Orléans; after this, she occupied herself with the education of young females who possessed poetical talents. Among them are mentioned Sophie de Lyonna and Juliette de Vivarez. The poems of Clotilde excited the admiration of Charles of Orléans, who made them known to Margaret of Scotland, the wife of Louis the dauphin. This princess, unable to draw Clotilde from the retirement in which she had lived since her husband's death, sent her a crown of artificial laurel, surmounted by twelve pearls with golden studs and silver leaves, and the device, "Margaret* of Scotland, to the Margaret of Helicon." The date of Clotilde's death is uncertain. She must have lived beyond the age of ninety, as she celebrated the victory gained by Charles the Eighth over the Italian princes at Fornovo.

The genuineness of the poems which pass under the name of Clotilde has been impugned on very strong grounds. The statement is, that they remained unknown until 1782, when one of her descendants, Joseph-Étienne de Surville, discovered them while searching the archives of his family; that he studied the language and deciphered the handwriting; that on his emigration, in 1791, he left the original manuscript behind him, and that it perished, with many other family documents, in the flames; that after his death (he was shot as a returned emigrant in 1798), copies of several of the pieces passed from the hands of his widow to the publisher, Vanderbourg.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face!
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast!

* *Marguerite*, i. e. the Pearl.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;—
'T is sweet to *watch for* thee,—alone *for* thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm:
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!—
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—Unclose
Thine eye, but for one moment, on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept,—I breathe again;—
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

FRANÇOIS CORBUEIL, DIT VILLON.

This distinguished poet and rogue was born at Paris, in 1431. His parents were poor, but found the means of sending him to school. His dissipation and profligacy, however, hindered him from deriving much benefit from his studies. On entering the world, he connected himself with the most abandoned young men of the capital, and though he often repented of his graceless way of life, he soon returned to his ancient practices, alleging that fortune had given him no other means of satisfying his wants;

"For hunger makes the wolf desert the wood."

He was at length brought to trial for a grave offence, and condemned to be hanged, with five of his associates. His gayety did not desert him in this awkward situation. He wrote his own epitaph, and composed a ballad for himself and his companions in misfortune, in anticipation of their being carried, after execution, to Montfaucon. He acknowledged, however, that "the play did not please him"; and, upon an appeal to the parliament, the sentence of condemnation was set aside, and his punishment commuted to banishment. He took great credit to himself for having had the presence of mind to utter the words, "I appeal"; it was, in his opinion, the finest thing he had ever said.

After having escaped this danger, he retired to Saint-Genou, but the warning failed to make him change his course of life. He was again arrested for some new offence, and thrown into prison, where he remained three months, until the intervention of Louis the Eleventh procured his liberation. After this, according to Rabelais, he retired to England, where he enjoyed the protection of Edward the Fourth. He probably died in Paris about the end of the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century.

THE LADIES OF LONG AGO.

Tell me to what region flown
Is Flora, the fair Roman, gone?
Where lovely Thaïs' hiding-place,
Her sister in each charm and grace?
Echo, let thy voice awake,
Over river, stream, and lake:
Answer, where does beauty go?—
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where is Eloïse the wise,
For whose two bewitching eyes
Hapless Abeillard was doomed
In his cell to live entombed?
Where the queen, her love who gave,
Cast in Seine, a watery grave?[1]
Where each lovely cause of woe?—
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

Where thy voice, O regal fair,
Sweet as is the lark's in air?
Where is Bertha? Alix? she
Who Le Mayne held gallantly?
Where is Joan, whom English flame
Gave, at Rouen, death and fame?
Where are all?—does any know?—
Where is fled the south wind's snow?

MARTIAL DE PARIS, DIT D'AUVERGNE.

This author, who takes rank among the best writers of his age, was born at Paris, about the year 1440. For the long period of forty years, he held the office of *Procureur* to the parliament. As an author, he was chiefly known by fifty-one "Arrêts d'Amours," the idea of which was suggested by the poems of the Troubadours. These were written in prose, but preceded and followed by verses. But the work which gained him the most reputation was a historical poem on Charles the Seventh, extending to between six and seven thousand verses in various measures. Other pieces also have been attributed to him. He died May 13th, 1508.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

The prince, who fortune's falsehood knows,
With pity hears his subjects' woes,
And seeks to comfort and to heal
Those griefs the prosperous cannot feel.

[1] See the reign of Louis the Tenth for an account of Marguerite of Burgundy and her proceedings.

Warned by the dangers he has run,
He strives the ills of war to shun,
Seeks peace, and with a steady hand
Spreads truth and justice through the land.

When poverty the Romans knew,
Each honest heart was pure and true;
But soon as wealth assumed her reign,
Pride and ambition swelled her train.

When hardship is a monarch's share,
And his career begins in care,
'T is sign that good will come, though late,
And blessings on the future wait.

SONG.

Dear the felicity,
Gentle, and fair, and sweet,
Love and simplicity,
When tender shepherds meet:
Better than store of gold,
Silver and gems untold,
Manners refined and cold,
Which to our lords belong.
We, when our toil is past,
Softest delight can taste,
While summer's beauties last,
Dance, feast, and jocund song;
And in our hearts a joy
No envy can destroy.

GUILLAUME CRETIN.

Guillaume Dubois, surnamed Cretin, flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth. He was born at Nanterre, near Paris, and lived under Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First, the last of whom employed him to write the history of France. The work, embracing five folio volumes of French verse, is among the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque du Roi. The history commences with the taking of Troy, and extends to the end of the second race. He wrote a vast number of other works; among them are songs, ballads, rondeaux, laments, quatrains, &c., a collection of which was published in 1527. His death took place about 1525.

SONG.

Love is like a fairy's favor,
Bright to-day, but faded soon;
If thou lov'st and fain wouldst have her,
Think what course will speed thee on.
For her faults if thou reprove her,
Frowns are ready, words as bad;
If thou sigh, her smiles recover,—
But be gay, and she is sad.
If with stratagems thou try her,
All thy wiles she soon will find;
The only art, unless thou fly her,
Is to seem as thou wert blind.

CLÉMENCE ISAURE.

This poetess was born in 1464, near Toulouse. She was endowed by nature with beauty and genius. Having lost her father when she was only five years old, she was educated in seclusion; but near her garden, there lived a young Troubadour, Raoul, who fell in love with her, and made his passion known in songs. She replied with flowers, according to her lover's petition:—

"Vous avez inspiré mes vers,
Qu'une fleur soit ma récompense."

Her lover having fallen in battle, Isaure resolved to take the veil; but first renewed the Floral Games, *Jeux Floraux*, which had been established by the Troubadours, but had long been forgotten. To this institution she devoted her whole fortune. Having fixed on the first of May for the distribution of the prizes, she wrote an ode on Spring, which acquired for her the surname of the Sappho of Toulouse.

SONG.

The tender dove amidst the woods all day
Murmurs in peace her long continued strain,
The linnet warbles his melodious lay,
To hail bright Spring and all her flowers again.

Alas! and I, thus plaintive and alone,
Who have no lore but love and misery,—
My only task,—to joy, to hope unknown,—
Is to lament my sorrows and to die!

SONG.

Fair season! childhood of the year!
Verse and mirth to thee are dear;
Wreaths thou hast, of old renown,
The faithful Troubadour to crown.

Let us sing the Virgin's praise,
Let her name inspire our lays;
She, whose heart with woe was riven,
Mourning for the Prince of Heaven!

Bards may deem—alas! how wrong!—
That they yet may live in song:
Well I know the hour will come,
When, within the dreary tomb,
Poets will forget my fame,
And Clémence shall be but a name!

Thus may early roses blow,
When the sun of spring is bright;
But even the buds that fairest glow
Wither in the blast of night.

THIRD PERIOD.—FROM 1500 TO 1650.

MELLIN DE SAINT-GELAIS.

Mellin de Saint-Gelais, son of the poet Octavien de Saint-Gelais, was born in 1491. He received a careful education, being destined to the ecclesiastical profession. Francis the First granted him the abbey of Notre-Dame-des-Reclus, and appointed him Almoner to Henry the Second, then dauphin; and when this prince mounted the throne, Mellin became his librarian. He died in 1558.

The works of this poet consist of epistles, rondeaux, ballads, sonnets, quatrains, epitaphs, elegies, &c. He translated parts of Ovid, and wrote imitations of Bion and Ariosto.

HUITAIN.

Go, glowing sighs, my soul's expiring breath,
Ye who alone can tell my cause of care;
If she I love behold unmoved my death,
Fly up to heaven, and wait my coming there!
But if her eye, as ye believe so fain,
Deign with some hope our sorrow to supply,
Return to me, and bring my soul again,—
For I no more shall have a wish to die.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, REINE DE NAVARRE.

Margaret, or Marguerite, the famous queen of Navarre, was born at Angoulême, in 1492. She was married to the duke of Alençon, in 1509, and, being left a widow in 1525, was again married to Henri d'Abret, king of Navarre. She was fond of study, prepared Mysteries for representation from the Scriptures, and wrote a work called "The Mirror of the Sinful Soul"; but she is best known in literature by a collection of stories, called "Heptameron, ou Sept Journées de la Reyne de Navarre." She died in 1549. A collection of her poems and other pieces appeared in 1547, under the title of "Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses." Several editions have since been published.

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER, FRANCIS THE FIRST.

'T is done! a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known,—
The world's wide compass is his own.
I love,—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall, or festal bower;
Not the fair forms I prized before,—
But Him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
My Saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill, and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced
All former joys, all kindred, friends;
All honors that my station graced
I hold but snares that fortune sends:
Hence! joys by Christ at distance cast,
That we may be his own at last!

FRANÇOIS I.

François I., king of France, whose love and support of learning procured him the appellation of the Father of Literature, was born at Cognac, in 1494. He ascended the throne in 1515. The political and military events of his reign, which occupy a large space in the history of France, are foreign to the purpose of this work. He established the Royal College, and laid the foundation of the Library at Paris. He introduced into France the remains of ancient literature, which the revival of learning was just recalling to the notice of the world. He was also a powerful protector of the arts and sciences.

EPITAPH ON FRANÇOISE DE FOIX.

Beneath this tomb De Foix's fair Frances lies,
On whose rare worth each tongue delights to dwell;
And none, while fame her virtue deifies,
Can with harsh voice the meed of praise repel.
In beauty peerless, in attractive grace,
Of mind enlightened, and of wit refined;
With honor, more than this weak tongue can trace,
The Eternal Father stored her spotless mind.
Alas! the sum of human gifts how small!
Here *nothing* lies, that once commanded all!

EPITAPH ON AGNÈS SOREL.

Here lies entombed the fairest of the fair:
To her rare beauty greater praise be given,
Than holy maids in cloistered cells may share,
Or hermits that in deserts live for heaven!
For by her charms recovered France arose,
Shook off her chains, and triumphed o'er her foes.

CLÉMENT MAROT.

This celebrated epigrammatist and lyrical poet was born at Cahors, in 1505. He was a page of Margaret of France, and afterwards accompanied Francis the First to the Netherlands. He was present in the battle of Pavia, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Being thrown into prison on his return to Paris, on a suspicion of favoring Calvinism, he employed his time in recasting the "Romance of the Rose." After his liberation from prison, he fled to Italy, and thence to Geneva, where he became a disciple of Calvin; but soon recanting his profession of faith, returned to Paris. He left France once more and visited Turin, where he died in 1544. One of his chief works is his translation of the Psalms, made in connection with Beza. He had a lively fancy, much wit, and wrote in a simple but epigrammatic style, which the French have called the *Style Marotique.*

FRIAR LUBIN.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
  So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced, —
  Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
  To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That 's a pious, Christian deed, —
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
  The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
  Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
  If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
  To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none, —
  Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
  But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it, — but not he;
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY.

When an evil deed 's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

TO ANNE.

When thou art near to me, it seems
  As if the sun along the sky,
Though he awhile withheld his beams,
  Burst forth in glowing majesty:
But like a storm that lowers on high,
  Thy absence clouds the scene again; —
Alas! that from so sweet a joy
  Should spring regret so full of pain!

THE PORTRAIT.

This dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
  'T is true, is painted with a master's care;
But one far better still my heart can trace,
  For Love himself engraved the image there.
Thy gift can make my soul blest visions share;
  But brighter still, dear love, my joys would shine,
Were I within thy heart impressed as fair,
  As true, as vividly, as thou in mine!

HUITAIN.

I am no more what I have been,
  Nor can regret restore my prime;
My summer years and beauty's sheen
  Are in the envious clutch of Time.
Above all gods I owned thy reign,
  O Love! and served thee to the letter;
But, if my life were given again,
  Methinks I yet could serve thee better.

TO DIANE DE POITIERS.

Farewell! since vain is all my care,
  Far, in some desert rude,
I 'll hide my weakness, my despair;
  And, 'midst my solitude,
I 'll pray, that, should another move thee,
He may as fondly, truly love thee.

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven!
  Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms!
Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,
  Which Love inhabits and illumes!
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me:
One far less fond, perchance, had won ye!

HENRI II.

This able and energetic prince was born at St. Germain-en-Laye, March 31st, 1518. He ascended the throne at the age of twenty-nine, made many changes in the government, reformed abuses, and developed the resources of the kingdom. He was a lover of poetry, and, under the inspiration of his passion for the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, wrote pieces of considerable merit. After an active and important reign of twelve years, Henri died of a wound he had received in a tournament, from the Comte de Montgomery, captain of the Scottish guard.

TO DIANE DE POITIERS.

More constant faith none ever swore
To a new prince, O fairest fair,
Than mine to thee, whom I adore,
Which time nor death can e'er impair!

The steady fortress of my heart
Seeks not with towers secured to be,
The lady of the hold thou art,
For 't is of firmness worthy thee:
No bribes o'er thee can victory obtain,
A heart so noble treason cannot stain!

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

This person, whose name is one of the most celebrated in the early literature of France, was born, in 1524, at the Château de la Poissonière, in the province of Vendôme. He was sent to Paris, at the age of nine years, to the Collége de Navarre, but soon afterwards entered the service of the duke of Orléans, as page. James Stuart, king of Scotland, who had arrived in France to marry Marie de Lorraine, took Ronsard with him, on his return to Scotland. He remained three years in Great Britain, after which he returned to France and was employed by the duke of Orléans. Having become deaf, he withdrew from public life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits at the Collége de Coqueret. His early poetical pieces had an astonishing success. He was crowned at the Floral Games, and declared by a decree of the magistrates of Toulouse to be *the French poet*. These honors excited the ire of Mellin de Saint-Gellais, and the court was divided between the two literary factions. The dispute was decided by Francis the First in favor of Ronsard.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which the pedantic and affected style of this writer excited. Men of the highest rank, scholars of the most distinguished learning, vied with each other in heaping encomiums upon his genius and his poetry. His works consoled the unhappy Mary Stuart in her imprisonment, and she presented to him a silver Parnassus, inscribed with the words, —

"*A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la source des Muses*":
To Ronsard, the Apollo of the Muses' spring;

and Chastelard, her unfortunate lover, when he lost his head, desired no other *viaticum* than the verses of Rônsard. De Thou compared him to the greatest writers of antiquity, and pronounced him the most accomplished poet that had appeared since Horace and Tibullus. Old Pasquier says of him, in the eighth book of his "Recherches," "I do not think that Rome ever produced a greater poet than Ronsard."

But the affectations of his style made it impossible that his popularity should long continue. "His Muse," says Boileau, "in French spoke Greek and Latin"; in fact, his language was an absurd and unintelligible jargon, the elements of which were drawn from every quarter. He says of himself, —

"Je fis de nouveaux mots,
J'en condamnay de vieux."

The writer of his life in the "Biographie Universelle" says: "He affected so much erudition in his verses, and even in his books of 'Loves,' that his mistresses found it necessary, in order to understand him, to resort to the dangerous aid of *foreign commentators*." His numerous works, embracing almost every species of composition, have been several times published. He was the originator of the French *Pleiades*; the satellites, chosen by himself, were Joachim du Bellay, Antoine de Baïf, Pontus de Thyard, Remi Belleau, Jean Dorat, and Étienne Jodelle. He fell into a premature decrepitude, brought on by excesses, and died at his priory of Saint-Côme, near Tours, in 1585.

TO HIS LYRE.

O golden lyre, whom all the Muses claim,
And Phœbus crowns with uncontested fame,
My solace in all woes that Fate has sent!
At thy soft voice all nature smiles content,
The dance springs gayly at thy jocund call,
And with thy music echo bower and hall.

When thou art heard, the lightnings cease to play,
And Jove's dread thunder faintly dies away;
Low on the triple-pointed bolt reclined,
His eagle droops his wing, and sleeps resigned,
As, at thy power, his all-pervading eye
Yields gently to the spell of minstrelsy.

To him may ne'er Elysian joys belong,
Who prizes not, melodious lyre, thy song!
Pride of my youth, I first in France made known
All the wild wonders of thy godlike tone;
I tuned thee first,—for harsh thy chords I found,
And all thy sweetness in oblivion bound:
But scarce my eager fingers touch thy strings,
When each rich strain to deathless being springs.

Time's withering grasp was cold upon thee then,
And my heart bled to see thee scorned of men;
Who once at monarchs' feasts, so gayly dight,
Filled all their courts with glory and delight.

To give thee back thy former magic tone,
The force, the grace, the beauty all thine own,
Through Thebes I sought, Apulia's realm explored,
And hung their spoils upon each drooping chord.

Then forth, through lovely France, we took our way,
And Loire resounded many an early lay:
I sang the mighty deeds of princes high,
And poured the exulting song of victory.

He, who would rouse thy eloquence divine,
In camps or tourneys may not hope to shine,
Nor on the seas behold his prosperous sail,
Nor in the fields of warlike strife prevail.

But thou, my forest, and each pleasant wood
Which shades my own Vendôme's majestic flood,
Where Pan and all the laughing nymphs repose;
Ye sacred choir, whom Bray's fair walls inclose,
Ye shall bestow upon your bard a name
That through the universe shall spread his fame,
His notes shall grace, and love, and joy inspire,
And all be subject to his sounding lyre!
Even now, my lute, the world has heard thy praise,
Even now the sons of France applaud my lays:
Me, as their bard, above the rest they choose.
To you be thanks, O each propitious Muse,
That, taught by you, my voice can fitly sing,
To celebrate my country and my king!

O, if I please, O, if my songs awake
Some gentle memories for Ronsard's sake,
If I the harper of fair France may be,
If men shall point and say, "Lo! that is he!"
If mine may prove a destiny so proud
That France herself proclaims my praise aloud,
If on my head I place a starry crown,
To thee, to thee, my lute, be the renown!

LOVES.

My sorrowing Muse, no more complain!
'T was not ordained for thee,
While yet the bard in life remain,
The meed of fame to see.
The poet, till the dismal gulf be past,
Knows not what honors crown his name at last.
Perchance, when years have rolled away,
My Loire shall be a sacred stream,
My name a dear and cherished theme,
And those who in that region stray
Shall marvel such a spot of earth
Could give so great a poet birth.
Revive, my Muse! for virtue's ore
In this vain world is counted air,
But held a gem beyond compare
When 't is beheld on earth no more:
Rancor the living seeks, — the dead alone
Enjoy their fame, to envy's blights unknown.

TO MARY STUART.

All beauty, granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,
Compared to hers, is void, and Nature's care
Ne'er formed a creature so divinely fair.

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn;
And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint:
With all his richest store Love decked her eyes:
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And, to attend her, left their native sphere.

The day that was to bear her far away, —
Why was I mortal to behold that day?
O, had I senseless grown, nor heard, nor seen!
Or that my eyes a ceaseless fount had been,
That I might weep, as weep amidst their bowers
The nymphs, when winter winds have cropped their flowers,
Or when rude torrents the clear streams deform,
Or when the trees are riven by the storm!
Or rather, would that I some bird had been,
Still to be near her in each changing scene,
Still on the highest mast to watch all day,
And like a star to mark her vessel's way:
The dangerous billows past, on shore, on sea,
Near that dear face it still were mine to be!

O France! where are thy ancient champions gone, —
Roland, Rinaldo? — is there living none
Her steps to follow and her safety guard,
And deem her lovely looks their best reward, —
Which might subdue the pride of mighty Jove
To leave his heaven, and languish for her love?
No fault is hers, but in her royal state, —
For simple Love dreads to approach the great;
He flies from regal pomp, that treacherous snare,
Where truth unmarked may wither in despair.

Wherever destiny her path may lead,
Fresh-springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread,
All nature will rejoice, the waves be bright,
The tempest check its fury at her sight,
The sea be calm: her beauty to behold,
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold, —
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own.

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

This writer was born about the year 1525. He early enjoyed high consideration at court, partly through the influence of his kinsman, the Cardinal du Bellay. His contemporaries called him the French Ovid; for he composed Latin poems in the style of Ovid, and in his French verses endeavoured to catch the lightness and grace of the Ovidian manner. Bellay was one of the *Pleiades*. He died in 1560.

FROM THE VISIONS.

I.

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;

Then did a ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven, whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, "Lo! now behólde," quoth hee,
"What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!"
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,[1]
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining christáll, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons[2] threw,
One hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase:
Golde was the parget[3]; and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde;
The floore of iasp and emeraude was dight.
O, worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall which we most do honour;
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie emperour:
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,[4]
To beare the frame, foure great lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold!
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters alabaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall arke:
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a nimph, that winges of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Iove his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame:
There many an auncient trophee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew;
When, lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone[5]
The honour of these noble boughs down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI.

I saw a wolfe under a rockie cave
Noursing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones[6]:
I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And, roming through the field with greedie rage,
T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage:
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended:
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

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1 Measure.
2 Beams, rays.
3 Varnish, plaster.
4 Placed.
5 Foes.
6 For the nonce, for the occasion.

JEAN DORAT.

JEAN DORAT was born early in the sixteenth century, in Limosin. He belonged to an ancient family, whose name, Dinemandy, he changed, *euphoniæ causâ*, into Dorat. After having completed his studies in the college of Limoges, he went to Paris, where he soon found protectors. Francis the First made him preceptor of his pages; but after this, he served three years in the army of the dauphin. In 1560, he was appointed Professor of Greek in the Collége Royal. He was one of the *Pleiades*. In the decline of life, he exposed himself to the pleasantries of his friends by a second marriage. The object of his choice was a very young woman, the daughter of a pastry-cook; and it was said that her whole dowry was a pigeon-pie, which the bridegroom and his friends ate on the wedding-day. Dorat died at Paris, in 1588.

TO CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, REGENT.

If faithful to five kings I 've been,
And forty years have filled the scene,
Till learning's stream a torrent grows,
And France with knowledge overflows,
While fame is ours from shore to shore,
For ancient and for modern lore;
Methinks, if I deserve such fame,
And nations thus applaud my name,
'T will sound but ill that men should say,
"Beneath the Regent Catherine's sway,—
Patron of arts, of wits the pride,—
Of want and famine Dorat died!"

LOUISE LABÉ.

Louise Labé, *la belle cordière*, was born at Lyons, in 1526. She was well educated in music and the languages, and was trained to riding and other bodily exercises. She formed the singular design of serving in the army, and was actually present, under the name of Captain Lois, at the siege of Perpignan. She afterwards devoted herself to literature and poetry, and, having married a rich rope-maker, Ennemond Perrin, was enabled to gratify her literary tastes. Her many accomplishments, and the charms of her conversation, attracted to her house the most cultivated and agreeable society of Lyons; and the street where she resided bore her name. Her works, consisting of a dialogue in prose, entitled "Dispute between Love and Folly," three elegies, and twenty-four sonnets, first appeared in 1556.

SONNET.

While yet these tears have power to flow
For hours for ever past away;
While yet these swelling sighs allow
My faltering voice to breathe a lay;
While yet my hand can touch the chords,
My tender lute, to wake thy tone;
While yet my mind no thought affords,
But one remembered dream alone,
I ask not death, whate'er my state:
But when my eyes can weep no more,
My voice is lost, my hand untrue,
And when my spirit's fire is o'er,
Nor can express the love it knew,
Come, Death, and cast thy shadow o'er my fate!

ELEGY.

The captive deer pants not for freedom more,
Nor storm-beat vessel striving for the shore,
Than I thy blest return from day to day,
Counting each moment of thy long delay;
Alas! I fondly fixed my term of pain,
The day, the hour, when we should meet again:
But, O, this long, this dismal hope deferred
Has shown my trusting heart how much it erred!
O thou unkind, whom I too much adore,
What meant thy promise, dwelt on o'er and o'er?
Could all thy tenderness so quickly fade?
So soon is my devotion thus repaid?
Dar'st thou so soon to her be faithless grown,
Whose thoughts, whose words, whose soul, are all thine own?
Amidst the heights of rocky Pau thy way
Perchance has been by fortune led astray,
Some fairy form thy wandering path has crossed,
And I thy wavering, careless heart have lost;
And in that beautiful and distant spot,
My hopes, my love, my sorrow, are forgot!

If it be so, — if I no more am prized,
Cast from thy memory like a toy despised,
I marvel not with love that pity fled,
And all that told of me and truth is dead.
O, how I loved thee! — how my thoughts and fears
Have dwelt on thee, and made my moments years!
Yet, let me pause, — have I not loved too well,
Far more than even this breaking heart can tell?
Have we not loved so fondly, that to change
Were most impossible, most wild, most strange?
No: all my fond reliance I renew,
And will believe thee more than mortal true.
Thou 'rt sick! — thou 'rt suffering! — Heaven and I away!
Thou 'rt in some hostile clime condemned to stay!
Ah, no! ah, no! Heaven knows too well my care,
And how I weary every saint with prayer;
And it were hard, if constancy like mine
Gained not protection from the hosts divine.
It cannot be! thy mind, too lightly moved,
Forgets in change and absence how we loved;
While I, in whose sad heart no change can be,
Contented suffer, and implore for thee!
O, when I ask kind Heaven to make thee blest,
No crime, methinks, is lurking in my breast;
Save, when my soul should all be given to prayer,
I fondly pause, and find thy image there!

Twice has the moon her new-born light received
Since thy return was promised and believed:
Yet silence and oblivion shroud thee still,
Nor know I of thy fortune, good or ill.
Though for another I am dead to thee,
She scarce, methinks, can boast of fame like me, —
If in my form those charms and graces shine,
Which, some have said, the world esteems as mine.
Alas! with idle praise they crowned my name:
Who can depend upon the breath of fame?
Yet not in France alone the trump is blown:
Even to the Pyrenees and Calpe flown,
Where the loud sea washes that frowning shore,
Its echo wakes above the billows' roar;
Where the broad Rhine's majestic waters flow,
In the fair land where thou art roaming now;
And thou hast told to my too willing ear,
That gifted spirits held my glory dear.

Take thou the prize which all have sought to gain,
Stay thou where others plead to stay in vain,
And, O, believe none may with me compare!
I say not she, my rival, is less fair,
But that so firm her passion cannot prove;
Nor thou derive such honor from her love.
For me are feasts and tourneys without end,
The noble, rich, and brave for me contend;
Yet I, regardless, turn my careless eye,
And scarce for them have words of courtesy.
In thee my good and ill alike reside,
In thee is all, — without thee, all is void;
And, having thee alone, when thou art fled,
All pleasure, all delight, all hope, is dead!
And still to dream of happiness gone by,
And weep its loss, is now my sad employ!
Gloomy despair so triumphs o'er my mind,
Death seems the sole relief my woes can find,
And thou the cause! — thy absence, mourned in vain,
Thus keeps me lingering in unpitied pain:
Not living, — for this is not life, condemned
To the sharp torment of a love contemned!

Return! return! if still one wish remain
To see this fading form yet once again:
But if stern Death, before thee, come to claim
This broken heart and this exhausted frame,
At least in robes of sorrow's hue appear,
And follow to the grave my mournful bier;
There, on the marble, pallid as my cheek,
These graven words my epitaph shall speak: —
"By thee love's early flame was taught to glow,
And love consumed her heart who sleeps below:
The secret fire her silent ashes keep,
Till by thy tears the flame is charmed to sleep!"

REMI BELLEAU.

This writer was born at Nogent-le-Rotrou, in 1528. The Marquis d'Elbeuf took him early under his protection, and intrusted to him the education of his son. Ronsard called him the Painter of Nature. Besides various original works, he translated portions of the Old Testament, the Odes of Anacreon, and the "Phenomena" of Aratus; but his most singular production is a macaronic poem, entitled "Dictamen Metrificum de Bello Huguenotico." Belleau was one of the *Pleiades*. He died at Paris, in 1577.

THE PEARL.

FROM THE LOVES OF THE GEMS. — DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

I seek a pearl of rarest worth,
By the shore of some bright wave, —
Such a gem, whose wondrous birth
Radiance to all nature gave:
Which no change of tint can know,
Spotless ever, pure and white,
'Midst the rudest winds that blow
Sparkling in its silver light.

Thou, bright pearl, excell'st each gem
In proud Nature's diadem, —
Yet a captive lov'st to dwell,
Hid within thy cavern shell,
Where the sands of India lie
Basking in the sunny sky.

Thou, fair gem, art so divine,
That thy birthplace must be heaven,
Where the stars, thy neighbours, shine;
And thy lucid hue was given
By Aurora's rosy fingers,
When she colors herb and flower,
And with breath of perfume lingers
Over meadow, dell, and bower.

Lustrous shell, from whose bright womb
Does this fairy treasure come?
If thou art the ocean's child,
Though thy kindred crowd the deep,
Thou disdain'st the moaning wild
Which thy foamy lovers keep,
And in vain their vows they pour
Round thy closed and guarded door.

Thou, proud beauty, bidd'st them learn
But a sojourner art thou;
And their idle hopes canst spurn,
Nor may choose a mate below.

But when Spring, with treasures rife,
Calls all nature forth to life,
Then upon the waves descending,
Transient rays of brightness lending,
Falls the dew upon thy breast,
And, thy heavenly spouse confessed,
Thou admitt'st within thy cave
That bright stranger of the wave:
There he dwells, and hardens there
To the gem so pure and fair,
Which above all else is famed,
And the Marguerite[1] is named.

APRIL.

FROM LA BERGERIE.

April, season blest and dear,
Hope of the reviving year,
Promise of bright fruits that lie
In their downy canopy,
Till the nipping winds are past,
And their veils aside are cast!
April, who delight'st to spread
O'er the emerald, laughing mead
Flowers of fresh and brilliant dyes,
Rich in wild embroideries!
April, who each zephyr's sigh
Dost with perfumed breath supply,
When they through the forest rove,
Spreading wily nets of love,
That, for lovely Flora made,
May detain her in the shade!

[1] The French word *Marguerite*, meaning both *pearl* and *daisy*, is a constant theme for the poets of every age, and furnishes a compliment to the many princesses of that name.

April, by thy hand caressed,
Nature from her genial breast
Loves her richest gifts to shower,
And awakes her magic power:
Till all earth and air are rife
With delight, and hope, and life!

April, nymph for ever fair,
On my mistress's sunny hair
Scattering wreaths of odors sweet,
For her snowy bosom meet!
April, full of smiles and grace
Drawn from Venus' dwelling-place;
Thou, from earth's enamelled plain,
Yield'st the gods their breath again!

'T is thy courteous hand doth bring
Back the messenger of spring;
And, his tedious exile o'er,
Hail'st the swallow's wing once more.

The eglantine and hawthorn bright,
The thyme, and pink, and jasmine white,
Don their purest robes, to be
Guests, fair April, worthy thee.

The nightingale — sweet, hidden sound! —
'Midst the clustering boughs around,
Charms to silence notes that wake
Soft discourse from bush and brake,
And bids every listening thing
Pause awhile to hear her sing.

'T is to thy return we owe.
Love's fond sighs, that learn to glow
After Winter's chilling reign
Long has bound them in her chain.
'T is thy smile to being warms
All the busy, shining swarms,
Which, on perfumed pillage bent,
Fly from flower to flower, intent;
Till they load their golden thighs
With the treasure each supplies.

May may boast her ripened hues,
Richer fruits, and flowers, and dews,
And those glowing charms that well
All the happy world can tell;
But, sweet April, thou shalt be
Still a chosen month for me,—
For thy birth to her is due,[1]
Who all grace and beauty gave,
When the gaze of Heaven she drew,
Fresh from ocean's foamy wave.

JEAN ANTOINE DE BAÏF.

Jean Antoine de Baïf was born at Venice, in 1531, while his father was ambassador there. He was carefully educated, under Dorat. He was the most voluminous poet of his day; and his writings embrace nearly every kind of composition, — from the sonorous ode, to the sprightly epigram. He translated the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and adapted several pieces of Plautus and Terence. His style is hard and artificial. De Baïf was one of the *Pleiades*. He died in 1592.

[1] Venus.

THE CALCULATION OF LIFE.

Thou art aged; but recount,
Since thy early life began,
What may be the just amount
Thou shouldst number of thy span:
How much to thy debts belong,
How much when vain fancy caught thee,
How much to the giddy throng,
How much to the poor who sought thee,
How much to thy lawyer's wiles,
How much to thy menial crew,
How much to thy lady's smiles,
How much to thy sick-bed due,
How much for thy hours of leisure,
For thy hurrying to and fro,
How much for each idle pleasure, —
If the list thy memory know.
Every wasted, misspent day,
Which regret can ne'er recall, —
If all these thou tak'st away,
Thou wilt find thy age but small:
That thy years were falsely told,
And, even now, thou art not old.

EPITAPH ON RABELAIS.

Pluto, bid Rabelais welcome to thy shore,
That thou, who art the king of woe and pain,
Whose subjects never learned to laugh before,
May boast a laugher in thy grim domain.

ÉTIENNE JODELLE.

Jodelle, noted for having written the first regular tragedy and comedy for the French stage, was born at Paris, in 1532. Says Ronsard, —

"Après Amour la France abandonna,
Et lors Jodelle heureusement sonna
D'une voix humble et d'une voix hardie
La comédie avec la tragédie,
Et d'un ton double, ore bas, ore haut,
Remplit premier le François eschafaut."

Jodelle was one of the *Pleiades*. He died in poverty, in 1573. D'Aubigné wrote these verses on his death: —

"Jodelle est mort de pauvreté,
La pauvreté a eu puissance
Sur la richesse de la France.
O dieux! quels traits de cruauté!
Le ciel avait mis en Jodelle
Un esprit tout autre qu'humain;
La France lui nia le pain,
Tant elle fut mère cruelle."

TO MADAME DE PRIMADIS.

I saw thee weave a web with care,
Where, at thy touch, fresh roses grew,
And marvelled they were formed so fair,
And that thy heart such nature knew:

Alas! how idle my surprise!
Since naught so plain can be:
Thy cheek their richest hue supplies,
And in thy breath their perfume lies,—
Their grace, their beauty, all are drawn from thee!

AMADIS JAMYN.

Amadis Jamyn was born about the year 1540, at Chaource, in Champagne. Early in life he acquired a taste for literature and science, under the instructions of such teachers as Dorat and Turnebus. Ronsard, the French Apollo of the age, was so delighted with the verses of Jamyn, that he invited him to his house, treated him as his own son, and procured him the place of Secretary and Reader to the King. After the death of his benefactor, Jamyn retired from the court to his native town, where he died in 1585. His poetical works, first published by Robert Étienne in 1575, have been repeatedly republished since.

CALLIRÉE.

Although, when I depart,
My soul that moment flies,
And in death's chill my heart
Without sensation lies,—
Yet still content am I
Once more to tempt my pain:
So pleasant 't is to die,
To have my life again!
Even thus I seek my woe,
My happiness to learn:
It is so blest to go,
So happy to return!

MARIE STUART.

The life and tragical death of this celebrated princess have been so often the subjects of poetry, biography, history, and romance, that it is quite unnecessary, and aside from the purpose of this work, to repeat their details here. She was born December 8, 1542. At the age of six she was sent to France to be educated, and in 1558 was married to the dauphin, afterwards Francis the Second, at whose death she returned to Scotland. After a series of imprudences, sufferings, and misfortunes, in the turbulent times which followed, she threw herself upon the protection of Queen Elizabeth, by whom she was detained in captivity eighteen years, and then put to death, February 8, 1587. This unfortunate queen wrote Latin and French with elegance, and was an ardent lover of poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, FRANCIS THE SECOND.

In accents sad and low,
And tones of soft lament,
I breathe the bitterness of woe
O'er this sad chastisement:

With many a mournful sigh
The days of youth steal by.

Was e'er such stern decree
Of unrelenting fate?
Did merciless adversity
E'er blight so fair a state
As mine, whose heart and eye
In bier and coffin lie,—

Who, in the gentle spring
And blossom of my years,
Must bear misfortune's piercing sting,
Sadness, and grief, and tears,—
Thoughts, that alone inspire
Regret and soft desire?

What once was blithe and gay,
Changed into grief I see;
The glad and glorious light of day
Is darkness unto me:
The world — the world has naught
That claims a passing thought.

Deep in my heart and eye
A form and image shine,
Which shadow forth wan misery
On this pale cheek of mine
Tinged with the violet's blue,
Which is love's favorite hue.

Where'er my footsteps stray,
In mead or wooded vale,
Whether beneath the dawn of day,
Or evening twilight pale,—
Still, still my thoughts ascend
To my departed friend.

If towards his home above
I raise my mournful sight,
I meet his gentle look of love
In every cloud of white;
But straight the watery cloud
Changes to tomb and shroud.

When midnight hovers near,
And slumber seals mine eyes,
His voice still whispers in mine ear,
His form beside me lies:
In labor, in repose,
My heart his presence knows.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

Farewell, beloved France, to thee,
Best native land!
The cherished strand
That nursed my tender infancy!

Farewell, my childhood's happy day!
The bark that bears me thus away
Bears but the poorer moiety hence;
The nobler half remains with thee,—
I leave it to thy confidence,
But to remind thee still of me!

PHILIPPE DESPORTES.

Philippe Desportes was born at Chartres, in 1546. An early residence in Italy gave him an opportunity to learn the Italian language. He followed the duke of Anjou to Poland, but soon returned to Paris in disgust. When this prince became king of France, he bestowed ample ecclesiastical revenues upon Desportes, which the poet used nobly for the benefit of men of letters. He died at the abbey of Bonport, in 1606. His great merit consisted in freeing French poetry from the affectation and pedantry with which it had been overloaded by Ronsard. He was called the French Tibullus.

DIANE.

If stainless faith and fondness tried,
If hopes, and looks that softness tell,
If sighs whose tender whispers hide
Deep feelings that I would not quell,
Swift blushes that like clouds appear,
A trembling voice, a mournful gaze,
The timid step, the sudden fear,
The pallid hue that grief betrays,
If self-neglect, to live for one,
If countless tears, and sighs untold,
If sorrow, to a habit grown,
When absent warm, when present cold,—
If these can speak, and thou unmoved canst see,
The blame be thine, the ruin falls on me!

JEAN BERTAUT.

This person, distinguished in the church and in public affairs, was born at Caen, in 1552. He held in succession the offices of Secretary and Reader to the King, First Almoner to the Queen, Marie de Medicis, Counsellor to the Parliament of Grenoble, Abbé of Aunay, and Bishop of Séez; and all this good fortune he owed originally to his amorous poems, of which Mademoiselle de Scudéri says,—"They give a high and beautiful idea of the ladies he loved." He died at Séez, in 1611.

LONELINESS.

Fortune, to me unkind,
So scoffs at my distress,
Each wretch his lot would find,
Compared to mine, a life of happiness.

My pillow every night
Is watered by my tears;
Slumber yields no delight,
Nor with her gentle hand my sorrow cheers.

For every fleeting dream
But fills me with alarm;
And still my visions seem
Too like the waking truth, pregnant with harm.

Justice and mercy's grace,
With faith and constancy,
To guile and wrong give place,
And every virtue seems from me to fly.

Amidst a stormy sea
I perish in despair;
Men come the wreck to see,
And talk of pity while I perish there.

Ye joys, too dearly bought,
Which time can ne'er renew,
Dear torments of my thought,
Why, when ye fled, fled not your memory too?

Alas! of hopes bereft,
The dreams, that once they were,
Are all that now is left,
And memory thus but turns them all to care!

HENRI IV.

This illustrious prince, whose name fills so large a space in the political and religious history of France, was born at Pau, December 13th, 1553. With all his noble qualities, as a prince and ruler, he possessed a just appreciation of literature, and did much for the intellectual culture of the nation. The monarch who had restored peace and happiness to the French, after years of civil war, fell by the hand of an assassin, named Ravaillac. His death took place May 14th, 1610. He was an eloquent speaker, and the harangues which he delivered on various occasions "produced," says a French writer, "as great an effect as his most brilliant exploits. Every good Frenchman ought to know by heart that which he pronounced in the Assembly of Notables at Rouen." Henri IV. was fond of the society of scholars, and treated them more as a friend and equal than as a superior. His verses to Gabrielle have always excited the enthusiasm of his countrymen.

CHARMING GABRIELLE.

My charming Gabrielle!
My heart is pierced with woe,
When glory sounds her knell,
And forth to war I go:
Parting, perchance our last!
Day, marked unblest to prove!
O, that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love!

Bright star, whose light I lose,—
O, fatal memory!
My grief each thought renews!—
We meet again, or die!
Parting, &c.

O, share and bless the crown
By valor given to me!
War made the prize my own,
My love awards it thee!
Parting, &c.

Let all my trumpets swell,
And every echo round
The words of my farewell
Repeat with mournful sound!
Parting, &c.

D'HUXATIME.

This poet probably lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century. He was a native of Dauphiné. His name is not mentioned in any of the common literary histories of France; it is omitted by the Abbé Goujet; it is not alluded to by Girardin; it is not included in the "Biographie Universelle"; and is unnoticed by Bouterwek. It is mentioned in a list of French poets appended to a collection of pieces, from the twelfth century to Malherbe, in six volumes. Costello refers to a work, called the "Parnasse des Muses Françoises," published in 1607, as containing some pieces by this poet. Others may be found in "Le Temple d'Apollon," and in the "Délices de la Poésie Françoise."

REPENTANCE.

Return again, return! look towards thy polar star!
Too oft thou 'rt lost, my soul!
Like to the fiery steed, whose speed is urged too far,
And dies without a goal.

As yet ungathered all by any friendly hand,
Thy tender blossoms die,
Like bending, fruitful trees that on the way-side stand,
But for the passer by.

. . . . . .

The lively flame that once within me burned so high
Is now extinct and fled;
I feel another fire its former place supply,
More holy and more dread.

My heart with other love has taught its pulse to glow;
My prison-gates unclose;
My laws I frame myself; no lord but reason now
My rescued bosom knows.

Upon a sea of love the raging storms I braved,
And 'scaped the vengeful main;
Wretched, alas! is he, who, from the wreck once saved,
Trusts to the winds again.

. . . . . .

If I should ever love, my flame shall flourish well,
More secret than confessed,
And in my thought alone shall be content to dwell,
More soul than body's guest.

If I should ever love, an angel's love be mine,
And in the mind endure:
Love is a son of heaven, nor will he e'er combine
With elements less pure.

If I should ever love, 't will be in paths unknown,
Where virtue may be tried:
I ask no beaten way, too wide, too common grown
To every foot beside.

If I should ever love, 't will be a heart unstained,
Which boldly struggles still,
And with a hermit's strength has, unsubdued, maintained
A ceaseless war with ill.

If I should ever love, a pure, chaste heart 't will be,
And not a winged thing,
Which like the swallow lives, and flits from tree to tree,
And can but love in spring.

It shall be you, bright eyes, blest stars that gild my night,
Centre of all desire,
In the immortal blaze and splendor of whose light
Fain would my life expire!

Eyes which shine purely thus in love and majesty!
Who ever saw ye glow,
Nor worshipped at your shrine, an infidel must be,
Or can no transport *know*.

Bright eyes! which well can teach what force is in a ray,
What dread in looks so dear;
Alas! I languish near, I perish when away,
And while I hope I fear!

Bright eyes! round whom the stars in jealous crowds appear,
In envy of your light,—
Rather than see no more your splendor, soft and clear,
I 'd sleep in endless night.

Blest eyes! who gazes rapt sees all the boundless store
Of love and fond desire,
Where vanquished Love himself has graven all his lore
In characters of fire!

Bright eyes! ah! is 't not true your promises are fair?
Without a voice ye sigh:
Love asks from ye no sound, for words are only air
That idly wanders by.

Ha! thus, my soul, at once all thy sage visions fly,
Thou tempt'st again the flood:
Thou canst not fix but to inconstancy,
And but repent'st of good!

FOURTH PERIOD.—FROM 1650 TO 1700.

PIERRE CORNEILLE.

THIS distinguished poet, the first great writer of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, was born at Rouen, June 6th, 1606. He studied under the Jesuits of that place, for whom he ever after retained a high regard. His early purpose was to devote himself to the bar; but a slight and accidental occasion changed the current of his pursuits, by disclosing the secret of his poetical powers. A young friend of his introduced him to his mistress, and Corneille rendered himself more agreeable to the lady than her lover. This little adventure he made the subject of the comedy of "Mélite," which appeared in 1625. The success of this was so decided that he persevered in this career, and the confidence he had inspired enabled him to form a new company. He produced in rapid succession a series of pieces, which confirmed the impression made by the first, and some of them retain their place on the stage to the present day. His "Médée," written in the declamatory style of Seneca, appeared in 1635. Cardinal Richelieu at this time had several poets in his pay, who were required to write comedies on plots furnished by him. Corneille was on the point of placing himself in this situation, but, having offended the cardinal by making some alterations in one of his plots, withdrew to Rouen, where, by the advice of Chalon, he studied the Spanish language, with the view of writing tragedies on the Spanish model. In 1636, he produced "The Cid," which received the applause of all the world, except the cardinal and the Academy. The great minister and his sycophantic *literati* did their best to decry the poet's genius, but in vain. A series of noble tragedies, "The Horaces," "Cinna," "Polyeucte," the "Mort de Pompée," and others, were a complete answer to his detractors, and gave him a rank in the French drama which he has never lost. Several pieces, however, which followed these, such as "Rodogune," "Héraclius," and "Andromède," had less success, and seemed to indicate that the genius of Corneille was already exhausted. The "Nicomède," which appeared in 1652, still retains its place on the stage. Corneille now wished to abandon dramatic composition, and applied himself for six years to the translation of the "De Imitatione Jesu Christi," but was induced by the entreaties of Fouquet once more to devote himself to the drama. His "Œdipe," produced in 1659, and his "Sertorius," in 1662, were well received; but his subsequent pieces show the poet's failing powers. Of the thirty-three pieces which he left, only eight retain their place upon the stage. He died October 1st, 1684, having been for thirty-seven years a member of the Academy, despite the early disfavor with which that learned body regarded him. "Although only six or seven of the thirty-three pieces which he wrote are still represented," says Voltaire, "he will always be the father of the theatre. He is the first who elevated the genius of the nation." Augustus William Schlegel, in his "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," has some excellent criticism, though perhaps rather too unfavorable, on Corneille. His principal pieces are also analyzed at considerable length, and with great ability, by La Harpe, in the "Cours de Littérature," Vol. IV. Many of his dramas have been translated into English; — "The Horaces," by Sir William Lower, London, 1656; again by Charles Cotton, 1671; "Pompey," by Mrs. Catharine Philips, 1663; again by Edmund Waller, 1664; "Héraclius," by Lodowick Carlell, 1664; "Nicomède," by John Dancer, 1671; "Rodogune," by Aspinwall, 1765; "The Cid," by Joseph Rutter, Part I., 1637, Part II., 1640; again by John Ozell, 1714; again by "a gentleman formerly a captain in the army," 1802. The best edition of his works is that published by Renouard, Paris, 1817, in twelve volumes.

The following description of Corneille, at the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, is from the "Foreign Quarterly Review," Vol. XXXII., pp. 139, 140.

"The time stated is the autumn of the year 1644, and the object for which the society meets is to hear a tragedy read by the great Corneille. There are present the *élite* of the town and of the court: the princess of Condé, and her daughter, afterwards the famous duchess de Longueville; and a host of names, then brilliant, but since forgotten, which we pass for those whom fame has deemed worthy of preserving. There were the duchess of Chevreuse, one of that three whom Mazarin declared capable of saving or overthrowing a kingdom; Mademoiselle de Scudéri, then in the zenith of her fame; and Mademoiselle de la Vergne, destined, under the name of Lafayette, to eclipse her. There were also present Madame de Rambouillet's three daughters: the celebrated Julie, destined to continue the literary glory of the house of Rambouillet; and her two sisters, both *religieuses*, yet seeing no profanity in a play. At the feet of the noble dames reclined young seigneurs, their rich mantles of silk and gold and silver spread loosely upon the floor, while, to give more grace and vivacity to their action and emphasis to their discourse, they waved from time to time their little hats surcharged with plumes. And there, in more modest attire, were the men of letters: Balzac, Ménage,

Scudéri, Chapelain, Costart (the most gallant of pedants and pedantic of gallants), and Conrart, and La Mesnardière, and Bossuet, then the Abbé Bossuet, and others of less note. By a stroke of politeness worthy of preservation, Madame de Rambouillet has framed her invitation in such wise that all her guests shall have arrived a good half-hour before the poet; so that he may not be interrupted, while reading, by a door opening, and a head bobbing in, and all eyes turning that way, and a dozen signs to take a place here or there, and moving up and moving down, and then an awkward trip, and a whispered apology, — the attention of all suspended, the illusion broken, and the poor poet chilled!

"The audience is tolerably punctual. All are arrived but one: and who is he that shows so much indifference to the feelings of such a hostess? Why, who should he be, but an eccentric, whimsical, impracticable, spoiled pet of a poet? who but Monsieur Voiture, the life, the soul, the charm of all? He at last comes, and Corneille may enter. But a tragic poet moves slowly; Corneille himself has not arrived; and a gay French company cannot endure the *ennui* of waiting. Time must pass agreeably; something must be set in motion; and what that is to be is suddenly settled by the Marquis de Vardes, who proposes to bind the eyes of Madame de Sévigné for a game of Colin Maillard, *Anglicè*, blind-man's buff. Madame de Rambouillet implores: but the game is so tempting, the prospect of fun so exhilarating, that she herself is drawn into the vortex of animal spirits, and yields assent. The ribbon intended for Madame de Sévigné is by the latter placed upon the eyes of the fair young De Vergne, then only twelve years of age; and she is alone in the midst of the *salon*, her pretty arms outstretched, her feet cautiously advancing,—when the brothers Thomas and Pierre Corneille enter, conducted by Benserade, a poet also, and one of extensive reputation. Now, without abating one tittle of our reverence for the great Pierre Corneille, we can sympathize with those light hearts, whose game with the then young Madame de Sévigné and her younger friend was interrupted for a graver though more elevating entertainment. Corneille, like many other poets, was a bad reader of his own productions; fortunately for him, upon this occasion, the young Abbé Bossuet was called upon to repeat some of the most striking passages of the play, entitled 'Théodore Vierge et Martyre,' a Christian tragedy, which he did with that declamatory power for which he was afterwards so remarkable. Then, of that distinguished company, the most alive to the charms of poetical expression had, each, as a matter of course, some verse to repeat; and repeated it with the just emphasis of the feeling it had awakened, and with which it harmonized, and thus offered, by the simple tone of the voice, the best homage to genius. And so the morning ended with triumph for the bard, and to the perfect gratification of his auditors."

The reader will perceive, that, in the following extract, the names have been changed by the translator, and that of Carlos substituted for the Cid.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF THE CID.

SANCHEZ.

Relentless Fortune! thou hast done thy part,
Neglected nothing to oppose my love;
But thou shalt find, in thy despite, I 'll on.
Wert thou not blind, indeed, thou hadst foreseen
The honor done this hour to old Alvarez.
His being named the prince's governor
(Which I well knew the ambitious Gormaz aimed at)
Must, like a wildfire's rage, embroil their union,
Rekindle jealousies in Gormaz' heart,
Whose fatal flame must bury all in ashes.
But see, he comes, and seems to ruminate
With pensive grudge the king's too partial favor.

[Gormaz enters.

GORMAZ.

The king, methinks, is sudden in his choice.
'T is true, I never sought (but therefore is
Not less the merit) nor obliquely hinted
That I desired the office. He has heard
Me say, the prince, his son, I thought was now
Of age to change his prattling female court,
And claimed a governor's instructive guidance.
The advice, it seems, was fit, — but not the adviser.
Be 't so, — why is Alvarez, then, the man?
He may be qualified, I 'll not dispute;
But was not Gormaz, too, of equal merit?
Let me not think Alvarez plays me foul.
That cannot be, — he knew I would not bear it.
And yet, why he 's so suddenly preferred ——
I 'll think no more on 't, — Time will soon resolve me.

SANCHEZ.

Not to disturb, my Lord, your graver thoughts,
May I presume ——

GORMAZ.

Don Sanchez may command me. —
This youthful lord is sworn our house's friend;
If there 's a cause for jealous thought, he 'll find it.

[Aside.

SANCHEZ.

I hear the king has fresh advice received
Of a designed invasion from the Moors.
Holds it confirmed, or is it only rumor?

GORMAZ.

Such new alarms, indeed, his letters bring,
But yet their grounds seemed doubtful at the council.

SANCHEZ.

May it not prove some policy of state,
Some bugbear danger of our own creating?
The king, I have observed, is skilled in rule,
Perfect in all the arts of tempering minds,

And — for the public good — can give alarms
Where fears are not, and hush them where they are:

GORMAZ.

'T is so! he hints already at my wrongs.
[Aside.

SANCHEZ.

Not but such prudence well becomes a prince;
For peace at home is worth his dearest purchase;
Yet he that gives his just resentments up,
Though honored by the royal mediation,
And sees his enemy enjoy the fruits,
Must have more virtues than his king, to bear it.
Perhaps, my Lord, I am not understood;
Nay, hope my jealous fears have no foundation;
But when the ties of friendship shall demand it,
Don Sanchez wears a sword that will revenge you.
[Going.

GORMAZ.

Don Sanchez, stay, — I think thou art my friend.
Thy noble father oft has served me in
The cause of honor, and his cause was mine:
What thou hast said speaks thee Balthazar's son, —
I need not praise thee more. If I deserve
Thy love, refuse not what my heart 's concerned
To ask: speak freely of the king, of me,
Of old Alvarez, of our late alliance,
And what has followed since; then sum the whole,
And tell me truly where the account 's unequal.

SANCHEZ.

My Lord, you honor with too great a trust
The judgment of my inexperienced years;
Yet, for the time I have observed on men,
I 've always found the generous, open heart
Betrayed, and made the prey of minds below it.
O, 't is the curse of manly virtue, that
Cowards, with cunning, are too strong for heroes!
And, since you press me to unfold my thoughts,
I grieve to see your spirit so defeated, —
Your just resentments, by vile arts of court,
Beguiled, and melted to resign their terror, —
Your honest hate, that had for ages stood
Unmoved, and firmer from your foe's defiance,
Now sapped and undermined by his submission.
Alvarez knew you were impregnable
To force, and changed the soldier for the statesman;
While you were yet his foe professed,
He durst not take these honors o'er your head;
Had you still held him at his distance due,
He would have trembled to have sought this office.
When once the king inclined to make his peace,
I saw too well the secret on the anvil,
And soon foretold the favor that succeeded.
Alas! this project has been long concerted,
Resolved in private 'twixt the king and him,
Laid out and managed here by secret agents, —
While he, good man, knew nothing of the honor,
But from his sweet repose was dragged to accept it!

O, it inflames my blood to think this fear
Should get the start of your unguarded spirit,
And proudly vaunt it in the plumes he stole From you!

GORMAZ.

O Sanchez, thou hast fired a thought
That was before but dawning in my mind!
O, now afresh it strikes my memory,
With what dissembled warmth the artful king
First charged his temper with the gloom he wore,
When I supplied his late command of general!
Then with what fawning flattery to me
Alvarez — fear disguised his trembling hate,
And soothed my yielding temper to believe him.

SANCHEZ.

Not flattery, my Lord; though I must grant
'T was praise well timed, and therefore skilful.

GORMAZ.

Now, on my soul, from him 't was loathsome daubing!
I take thy friendship, Sanchez, to my heart;
And were not my Ximena rashly promised —

SANCHEZ.

Ximena's charms might grace a monarch's bed;
Nor dares my humble heart admit the hope, —
Or, if it durst, some fitter time should show it.
Results more pressing now demand your thought;
First ease the pain of your depending doubt,
Divide this fawning courtier from the friend.

GORMAZ.

Which way shall I receive or thank thy love?

SANCHEZ.

My Lord, you overrate me now. But see,
Alvarez comes! Now probe his hollow heart,
Now while your thoughts are warm with his deceit,
And mark how calmly he 'll evade the charge.
My Lord, I 'm gone.
[Exit.

GORMAZ.

I am thy friend for ever.
[Alvarez enters.

ALVAREZ.

My Lord, the king is walking forth to see
The prince, his son, begin his horsemanship:
If you 're inclined to see him, I 'll attend you.

GORMAZ.

Since duty calls me not, I 've no delight
To be an idle gaper on another's business.
You may, indeed, find pleasure in the office,
Which you 've so artfully contrived to fit.

ALVAREZ.

Contrived, my Lord? I 'm sorry such a thought
Can reach the man whom I so late embraced.

GORMAZ.

Men are not always what they seem. This honor,
Which, in another's wrong, you 've bartered for,
Was at the price of those embraces bought.

ALVAREZ.

Ha! bought? For shame! suppress this poor suspicion!
For if you think, you can't but be convinced
The naked honor of Alvarez scorns
Such base disguise. Yet pause a moment; —
Since our great master, with such kind concern,
Himself has interposed to heal our feuds,
Let us not, thankless, rob him of the glory,
And undeserve the grace by new, false fears.

GORMAZ.

Kings are, alas! but men, and formed like us,
Subject alike to be by men deceived:
The blushing court from this rash choice will see
How blindly he o'erlooks superior merit.
Could no man fill the place but worn Alvarez?

ALVAREZ.

Worn more with wounds and victories than age.
Who stands before him in great actions past? —
But I 'm to blame to urge that merit now,
Which will but shock, what reasoning may convince.

GORMAZ.

The fawning slave! O Sanchez, how I thank thee! [Aside.

ALVAREZ.

You have a virtuous daughter, I a son,
Whose softer hearts our mutual hands have raised
Even to the summit of expected joy;
If no regard to me, yet let, at least,
Your pity of their passions rein your temper.

GORMAZ.

O needless care! to nobler objects now,
That son, be sure, in vanity, pretends:
While his high father's wisdom is preferred
To guide and govern our great monarch's son,
His proud, aspiring heart forgets Ximena.
Think not of him, but your superior care:
Instruct the royal youth to rule with awe
His future subjects, trembling at his frown;
Teach him to bind the loyal heart in love,
The bold and factious in the chains of fear:
Join to these virtues, too, your warlike deeds;
Inflame him with the vast fatigues you 've borne,
But now are past, to show him by example,
And give him in the closet safe renown;
Read him what scorching suns he must endure,
What bitter nights must wake, or sleep in arms,
To countermarch the foe, to give the alarm,
And to his own great conduct owe the day;
Mark him on charts the order of the battle,
And make him from your manuscripts a hero.

ALVAREZ.

Ill-tempered man! thus to provoke the heart
Whose tortured patience is thy only friend!

GORMAZ.

Thou only to thyself canst be a friend:
I tell thee, false Alvarez, thou hast wronged me,
Hast basely robbed me of my merit's right,
And intercepted our young prince's fame.
His youth with me had found the active proof,
The living practice, of experienced war;
This sword had taught him glory in the field,
At once his great example and his guard;
His unfledged wings from me had learned to soar,
And strike at nations trembling at my name:
This I had done; but thou, with servile arts,
Hast, fawning, crept into our master's breast,
Elbowed superior merit from his ear,
And, like a courtier, stole his son from glory.

ALVAREZ.

Hear me, proud man! for now I burn to speak,
Since neither truth can sway, nor temper touch thee;
Thus I retort with scorn thy slanderous rage:
Thou, thou the tutor of a kingdom's heir?
Thou guide the passions of o'erboiling youth,
That canst not in thy age yet rule thy own?
For shame! retire, and purge thy imperious heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, self-judging pride,
Correct the meanness of thy grovelling soul,
Chase damned suspicion from thy manly thoughts,
And learn to treat with honor thy superior.

GORMAZ.

Superior, ha! dar'st thou provoke me, traitor?

ALVAREZ.

Unhand me, ruffian, lest thy hold prove fatal!

GORMAZ.

Take that, audacious dotard! [Strikes him.

ALVAREZ.

O my blood,
Flow forward to my arm, to chain this tiger!
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a man,
And quit my honor of this vile disgrace!
[They fight; Alvarez is disarmed.
O feeble life, I have too long endured thee!

GORMAZ.

Thy sword is mine; take back the inglorious trophy,
Which would disgrace thy victor's thigh to wear.
Now forward to thy charge, read to the prince
This martial lecture of my famed exploits;
And from this wholesome chastisement learn thou
To tempt the patience of offended honor! [Exit.

ALVAREZ.

O rage! O wild despair! O helpless age!
Wert thou but lent me to survive my honor?
Am I with martial toils worn gray, and see
At last one hour's blight lay waste my laurels?
Is this famed arm to me alone defenceless?
Has it so often propped this empire's glory,
Fenced, like a rampart, the Castilian throne,
To me alone disgraceful, to its master useless?
O sharp remembrance of departed glory!
O fatal dignity, too dearly purchased!

Now, haughty Gormaz, now guide thou my prince;
Insulted honor is unfit to approach him.
And thou, once glorious weapon, fare thee well,
Old servant, worthy of an abler master!
Leave now for ever his abandoned side,
And, to revenge him, grace some nobler arm!—
My son!

[Carlos enters.

O Carlos! canst thou bear dishonor?

CARLOS.

What villain dares occasion, Sir, the question?
Give me his name; the proof shall answer him.

ALVAREZ.

O just reproach! O prompt, resentful fire!
My blood rekindles at thy manly flame,
And glads my laboring heart with youth's return.
Up, up, my son,—I cannot speak my shame,—
Revenge, revenge me!

CARLOS.

O, my rage!—Of what?

ALVAREZ.

Of an indignity so vile, my heart
Redoubles all its torture to repeat it.
A blow, a blow, my boy!

CARLOS.

Distraction! fury!

ALVAREZ.

In vain, alas! this feeble arm assailed
With mortal vengeance the aggressor's heart;
He dallied with my age, o'erborne, insulted;
Therefore to thy young arm, for sure revenge,
My soul's distress commits my sword and cause:
Pursue him, Carlos, to the world's last bounds,
And from his heart tear back our bleeding honor;
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou 'lt find his brow
Covered with laurels, and far-famed his prowess:
O, I have seen him, dreadful in the field,
Cut through whole squadrons his destructive way,
And snatch the gore-died standard from the foe!

CARLOS.

O, rack not with his fame my tortured heart,
That burns to know him and eclipse his glory!

ALVAREZ.

Though I foresee 't will strike thy soul to hear it,
Yet, since our gasping honor calls for thy
Relief,—O Carlos!—'t is Ximena's father—

CARLOS.

Ha!

ALVAREZ.

Pause not for a reply,—I know thy love,
I know the tender obligations of thy heart,
And even lend a sigh to thy distress.
I grant Ximena dearer than thy life;
But wounded honor must surmount them both.
I need not urge thee more; thou know'st my wrong;
'T is in thy heart,—and in thy hand the vengeance:
Blood only is the balm for grief like mine,
Which till obtained, I will in darkness mourn,
Nor lift my eyes to light, till thy return.
But haste, o'ertake this blaster of my name,
Fly swift to vengeance, and bring back my fame!

[Exit.

CARLOS.

Relentless Heaven! is all thy thunder gone?
Not one bolt left to finish my despair?
Lie still, my heart, and close this deadly wound!
Stir not to thought, for motion is thy ruin!—
But see, the frighted poor Ximena comes,
And with her tremblings strikes thee cold as death!
My helpless father too, o'erwhelmed with shame,
Begs his dismission to his grave with honor.
Ximena weeps; heart-pierced, Alvarez groans:
Rage lifts my sword, and love arrests my arm.
O double torture of distracting woe!
Is there no mean betwixt these sharp extremes?
Must honor perish, if I spare my love?
O ignominious pity! shameful softness!
Must I, to right Alvarez, kill Ximena?
O cruel vengeance! O heart-wounding honor!
Shall I forsake her in her soul's extremes,
Depress the virtue of her filial tears,
And bury in a tomb our nuptial joy?
Shall that just honor, that subdued her heart,
Now build its fame, relentless, on her sorrows?
Instruct me, Heaven, that gav'st me this distress,
To choose, and bear me worthy of my being!
O Love, forgive me, if my hurried soul
Should act with error in this storm of fortune!
For Heaven can tell what pangs I feel to save thee!—
But, hark! the shrieks of drowning honor call!
'T is sinking, gasping, while I stand in pause;
Plunge in, my heart, and save it from the billows!
It will be so,—the blow 's too sharp a pain;
And vengeance has at least this just excuse,
That even Ximena blushes while I bear it:
Her generous heart, that was by honor won,
Must, when that honor 's stained, abjure my love.
O peace of mind, farewell! Revenge, I come,
And raise thy altar on a mournful tomb!

[Exit.

JEAN-BAPTISTE POCQUELIN DE MOLIÈRE.

Jean-Baptiste Pocquelin was born at Paris, in 1620. His father, a *valet-de-chambre* and upholsterer to the king, intended the boy for the same occupation, and educated him accordingly, up to the age of fourteen years. Young Pocquelin's grandfather, who had a passion for the theatre, took him occasionally to the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and thus helped to awaken an invincible repugnance to his destined profession. Through the interposition of his grandfather, he was soon placed under the instruction of the Jesuits, and made great progress in his studies. Gassendi was one of his teachers, and Chapelle and Bernier were among his school friends.

He studied five years. When his father had become infirm, the young man was required to take his place about the person of the king. The French theatre at this time was beginning to flourish, through the genius of Corneille, and the influence of Cardinal Richelieu; and Pocquelin's early passion for the drama received a new impulse. He formed a company of young persons who had a talent for declamation, which soon became distinguished, and was known under the name of *L'Illustre Théâtre*. Pocquelin now resolved to apply himself wholly to the drama, in the twofold capacity of author and actor. He took the surname of Molière, after the example of the Italian players, and those of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Molière remained unknown during the civil wars of the Fronde; but he employed this time in cultivating his powers and preparing for his future career. His first regular piece, in five acts, was "L'Étourdi," represented at Lyons, in 1653. The comedy had great success, and drew away all the spectators from another provincial company, which was then playing at Lyons. From Lyons, Molière went to Languedoc, where he was warmly received by the prince of Conti, who had known him at school. The "Étourdi" was played with the same applause at the theatre of Béziers, and the "Dépit Amoureux" and the "Précieuses Ridicules" were also brought forward there. After having visited all the provinces, Molière arrived in Paris, in 1658, where his company, now called "The Company of Monsieur," was permitted to play in the presence of Louis the Fourteenth. The king was so well satisfied with Molière's company, that he took them into his favor, and assigned the poet a pension of a thousand francs. In about fifteen years, Molière produced thirty pieces, among which are the "École des Maris," the "Fâcheux," the "École des Femmes," the "Mariage Forcé," the "Misanthrope," the "Tartufe," the "Avare," the "Amphitryon," the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the "Femmes Savantes," and the "Malade Imaginaire." With this piece he closed his career. He had been suffering, for a long time, from pulmonary consumption. At the third representation of this comedy, he was more unwell than usual, and his friends urged him not to play; but his concern for the interests of others prevailed over their advice, and the effort cost him his life. He was seized with convulsions while pronouncing the word *juro*, in the last scene, and was carried, dying, to his home, where he expired, a few hours after, February 17th, 1673, at the age of forty-three years. The comedy was at an end; and Bossuet was austere enough to say: "Perhaps posterity will know the end of this poet-comedian, who, in playing his *Malade Imaginaire*, received the last blow of that disease which terminated his life a few hours afterwards, and passed from the jests of the theatre, amid which he almost breathed his last sigh, to the tribunal of Him who said, 'Woe to those who laugh, for they shall mourn!'" Five years later, the Academy erected his bust, with the line from Saurin, —

"Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre."

La Harpe says, — "Of all that have ever written, Molière has observed man the best, without proclaiming his observation; he has, too, more the air of knowing him by heart, than of having studied him. When we read his pieces with reflection, we are astonished, not at the author, but at ourselves. . . . . His comedies, properly read, may supply the place of experience; not because he has painted follies, which are transient, but because he has painted man, who does not change. He has given a series of traits, not one of which is thrown away; this is for me, that is for my neighbour; and it is a proof of the pleasure derived from a perfect imitation, that my neighbour and I laugh very heartily to see ourselves fools, simpletons, or meddlers, and that we should be furious, if any body were to tell us in another manner one half of what Molière says."

Schlegel has not done Molière justice, though there is some truth in his criticism. The boundless wit, the happy sarcasm, the infinite variety of comic traits, which are found in Molière's pieces, place him among the greatest comic writers whom the world has ever seen, notwithstanding frequent defects of plot, some extravagances of character, and many instances of plagiarism. An excellent account of the life and writings of Molière has been published by J. Taschereau, Paris, 1825, of which a full and elegant analysis is contained in the sixty-first number of the "North American Review." Most of his pieces have been translated into English, as "Plays," by John Ozell, 1714; "Select Comedies in French and English," 1732; "Works, translated into English," Berwick, 1770; "Tartufe, or the French Puritan, a Comedy," translated by Matthew Medbourne, 1620. His works were published by Bret, in six volumes, Paris, 1773. They have gone through innumerable editions since, — among others, a very beautiful illustrated edition, published in 1839, by Dubochet.

EXTRACT FROM THE MISANTHROPE.

CELEMINA.

Be seated, Madam.

ARSINOË.

No, there is no need, —
The claims of friendship call for care and speed;
And as no cares of equal weight can be
To those of honor and propriety,
A current rumor, sullying your fair fame,
Has sent me here, sheltered by friendship's name.
Last night, a party, of distinguished taste,
Of sterling virtue, and of judgment chaste,
On you, fair lady, turned the conversation,
And at your conduct showed disapprobation.
This crowd of visiters about you pressing,
Your gallantry, which causes tales distressing,

Found censors rigorous far beyond my views,
And much I strove your conduct to excuse;
You well may judge, with zeal I would defend
And do my best to shield my absent friend:
Act as you might, I said, you meant the best,
And on my soul your virtue I 'd protest.
But in this world, there are some things, you know,
Much as we would excuse, 't is hard to do:
I found myself obliged to grant the rest,—
Your style of living was not of the best,
That it looked ill before a slanderous town,
And caused sad tales, which everywhere went down,—
That, if you pleased your manners to restrain,
The world would have less reason to complain:
Not that I would your honesty impeach,—
Heaven save me from the thought, much more the speech!—
But at the shade of vice we tremble so,
And 't is not for ourselves we live, you know.
So well I know your rightly balanced mind,
I doubt not this advice will welcome find;
And no unworthy motive, you 'll suppose,
Excites me thus your failings to disclose.

CELEMINA.

Madam, I thank you for your great good-will,
And good advice, which far from taking ill,
With interest I repay it on the spot,—
For friendship's favors should not be forgot;
And as your tender friendship you display
In kindly telling all the public say,
I your example in return pursue,
And let you know what they remark on you.
The other day, some friends I chanced to meet,
Whose claims to taste and judgment are complete;
Conversing on the cares of living well,
Madam, on you, their conversation fell:
Your great display of zeal and prudery
Was not the pattern which they fain would see;
Your tedious speeches, flourished out with pride,
Of wisdom, honor; then your grave outside
At the ambiguous joke,—your looks, your cries,—
Of hidden meanings, still the worst supplies;
Your self-esteem, which every one must know;
Those looks of pity, which around you throw;
Your frequent lessons and your censures hard
On things which others just and good regard:
All this, dear Madam,—pray excuse the word,—
Was freely blamed by all, with one accord.
"And whence," said they, "this modest face and eye,—
This grave exterior, which her deeds deny?
She, to the last, with great exactness prays,
But beats her servants, and their dues delays;
Her holy zeal displays to public sight,
But sighs for beauty, and wears borrowed white."
For me, against them all I took your part,
And said 't was scandal rank and wicked art;
But all opinions were opposed to me,—
And all insisted it would better be,
If you less care for others' deeds had shown,
And given more trouble to reform your own,—
That you had better scan yourself with care,
And others' conduct further censure spare,—
That she, who strove the public to correct,
Should lead a life the public might respect,
And that it was as well this task to leave
To those who might from Heaven the charge receive.
So well I know your rightly balanced mind,
I doubt not this advice will welcome find;
And no unworthy motive, you 'll suppose,
Excites me thus your failings to disclose.

ARSINOË.

The best of friends advice will oft reject,
But this rejoinder I did not expect;
And, Madam, from its sharpness, well I see
My counsel bears a sting not guessed by me.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

This universally popular author was born at Château Thierry, in 1621. His father desired to educate him for the church, a career wholly unsuited to his natural disposition. At the age of nineteen, he was placed with the Fathers of the Oratory, but remained with them only eighteen months. He was considered a dull and spiritless youth, and manifested not the least spark of poetry until he was twenty-two years old, when the recitation of an ode of Malherbe's roused his dormant genius and he began to compose verses. At the age of twenty-six, his father persuaded him to marry a woman for whom he had little or no attachment. He lived, however, several years with her, and had a son. He made himself familiar with the best writings of the ancients, particularly Homer, Plato, Plutarch, Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Quintilian. Being invited to Paris by the Duchess Bouillon, he was there introduced to Fouquet, then Minister of Finance, from whom he received an annual pension of a thousand francs, on condition of producing a piece of poetry quarterly. After the fall of Fouquet, he was taken into the service of Henrietta, wife of Monsieur, the king's brother; and when she died, other persons of distinction gave him their protection, until Madame Sablière opened her house to him and relieved him from every care. With this kindest of friends he lived twenty years. After her death, he was invited by Madame Mazarin and Saint-Evremont to England, but could not make up his mind to leave Paris. In 1692, he was dangerously ill; and when a priest conversed with him on the subject of religion, he replied, "I have lately been reading the New Testament, which I assure you is a very good book; but there is one article to which I cannot accede; it is that of the eternity of punishment. I cannot comprehend how this eternity is compatible with the goodness of God." After recovering from this

illness, La Fontaine passed two years at the house of Madame D'Hervart, during which he attempted to translate some pious hymns, but with little success. He wrote his own epitaph, which is at once humorous and characteristic:

"Jean s'en alla comme il étoit venu,
Mangea le fonds avec le revenu,
Tint les trésors chose peu nécessaire.
Quant à son temps, bien sut le dispenser:
Deux parts en fit, dont il souloit passer,
L'une à dormir, et l'autre à ne rien faire."

He died at Paris, in 1695.

As a man of genius, La Fontaine was one of the brightest ornaments of the age of Louis the Fourteenth; in originality, he stood nearly at the head of his great contemporaries. As a master of all the delicacies of the French language, he was at least equal to any writer of his day. His "Fables" are, probably, more read than any other work of the time, excepting the comedies of Molière; more read by English readers than any similar works of English writers. They possess an indescribable fascination, not only for children, but for men, the "children of a larger growth." His thoughts are always fresh and natural; his little pictures of human life are perfectly drawn; the short stories in which human actors are introduced are conceived in the same spirit as the fables of animals, and the moral is worked out with a clearness, distinctness, and force, that make an indelible impression on the mind. His style is marked by the best qualities of the best writers of his age. It is familiar, yet elegant; idiomatic, but classic; pithy and pointed, without any apparently studied attempts at conciseness; and the versification is happily varied, and adapted to the various characters and trains of thought which it is the poet's object to set forth. The exquisite turns of expression, which so frequently occur in the fables of La Fontaine, mark the peculiar character of the French language, and give a better idea of its idiomatic richness than the writings of any other author, always excepting the immortal comedies of Molière. His humor is abundant, without degenerating into coarseness; his satire is keen, but never cynical. The faults, errors, and weaknesses of men are open to his searching gaze, but he is never misanthropical, never out of humor with his fellow-beings. That such a writer should be universally popular is not at all surprising. He lived on familiar terms with the greatest French writers, Molière, Boileau, and Racine, and the principal men of talent and wit in the capital. They called him *Le Bon Homme*, for he was "as simple as the heroes of his own fables." His wife, having left him after a short residence in Paris, he was accustomed to visit her from time to time, and on these occasions usually got rid of a part of his estate. He had no skill in the management of affairs, and in this respect his wife resembled him, and the natural consequence was that his property fell into great disorder. He had one son, whom the archbishop of Paris promised to provide for. Meeting this son, after a long separation, at the house of a friend, and not recognizing him, he expressed great pleasure in his conversation, and, upon being told that it was his own son, he said, "Ah! I am very glad of it." At another time, he was persuaded by Racine and Boileau to return to Château Thierry and attempt a reconciliation with his wife. He called at the house, and learning from the servant, who did not know him, that Madame La Fontaine was well, went to the house of a neighbour, with whom he passed two days, and then returned to Paris. To his friends' inquiries about the success of his mission, he said, "I have been to see her, but I did not find her; she is well."

La Fontaine's "Tales" and "Fables" have been published with splendid illustrations. The best edition of the former is that of 1762, with Eisen's designs, and vignettes by Choffat. The "Fables" were published in a magnificent edition, four volumes folio, 1755–59, each fable being illustrated with a plate. An exquisite edition of the "Fables," in octavo, was published by Fournier, in 1839, with designs by J. J. Grandville. The reader of this edition is at a loss which most to admire, the exuberant humor and wisdom of the poet, or the extraordinary felicity with which the artist has told the poet's story in his illustrations.

La Fontaine's fables have often been imitated, but never equalled, in English. A collection of such imitations, done in a very spirited manner, was published in London, 1820. The only entire translation ever attempted is that by Elizur Wright, Jr., Boston, 1841; a work which has many merits, though not reaching the standard of perfect translation.

THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS.

Old Rodilard, a certain cat,
Such havoc of the rats had made,
'T was difficult to find a rat
With nature's debt unpaid.
The few that did remain,
To leave their holes afraid,
From usual food abstain,
Not eating half their fill.
And wonder no one will,
That one, who made on rats his revel,
With rats passed not for cat, but devil.
Now, on a day, this dread rat-eater,
Who had a wife, went out to meet her;
And while he held his caterwauling,
The unkilled rats, their chapter calling,
Discussed the point, in grave debate,
How they might shun impending fate.
Their dean, a prudent rat,
Thought best, and better soon than late,
To bell the fatal cat;
That, when he took his hunting-round,
The rats, well cautioned by the sound,
Might hide in safety under ground;

Indeed, he knew no other means.
And all the rest
At once confessed
Their minds were with the dean's.
No better plan, they all believed,
Could possibly have been conceived;
No doubt, the thing would work right well,
If any one would hang the bell.
But, one by one, said every rat,
"I 'm not so big a fool as that."
The plan knocked up in this respect,
The council closed without effect.
And many a council I have seen,
Or reverend chapter with its dean,
That, thus resolving wisely,
Fell through like this precisely.

To argue or refute,
Wise counsellors abound;
The man to execute
Is harder to be found.

THE CAT AND THE OLD RAT.

A STORY-WRITER of our sort
Historifies, in short,
Of one that may be reckoned
A Rodilard the Second,—
The Alexander of the cats,
The Attila, the scourge of rats,
Whose fierce and whiskered head
Among the latter spread,
A league around, its dread;
Who seemed, indeed, determined
The world should be unvermined.
The planks with props more false than slim,
The tempting heaps of poisoned meal,
The traps of wire and traps of steel,
Were only play, compared with him.
At length, so sadly were they scared,
The rats and mice no longer dared
To show their thievish faces
Outside their hiding-places,
Thus shunning all pursuit; whereat
Our crafty General Cat
Contrived to hang himself, as dead,
Beside the wall, with downward head,—
Resisting gravitation's laws
By clinging with his hinder claws
To some small bit of string.
The rats esteemed the thing
A judgment for some naughty deed,
Some thievish snatch,
Or ugly scratch;
And thought their foe had got his meed
By being hung indeed.
With hope elated all
Of laughing at his funeral,
They thrust their noses out in air;
And now to show their heads they dare,
Now dodging back, now venturing more;
At last, upon the larder's store
They fall to filching, as of yore.
A scanty feast enjoyed these shallows;
Down dropped the hung one from his gallows,
And of the hindmost caught.
"Some other tricks to me are known,"
Said he, while tearing bone from bone,
"By long experience taught;
The point is settled, free from doubt,
That from your holes you shall come out."
His threat as good as prophecy
Was proved by Mr. Mildandsly;
For, putting on a mealy robe,
He squatted in an open tub,
And held his purring and his breath;—
Out came the vermin to their death.
On this occasion, one old stager,
A rat as gray as any badger,
Who had in battle lost his tail,
Abstained from smelling at the meal;
And cried, far off, "Ah! General Cat,
I much suspect a heap like that;
Your meal is not the thing, perhaps,
For one who knows somewhat of traps;
Should you a sack of meal become,
I 'd let you be, and stay at home."

Well said, I think, and prudently,
By one who knew distrust to be
The parent of security.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

UPON a tree there mounted guard
A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;
When to the roots a fox up running
Spoke thus, in tones of kind regard:—
"Our quarrel, brother, 's at an end;
Henceforth I hope to live your friend;
For peace now reigns
Throughout the animal domains.
I bear the news. Come down, I pray,
And give me the embrace fraternal;
And please, my brother, do n't delay:
So much the tidings do concern all,
That I must spread them far to-day.
Now you and yours can take your walks
Without a fear or thought of hawks;
And should you clash with them or others,
In us you 'll find the best of brothers;—
For which you may, this joyful night,
Your merry bonfires light.
But, first, let 's seal the bliss
With one fraternal kiss."
"Good friend," the cock replied, "upon my word,
A better thing I never heard;
And doubly I rejoice
To hear it from your voice:
And, really, there must be something in it,
For yonder come two greyhounds, which, I flatter
Myself, are couriers on this very matter;
They come so fast, they 'll be here in a minute.
I 'll down, and all of us will seal the blessing
With general kissing and caressing."
"Adieu," said fox; "my errand 's pressing;
I 'll hurry on my way,
And we 'll rejoice some other day."

So off the fellow scampered, quick and light,
To gain the fox-holes of a neighbouring height,—
Less happy in his stratagem than flight.
The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve; —
'T is doubly sweet deceiver to deceive.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A PROWLING wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray;
A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray
No human mortal owns.
Sir Wolf, in famished plight,
Would fain have made a ration
Upon his fat relation;
But then he first must fight;
And well the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
So, then, in civil conversation,
The wolf expressed his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good Sir, may be as sightly:
Quit but the woods, advised by me;
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want;
With such a pack, of course it follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come, then, with me, and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you
Has one to do?"
Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,"
Replies the dog; "you only need
To bark a little, now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar-men,—
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
Your master please, and so forth;
For which you have to eat
All sorts of well cooked meat,—
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes,—
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."
The wolf, by force of appetite,
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes.
But, faring on, he spies
A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What 's that?" he cries. "O, nothing but a speck."
"A speck?" "Ay, ay; 't is not enough to pain me;
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."
"Chain,—chain you? What! run you not, then,
Just where you please, and when?"
"Not always, Sir; but what of that?"
"Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I 'll shun them, while I 've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

A MASTER crow, perched on a tree one day,
Was holding in his beak a cheese;—
A master fox, by the odor drawn that way,
Spake unto him in words like these:
"O, good morning, my Lord Crow!
How well you look! how handsome you do grow!
'Pon my honor, if your note
Bears a resemblance to your coat,
You are the phœnix of the dwellers in these woods."
At these words does the crow exceedingly rejoice;
And, to display his beauteous voice,
He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen goods.
The fox seized on 't, and said, "My good Monsieur,
Learn that every flatterer
Lives at the expense of him who hears him out.
This lesson is well worth a cheese, no doubt."
The crow, ashamed, and much in pain,
Swore, but a little late, they 'd not catch him so again.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU DESPRÉAUX.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU DESPRÉAUX, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, was born at Crosne, near Paris, in 1636. He studied first at the Collége d'Harcourt, and then at the Collége de Beauvais. Having completed his academical studies, he applied himself to the law; but soon becoming disgusted with this career, he resolved to give himself entirely to letters. His youth had been assiduously occupied with the ancient classics, on which his taste, so distinguished for its purity and severity, was formed. He attempted a tragedy without success; but his first satire, "Les Adieux à Paris," made his talents known. The "Satires," which he published in 1666, were loudly applauded for their purity of language and elegance of versification. His "Epistles" have retained their popularity to the present day. The next work which he published was the "Art Poétique," in imitation of the "Ars Poetica" of Horace. The merits of this poem, as a tasteful and elegant summary of the principles of poetical style and composition, are universally recognized, though his censures of Tasso and Quinault have justly exposed him to the charge of a somewhat narrow spirit in the criticism of literature. Another well known work of Boileau is the "Lutrin," a mock-heroic poem, nearly equal in reputation to Pope's "Rape of the Lock." Louis the Fourteenth gave him the appointment of Historiographer. The Academy did not elect him a member until 1684, he having attacked that body in some of his writings. Boileau died in 1711. An edition of

his works was published by Saint-Surin, Paris, 1824, in four volumes.

Boileau was not a man of profound and original genius, but, in the language of Marmontel, "He was a sound and judicious critic, the avenger and conservator of taste, one who made war upon bad writers, and discredited their examples. He taught young people to feel the proprieties of all the various styles; gave a neat and precise idea of each of the different kinds; recognized those primary truths which are eternal laws, and stamped them upon the minds of men in ineffaceable lines."

His works have been translated into English; —"The Art of Poetry," London, 1683; "Lutrin," by N. Rowe, 1708; "The Works," by Ozell and others, 1712, two volumes; "Posthumous Works," by the same, 1713–14, three volumes; "Satires," London, 1808.

NINTH SATIRE.

Look ye, my mind! a lecture I *must* read;
Your faults I 'll bear no more,—I won't, indeed!
Too long already has my bending will
Allowed your tricks and insolence their fill;
But since you 've pushed my patience to the last,
Have at you now! I 'll blow a wholesome blast.
Why, what! to see you in that ethic mood,
Like Cato, prating about bad and good,
Judging who writes with merit, and who not,
And teaching reverend doctors what is what,—
One would suppose, that, covered over quite
With darts of satire ready winged for flight,
To you the sole prerogative was given
To hector every mortal under heaven.
But have a care,—with all that high pretence,
I know the worth of both your wit and sense.
All your defects, in all their black amount,
As easy as my fingers I can count.
Ready I am to burst with laughter, when
I see you snatch your weak and sterile pen,
And, with that censor-air, sit sternly down
To wield the scorpion and reform the town,—
More rough and biting in your satires far
Than angry scolds, or Gautier[1] at the bar.
But come, a moment's parley let us hold;—
Say whence you got that freak so madly bold.
How *could* you dare attempt in verse to shine,
Without one glance of favor from the Nine?
Say, if on you those inspirations roll
Which stir the waters of the godlike soul;
Tell how that rash, fool-hardy spirit grew;—
Has Phœbus made Parnassus plain for you?
And have you yet the dreadful truth to learn,
That, on that mount, where sacred splendors burn,
He who comes short of its remotest height
Falls to the ground in ignominious plight,
And, severed far from Horace and Voiture,
Crawls round the bottom,—with the Abbé Pure?[2]
Yet still, if all that I can do or say
Can neither frighten nor persuade away
The dire approaches of that villain-sprite
Which tempts your sad infirmity,—to write,—
Why, make your scribbling, then, a gainful thing,
And chant the glories of our conqueror-king;[3]
So shall your whims and follies swell your purse,
And every year shall fructify your verse,
While by your thriving Muse is duly sold
An ounce of smoke, for full its weight in gold.
"Ah, tempt me not!" I hear you thus reply;
"In vain such splendid tasks my hand shall try.
It is not every dabbler that can strike
So high a chord, and thunder, Orpheus-like;
Not every one can fill the glowing page
With scenes where Discord swells and bursts with rage,—
Where hot Bellona, thundering, shrieking, calls,
And frightened Belgium shrinks behind her walls:[4]
On such high themes, without a throb of fear,
Racan[5] may chant,—since Homer is not here.
But lack-a-day! for me and poor Cotin,[6]
Who rhyme by chance, and plunge through thick and thin,—
We, who turned poets only on the plan
Of meanly finding all the fault we can,—
By crowds of schoolboys though our praise is sung,
Our *safest* way we find—to hold our tongue.
Strains worthy of a flatterer and a dunce
Degrade both author and the king at once.
In short, for me such subjects are the worst,—
My capabilities they sure would burst."
'T is thus, my mind, you lazily affect
The outward semblance of a chaste respect,

[1] Claude Gautier, a famous advocate, and excessively biting in his recriminations. Hence he obtained the nickname of The Scold. When a pleader wished to intimidate his opponent, he used to say, "I 'll let Gautier loose upon you."

[2] The Abbé de Pure had circulated some black and unprovoked calumnies against Boileau.

[3] The victories of Louis the Fourteenth called forth a swarm of inferior poets, who sought that celebrity from their theme, which they never could gain of themselves.

[4] The king had just taken Lille, and made himself, in the same campaign, master of several other cities in Flanders.

[5] This compliment is either too high, or posterity is very unjust to this French Homer. Racan, however, was *un poëte estimé*.

[6] In the Third Satire, the author expresses his fondness of good accommodation at the dinner-table, by declaring that he wished for

"As much elbow-room to indulge himself in,
As Cassagne had at church, or the Abbé Cotin."

Cassagne had the good sense to testify no resentment against the author. Not so with Cotin. He could not endure that his pulpit talents should be contested. In order to have his revenge, he wrote a bad satire against Boileau, in which he reproaches him, as if it were a great crime, for having imitated Horace and Juvenal. He also published an essay on the satires of the times, in which he charged our author with having done the greatest injuries, and imputed to him imaginary crimes. This only provoked a new tissue of railleries, of which the above is one; and, Molière being made a party in the game, the reputation of Cotin at length sunk under the contest.

While dark malignity, that poisonous sin,
Broods, rankling, with a double power within.
But grant, that, if you sung such high-wrought things,
The lofty flight would melt your venturous wings,—
Were it not better and far nobler, say,
Among the clouds to throw your life away,
Than thus to sally on the king's high-road,
And slash about in that unchristian mood,
Rhyming and scoffing, as you daily do,
Insulting those who never speak to you,
Rashly endangering others and yourself,—
And all to load your publisher with pelf?
Perhaps you think, puffed up with senseless pride,
To march with deathless Horace, side by side.
Even now you hope that on your rhymes obscure
Future Saumaises[7] will the rack endure.
But think what numbers, well received at first,
Have had their foolish expectations cursed!
How many flourish for a little date,
Who see their packed-up verses sold by weight!
To-day, your writings, gathering wide renown,
From hand to hand spread briskly through the town;
A few months hence, despite their matchless worth,
Powdered with dust, and never named on earth,
They to the grocer's swell that solemn train
Led by La Serre,[8] and eke by Neuf-Germain,[9]—
Or, at Pont-Neuf,[10] perhaps, all gnawed about,
Lie with their leaves defaced and half torn out.
Ah! the fine thing, to see your works engage
A loitering lacquey, or an idle page,—
Or make, perchance, conveyed to some dark nook,
A second volume to Savoyard's book.[11]
Should fate allow, by some good-natured whim,
Your verses on the stream of time to swim,
Fulfilling, centuries hence, your spiteful vow,
To load with hisses poor Cotin, as now,—
Of what avail will be the future praise
Which men may lavish in those distant days,
If in your life-time now that trick of rhyme
Blacken your conscience with repeated crime?
Where is the use to scare the public so?
Why will you make each sorry fool your foe?
Why draw down many a secret hearty curse,
Merely to show your talent at a verse?
What demon tempts you to the vain display
Of proving out how well you can inveigh?
You read a book,—and if it does not strike,
Who forces you to publish your dislike?
Pray, let a dunce in quiet meet his lot;
Shall not an author unmolested rot?
Jonas,[12] in dust, lies withered from our sight;
David, though printed, has not seen the light;
Moses is stained with right Mosaic mould
Along the margin of each musty fold.
How can *they* harm? those who are dead are dead;
Shall not the tomb escape your hostile tread?
What poison have they poured within your cup,
That you should rake their slumbering ashes up,—
Perrin and Bardin, Pradon and Hainaut,
Colletet, Pelletier, Titreville, Quinaut,[13]
Whose names for ever to some rhyme you hitch,
Like staring image in sepulchral niche?
You say you hate the nonsense they produce,
And that you 're wearied out;—a fine excuse!
Have they not wearied out both court and king?
Yet who indictments has presumed to bring?
Has the least edict, to avenge their crime,
Silenced the authors, or suppressed the rhyme?
Let write who will. All at this trade may lose
Freely what paper and what ink they choose.
Let a romance, whose volumes number ten,[14]
Dismiss its hero,—Heaven alone knows when,—
Yet who can charge it with a single flaw
Against the statute or the common law?
Hence, to this wild impunity we owe
Those tides of authors which for ever flow,—
Whose annual swell has never ceased to drown,
Time out of mind, this trash-devoted town.
Hence, not a single gate-post guards a door,
With puff-advertisements not smothered o'er.
Fastidious spirit! and will you alone,
Without prerogative, with name unknown,
Presume to vindicate Apollo's cause,
Adjust his realm, and execute his laws?
But whilst their works, thus roughly you chastise,
Will *yours* be viewed with quite indulgent eyes?
No living thing escapes your rude attack;
Think you no blow of vengeance shall come back?
Ah, yes! e'en now, methinks, some injured wright
Exclaims, "Keep out of that mad critic's sight!
One cannot tell what often ails his brain,—
A paradox, no shrewdness can explain,—
A very boy,—an inexperienced fool,
Who rashly grasps at universal rule;
Who, for a pair of well turned verses' ends,
Would run the risk of losing twenty friends.
He gives no quarter to the godlike Maid,
And wants his will by all the world obeyed.
Is there a faultless pleader at the bar,
Whose eloquence he does not mock and mar?[15]

7 Claude Saumaise, an excellent critic and commentator.

8 This is that miserable writer, of whom, in the Third Satire, the country nobleman exclaims,

"La Serre is the author of authors for me!"

9 Neuf-Germain is described as a ridiculous and extravagant poet.

10 This was a place in Paris, where books were exposed to sale as waste paper.

11 Savoyard used to sing songs about the streets of Paris, and at length he must publish his "New Collection of the Songs of Savoyard, as sung by himself at Paris"!

12 The three poems, over which a requiem is sung in these three lines, were all the productions of different authors, and never had one breeze of success.

13 Poets, who had at various times incurred the humor of our author in his Satires.

14 The romances of "Cyrus," "Clélie," and "Pharamond" each extended to ten volumes.

15 Our author possessed in a very perfect degree the

Is there a preacher, brilliant, chaste, and deep,
At whose discourse he does not go to sleep?
And who is this Parnassian monarch-lad?
A beggar, in the spoils of Horace clad!
Did not one Juvenal, before him, teach
How few attend Cotin, to hear him preach?[16]
Those poets both wrote satires upon rhyme;[17]
And how he fathers upon them his crime!
Behind their glorious names he hides his head.
'T is true, those authors I have little read;
But this I know, the world would get much good,
If all that slanderous, satiric brood
Into the river (and 't would be but fair)
Were headlong plunged, to make their verses there."

See how they treat you, and the world astound;
And the world deems you as already drowned.
In vain will some good-natured friend essay
To beg for grace, and wipe your doom away;
Nothing can satisfy the jealous wight,
Who reads, and trembles as he reads in fright,
Thinks that each shaft is aimed at him alone,
Believing every fault you paint his own.
You 're always meddling with some new affair,
Picking eternal quarrels here and there.
Why are my ears so frequently assailed
With cries of authors and of fools impaled?
When will your zeal some due cessation find?
Come, now, — I 'm serious, — answer me, my mind!
"My stars!" you answer, "what a mighty fuss!
Why do you let your spleen transport you thus?
Must I be hung, for having given, once
Or twice, a passing comment on a dunce?
Where is the man, who, when a coxcomb brags
Of having written a mere piece of rags,
Does not exclaim, — 'You good-for-nothing fool!
You tiresome dunce! you vile translating tool!
Why should such nonsense ever see the day,
Or why such wordy nothings make display?'
"Must this be slander called, or honest speech?
No, slander steals more softly to the breach.
Thus, were it made a doubt, for what pretence
M—— built a convent at his own expense, —
'M——?' cries the slanderer, with a solemn whine,
'Why, do n't suspect him, — he 's a friend of mine.
I knew him well, before his fortunes grew, —
As fine a lacquey as e'er brushed a shoe.
His pious heart and honorable mind
Would give to God — his filchings from mankind.'
"There is a sample of your slanderer's art,
Which stabs, with vast politeness, to the heart.
The generous soul, to such intrigues unknown,
Detests the soft, backbiting, double tone.
But surely, to expose a wretched verse,
Hard as a stone, and dismal as a hearse,
To draw a line 'twixt merit and pretence,
To throttle him who throttles common sense,
To joke a would-be wit who wears out you, —
This every reader has a right to do.
"A fool at court may every day judge wrong,
And pass unpunished through the tasteless throng,
Preferring (so all standards they disturb)
Theophilus to Racan and Malherbe,
Or e'en pretend an equal price to hold
For Tasso's tinsel as for Maro's gold.
"Some understrapper, for a dozen sous,
Who shrinks not from the scorn of public view,
May go and take his station at the pit,
And cry down *Attila*[18] with vulgar wit;
Unfit the beauties of the Hun to feel,
He chides those *Vandal* verses of Corneille.
"There 's not a varlet author in this town,
No drudge of pen and ink, no copyist clown,
Who is not ready to assume his stand,
And sternly judge all writings, scale in hand.
Soon as the anxious bard his fortune tries,
He is the slave of every dunce who buys.
He truckles low to every body's whim;
His works must combat for themselves and him.
In preface meek, he gets upon his knees,
To beg *his* candor — whom his verses tease;
In vain, — no mercy let the author hope,
When even his judge stands ready with the rope.
"And must *I* only hold my peace the while?
If men *are* fools, shall I not dare to smile?
What harm have my well-meaning verses done,
That furious authors thus against me run?
So far from filching their hard-gotten fame,
I but stepped in, and built them up a name.
Had not my verses brought their trash to light,
It would have sunk, long since, to hopeless night.
Where'er my friendly notice had not reached,
Who would have known Cotin had ever preached?
By satire's dashes fools are glorious made,
As pictures owe their brilliancy to shade.
In all the honest censures I have brought,
I have but freely uttered what I thought;
And they who say I hold the rod too high,
Even they in secret *think* the same as I.
"Still some will murmur, — 'Sure, he was to blame;
Where was the need of calling folks by name?[19]

talent of mimickry. Being a young advocate, his attendance at the courts of justice enabled him to catch the tone and manners of the pleaders there. He was no less an annoyance to all preachers and all play-actors.

16 This is the most piercing thrust in the whole Satire. Saint-Pavin and the Abbé Cotin had charged our author with stealing from Horace and Juvenal. The objection was very impertinent; but by making Juvenal talk about the Abbé Cotin, who lived sixteen or seventeen centuries after him, it fell back with tremendous force on the heads of its authors.

17 It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that neither Horace nor Juvenal, nor any other Latin poet before the Dark Ages, knew any thing of rhyme.

18 One of Corneille's best dramas.

19 One day, the Abbé Victoire met Boileau, and said to him: "Chapelain is one of my friends, and I do n't like to have you call him by name in your Satires. It is true, that, if he had taken my advice, he would never have written poetry. Prose is much better for his talents." "There it is, there it is!" said our poet. "What do I say more than

Attacking Chapelain, too! — so good a man! —
Whom Balzac [20] always praises when he can.
'T is true, had Chapelain taken my advice,
He ne'er had versified, at any price;
In rhyme he to himself 's the worst of foes;
O, had he always been content with prose!'
"Such is the cant in which they talk away.
But is it not the very thing *I* say?
When to his works I put my pruning-knife,
Pray, do I throw rank poison on his life?
My Muse, though rough, adopts the candid plan
Still to disjoin the poet from the man.
Grant him what faith and honor are his due,
Allow him to be civil, modest, true,
Complaisant, soft, obliging, and sincere, —
From me not even a scruple shall you hear.
But when I see him as a model shown,
And raised and worshipped on the poet's throne,
Pensioned far more than wits of greater might,[21]
My bile o'erflows, and I 'm on fire to write.
If I 'm forbidden what I think to say
In print, — then, like the menial in the play,
I 'll go and dig the earth, and whisper there,
That even the reeds may publish to the air,
Till every grove, and vale, and thicket hears,
Midas, King Midas, has an ass's ears.
How have my writings done him any wrong?
His powers how frozen, or how chilled his song?
Whene'er a book first takes the vender's shelf,
Let every comer judge it for himself.
Bilaine [22] may save it from his bookshop's dust;
Can he prevent a critic's keen disgust?
A minister may plot against *The Cid*,[23]
And every breath of rapture may forbid;
In vain, — all Paris, more informed and wise,
Looks on *Ximena* with *Rodrigo's* eyes.[24]
The whole Academy may run it down, —
Still shall it charm and win the rebel town.
But when a work from Chapelain's mint appears,
Straightly his readers all become Linières;[25]
In vain a thousand authors laud him high, —
The book comes forth, and gives them all the lie.
Since, then, he lives the mark of scorn and glee
To the whole town, — pray, without chiding me,
Let him accuse his own unhappy verse,
Whereon Apollo has pronounced a curse;
Yes, blame that Muse that led his steps astray,
His German Muse, tricked out in French array.
Chapelain! farewell, for ever and for aye!"
Satire, they tell us, is a dangerous thing;
Some smile, but most are outraged at its sting;
It gives its author every thing to fear,
And more than once made sorrow for Regnier.[26]
Quit, then, a path, whose wily power decoys
The thoughtless soul to too ill-natured joys;
To themes more gentle be your Muse confined,
And leave poor Feuillet [27] to reform mankind.
"What! give up satire? thwart my darling drift?
How shall I, then, employ my rhyming gift?
Pray, would you have me daintily explode
My inspiration in a pretty ode;
And, vexing Danube in his course superb,
Invoke his reeds with pilferings from Malherbe? [28]
Save groaning Zion from the oppressor's rod,
Make Memphis tremble, and the crescent nod;
And, passing Jordan, clad in dread alarms,
Snatch (undeserved!) the Idumean palms? [29]
Or, coming with an eclogue from the rocks,
Pipe, in the midst of Paris, to my flocks,
And sitting (at my desk), beneath a beech,
Make Echo with my rustic nonsense screech?
Or, in cold blood, without one spark of love,
Burn to embrace some Iris from above;
Lavish upon her every brilliant name, —
Sun, Moon, Aurora, — to relieve my flame;
And while on good round fare I daily dine,
Die in a trope, or languish in a line?
Let whining fools such affectation keep,
Whose drivelling minds in luscious dulness sleep.
"No, no! Dame Satire, chide her as you will,
Charms by her novelties and lessons still.
She only knows, in fair proportions meet,
Nicely to blend the useful with the sweet;
And, as good sense illuminates her rhymes,
Unmasks and routs the errors of the times; —
Dares e'en within the altar's bound to tread,
And strikes injustice, vice, and pride with dread.
Her fearless tongue deals caustic vengeance back,
When reason suffers from a fool's attack.
Thus by Lucilius, when his Lælius bid,
The old Cotins of Italy were chid;
Thus Attic Horace, with his killing leers,
Braved and o'erwhelmed the Roman Pelletiers.

you? Why am I reproached for saying in verse what every body else says in prose? I am but the secretary of the public."

20 Balzac was a nobleman, and a very popular writer of letters. Out of about twenty of his volumes, six were filled with letters to Chapelain, and encomiums on his works.

21 Chapelain had, in different sinecures and pensions, about eight thousand livres *per annum*.

22 Bilaine was a famous bookseller, who kept his shop in the grand hall of the palace.

23 Corneille having obtained the representation of his famous drama of "The Cid," a party was formed against it, at the head of which was the great Cardinal Richelieu, Prime-minister of France. He obliged the French Academy to criticise that play, and their strictures were printed under the title of "Sentiments of the French Academy respecting *The Cid*."

24 Ximena and Rodrigo, — the heroine and the hero of "The Cid."

25 Linière was an author who wrote severely against Chapelain's "Maid of Orleans."

26 Regnier was the first who wrote satires in France. While very young, his verses provoked for him so many enemies, that his father was obliged to chastise him.

27 Feuillet was a preacher excessively severe in his manners, and alarming in his exhortations. He affected singularity in his public performances.

28 These lines allude to the writings of one Périer, who borrowed and spoiled sentences from Malherbe.

29 It is possible, that, in these few lines, he alludes to Tasso's "Jerusalem," whose popularity at that time might have roused Boileau's jealousy for the ancients, and caused in his mind a reaction, both unfavorable and unjust to the Italian poet.

Yes, Satire, boon companion of my way,
Has shown me where the path of duty lay;
For fifteen years has taught me how to look
With due abhorrence on a foolish book.
And eager o'er Parnassus as I run,
She smiles and lingers, willing to be won,
Strengthens my steps, and cheers my path with light;
In short, for her,—for her, I 've vowed to write.
"Yet e'en this instant, if you say I must,
I 'll quit her service, willing to be just;
And, if I can but quell these floods of foes,
Suppress the verse whence so much mischief rose.
Since you command,—retracting, I declare,
Quinaut 's a Virgil![30] doubt it, ye who dare;
Pradon[31] shines forth on these benighted times,
More like Apollo, than a thing of rhymes;
To Pelletier[32] a higher palm is due
Than falls to Ablancourt and his Patru;[33]
Cotin draws all the world to hear him preach,
And through the crowds can scarce his pulpit reach;
Sofal[34] 's the phœnix of our wits of fame;
Perrin"—Well done! my mind, pursue *that* game.
Yet do but see, how all the maddened tribe
Your very praise to raillery ascribe.
Heaven knows what authors soon, inflamed with rage,
What wounded rhymesters will the battle wage.
Soon will you see them dart the envenomed lie,
Whole storms of slander will against you fly,
Each verse you write be construed as a crime,
And treasonous aims be charged on every rhyme.
Scarce will you dare to sound your monarch's fame,
Or consecrate your pages with his name;
Who slights Cotin (if we believe Cotin)
Has surely done the unpardonable sin,—
A traitor to his king, his faith, his God,
Fit for the hangman, or the beadle's rod.
"But what!" you say, "can *he* do any harm?
How has Cotin the power to strike alarm?
Can he forbid, what he esteems so high,
Those pensions, which ne'er cost my heart a sigh?
No, no! my tongue waits not for sordid ore,
To laud that king whom friends and foes adore;
Enough that I his praise may feebly speak,—
No other honor or reward I seek.
My brush may seem capricious and severe,
While making vice in its own swarth appear,
Or holding up a set of fools to shame,
Who dare to arrogate an author's name;
Yet shall I ever treat with fond respect
My honored Liege, with every virtue decked."[35]
Yes, yes, you always will; that 's very well;
But, think you, will it stop their threatening yell?
"Parnassian yells," you say, "I little count;
A fig for all the Hurons on the mount!"
Mon Dieu, take care, fear every thing, my mind,
From a bad author, furiously inclined;
Who, if he choose, can——"What?"—*I* know full well.
"Bless me! what is it?"—Hush! I must not tell.

30 Alluding to the line in the Third Satire:
"Reason says Virgil, but the rhyme Quinaut."

31 A writer of tragedies. He affected to be the rival of Racine. He was very ignorant.

32 Pelletier was a wretched scribbler of sonnets.

33 Ablancourt and Patru were very close friends; both elegant writers.

34 The author of a manuscript history of the antiquities of Paris, written in a very bombastic style. Some mortifications and disappointments prevented the author from exposing it to the world. Boileau has a cutting verse upon him in the Seventh Satire.

35 When the Eighth Satire was published, it met with extraordinary success. The king himself spoke of it several times with great praise. On one of these occasions, the Sieur de Saint-Mauris, of the horse-guard, told the king, that Boileau had composed another Satire (the Ninth), which was still finer than that, and in which he spoke of his Majesty. The king looked up with an air of surprise and offended dignity, and replied, "A satire, in which he speaks *of me*, say you?" "Yes, Sire," answered Saint-Mauris, "but with all that respect which is due to your Majesty." The king then expressed a curiosity to see it; and when it was obtained, he admired it beyond measure, and showed it to several ladies and others about court. This was contrary to Boileau's wishes; but when the poem was so much circulated, that there was danger of a defective copy getting abroad, he resolved to publish it. "Thus," says the commentator to whom we owe this story, "it may in a manner be said, that this piece came to the public through the hands of the king."

JEAN RACINE.

This illustrious poet was born December 21st, 1639, at Ferté-Milon. He received his early education in the abbey of Port-Royal-des-Champs, and completed his studies at the Collége d'Harcourt. His studies were chiefly directed to the Greek drama; and Euripides, whose pathos and tenderness were congenial to his own disposition, was his favorite. An ode, which he wrote on the marriage of Louis the Fourteenth, was the means of procuring him a pension from the monarch. His first tragedy, "Les Frères Ennemis," appeared in 1664, and was very favorably received. Between this period and 1691, he produced a series of tragedies, which have immortalized his name, and which are known wherever the literature of France is studied. Besides these tragedies, he produced a comedy, "Les Plaideurs," in 1668. The Academy elected him into their body in 1673, and Louis the Fourteenth appointed him, in connection with Boileau, historiographer of his reign. Racine at length, from religious motives, deserted the theatre; but, at the request of Madame de Maintenon, wrote the drama of "Esther," which was represented by the pupils of Saint-Cyr, in 1689. A treatise on the sufferings of the people from the extravagance of the gov-

ernment, written by Racine at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, caused him to fall into disgrace with the king. He died soon after, April 22d, 1699.

Innumerable editions of his works have been published; among which may be mentioned the beautiful edition of 1760, in three volumes quarto; the edition of Boisgermain, in 1767; and the more complete edition of Lenormand, in 1808.

Racine, though not a poet of the highest order of genius, was yet unsurpassed in some of the best qualities of the tragedian. His delineation of the tender passions, especially the passion of love, is masterly. The grace of his language, the harmony of his versification, the skilful management of the action, under all the restrictions of the French critical code, have made his tragedies unrivalled models of dramatic art, as that art was understood in the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF ANDROMAQUE.

HERMIONE.

What have I done? — Where am I? — Where is Pyrrhus? —
Ye gods! what mean these horrors? — I 'm undone!
My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it! —
Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?
What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?
The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!
Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?
Hard-hearted man! how unconcerned he left me!
Did he once sigh? bestow one pitying look?
Once shed a tear? or speak one soft, kind word?
Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,
To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood?
Why am I still thus anxious for his life?
Why do I start at his impending fate?
Shall he, then, live? Shall the base traitor live
To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!
Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders! —
Alas! my orders! O preposterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?
Was it for this my soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my father's court?
Have I, then, crossed so many realms and seas
To murder Pyrrhus? —

[Cleone enters.

O Cleone, help me!
What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?
What say'st thou? Answer me: where is the king?

CLEONE.

Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
Still as he walked, his ravished eyes were fixed
On the fair captive; while through shouting crowds
She passed along with a dejected air,
And seemed to mourn her Hector to the last.

HERMIONE.

Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief, some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not —— O, be quick, and tell me all!

CLEONE.

Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded he marched on,
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodged within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

HERMIONE.

Enough! he dies! the traitor! — Where 's Orestes?

CLEONE.

He 's in the temple with his whole retinue.

HERMIONE.

Is he still resolute? Is he still determined?

CLEONE.

Madam, I fear ——

HERMIONE.

How! Is Orestes false?
Does he betray me too?

CLEONE.

A thousand doubts
Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse:
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly, —
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states, —
Of all mankind; and fears to stain his honor.

HERMIONE.

Poor timorous wretch! 'T is false! He basely fears
To cope with dangers, and encounter death;
'T is that he fears! — Am I bright Helen's daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspired;
For her, confederate nations fought, and kings were slain,
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell:
My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm
Against a tyrant that has dared to wrong me!

CLEONE.

Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.

HERMIONE.

No! I 'll avenge myself: I 'll to the temple;
I 'll overturn the altar, stab the priest;
I 'll hurl destruction like a whirlwind round me!

They must not wed! they must not live! they shall not! —
Let me begone! I have no time to lose!
Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction! —
O Pyrrhus! tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed!
[Orestes enters.

ORESTES.

Madam, 't is done; your orders are obeyed:
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

HERMIONE.

Is Pyrrhus slain?

ORESTES.

Even now he gasps in death.
Our Greeks, all undistinguished in the crowd,
Flocked to the temple, and dispersed themselves
On every side the altar. I was there:
Pyrrhus observed me with a haughty eye;
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive:
"Receive," said he, "my crown! receive my faith!
Mine and my people's sovereign, reign for ever!
From this blessed hour, a father to your son,
I 'll scourge his foes: henceforward he be styled
The Trojan king: I swear it at the altar,
And call the gods to ratify my vows!"
His subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome. Our Greeks, enraged, cried out,
"Revenge! revenge!" broke through the thronging press,
And rushed tumultuous on the unguarded king:
Their eager fury left no work for me.
Pyrrhus awhile opposed their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows on every side
With manly fierceness; till, oppressed by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gashed with wounds,
He reeled, he groaned, and at the altar fell. —
Haste, Madam; let us fly! Haste to our ships!
They lie unmoored: our friends attend us there.

HERMIONE.

What have they done?

ORESTES.

Madam, forgive their rage!
I own your vengeance had been more complete,
Had Pyrrhus fallen by me, and had he known
Hermione chastised him by my arm.

HERMIONE.

Peace, monster, peace! Go, tell thy horrid tale
To savages, and howl it in the deserts!
Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me wouldst thou make the accomplice of thy crimes?
Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits!
My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed!
Begone! I know thee not, thou fell barbarian!
What had he done? What could provoke thy madness
To assassinate so great, so brave a man?
Who set thee on?

ORESTES.

O, grant me patience, Heaven!
With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?

HERMIONE.

What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another, —
Were you to obey a jealous woman's frenzy?
You should have dived into my inmost thoughts:
My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice;
And all my anger was excess of love.
Why did you take me at my word? You saw
The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave:
You should have questioned me a thousand times,
Yet still have doubted, and still questioned on,
Before you ventured on a life so precious.

ORESTES.

Hear me but speak: Heaven knows, against my will ——

HERMIONE.

Why did you not return? why not consult me
A second time? and, undetermined still,
Again return, and still find new delays?
What had your rash, officious Greeks — dire bloodhounds! —
To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
Are these the fruits of your detested love?
Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,
Drove Pyrrhus to my rival; and destroys
Both him and me. He might have loved me still,
Had you ne'er interposed. — Avaunt! Begone!
And leave me in Epirus. I renounce
My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:
But, chiefly, I renounce thee, monster! thee!
[Exit.

ORESTES.

Am I awake? — Where am I? — Soft, my soul!
Be not too rash. —— Was that Hermione?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not this blood shed all by her command? —
I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!
A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.
Henceforward let the laws of nations cease;
And let the pale that severs right and wrong,
Things sacred and profane, be broken down:
Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
Are not in safety, while Orestes lives.
O, never more shall my torn mind be healed,
Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!
A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
And lay strong siege to my distracted soul!

FIFTH PERIOD.—CENTURY XVIII.

ANONYMOUS.

THIS piece of pleasantry, on the supposed death and burial of the duke of Marlborough, was written after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709. The *bibliophile* Jacob* says, "Some merry ballad-singer pronounced this funeral oration at the bivouac of Le Quesnoy, the night after the battle, to console himself for having no shirt to his back, and for having had nothing to eat for three days. . . . . But it did not survive the hero of Malplaquet; it was preserved by tradition only in some of the provinces, where it had been carried by the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers. . . . . In 1781, however, it suddenly resounded from one end of the kingdom to the other." A peasant woman, who had been selected as nurse of the dauphin, the son of Marie Antoinette, used to sing this song in the royal nursery, "and the royal infant opened his eyes at the great name of Marlborough. This name, the *naïve* words of the song, the oddity of the burden, and the touching simplicity of the air, struck the queen, who retained the words and the music. Every body repeated them after her; and the king himself did not disdain to hum in unison,

'Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.'"

MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;
  But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
  We fear he may never come.

For Trinity Feast is over,
And has brought no news from Dover,
And Easter is past, moreover,
  And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not knowing why or how her
  Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
  With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prithee, come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster,
  Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
  So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I 'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
  And here he shed a tear.

"He 's dead! he 's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his *herring*,
And four officers transferring
  His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbour,
  Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer,—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
  And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, having got so far, I
Find, that—by the Lord Harry!—
The fourth is left nothing to carry;—
  So there the thing remains."

* Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France. Première Série. Paris: 1843. 8vo.

FRANÇOIS-MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

FRANÇOIS-MARIE AROUET, who afterwards assumed the name of Voltaire, was born at Chatenay, February 20th, 1694. After having studied in the Jesuits' College, he devoted himself to the law, in compliance with his father's wishes, but found it repugnant to his own taste, which inclined him strongly to literature. In 1713, he was sent to Holland in the retinue of the Marquis de Châteauneuf, but was soon recalled in consequence of a love affair, and forced to resume the study of the law. At length, he found a retreat at a country estate of Caumartin, the Intendant of Finances; but after the death of Louis the Fourteenth, in 1715, he was imprisoned in the Bastille a year, on suspicion of having written some satirical verses. In 1718, his "Œdipe" was represented, and had great success. In 1722, he went to Holland, where he became acquainted with J. J. Rousseau. He returned to France in 1724. About this time, a surreptitious edition of the "Henriade," which he had sketched during his imprisonment, was published, under the title of "La Ligue." In 1726, he was again confined

in the Bastille, on account of a quarrel with a haughty young nobleman, the Chevalier de Rohan, but was released at the end of six months, and banished from the kingdom. The following three years he passed in England, where he became acquainted with many persons of the highest rank, and with the most distinguished men of letters. Here he published the "Henriade," and wrote the "Life of Charles the Twelfth," the tragedy of "Brutus," the "Essay on Epic Poetry," and the "Philosophical Letters." In 1730, he returned to Paris, and, by several successful speculations, acquired a large fortune. His tragedy of "Brutus" was brought out at this time, but with no great success. Some lines, which he wrote on the death of the actress Lecouvreur, who had been refused Christian burial, forced him to retire from Paris, and he passed some time at Rouen, under an assumed name. The tragedy of "Zaïre" appeared in 1731; the poem called "The Temple of Taste," in 1733; the tragedy of "Cæsar," in 1735. This piece and the "Philosophical Letters" raised a great clamor against Voltaire, and he lived three years in concealment at Cirey, in the house of the learned Marchioness du Châtelet, where he wrote several of his philosophical works, four tragedies, and the comedy of "L'Enfant Prodigue." The fame of Voltaire now spread over all Europe, and gained him the friendship and correspondence of the crown-prince of Prussia, afterwards Frederic the Second; and when this prince ascended the throne, Voltaire was sent to Berlin, where he was enabled to render political service to the French court, by his influence with the new sovereign. On the marriage of the dauphin, he wrote the "Princesse de Navarre," and, through the interest of Madame Pompadour, obtained a seat in the Academy, and the appointment of Chamberlain and Historiographer of France. In 1750, he accepted the reiterated invitations of the king of Prussia, and went to Potsdam, where he was received with the greatest distinction. He had an apartment assigned to him in the palace, the order of Merit was given him, and a pension of six thousand thalers. But difficulties and jealousies soon interrupted the harmony of this relation, and in three years Voltaire left Berlin. On his way, he was arrested, by Frederic's order, at Frankfort, and required to surrender a collection of the king's poems which he had taken with him, and which the king feared might be used to his prejudice. After this, Voltaire lived a year in Colmar, and two years in Switzerland; he then purchased the two estates of Tourney and Ferney, in the Pays de Gex, and at the latter passed the last twenty years of his life. Here he lived, surrounded by his friends and dependents, having collected about him manufacturers and other settlers, whom he attached strongly to himself by continued acts of kindness and constant attention to their interests. He prosecuted his literary labors with the greatest vigor and activity, waged a violent war against the abuses of church and state, and attacked Christianity itself with unexampled bitterness. He erected a church with the inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire.* He protected the victims of persecution and fanaticism; and, in the numerous writings which he published during this period of his life, assailed, with all the weapons of ridicule and eloquence, whatever seemed to him opposed to freedom and justice. An edition of his works, which appeared in 1757, led to a reconciliation with Frederic, and a renewal of their correspondence. The king sent him his bust, inscribed, *Viro immortali;* and the Empress Catharine wrote him the most flattering letters, accompanied by splendid presents. In February, 1778, he went to Paris, where he was enthusiastically received by the French Academy, who placed his bust by the side of that of Corneille; the actors waited upon him in a body; his tragedy of "Irène" was played in the presence of the royal family, and at the sixth representation a laurel wreath was presented to him as he entered the theatre, and at the close of the performance his bust was crowned. The excitement of such scenes, and the change from his usual mode of life, were too much for his advanced age to bear. He died, May 30th, 1778, in his eighty-fifth year.

It is difficult to present a satisfactory view of this extraordinary man's character. He was vain, almost beyond example. Subjects that men thought sacred, and looked upon with awe, he treated with levity, scoffing, and contempt. On the other hand, he nobly maintained the rights of the oppressed; he vindicated, with irresistible eloquence, the claims of suffering humanity. He was a strange compound of virtues and vices, of folly and wisdom, of the little and the great. He was capable of the most gigantic efforts, the most astonishing labors; at the age of eighty, he worked fourteen hours a day. He had the most piercing wit, the liveliest imagination, and all the graces of style were at his command. In many different species of literary composition, he excelled; and in the drama, he ranks next to Corneille and Racine.

Barante, in his eloquent and philosophical "Tableau de la Littérature Française," uses the following language.

"The farther Voltaire advanced in his career, the more he saw himself encompassed with fame and homage. Soon even sovereigns became his friends, and almost his flatterers. Hatred and envy, by resisting his triumphs, excited in him sentiments of anger. This continual opposition gave still greater vivacity to his character, and often made him lose moderation, shame, and taste. Such was his life; such was the path which conducted him to that long old age, which he might have rendered so honorable; when, surrounded by unbounded glory, he reigned despotically over letters, which had taken the first rank among all the objects to which the curiosity and attention of

men are directed. It is sad that Voltaire did not feel how he might have ennobled and adorned such a position, by using the advantages which it offered him, and following the conduct which it seemed to prescribe. It is deplorable that he allowed himself to be carried away by the torrent of a degraded age, and yielded to a wicked and shameless spirit, which forms a revolting contrast with white hairs, the symbol of wisdom and purity. What more melancholy spectacle than an old man insulting the Deity at the moment when he is about to be recalled, and casting off the respect of youth by sharing its disorders!"

"His works," continues Barante, "have almost always been received with enthusiasm by the public, but at the same time have encountered obstinate detractors, and party spirit has continually dictated the judgment that has been passed upon them. Half a century has elapsed, and Voltaire's reputation, like the body of Patroclus, is still disputed by two hostile parties. Such a conflict alone would be enough to perpetuate the glory of his name. Men have made themselves famous by having defended him; others owe all their celebrity to their incessant attacks upon him. In this long continued conflict, the renown of Voltaire has doubtless failed to preserve all the splendor with which it shone at first. There is no longer that national enthusiasm, that admiration, equal to the admiration inspired by the heroes and benefactors of humanity. The triumph which was decreed to him in his last days is no more. A colder and more measured judgment has checked these lively manifestations. But there is something absurd and ridiculous in the efforts of those who labor to tarnish entirely the glory of Voltaire."

The life of Voltaire has been written by Condorcet, Mercier, Luchet, Duvernet, and others. His works have passed through numerous editions. The principal are those of Beaumarchais, Kehl, 1784; Palissot, Paris, 1796; and the more recent one by Dupont, in seventy volumes. They were published in English, in the last century, under the names of Smollett and Franklin, in thirty-six volumes; again, in 1821, by Sotheby, in thirty-six volumes. An excellent paper on Voltaire may be found in Carlyle's "Miscellanies," Vol. II.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF ALZIRA.

ALZIRA'S SOLILOQUY.

SHADE of my murdered lover, shun to view me!
Rise to the stars, and make their brightness sweeter;
But shed no gleam of lustre on Alzira!
She has betrayed her faith, and married Carlos!
The sea, that rolled its watery world betwixt us,
Failed to divide our hands,—and he has reached me!
The altar trembled at the unhallowed touch;
And Heaven drew back, reluctant at our meeting.
O thou soft-hovering ghost, that haunt'st my fancy!
Thou dear and bloody form, that skimm'st before me!
Thou never-dying, yet thou buried Zamor!
If sighs and tears have power to pierce the grave;
If death, that knows no pity, will but hear me;
If still thy gentle spirit loves Alzira;
Pardon, that even in death she dared forsake thee!
Pardon her rigid sense of nature's duties:
A parent's will,—a pleading country's safety!
At these strong calls, she sacrificed her love
To joyless glory and to tasteless peace,—
And to an empty world, in which thou art not!
O Zamor, Zamor, follow me no longer!
Drop some dark veil, snatch some kind cloud before thee,
Cover that conscious face, and let death hide thee!
Leave me to suffer wrongs that Heaven allots me,
And teach my busy fancy to forget thee!

DON ALVAREZ, DON GUZMAN, AND ALZIRA.

[Enter Alvarez and Guzman.—Shouts; trumpets, a long and lofty flourish.]

ALVAREZ.

DESERVE, my son, this triumph of your arms.
Your numbers and your courage have prevailed;
And of this last, best effort of the foe,
Half are no more, and half are yours in chains.
Disgrace not due success by undue cruelties;
But call in mercy to support your fame.
I will go visit the afflicted captives,
And pour compassion on their aching wounds.
Meanwhile, remember you are man and Christian:
Bravely, at once, resolve to pardon Zamor
Fain would I soften this indocile fierceness,
And teach your courage how to conquer hearts.

GUZMAN.

Your words pierce mine. Freely devote my life,
But leave at liberty my just revenge.
Pardon him? Why, the savage brute is loved!

ALVAREZ.

The unhappily beloved most merit pity.

GUZMAN.

Pity!—Could I be sure of such reward,
I would die pleased,—and she should pity me.

ALVAREZ.

How much to be lamented is a heart,
At once by rage of headlong will oppressed,
And by strong jealousies and doubtings torn!

GUZMAN.

When jealousy becomes a crime, guard, Heaven,

That husband's honor, whom his wife not loves!
Your pity takes in all the world — but me.

ALVAREZ.

Mix not the bitterness of distant fear
With your arrived misfortunes. — Since Alzira
Has virtue, it will prove a wiser care
To soften her for change, by patient tenderness,
Than, by reproach, confirm a willing hate.
Her heart is, like her country, rudely sweet, —
Repelling force, but gentle to the kind.
Softness will soonest bend the stubborn will.

GUZMAN.

Softness! — by all the wrongs of woman's hate,
Too much of softness but invites disdain.
Flattered too long, beauty at length grows wanton,
And, insolently scornful, slights its praiser.
O, rather, Sir, be jealous for my glory;
And urge my doubting anger to resolve!
Too low already condescension bowed,
Nor blushed to match the conqueror with the slave!
But, when this slave, unconscious what she owes,
Proudly repays humility with scorn,
And braves and hates the unaspiring love,
Such love is weakness; and submission, there,
Gives sanction to contempt, and rivets pain.

ALVAREZ.

Thus, youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.
Do not repent, but regulate your passion:
Though love is reason, its excess is rage.
Give me, at least, your promise to reflect,
In cool, impartial solitude; and still,
No last decision till we meet again.

GUZMAN.

It is my father asks, — and, had I will,
Nature denies me power to answer, No.
I will, in wisdom's right, suspend my anger.
Yet, spare my loaded heart, nor add more weight;
Lest my strength fail beneath the unequal pressure.

ALVAREZ.

Grant yourself time, and all you want comes with it. [Exit.

GUZMAN.

And must I coldly, then, to pensive piety
Give up the livelier joys of wished revenge?
Must I repel the guardian cares of jealousy,
And slacken every rein to rival love?
Must I reduce my hopes beneath a savage,
And poorly envy such a wretch as Zamor?
A coarse luxuriance of spontaneous virtue;
A shoot of rambling, fierce, offensive freedom;
Nature's wild growth, — strong, but unpruned, in daring;
A rough, raw woodman of this rugged clime;
Illiterate in the arts of polished life;
And who, in Europe, where the fair can judge,
Would hardly, in our courts, be called a man! —
[Alzira enters.
She comes! — Alzira comes! — unwished, — yet charming.

ALZIRA.

You turn, and shun me! So, I have been told,
Spaniards, by custom, meet submissive wives.
But hear me, Sir; hear even a suppliant wife;
Hear this unguilty object of your anger:
One, who can reverence, though she cannot love you:
One, who is wronged herself, not injures you:
One, who indeed is weak, and wants your pity.
I cannot wear disguise: be it the effect
Of greatness, or of weakness, in my mind,
My tongue could ne'er be moved but by my heart;
And that was vowed another's. If he dies,
The honest plainness of my soul destroys him.
You look surprised: I will still more surprise you.
I come to try you deeply, — for I mean
To move the husband in the lover's favor!
I had half flattered my unpractised hope,
That you, who govern others, should yourself
Be temperate in the use of your own passions.
Nay, I persuaded my unchristian ignorance,
That an ambitious warrior's infelt pride
Should plead in pardon of that pride in others.
This I am sure of, — that forgiving mercy
Would stamp more influence on our Indian hearts
Than all our gold on those of men like you.
Who knows, did such a change subdue your breast,
How far the pleasing force might soften mine?
Your right secures you my respect and faith:
Strive for my love; strive for whatever else
May charm, — if aught there is can charm like love. —
Forgive me! I shall be betrayed by fear
To promise till I overcharge my power.
Yet try what changes gratitude can make.
A Spanish wife, perhaps, would promise more:
Profuse in charms, and prodigal of tears,
Would promise all things, — and forget them all.
But I have weaker charms, and simpler arts.
Guileless of soul, and left as nature formed me,
I err, in honest innocence of aim,
And, seeking to compose, inflame you more.
All I can add is this: unlovely force
Shall never bow me to reward constraint;
But to what lengths I may be led by benefits,
'T is in your power to try, — not mine to tell.

GUZMAN.

'T is well. Since justice has such power to guide you,
That you may follow duty, know it first.
Count modesty among your country's virtues;
And copy, not condemn, the wives of Spain.
'T is your first lesson, Madam, to forget:
Become more delicate, if not more kind,
And never let me hear the name I hate.
You should learn, next, to blush away your haste,
And wait in silence, till my will resolves
What punishment, or pity, suits his crimes.

Know, last, that, thus provoked, a husband's clemency
Outstretches nature, if it pardons you.
Learn thence, ungrateful! that I want not pity,
And be the last to dare believe me cruel.
[Exit.

EMIRA.

Madam, be comforted; — I marked him well;
I see, he loves; and love will make him softer.

ALZIRA.

Love has no power to act, when curbed by jealousy.
Zamor must die, — for I have asked his life.
Why did not I foresee the likely danger?
But has thy care been happier? Canst thou save him?
Far, far divided from me, may he live!
Hast thou made trial of his keeper's faith?

EMIRA.

Gold, that with Spaniards can outweigh their God,
Has bought his hand; and so his faith 's your own.

ALZIRA.

Then, Heaven be blessed! this metal, formed for crimes,
Sometimes atones the wrongs 't is dug to cause! —
But we lose time. Why dost thou seem to pause?

EMIRA.

I cannot think they purpose Zamor's death.
Alvarez has not lost his power so far;
Nor can the council ——

ALZIRA.

They are Spaniards all.
Mark the proud, partial guilt of these vain men!
Ours, but a country held to yield them slaves,
Who reign our kings by right of different clime:
Zamor, meanwhile, by birth, true sovereign here,
Weighs but a rebel in their righteous scale.
O civilized ascent of social murder! —
But why, Emira, should this soldier stay?

EMIRA.

We may expect him instantly. The night,
Methinks, grown darker, veils your bold design.
Wearied by slaughter, and unwashed from blood,
The world 's proud spoilers all lie hushed in sleep.

ALZIRA.

Away, and find this Spaniard! Guilt's bought hand
Opening the prison, innocence goes free.

EMIRA.

See! by Cephania led, he comes with Zamor.
Be cautious, Madam, at so dark an hour;
Lest, met, suspected honor should be lost,
And modesty, mistaken, suffer shame.

ALZIRA.

What does thy ill-taught fear mistake for shame?
Virtue, at midnight, walks as safe within,
As in the conscious glare of flaming day.
She who in forms finds virtue has no virtue.
All the shame lies in hiding honest love.
Honor, the alien phantom, here unknown,
Lends but a lengthening shade to setting virtue.
Honor 's not love of innocence, but praise;
The fear of censure, not the scorn of sin.
But I was taught, in a sincerer clime,
That virtue, though it shines not, still is virtue;
And inbred honor grows not but at home.
This my heart knows; and, knowing, bids me dare,
Should Heaven forsake the just, be bold and save him.

JEAN-BAPTISTE-LOUIS GRESSET.

This agreeable poet was born at Amiens, in 1709. He studied with the Jesuits, and at the age of seventeen entered that order; after which he was sent to Paris, and completed his education in the Collége Louis-le-Grand. In his twenty-fourth year, he wrote the humorous poem, called "Ver-Vert." This was shortly followed by "Le Carême Impromptu," "Le Lutrin Vivant," and other poems, which rapidly gained him a great reputation. The free tone of his writings gave offence in some powerful quarters, and brought him under the censure of the Jesuits, who sent him to La Flèche, by way of punishment. Here he continued his literary occupations. At the age of twenty-six, he left the order, and returned to Paris, where his various and agreeable talents, and the celebrity of his works, made him the favorite of society. In 1748, he was chosen a member of the Academy. Soon after this, he returned to Amiens, married, and established himself on a beautiful estate near the city. In 1774, he was appointed to congratulate Louis the Sixteenth, in the name of the Academy, on his coronation, and was ennobled. He died in his native city, June 16th, 1777.

Besides the poems mentioned above, Gresset wrote several dramatic pieces, which had but little success. The tragedies, "Edouard III." and "Sidney," were failures; but the piece entitled "Le Méchant" has distinguished merit as a picture of manners. His style is marked by humor, grace, and simplicity. The best edition of his works is that by Renouard, in three volumes, Paris, 1811.

The following piece, taken from "Fraser's Magazine," is, as the writer truly remarks, Ververt merely "*upset* into English verse." It is a loose paraphrase, or rather, imitation, adapted to English circumstances and ideas, "for the use of the melancholy inhabitants of these [the British] islands." Considerable portions are omitted, others transposed, others altered so as to be scarcely recognizable; and names, allusions, lines, and even long passages, are freely introduced, which have nothing corresponding to them in the original. A few of these last are here struck out.

VER-VERT, THE PARROT.

HIS ORIGINAL INNOCENCE.

Alas! what evils I discern in
Too great an aptitude for learning!
And fain would all the ills unravel
That aye ensue from foreign travel:
Far happier is the man who tarries
Quiet within his household *lares*.
Read, and you 'll find how virtue vanishes,
How foreign vice all goodness banishes,
And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,
Proved in the underwritten Odyssey.

In old Nevers, so famous for its
Dark, narrow streets and Gothic turrets,
Close on the brink of Loire's young flood,
Flourished a convent sisterhood
Of Ursulines. Now, in this order
A parrot lived as parlour-boarder;
Brought in his childhood from the Antilles,
And sheltered under convent mantles.
Green were his feathers, green his pinions,
And greener still were his opinions:
For vice had not yet sought to pervert
This bird who had been christened *Ver-Vert*;
Nor could this wicked world defile him,
Safe from its snares in this asylum.
Fresh, in his teens, frank, gay, and gracious,
And, to crown all, somewhat loquacious;
If we examine close, not one, or he,
Had a vocation for a nunnery.

The convent's kindness need I mention?
Need I detail each fond attention,
Or count the tit-bits which *in Lent* he
Swallowed remorseless and in plenty?
Plump was his carcass; no, not higher
Fed was their confessor, the friar;
And some even say that this young Hector
Was far more loved than the director.
Dear to each novice and each nun,—
He was the life and soul of fun;
Though, to be sure, some hags censorious
Would sometimes find him too uproarious,
What did the parrot care for those old
Dames, while he had for him the household?
He had not yet made his profession,
Nor come to years called of discretion;
Therefore, unblamed, he ogled, flirted,
And romped, like any unconverted;
Nay, sometimes, too,—by the Lord Harry!—
He 'd pull their caps and scapulary.
But what in all his tricks seemed oddest
Was, that at times he 'd turn so modest,
That to all bystanders the wight
Appeared a finished hypocrite.

. . . . . .

Placed, when at table, near some vestal,
His fare, be sure, was of the best all,—
For every sister would endeavour
To keep for him some sweet *hors-d'œuvre*.
Kindly at heart, in spite of vows and
Cloisters, a nun is worth a thousand;
And aye, if Heaven would only lend her,
I 'd have a nun for a nurse tender!

Then, when the shades of night would come on,
And to their cells the sisters summon,
Happy the favored one whose grotto
This sultan of a bird would trot to.
Mostly the young ones' cells he toyed in,—
The aged sisterhood avoiding;
Sure among all to find kind offices,
Still he was partial to the novices,
And in *their* cells our anchorite
Mostly cast anchor for the night;
Perched on the box that held the relics, he
Slept without notion of indelicacy.
Rare was his luck; nor did he spoil it
By flying from the morning toilet:
Not that I can admit the fitness
Of, at the toilet, a male witness,—
But that I scruple, in this history,
To shroud a single fact in mystery.

Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at
That best accomplishment called chit-chat;
For, though brought up within the cloister,
His beak was not closed like an oyster,
But, trippingly, without a stutter,
The longest sentences would utter.
Pious withal, and moralizing,
His conversation was surprising;
None of your equivoques, no slander,—
To such vile tastes he scorned to pander;
But his tongue ran most smooth and nice on
"*Deo sit laus*" and "*Kyrie eleison*";
The maxims he gave with best emphasis
Were Suarez's or Thomas à Kempis'.
In Christmas carols he was famous,
"*Orate, fratres*" and "*Oremus*";
If in good-humor, he was wont
To give a stave from "*Think well on 't*,"
Or, by particular desire, he
Would chant the hymn of "*Dies iræ*."
Then in the choir he would amaze all,
By copying the tone so nasal
In which the sainted sisters chanted,—
At least, that pious nun, my aunt, did.

HIS FATAL RENOWN.

The public soon began to ferret
The hidden nest of so much merit,
And, spite of all the nuns' endeavours,
The fame of Ver-Vert filled all Nevers;
Nay, from Moulines folks came to stare at
The wondrous talent of this parrot;
And to fresh visiters, *ad libitum*,
Sister Sophie had to exhibit him.
Dressed in her tidiest robes, the virgin,
Forth from the convent cells emerging,
Brings the bright bird, and for his plumage
First challenges unstinted homage;
Then to his eloquence adverts,—
"What preacher 's can surpass Ver-Vert's?
Truly, in oratory, few men
Equal this learned catechumen,
Fraught with the convent's choicest lessons,
And stuffed with piety's quintessence;
A bird most quick of apprehension,
With gifts and graces hard to mention:

Say, in what pulpit can you meet
A Chrysostom half so discreet,
Who 'd follow, in his ghostly mission,
So close the fathers and tradition?"
Silent, meantime, the feathered hermit
Waits for the sister's gracious permit,
When, at a signal from his Mentor,
Quick on a course of speech he 'll enter:
Not that he cares for human glory,
Bent but to save his auditory;
Hence he pours forth with so much unction,
That all his hearers feel compunction.

Thus for a time did Ver-Vert dwell
Safe in this holy citadel;
Scholared like any well-bred abbé,
And loved by many a cloistered Hebe;
You 'd swear that he had crossed the same bridge
As any youth brought up in Cambridge.
Other monks starve themselves; but his skin
Was sleek, like that of a Franciscan,
And far more clean; for this grave Solon
Bathed every day in *eau de Cologne*.
Thus he indulged each guiltless gambol,
Blessed had he ne'er been doomed to ramble!

. . . . . .

O town of Nantz! yes, to thy bosom
We let him go, alas! to lose him!
Edicts, O town famed for *revoking!*
Still was Ver-Vert's loss more provoking.
Dark be the day when our bright Don went
From this to a far distant convent!
Two words comprised that awful era,—
Words big with fate and woe,—"IL IRA!"
Yes, "he shall go!" but, sisters, mourn ye
The dismal fruits of that sad journey,—
Ills on which Nantz's nuns ne'er reckoned,
When for the beauteous bird they beckoned.

Fame, O Ver-Vert! in evil humor
One day to Nantz had brought the rumor
Of thy accomplishments,—*acumen*,
Nous, and *esprit*, quite superhuman;
All these reports but served to enhance
Thy merits with the nuns of Nantz.
How did a matter so unsuited
For convent ears get hither bruited?
Some may inquire. But nuns are knowing,
And first to hear what gossip 's going.
Forthwith they taxed their wits to elicit
From the famed bird a friendly visit.
Girls' wishes run in a brisk current,
But a nun's fancy is a torrent.
To get this bird they 'd pawn the missal:
Quick they indite a long epistle,
Careful with softest things to fill it,
And then with musk perfume the billet.
Thus, to obtain their darling purpose,
They send a writ of *habeas corpus*.

*

Off goes the post. When will the answer
Free them from doubt's corroding cancer?
Nothing can equal their anxiety,—
Except, of course, their well known piety.

Things at Nevers, meantime, went harder
Than well would suit such pious ardor;
It was no easy job to coax
This parrot from the Nevers folks.
What! take their toy from convent belles?
Make Russia yield the Dardanelles!
Filch his good rifle from a Suliote,
Or drag her Romeo from a Juliet!
Make an attempt to take Gibraltar,
Or try the old corn-laws to alter!
This seemed to them, and eke to us,
Most wasteful and ridiculous.
Long did the chapter sit in state,
And on this point deliberate:
The junior members of the senate
Set their fair faces quite again' it;
Refuse to yield a point so tender,
And urge the motto,—*No surrender!*
The elder nuns feel no great scruple
In parting with the charming pupil;
And as each grave affair of state runs
Most on the verdict of the matrons,
Small odds, I ween, and poor the chance
Of keeping the dear bird from Nantz.
Nor in my surmise am I far out,—
For by *their* vote off goes the parrot.

HIS EVIL VOYAGE.

EN *ce tems là*, a small canal-boat,
Called by most chroniclers the "Talbot,"
(TALBOT, a name well known in France!)
Travelled between Nevers and Nantz.
Ver-Vert took shipping in this craft,
'T is not said whether fore or aft;
But in a book as old as Massinger's
We find a statement of the passengers:
These were,—two Gascons and a piper,
A sexton (a notorious swiper),
A brace of children, and a nurse;
But what was infinitely worse,
A dashing Cyprian; while by her
Sat a most jolly-looking friar.

For a poor bird brought up in purity
'T was a sad augur for futurity
To meet, just free from his indentures,
And in the first of his adventures,
Such company as formed his hansel,—
Two rogues! a friar!! and a damsel!!!
Birds the above were of a feather;
But to Ver-Vert 't was altogether
Such a strange aggregate of scandals
As to be met but among Vandals.
Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,
And calculated to demolish
All the fine notions and good-breeding
Taught by the nuns in their sweet Eden.
No Billingsgate surpassed the nurse's,
And all the rest indulged in curses:
Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in
The nautic cell of any cabin.
Silent and sad, the pensive bird,
Shocked at their guilt, said not a word.

Now he of orders gray, accosting
The parrot green, who seemed quite lost in

The contemplation of man's wickedness,
And the bright river's gliding liquidness, —
"Tip us a stave," quoth Tuck, "my darling!
Are n't you a parrot or a starling?
If you do n't talk, — by the holy poker! —
I 'll give your ugly neck a choker!"
Scared by this threat from his propriety,
Our pilgrim, thinking with sobriety,
That if he did not speak they 'd make him,
Answered the friar, "*Pax sit tecum!*"
Here our reporter marks down after
Poll's maiden-speech, — "loud roars of laughter";
And, sure enough, the bird so affable
Could hardly use a phrase more laughable.

. . . . . .

Poll's brief address met lots of caviliers:
Badgered by all his fellow-travellers,
He tried to mend a speech so ominous
By striking up with "*Dixit Dominus.*"
But louder shouts of laughter follow; —
This last roar beats the former hollow,
And shows that it was bad economy
To give a stave from Deuteronomy.

Posed, not abashed, the bird refused to
Indulge a scene he was *not* used to;
And pondering on his strange reception,
"There must," he thought, "be some deception
In the nuns' views of things rhetorical,
And Sister Rose is not an oracle:
True wit, perhaps, lies not in matins,
Nor is their school a school of Athens."

Thus in this villanous receptacle
The simple bird at once grew skeptical.
Doubts lead to hell. The Arch-deceiver
Soon made of Poll an unbeliever;
And mixing thus in bad society,
He took French leave of all his piety.

His austere maxims soon he mollified,
And all his old opinions qualified;
For he had learned to substitute
For pious lore things more astute:
Nor was his conduct unimpeachable,
For youth, alas! is but too teachable;
And, in the progress of his madness,
Soon he had reached the depths of badness.
Such were his curses, such his evil
Practices, that no ancient devil,
Plunged to the chin, when burning hot,
Into a holy water-pot,
Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
Of oaths so drear and melancholy.

Must the bright blossoms, ripe and ruddy,
And the fair fruits of early study,
Thus in their summer season crossed,
Meet a sad blight, — a killing frost?
Must that vile demon, Moloch, oust
Heaven from a young heart's holocaust?
And the glad hope of life's young promise
Thus in the dawn of youth ebb from us?
Such is, alas! the sad and last trophy
Of the young rake's supreme catastrophe;
For of what use are learning's laurels,
When a young man is without morals?
Bereft of virtue, and grown heinous,
What signifies a brilliant genius?
'T is but a case for wail and mourning, —
'T is but a brand fit for the burning!

Meantime the river wafts the barge,
Fraught with its miscellaneous charge,
Smoothly upon its broad expanse,
Up to the very quay of Nantz;
Fondly within the convent bowers
The sisters calculate the hours,
Chiding the breezes for their tardiness,
And, in the height of their foolhardiness,
Picturing the bird as fancy painted, —
Lovely, reserved, polite, and sainted, —
Fit *Ursulinæ*; — and this, I trow, meant,
Enriched with every endowment.
Sadly, alas! these nuns anointed
Will find their fancy disappointed;
When, to meet all those hopes they drew on,
They 'll find a regular Don Juan!

—

THE AWFUL DISCOVERY.

Scarce in the port was this small craft
On its arrival telegraphed,
When, from the boat home to transfer him,
Came the nuns' portress, Sister Jerome.
Well did the parrot recognize
The walk demure and downcast eyes;
Nor aught such saintly guidance relished
A bird by worldly arts embellished;
Such was his taste for profane gayety,
He 'd rather, much, go with the laity.
Fast to the bark he clung; but, plucked thence,
He showed dire symptoms of reluctance,
And, scandalizing each beholder,
Bit the nun's cheek, and eke her shoulder!
Thus a black eagle once, 't is said,
Bore off the struggling Ganymede.
Thus was Ver-Vert, heart-sick and weary,
Brought to the heavenly monastery.
The bell and tidings both were tolled,
And the nuns crowded, young and old,
To feast their eyes, with joy uncommon, on
This wondrous, talkative phenomenon.

Round the bright stranger, *so* amazing
And *so* renowned, the sisters, gazing,
Praised the green glow which a warm latitude
Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude.
Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten,
Some by his beak so beauteous bitten!
And none e'er dreamed of dole or harm in
A bird so brilliant and so charming.

. . . . . .

Meantime, the abbess, to draw out
A bird so modest and devout,
With soothing air and tone caressing
The pilgrim of the Loire addressing,
Broached the most edifying topics
To start this native of the tropics;

When, O, surprise! the pert young Cupid
Breaks forth, — "*Morbleu!* those nuns are stupid!"
Showing how well he learned his task on
The packet-boat from that vile Gascon.
"Fie! brother Poll!" with zeal outbursting,
Exclaimed the abbess, Dame Augustin;
But all the lady's sage rebukes
Brief answer got from Poll, — "Gadzooks!"

. . . . .

Scared at the sound, — "Sure as a gun,
The bird 's a demon!" cried the nun.
"O, the vile wretch! the naughty dog!
He 's surely Lucifer *incog.*
What! is the reprobate before us
That bird so pious and decorous, —
So celebrated?" Here the pilgrim,
Hearing sufficient to bewilder him,
Wound up the sermon of the beldam
By a conclusion heard but seldom, —
"*Ventre Saint Gris!*" "*Parbleu!*" and "*Sacre!*"
Three oaths! and every one a whacker!

Still did the nuns, whose conscience tender
Was much shocked at the young offender,
Hoping he 'd change his tone, and alter,
Hang breathless round the sad defaulter;
When, wrathful at their importunity,
And grown audacious from impunity,
He fired a broadside — holy Mary! —
Drawn from hell's own vocabulary;
Forth, like a Congreve rocket, burst,
And stormed and swore, flared up and cursed!
Stunned at these sounds of import Stygian,
The pious daughters of religion
Fled from a scene so dread, so horrid;
But with a cross first signed their forehead.
The younger sisters, mild and meek,
Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek;
But the old matrons and "the bench"
Knew every word was genuine French;
And ran in all directions, pell-mell,
From a flood fit to overwhelm hell.
'T was by a fall that Mother Ruth
Then lost her last remaining tooth.
"Fine conduct this, and pretty guidance!"
Cried one of the most mortified ones;
"Pray, is such language and such ritual
Among the Nevers nuns habitual?
'T was in our sisters most improper
To teach such curses, — such a whapper!
He sha' n't by me, for one, be hindered
From being sent back to his kindred!"
This prompt decree for Poll's proscription
Was signed by general subscription.
Straight in a cage the nuns insert
The guilty person of Ver-Vert;
Some young ones wanted to detain him,
But the grim portress took the paynim
Back to the boat, close in his litter;
'T is not said *this* time that he *bit* her.

Back to the convent of his youth,
Sojourn of innocence and truth,
Sails the *green* monster, scorned and hated,
His heart with vice contaminated.
Must I tell how, on his return,
He scandalized his old sojourn,
And how the guardians of his infancy
Wept o'er their quondam child's delinquency?
What could be done? The elders often
Met to consult how best to soften
This obdurate and hardened sinner,
Finished in vice ere a beginner.
One mother counselled "to denounce,
And let the Inquisition pounce
On the vile heretic"; another
Thought "it was best the bird to smother";
Or "send the convict, for his felonies,
Back to his native land, — the colonies."
But milder views prevailed. His sentence
Was, that, until he showed repentance,
"A solemn fast and frugal diet,
Silence exact, and pensive quiet,
Should be his lot"; and, for a blister,
He got, as gaoler, a lay-sister,
Ugly as sin, bad-tempered, jealous,
And in her scruples over-zealous.
A jug of water and a carrot
Was all the prog she 'd give the parrot;
But every eve, when vesper-bell
Called Sister Rosalie from her cell,
She to Ver-Vert would gain admittance,
And bring of comfits a sweet pittance.
Comfits, — alas! can sweet confections
Alter sour slavery's imperfections?
What are preserves to you or me,
When locked up in the Marshalsea, —
A place that certainly deserves
The name of "Best of all *Preserves*"?
The sternest virtue in the hulks,
Though crammed with richest sweetmeats, sulks.

Taught by his gaoler and adversity,
Poll saw the folly of perversity,
And by degrees his heart relented:
Duly, in fine, the lad repented.
His Lent passed on, and Sister *Bridget*
Coaxed the old abbess to abridge it.

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,
Became again a prodigy,
And gave more joy, by works and words,
Than ninety-nine Canary-birds,
Until his death; — which last disaster
(Nothing on earth endures!) came faster
Than they imagined. The transition
From a starved to a stuffed condition,
From penitence to jollification,
Brought on a fit of constipation.
Some think he would be living still,
If given a *vegetable pill;*
But from a short life, and a merry,
Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept,
Happy in death this parrot slept;

For him Elysium oped its portals,
And there he talks among immortals.
But I have read, that, since that happy day
(So writes Cornelius à Lapidé,
Proving, with commentary droll,
The transmigration of the soul),
Still Ver-Vert this earth doth haunt,
Of convent bowers a visitant;
And that gay novices among
He dwells, transformed into a tongue!

JOSEPH ROUGET-DE-L'ISLE.

ROUGET-DE-L'ISLE was born May 10th, 1760, at Lons-le-Saulnier, in the department of Jura. He was an officer in the French Revolution, the principles of which he adopted with ardor. He is best known as the author of "The Marseilles Hymn," which he wrote and set to music in one night. This became the national song of the French patriots, and was famous in Europe and America. Its author was, however, imprisoned in the Reign of Terror, and owed his liberation to the Revolution of the 9th Thermidor (27th July, 1794). He never enjoyed the favor of Napoleon, either during the Consulate or the Empire. After the Revolution of July, "The Marseilles Hymn" again became the national song of France, and Louis-Philippe bestowed on the author a pension of fifteen hundred francs from his private purse. De L'Isle has published other pieces, both in poetry and prose.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The bold, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

SIXTH PERIOD.—FROM 1800 TO 1844.

FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

THIS illustrious author and nobleman was born in 1769, at Combourg, in Bretagne. In 1786, he joined the regiment of infantry, called the Regiment of Navarre. During the troubles of the Revolution, he sought refuge in America, where he passed several years, and where he wrote the prose-poem, entitled "Les Natchèz, ou Tableau de la Vie des Tribus Indiennes." In 1792, he returned to Europe, joined the emigrants in arms, and was wounded at the siege of Thionville; after which he went to England, and, being in narrow circumstances, was obliged to support himself by his literary labors. After the overthrow of the Directory, he returned to France, and became one of the editors of the "Mercure de France." His "Génie du Christianisme" appeared in England in 1802, and was reprinted in France. In 1803, he visited Rome, where he remained a short time as Secretary of Legation under Cardinal Fesch. His residence in Rome inspired him to write "Les Martyrs," a religious poem in prose. In the same year, he was appointed French minister in the Valais; but resigned the place after the death of the Duc d'Enghien, in March, 1804. In 1806, he travelled through Greece and Rhodes to Jerusalem, visited Alexandria, Cairo, and Carthage, and returned to France by way of Spain, in May, 1807. In 1811, he was elected into the Institute. In 1814, after Napoleon's fall, he wrote his celebrated pamphlet, "De Bonaparte

et des Bourbons," in which he went over to the side of the ultra-royalists, to whom he has ever since remained *faithful*. On Napoleon's return from Elba, he followed Louis the Eighteenth to Ghent, and afterwards returned with him to Paris, where, in 1815, he was made a minister of state and a peer. In 1816, he was chosen a member of the Academy. In 1820, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Berlin, but returned to Paris the next year, and was appointed minister of state, and member of the Privy Council. In 1822, he went as ambassador to London, and afterwards accompanied the Duc de Montmorenci to the Congress of Verona, and in the same year succeeded the duke as Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the death of Louis the Eighteenth, Chateaubriand published a pamphlet, entitled "Le Roi est mort: vive le Roi!" In 1825, he published the eloquent "Note sur la Grèce." Under the administration of Martignac, he went to Rome as French ambassador; but in 1829, upon the dismissal of that minister, he retired to private life.

The Revolution of July called Chateaubriand again into political activity. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to Louis-Philippe, and consequently was deprived of his place in the Chamber of Peers, and a yearly income of twelve thousand francs. Since then, he has devoted himself, with chivalrous fidelity, to the defence of the Duc de Bordeaux, and his mother, the Duchesse de Berri.

His works were published in 1826–31, by Ladvocat, in thirty volumes. His writings show a poetical imagination, and great power of description. His style is warm, copious, and eloquent. His prose has almost the rhythmical cadence of poetry. "But, however distinguished a rank," says a writer in the last edition of the "Conversations-Lexicon," "his talent for description has gained for him, among the authors of his nation, yet no one of his works can be called classical, in the sense in which this distinction belongs only to the works of a free and lofty mind, which unite richness of ideas with depth and solidity, without distorting the truth by sophistical tricks, or by the illusions of a self-deceiving imagination, or the bombast of a luxuriant form of expression."

JEUNE FILLE ET JEUNE FLEUR.

The bier descends, the spotless roses too,
The father's tribute in his saddest hour:
O Earth! that bore them both, thou hast thy due, —
The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back unto a world again,
Where mourning, grief, and agony have power, —
Where winds destroy, and suns malignant reign, —
That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Eliza, now,
Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling shower;
They both have perished in their morning glow, —
The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower;
And Time the old oak's roots doth now assail,
O fair young girl and flower!

CHARLES DE CHÊNEDOLLÉ.

Charles de Chênedollé was born at Vire, about the year 1770, and was educated at the Collége de Juilly. At the commencement of the Revolution, he emigrated. On his return to France, he devoted himself to poetry and public instruction in the office of Professor of Belles-lettres in the Lyceum at Caen. Chênedollé several times gained the prize of poetry at the Floral Games of Toulouse. His chief poetic works are, "The Genius of Man," and "Poetical Studies." He also assisted M. Fayolle in editing the works of Rivarol.

ODE TO THE SEA.

At length I look on thee again,
Abyss of azure! thou vast main,
Long by my verse implored in vain,
Alone inspired by thee!
The magic of thy sounds alone
Can raise the transports I have known;
My harp is mute, unless its tone
Be waked beside the sea.

The heights of Blanc have fired mine eyes, —
Those three bare mounts that touch the skies;
I loved the terror of their brow,
I loved their diadem of snow, —
But, O thou wild and awful Sea,
More dear to me
Thy threatening, drear immensity!

Dread Ocean! burst upon me with thy shores!
Fling wide thy waters where the storms bear sway!
Thy bosom opens to a thousand prores;
Yet fleets, with idle daring, breast thy spray, —
Ripple with arrow's track thy closing plain,
And graze the surface of thy deep domain.

Man dares not tread thy liquid way;
Thou spurn'st that despot of a day,
Tossed like a snow-flake or the spray
From storm-gulfs to the skies:
He breathes and reigns on solid land,
And ruins mark his tyrant hand;
Thou bidd'st him in that circle stand,
Thy reign his rage defies:

Or should he force his passage there,
Thou risest, mocking his despair;
The shipwreck humbles all his pride:
He sinks within the darksome tide, —
The surge's vast unfathomed gloom
His catacomb, —
Without a name, without a tomb.

Thy banks are kingdoms, where the shrine, the throne,
The pomp of human things are changed and past;
The people, — they were phantoms, — they are flown;
Time has avenged thee on their strength at last:
Thy billows idly rest on Sidon's shore,
And her bold pilots wound thy pride no more.

Rome, — Athens, — Carthage, — what are they?
Spoiled heritage, successive prey;
New nations force their onward way,
And grasp disputed reign:
Thou changest not; thy waters pour
The same wild waves against the shore,
Where liberty had breathed before,
And slavery hugs his chain.

States bow; Time's sceptre presses still
On Apennine's subsiding hill;
The steps of ages, crumbling slow,
Are stamped upon his arid brow:
No trace of time is left on thee,
Unchanging Sea!
Created thus, and still to be.

Sea! of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror! how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space!
Thy surge two worlds eternal-warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.

THE YOUNG MATRON AMONG THE RUINS OF ROME.

Through Rome's green plains with silent tread
I wandered, and on every side,
O'er all the glorious soil, I read
The nothingness of human pride.

Where reared the Capitol its brow,
Entranced I gazed on desert glades,
And saw the tangled herbage grow,
And brambles crawl o'er crushed arcades.

Beneath a portal, half-disclosed,
By its own ruins earthward pressed,
A young Italian wife reposed,
Mild, blooming, with her babe at breast.

O'er that drear scene she breathed a grace,
And near her I inquiring drew,
And asked her of that lonely place,
The old traditions that she knew.

"Stranger!" she softly said, "I grieve
Thy question must unanswered be;
These ruins, — I should but deceive,
Did I rehearse their history.

"Some defter tongue, some wiser head,
May know, and can instruct thee right;
I thought not whither I was led,
And scarce the pile had caught my sight."

Thus, wrapped in tenderness alone,
Joy's innocence becalmed her brow;
She loved! — no other knowledge known,
She lived not in the past, but now.

REGRETS.

Where are my days of youth, — those fairy days,
Breathing of life, and strangers yet to pain, —
When inspiration kindled to a blaze
The rapture of the heart and brain?

Then nature was my kingdom; and I stood
Rich in the wealth of all beneath the pole;
An antique rock, a torrent, or a wood,
Awaked the transport of my soul.

When the young Spring her rosy arms outspread,
And ice-flakes melted from the green-tipped spray,
How rich the change! what magic hues were shed
On tribes of flowers that laughed in day!

Thou, too, black Winter, hadst a charm for me;
Thou held'st high festival: thy storms arose,
Delightsome in their horrid revelry
Of hail-blasts, hurricanes, and snows.

How have I loved to see the radiance run
O'er the calm ocean from an azure sky;
Or on the liquid world the evening sun
Gaze down with burning eye!

Yet dearer were thy shores, when, blackening round,
Thy waves, O Sea, rolled, gathering from afar;
And all the waste in pompous horror frowned,
As storm-lashed surges strove in war.

Jura! thou throne of tempests! many a time
My love has sought thee in the musing hour;
Oft was I wont thy topmost ridge to climb,
Thy fir-tree depths my shadowing bower.

How, when I saw thy lofty scenes unfold,
My soul sprang forth, transported at the sight!
Enthusiasm there shook its wings of gold,
And bore me up from height to height.

My bounding step o'ervaulted summits high,
Where resting clouds had checked their soaring pride;
And my foot seemed in hovering speed to vie
With eagles swooping at my side.

O, then with what enamoured touch I drew
Thy pencilled outlines desolate and grand!
Vast ice-rifts! ancient crags! your wonders grew
Beneath my recreating hand.

All was enchantment then: but they depart,
Those days so beautiful, when the bright flame
From unveiled genius shot within my heart
The noble pang of fame.

CHARLES-HUBERT MILLEVOYE.

This poet was the only son of a merchant of Abbeville. He was born December 24th, 1782. He was first taught by one of his uncles, and afterwards placed under the care of M. Bardoux, a learned Greek scholar, and Professor in the College of Abbeville. At the age of thirteen years, Millevoye lost his father. He was sent by his family to complete his education in Paris, where he distinguished himself by his talent and industry, and began early to display his poetical genius. Soon after finishing his studies, he wrote a series of poems which successively received the prize of the Institute. He began the study of the law; but, finding it impossible to bring his brilliant powers and dreamy imagination down to the dry technicalities of that profession, he entered the establishment of a bookseller, hoping thus to unite his favorite literary pursuits with the details of business; but, not succeeding in this scheme, he finally gave himself up wholly to study and composition. He wrote the poems of "Charlemagne," "Belzunce," and "Alfred"; and the tragedies of "Corésus," "Ugolin," and "Conradin," which, however, were not represented. Besides these, he composed numerous fugitive pieces, and a volume of elegies.

Millevoye's constitution was delicate from his childhood, and he predicted his approaching end in the touching elegy of "The Dying Poet." Only eight days before his death, he wrote the piece entitled "Priez pour moi." He died August 12th, 1816, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

Autumn had stripped the grove, and strewed
The vale with leafy carpet o'er,
Shorn of its mystery the wood,
And Philomel bade sing no more:
Yet *one* still hither comes to feed
His gaze on childhood's merry path;
For him, sick youth! poor invalid!
Lonely attraction still it hath.

"I come to bid you farewell brief,
Here, O my infancy's wild haunt!
For death gives in each falling leaf
Sad summons to your visitant.

'T was a stern oracle that told
My dark decree,—'*The woodland bloom*
Once more 't is given thee to behold,
Then comes the inexorable tomb!'

"The eternal cypress, balancing
Its tall form, like some funeral thing,
In silence o'er my head,
Tells me my youth shall wither fast,
Ere the grass fades,—yea, ere the last
Stalk from the vine is shed.

"I die! Yes, with his icy breath,
Fixed Fate has frozen up my blood;
And by the chilly blast of Death
Nipped is my life's spring in the bud.
Fall, fall, O transitory leaf,
And cover well this path of sorrow;
Hide from my mother's searching grief
The spot where I 'll be laid to-morrow!

"But should my loved one's fairy tread
Seek the sad dwelling of the dead,
Silent, alone, at eve,—
O, then with rustling murmur meet
The echo of her coming feet,
And sign of welcome give!"

Such was the sick youth's last sad thought;
Then slowly from the grove he moved:
Next moon that way a corpse was brought,
And buried in the bower he loved.
But at his grave no form appeared,
No fairy mourner: through the wood
The shepherd's tread alone was heard,
In the sepulchral solitude.

PRAY FOR ME.

Silent, remote, this hamlet seems;
How hushed the breeze! the eve how calm!
Light through my dying chamber beams,
But hope comes not, nor healing balm.
Kind villagers! God bless your shed!
Hark! 't is for prayer,—the evening bell:
O, stay! and near my dying bed,
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

When leaves shall strew the waterfall,
In the sad close of autumn drear,
Say, "The sick youth is freed from all
The pangs and woe he suffered here."
So may ye speak of him that 's gone;
But when your belfry tolls my knell,
Pray for the soul of that lost one,—
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

O, pity *her*, in sable robe,
Who to my grassy grave will come;
Nor seek a hidden wound to probe!—
She was my love!—point out my tomb;
Tell her my life should have been hers,—
'T was but a day!—God's will!—'t is well:
But weep with her, kind villagers!
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

BÉRANGER, the most original and popular of the lyrical poets of France, was born at Paris, August 19th, 1780, in a very humble condition. He was educated by his grandfather, a poor tailor. The books which first aroused his genius were the Bible and a translation of Homer. His earliest poetical attempts attracted the attention of Lucien Bonaparte. His songs, which were enlivened by allusions to the politics of the day, had a great run. Among his first pieces were "Le Roi d'Yvetot" and "Le Sénateur." Béranger neither flattered Napoleon in his power, nor turned against him after his fall; but jealously maintained his personal independence. After the Restoration, he fell under the ban of the government, was prosecuted in 1821, on occasion of a new edition of his poems being subscribed for by his friends, and in 1828 was again prosecuted, condemned to pay a fine of ten thousand francs, and to be imprisoned nine months. He took an active part in the July Revolution, but refused all offices under the new government. Since then, he has written but little. A complete collection of his songs appeared at Paris in 1831, with the title, "Chansons de P. J. Béranger, nouvelles, anciennes et inédites." A new collection, "Chansons nouvelles et dernières," was published in 1833, in which Béranger took leave of the Muses.

The poems of Béranger are distinguished for their genuine national spirit, their gayety and wit, and for a delicacy and pungency of expression, which can scarcely be preserved in translation.

THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

A LITTLE man we 've here,
All in a suit of brown,
Upon town;
He 's as brisk as bottled beer,
And, without a shilling rent,
Lives content:
"For d' ye see," says he, "my plan?
D' ye see," says he, "my plan?
My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that!"
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

When every mad grisette
He has toasted, till his score
Holds no more;
Then, head and ears in debt,
When the duns and bums abound
All around,
"D' ye see," says he, "my plan?
D' ye see," says he, "my plan?
My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that!"
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

When the rain comes through his attic,
And he lies all day a-bed
Without bread;
When the winter winds rheumatic
Make him blow his nails for dire
Want of fire,
"D' ye see, ' says he, "my plan?
D' ye see, says he, "my plan?
My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that!"
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

His wife, a dashing figure,
Makes shift to pay her clothes
By her beaux;
The gallanter they rig her,
The more the people sneer
At her dear:
"Then d' ye see," says he, "my plan?
D' ye see,' says he, "my plan?
My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that!"
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

When at last laid fairly level,
And the priest (he getting worse)
'Gan discourse
Of death and of the Devil,
Our little sinner sighed,
And replied, —
"Please your reverence, my plan, —
Please your reverence, my plan, —
My plan, d' ye see, 's to — laugh at that!"
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the little brown man!

THE OLD VAGABOND.

HERE in the ditch my bones I 'll lay;
Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.
"He 's drunk," the passing crowd will say:
'T is well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
Some fling an alms in hurrying by; —
Haste, — 't is the village holyday!
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
I die; for hunger slays not all.
I hoped my misery's closing page
To fold within some hospital;
But crowded thick is each retreat,
Such numbers now in misery lie.
Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen, o'er and o er,
I 've asked, "Instruct me in your trade."
"Begone! — our business is not more
Than keeps ourselves, — go, beg!" they said.
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread,
Of bones your tables gave me store,
Your straw has often made my bed; —
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft; —
No! — better still for alms to pray!
At most, I 've plucked some apple, left
To ripen near the public way.
Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid
In the king's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had, —
Though poor and old, the sun, at least, was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?
What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
The senate where your speakers shine?
Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,
Saw strangers battening on your land,
Like any puling fool, I wept!
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you not the worm,
The noxious thing, beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
Due labor for the common weal!
Then, sheltered from the adverse wind,
The worm and ant had learned to grow;
Ay,—then I might have loved my kind;—
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe!

THE GARRET.

O, IT was here that Love his gifts bestowed
On youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
In pilgrimage:
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
Reckless to dwell;
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 't was a garret! be it known to all,
Here was Love's shrine:
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
The unfinished line.
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend:
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch, to feast a friend
In attic cell!

O, my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl,—
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I 've since
Learned but too well?
Still, in those days I envied not a prince,
In attic cell!

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
'Mid the bright bowls:
Yes, it was here *Marengo's* triumph first
Kindled our souls!
Bronze cannon roared: France with redoubled might
Felt her heart swell!
Proudly we drank our consul's health that night
In attic cell!

Dreams of my youthful days! I 'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I 'm destined yet to live,
For one of those!
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell?

THE SHOOTING STARS.

"SHEPHERD, say'st thou that a star
Rules our days, and gems the skies?"
"Yes, my child; but in her veil
Night conceals it from our eyes."
"Shepherd, they say that to thy sight
The secret of yon heaven is clear;
What is, then, that star so bright,
Which flies, and flies to disappear?"

"My child, a man has passed away;
His star has shed its parting ray:
He, amid a joyous throng,
Pledged the wine-cup and the song;
Happy, he has closed his eyes
By the wine to him so dear."
"Yet another star that flies,—
That flies, and flies to disappear!"

"My child, how pure and beautiful!
A gentle girl hath fled to heaven;
Happy, and in love most true,
To the tenderest lover given:
Flowerets crown her maiden brow,
Hymen's altar is her bier."
"Yet another star that flies,—
That flies, and flies to disappear!"

"Child, the rapid star behold
Of a great lord newly born;
Lined with purple and with gold,
The empty cradle whence he 's gone:
E'en now the tide of flatteries
Had almost reached his infant ear."
"Yet another star that flies,—
That flies, and flies to disappear!"

"My child, what lightning flash is that?
A favorite has sought repose,
Who thought himself supremely great,
When his laughter mocked our woes:
They his image now despise,
Who once worshipped him in fear."
"Yet another star that flies,—
That flies, and flies to disappear!"

"My son, what sorrow must be ours!
A generous patron's eyes are dim:
Indigence from others gleans,
But she harvested on him;
This very eve, with tears and sighs,
The wretched to his roof draw near."
"Yet another star that flies,—
That flies, and flies to disappear!"

"A mighty monarch's star is dark!
Boy! preserve thy purity,
Nor let men thy star remark
For its size or brilliancy:

Wert thou bright but to their eyes,
They would say, when death is near,—
'It is but a star that flies,—
That flies, and flies to disappear!'"

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Our aged king, whose name we breathe in dread,
Louis, the tenant of yon dreary pile,
Designs, in this fair prime of flowers, 't is said,
To view our sports, and try if he can smile.
Welcome! sport that sweetens labor!
Village maidens, village boys,
Neighbour hand in hand with neighbour,
Dance we, singing to the tabour,
And the sackbut's merry noise!

While laughter, love, and song are here abroad,
His jealous fears imprison Louis there;
He dreads his peers, his people,—ay, his God;
But more than all, the mention of his heir.
Welcome! sport that sweetens labor! &c.

Look there! a thousand lances gleam afar,
In the warm sunlight of this gentle spring!
And, 'midst the clang of bolts, that grate and jar,
Heard ye the warder's challenge sharply ring?
Welcome! sport that sweetens labor! &c.

He comes! he comes! Alas! this mighty king
With envy well the hovel's peace may view;
See where he stands, a pale and spectral thing,
And glares askance the serried halberds through!
Welcome! sport that sweetens labor! &c.

Beside our cottage hearths, how bright and grand
Were all our visions of a monarch's air!
What! is his sceptre but that trembling hand?
Is that his crown,—a forehead seamed by care?
Welcome! sport that sweetens labor! &c.

In vain we sing; at yonder distant chime,
Shivering, he starts!—'t was but the village bell!
But evermore the sound that notes the time
Strikes to his ear an omen of his knell!
Welcome! sport that sweetens labor! &c.

Alas! our joys some dark distrust inspire!
He flies, attended by his chosen slave:
Beware his hate; and say, "Our gracious sire
A loving smile to greet his children gave."
Welcome! sport that sweetens labor! &c.

THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

Amid the lowly straw-built shed,
Long will the peasant seek his glory;
And, when some fifty years have fled,
The thatch will hear no other story.
Around some old and hoary dame
The village crowd will oft exclaim,—
"Mother, now, till midnight chimes,
Tell us tales of other times.
He wronged us! say it if they will,
The people love his memory still;—
Mother, now the day is dim,
Mother, tell us now of him!"

"My children, in our village here,
I saw him once by kings attended;
That time has passed this many a year,
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
On foot he climbed the hill, and nigh
To where I watched him passing by:
Small his hat upon that day,
And he wore a coat of gray;
And when he saw me shake with dread,
'Good day to you, my dear!' he said."
"O, and, mother, is it true?
Mother, did he speak to you?"

"From this a year had passed away,
Again in Paris' streets I found him:
To Notre Dame he rode that day,
With all his gallant court around him.
All eyes admired the show the while,
No face that did not wear a smile:
'See how brightly shine the skies!
'T is for him!' the people cries:
And then his face was soft with joy,
For God had blessed him with a boy."
"Mother, O, how glad to see
Days that must so happy be!"

"But when o'er our province ran
The bloody armies of the strangers,
Alone he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening, just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me fear:
Entered, when I oped the door,
He, and guards perhaps a score;
And, seated where I sit, he said,
'To what a war have I been led!'"
"Mother, and was that the chair?
Mother, was he seated *there?*"

"'Dame, I am hungry,' then he cried;
I set our bread and wine before him;—
There at the fire his clothes he dried,
And slept while watched his followers o'er him.
When with a start he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep,
And he said, 'Nay, our France is strong;
Soon I will avenge her wrong.'
It is the dearest thing of mine,—
The glass in which he drank his wine."
"And through change of good and ill,
Mother, you have kept it still."

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

This richly gifted writer was born at Mâcon, in 1792. He was educated at the College of Bellay, which he left in 1809; he then resided

in Lyons, and in Paris, and twice travelled through Italy. His temper was naturally inclined to religious seriousness, and this was increased by the circumstances of his life and by the condition of his country. The writings of Saint-Pierre and Chateaubriand exercised no little influence upon him. His "Méditations Poétiques" appeared in 1820, and laid the foundation of his fame. This was followed by the "Nouvelles Méditations Poétiques" and the "Mort de Socrate," in 1823. In 1825, he published "Le Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage d'Harold," and the "Chant du Sacre"; and in 1829, the "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses." From 1820 to 1822, Lamartine was Secretary of Legation in Naples, then in the same capacity in London, and in 1825 went to Florence. Having left the service of the state, he lived until the July Revolution alternately in Paris and at the Château Pierrepoint. In 1829, he was elected into the French Academy. After the Revolution, he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1832, he travelled to Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt, and on his return published his observations. The best edition is that in ten volumes, octavo, with illustrations by Johannot and others.

ON LEAVING FRANCE FOR THE EAST.

If to the fluttering folds of the quick sail
My all of peace and comfort I impart;
If to the treacherous tide and wavering gale
My wife and child I lend, my soul's best part;
If on the seas, the sands, the clouds, I cast
Fond hopes, and beating hearts I leave behind,
With no returning pledge beyond a mast
That bends with every blast of wind:

'T is not the paltry thirst of gold could fire
A heart that ever glowed with holier flame,
Nor glory tempt me with the vain desire
To gild my memory with a fleeting fame.
I go not, like the Florentine of old,
The bitter bread of banishment to eat;
No wave of faction, in its wildest roar,
Broke on my calm paternal seat.

Weeping, I leave on yonder valley's side
Trees thick with shade, a home, a noiseless plain,
Peopled with warm regrets, and dim descried
Even here by wistful eyes across the main;
Deep in the leafy woods a lone abode,
Beyond the reach of faction's loud annoy,
Whose echoes, even while tempests groaned abroad,
Were sounds of blessing, songs of joy.

There sits a sire, who sees our imaged forms,
When through the battlements the breezes sweep,
And prays to Him who stirs or lays the storms
To make his winds glide gentler o'er the deep;
There friends, and servants masterless, are trying
To trace our latest footprints on the sward,
And my poor dog, beneath my window lying,
Howls when my well known name is heard.

There sisters dwell, from the same bosom fed,—
Boughs which the wind should rock on the same tree;
There friends, the soul's relations, dwell, that read
My eye, and knew each thought that dawned in me;
And hearts unknown, that list the Muses' call;—
Mysterious friends, that know me in my strain,—
Like viewless echoes, scattered over all
To render back its tones again.

But in the soul's unfathomable wells,
Unknown, inexplicable longings sleep;
Like that strange instinct which the bird impels
In search of other food athwart the deep.
What from those orient climes have they to gain?
Have they not nests as mossy in our eaves,
And, for their callow progeny, the grain
Dropped from a thousand golden sheaves?

I, too, like them, could find my portion here,
Enjoy the mountain slope, the river's foam,—
My humble wishes seek no loftier sphere;
And yet like them I go,—like them I come.
Dim longings draw me on and point my path
To Eastern sands, to Shem's deserted shore,
The cradle of the world, where God in wrath
Hardened the human heart of yore.

I have not yet felt on the sea of sand
The slumberous rocking of the desert bark;
Nor quenched my thirst at eve with quivering hand
By Hebron's well, beneath the palm-trees dark;
Nor in the pilgrim's tent my mantle spread,
Nor laid me in the dust where Job hath lain,
Nor, while the canvass murmured overhead,
Dreamed Jacob's mystic dreams again.

Of the world's pages one is yet unread:—
How the stars tremble in Chaldea's sky,
With what a sense of nothingness we tread,
How the heart beats, when God appears so nigh;—
How on the soul, beside some column lone,
The shadows of old days descend and hover,—
How the grass speaks, the earth sends out its moan,
And the breeze wails that wanders over.

I have not heard in the tall cedar-top
The cries of nations echo to and fro,
Nor seen from Lebanon the eagles drop
On Tyre's deep-buried palaces below;

I have not laid my head upon the ground
Where Tadmor's temples in the dust decay,
Nor startled, with my footfall's dreary sound,
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

I have not stretched where Jordan's current flows,
Heard how the loud-lamenting river weeps,
With moans and cries sublimer even than those
With which the Mournful Prophet stirred its deeps;
Nor felt the transports which the soul inspire
In the deep grot, where he, the bard of kings,
Felt, at the dead of night, a hand of flame
Seize on his harp, and sweep the strings.

I have not wandered o'er the plain, whereon,
Beneath the olive-tree, THE SAVIOUR wept;
Nor traced his tears the hallowed trees upon,
Which jealous angels have not all outswept;
Nor, in the garden, watched through nights sublime,
Where, while the bloody sweat was undergone,
The echo of his sorrows and our crime
Rung in one listening ear alone.

Nor have I bent my forehead on the spot
Where his ascending footstep pressed the clay;
Nor worn with lips devout the rock-hewn grot,
Where, in his mother's tears embalmed, he lay;
Nor smote my breast on that sad mountain-head,
Where, even in death, conquering the Powers of Air,
His arms, as to embrace our earth, he spread,
And bowed his head, to bless it there.—

For these I leave my home; for these I stake
My little span of useless years below:
What matters it, *where* winter-winds may shake
The trunk that yields nor fruit nor foliage now?
Fool! says the crowd. Theirs is the foolish part!
Not in one spot can the soul's food be found;—
No!—to the poet *thought* is *bread*,—his heart
Lives on his Maker's works around.

Farewell, my sire, my sisters dear, again!
Farewell, my walnut-shaded place of birth!
Farewell, my steed, now loitering o'er the plain!
Farewell, my dog, now lonely on the hearth!
Your image haunts me like the shade of bliss,
Your voices lure me with their fond recall:
Soon may the hour arise, less dark than this,
The hour that reunites us all!

And thou, my country, tossed by winds and seas,
Like this frail bark on which my lot is cast,
Big with the world's yet unborn destinies,—
Adieu! thy shores glide from my vision past!
O, that some ray would pierce the cloud that broods
O'er throne and temple, liberty and thee,
And kindle brighter, o'er the restless floods,
Thy beacon-light of immortality!

And thou, Marseilles, at France's portals placed,
With thy white arms the coming guest to greet,
Whose haven, gleaming o'er the ocean's breast,
Spreads like a nest, each winged mast to meet;
Where many a hand beloved now presses mine,
Where my foot lingers still, as loth to flee,—
Thine be my last departing accents,—thine
My first returning greeting be!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WHEN, in my childhood's morning, I rested 'neath the shade
Of the citron or the almond tree, with fruits and blossoms weighed,
While the loose curls from my forehead were lifted by the breeze,
Which like a spirit haunteth each living thing it sees;
Then, in those golden hours, a whisper soft and light
Stole on my senses, thrilling each pulse to wild delight:
'T was not the perfumed zephyr, the dreamy pipe's low swell,
The tones of cherished kindred, or the distant village bell;
O, no, my Guardian Angel, that music in the air
Was but thy viewless pinions, that hovered round me there!

When deeper founts of feeling within my bosom sprung,
And Love, with soft enchantment, its varied cadence rung;
When twilight after twilight still found me lingering near
Yon green and wavy sycamore, to meet with one most dear,
Whose least caress could liberate the full springs of my breast,
Whose kiss at every parting gave strange but sweet unrest,—
Ah! then the selfsame whisper upon my spirit fell:
Say, could it be his footsteps, which woke the mystic spell?
O, no, my Guardian Angel, who watchest over me,
My heart returned that echo of sympathy from thee!

And when, in bliss maternal, I clustered round my hearth
Those blessings God had lent me, to make my heaven on earth;
When at my vine-clad portal I watched their buoyant glee,
As my children, wild with frolic, shook the ripe figs from the tree;
E'en then, though half-defined, that voice with sweetness fraught
Poured out its notes familiar upon my raptured thought:

What moved me then? — ah! was it the bird's
song unrepressed?
Or the breathings of the baby that slumbered
on my breast?
O, no, my Guardian Angel, I felt that thou
wert near,
To echo back the gladness of my heart-music
clear!

And now old age hath planted its snow-crown
on my head,
And, sheltered from the bleak winds that
through the forest spread,
I feed the blazing embers that warm my shrink-
ing frame,
And guard the lambs and children, who scarce
can lisp my name;
Yet in this withered bosom, as in the days of
youth,
The selfsame voice consoles me with words of
love and truth:
'T is not the joys of childhood that haunt me
in my sleep,
Or the lost tones of the dear one whom even
now I weep;
O, no, my Guardian Angel, my tried and faith-
ful friend,
It is thy heart that twineth with mine till life
shall end!

HYMN.

A HYMN more, O my lyre!
Praise to the God above,
Of joy, and life, and love,
Sweeping its strings of fire!

O, who the speed of bird and wind
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,
That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting-place and home in Thee?
Thou, whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a fervent flame, —
Mysterious Spirit! unto whom
Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go
Up from the cold and joyless earth,
Back to the God who bade them flow,
Whose moving spirit sent them forth:
But as for me, O God! for me,
The lowly creature of thy will,
Lingering and sad, I sigh to thee,
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?
To breathe with them the light divine,
From God's own holy altar flowing?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long, —
A portion of heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song?

O watchers of the stars of night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air, —
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
O, say, is HE, the Eternal, there?
Bend there around his awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths his own,
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul! how swift ye go —
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow —
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall there thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me, —
Returning, like the Patriarch's dove,
Wing-weary, from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow paradise?

All-moving Spirit! freely forth,
At thy command, the strong wind goes
Its errand to the passive earth;
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,
Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine:
So, weary of each earthly thing,
My spirit turns to thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain-stream
From its dark caverns hurries on
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star and noontide's sun, —
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast:
So turns my soul to thee!

O Thou who bidd'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind, —
Mover of all things! where art thou?
O, whither shall I go to find
The secret of thy resting-place?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for thee?

O, would I were as free to rise,
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,
The arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,
Or aught which soars unchecked and
free,
Through earth and heaven, — that I might
lose
Myself in finding Thee!

JEAN-FRANÇOIS-CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

Casimir Delavigne, one of the best known among the recent French poets, was born at Havre, in 1794. He first appeared as a poet in a "Dithyrambe sur la Naissance du Roi de Rome," in 1811. His poem entitled "La Découverte de la Vaccine" received the first of the secondary prizes from the French Academy. Afterwards he applied himself to dramatic poetry, and his tragedies, "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," and "Le Paria," were favorably received. Love of country inspired his elegies, "Les Trois Messéniennes," in which he bewailed the humiliation of France; and in the "Nouvelles Messéniennes" he gives utterance to his feelings upon the Greek Revolution. A new "Messénienne," which appeared in the tenth edition of his "Messéniennes et Poésies Diverses," is consecrated to the memory of Byron. His comedy, "L'École des Vieillards," and the tragedies, "Marino Faliero," "Louis XI.," and "Les Fils d'Edouard," which appeared between 1823 and 1833, greatly increased his reputation. In 1824, Delavigne was elected a member of the French Academy; and in 1825, a pension of twelve hundred francs from the civil list, and the cross of the Legion of Honor, were offered him, both of which he declined. He wrote the "Parisienne," which was to the Revolution of July what the "Marseillaise" had been to the old Revolution.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

They breathe no longer: let their ashes rest!
Clamor unjust and calumny
They stooped not to confute; but flung their breast
Against the legions of your enemy,
And thus avenged themselves: for you they die.

Woe to you, woe! if those inhuman eyes
Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal;
Shrinking before your selfish miseries;
Against the common sorrow hard as steel:
Tremble! the hand of death upon you lies:
You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no,—what son of France has spared his tears
For her defenders, dying in their fame?
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
Feels not the quickening spark of his old youthful flame?

Great Heaven! what lessons mark that one day's page!
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age!
How shall the historic Muse record the day,
Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away?
Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and torn,—
Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corses upon corses piled;
Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage that pants for breath;
Spare us the bands thou spared'st, Death!
O Varus! where the warriors thou hast led?
Restore our Legions!—give us back the dead!

I see the broken squadrons reel;
The steeds plunge wild with spurning heel;
Our eagles trod in miry gore;
The leopard standards swooping o'er;
The wounded on their slow cars dying;
The rout disordered, wavering, flying;
Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
And leave behind their long array
Wrecks, corses, blood,—the foot-marks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame,—
O grief!—what sight appalls mine eye?
The sacred band, with generous shame,
Sole 'gainst an army, pause—to die!

Struck with the rare devotion, 't is in vain
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And, proud to conquer, hem them round: the cry
Returns, "The guard surrender not!—they die!"

'T is said, that, when in dust they saw them lie,
A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe: they fixed the pensive eye,
And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
Whose threatening features still their conquerors brave;
Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible;
Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows engrave:
For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
Who o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed;
The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast:
All sank subdued before them, and the date
Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory,
Seldom to Franks denied,—to fall elate
On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them; for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm:
Franks! mourn we for ourselves,—our land's disgrace,—
The proud, mean passions that divide her race.

What age so rank in treasons? to our blood
The love is alien of the common good;
Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,
And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears;
Scared from her sanctuary, Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.

O cursed delirium! jars deplored,
That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword!
Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

The strangers raze our fenced walls;
The castle stoops, the city falls;
Insulting foes their truce forget;
The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet;
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door;
Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lilied or the triple hue;
And Franks, disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow;
'T is time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity:
Haste, — quench the torches of intestine war;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white,—some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz endears.

France! France! awake, with one indignant mind!
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind!
Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.
And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave!
Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave;
Gall not with pride the avengers yet to come:
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom;
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus' hand.

PARTHENOPE AND THE STRANGER.

"What wouldst thou, lady?" "An asylum." "Say,
What is thy crime?" "None." "Who accuse thee?" "They
Who are ungrateful." "Who thine enemy?"
"Each whom the succour of my sword set free;
Adored but yesterday, proscribed to-day."
"What shall my hospitality repay?"
"A day's short peril; laws eternal." "Who
Within my city dare thy steps pursue?"
"Kings." "When arrive they?" "With the morn." "From whence?"
"From every side. Say, shall thy gates' defence
Be mine?" "Yes, enter: but reveal to me
Thy name, O stranger!" "I am Liberty!"

Receive her, ramparts old, again!
For ye her dwelling were of yore;—
Receive her 'midst your gods once more,
O every antique fane!—
Rise, shades of heroes! hover o'er,
To grace her awful train!

Fair sky of Naples, laugh with gladdening rays!
Bring forth, O earth, thy hosts on every side!
Sing, O ye people! hymn the goddess' praise!
'T is she for whom Leonidas once died.

Her brows all idle ornaments refuse;
Half-opened flowers compose her diadem;
Reared in Thermopylæ with gory dews,
Not twice a thousand years have tarnished them.

The wreath immortal sheds a nameless balm,
Which courage raptured breathes: in accents calm,
Yet terrible, her conquering voice disarms
The rebel to her sway: her eyes impart
A holy transport to the panting heart,
And virtue only boasts superior charms.

The people pause atound her; and their cries
Ask from what cause these kings, forgetting ruth,
Cherish their anger; the strange maid replies,
"Alas! I told to monarchs truth!
If hate or if imprudence in my name
Had shook their power, which I would but restrain,
Why should I bear the burden of the blame?
And are they Germans, who would forge my chain?

"Have they forgot, these slaves of yesterday,
Who now oppress you with their tyrant sway,
How, in sore straitness when to me they cried,
I joined their phalanx by Arminius' side?
Rallying their tribes, I scooped the blood-tinged snows
In gaping death-beds for their sinking foes.

"Avenge ye, gods, that look upon my wrong!
And may the memory of my bounties past
Pursue these ingrates,—dog their scattering throng!
May Odin's sons upon the cloudy blast,
With storm-wrapt brows, above them stray,—
Glare by them in the lightning's midnight ray!
And may Rome's legions, with whose whitening bones
I strewed their plains in ages past,
Rise in their sight and chase them to their thrones!

"Ha! and does Rome indeed sepulchred lie
In her own furrows' crumbling mould?
Shall not my foot with ancient potency
Stamp, and from earth start forth her legions old?

"Feel'st thou not, Rome, within thy entrails deep,
The cold bones shaking, and the spirits stir
Of citizens, that, in their marble sleep,
Rest under many a trophied sepulchre?

"Break, Genoese, your chains! — the impatient flood
Murmurs till ye from worthless sloth have started,
And proudly heaves beneath your floating wood,
Where streams the flag whose glory is departed.

"Fair widow of the Medici! be born
Again, thou noble Florence! Now unclasp
Thy arms to my embrace: from slavery's grasp
Breathe free in independence's stormy morn!

"O Neptune's daughter, Venice! city fair
As Venus, and that didst like her emerge
From the foam-silvered, beauty-ravished surge,
Let Albion see thee thy shorn beams repair!
Doge, in my name command! Within your walls
Proclaim me, Senate! Zeno, wake!
Aside thy sleep, Pisani, shake! —
'T is Liberty that calls!"

She spoke: and a whole people with one will
Caught that arousing voice: the furnace-light
Glowed, and the hardening steel grew white;
Against the biting file the edge rang shrill;
Far clanged the anvil; brayed the trumpet; one
Furbished his lance, and one his steed's caparison.

The father throws his weight of years aside,
Accoutring glad the youngest of his sons;
Nor tarries, but his steps outruns,
And foremost joins the lines with emulous stride:
The sister, smiling at his spleen, detains
The baby warrior, who the lap disdains,
And cries, "I go to die upon the plains!"

Then what did they, or might they not have done,
Whose courage manhood nerved? or say, could one
Repose his hope in flight, or fear the death
Claimed by the aged and the infant breath?

Yes! — all with common voice exclaimed aloud,
"We sit beneath thy laurel, and will guard
Its leaves from profanation: take, O bard,
Thy lyre, and sing our feats, their best reward!
For Virgil's sacred shroud
Shall ne'er be spurned by victor footstep proud."

They marched, this warlike people, in their scorn;
And when one moon had filled her horn,
The oppressor German took his rouse
And drained his draughts of Rhenish tranquilly;
And they lay round him, sheltered by the boughs
Of Virgil's laurel-tree.

With eyes averted, Liberty had fled:
Parthenope recalled her; she her head
Bent for a moment from the height of air:
"Thou hast betrayed thy guest: befall thee fair!"
"Art gone for ever?" "They await me."
"Where?"
"In Greece." "They will pursue thee thither too."
"Defenders will be found." "They too may yield,
And numbers then may sweep thee from thy field."
"Ay; but 't is possible to die: adieu!"

LA PARISIENNE.

Gallant nation! now before you
Freedom, beckoning onward, stands!
Let no tyrant's sway be o'er you, —
Wrest the sceptre from his hands!
Paris gave the general cry:
Glory, Fame, and Liberty!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Though thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!
Conquest waits, — your foemen die!

Keep your serried ranks in order;
Sons of France, your country calls!
Gory hecatombs accord her, —
Well she merits each who falls!
Happy day! the general cry
Echoed naught but Liberty!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Though thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!
Conquest waits, — your foemen die!

Vain the shot may sweep along you,
Ranks of warriors now displayed!
Youthful generals are among you,
By the great occasion made!
Happy day! the general cry
Echoed naught but Liberty!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Though thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!
Conquest waits, — your foemen die!

Foremost, who the Carlist lances
With the banner-staff has met?
Freedom's votary advances,
Venerable Lafayette!

Happy day! the general cry
Echoed naught but Liberty!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Though thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!
Conquest waits, — your foemen die!

Triple dyes again combining,
See the squadrons onward go!
In the country's heaven shining,
Mark the various-colored bow!
Happy day! the general cry
Echoed naught but Liberty!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Though thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!
Conquest waits, — your foemen die!

Heroes of that banner gleaming,
Ye, who bore it in the fray, —
Orléans' troops! your blood was streaming
Freely on that fatal day!
From the page of history
We have learned the general cry!
Speed, warriors, speed,
Though thousands bleed,
Pierced by the leaden ball, or crushed by thundering steed!
Conquest waits, — your foemen die!

Muffled drum, thy music lonely
Answers to the mourner's sighs!
Laurels, for the valiant only,
Ornament their obsequies!
Sacred fane of Liberty,
Let their memories never die!
Bear to his grave
Each warrior brave
Who fell in Freedom's cause, his country's rights to save,
Crowned with fame and victory!

VICTOR-MARIE HUGO.

Victor-Marie Hugo was born February 26th, 1802, at Besançon. Several years of his childhood were passed in Elba; then two years in Paris; then two years in the Neapolitan district of Avellino, where his father was governor; again in Paris, where his mother superintended his education in strict privacy. In 1811, he went to Madrid, where he passed a year; and in 1815, entered the Collége Louis-le-Grand. He already began to meditate the plans of several tragedies. In 1817, he wrote a poem, "Sur les Avantages de l'Étude," for the Academy's prize; which, however, he failed to obtain. In 1819, he gained two prizes from the Academy of the Floral Games. The first volume of his lyrical poems appeared in 1822. Louis the Eighteenth bestowed on the young poet a pension of three thousand francs, which enabled him to marry in 1823. He was soon acknowledged as the leader of the Romantic School in France, and as such has been assailed with unexampled violence by the Classicists. Besides his lyrical poems, of which several collections have appeared, Victor Hugo has published novels, the most celebrated of which is "Notre Dame de Paris." His dramas, "Cromwell," "Hernani," "Marion Delorme," "Triboulet, ou le Roi s'amuse," "Lucrèce Borgia," and "Marie Tudor," are full of vigorous and striking passages. He published, in 1834, a collection of miscellaneous writings, entitled "Littérature et Philosophie Mêlées." The collections of his lyrical poems are, "Odes et Ballades," "Les Orientales," "Chants du Crépuscules," "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "Les Rayons et les Ombres," and "Voix Intérieures."

Victor Hugo stands undoubtedly at the head of the modern French poets. In vigor of thought and splendor of diction, he is unrivalled by any of his contemporaries. At the same time it must be admitted that he often falls into extravagance, and has written much that a purer taste condemns.

INFANCY.

In the dusky alcove,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed;
Softly he reposes,
And his lids of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairy land:
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;
Suns are gleaming there;
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In their charming hand.

O enchanting vision!
Lo! a rill upsprings,
And from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold:
Roses all and lilies
Every path unfold;
Lakes in shadow sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
And the waters creeping
Through the reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully!
Thy young soul knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead leaves that sweep
Down the stormy deep,
Thou art borne in sleep:
What is all to thee?
. . . . . .

Innocent! thou sleepest! —
See! the heavenly band,
Who foreknow the trials
That for man are planned,
Seeing him unarmed,
Unfearing, unalarmed,
With their tears have warmed
His unconscious hand.

Angels, hovering o'er him,
Kiss him where he lies;
Hark! he sees them weeping:
"Gabriel!" he cries;
"Hush!" the angel says,
On his lip he lays
One finger, and displays
His native skies.

HER NAME.

A LILY'S pure perfume; a halo's light;
The evening's voices mingling soft above;
The hour's mysterious farewell in its flight;
The plaintive story told
By a dear friend who grieves, yet is consoled;
The sweet, soft murmur of a kiss of love;

The scarf, seven-tinted, which the hurricane
Leaves in the clouds, a trophy to the sun;
The well remembered tone,
Which, scarcely hoped for, meets the ear again;
The pure wish of a virgin heart; the beam
That hovers o'er an infant's earliest dream;

The voices of a distant choir; the sighs
That fabulous *Memnon* breathed of yore to greet
The coming dawn; the tone whose murmurs rise,
Then, with a cadence tremulous, expire; —
These, and all else the *spirit dreams* of sweet,
Are not so sweet as her sweet name, O lyre!

Pronounce it very softly, like a prayer;
Yet be it heard, the burden of the song:
Ah! let it be a sacred light to shine
In the dim fane; the secret word, which there
Trembles for ever on one faithful tongue,
In the lone, shadowy silence of the shrine.

But O, or e'er, in words of flame,
My Muse, unmindful, with the meaner crowd
Of names, by worthless pride revealed aloud,
Should dare to blend the dear and honored name,
By fond affection set apart,
And hidden, like a treasure, in my heart;

My strain, soft-syllabled, should meet the ear
Like sacred music heard upon the knees;
The air should vibrate to its harmonies,
As if, light-hovering in the atmosphere,
An angel, viewless to the mortal eye,
With his fine pinions shook it, rustling nigh.

THE VEIL.

SISTER.

WHAT ails, what ails you, brothers dear?
Those knitted brows why cast ye down?
Why gleams that light of deathly fear
'Neath the dark shadows of your frown?
Torn are your girdles' crimson bands;
And thrice already have I seen,
Half-drawn within your shuddering hands,
Glitter your poniards' naked sheen.

ELDEST BROTHER.

Sister, hath not to-day thy veil upraised been?

SISTER.

As I returned from the bath, —
From the bath, brothers, I returned, —
By the mosque led my homeward path,
And fiercely down the hot noon burned;
In my uncovered palanquin,
Safe from all eye of infidel,
I gasped for air, — I dreamed no sin, —
My veil a single instant fell.

SECOND BROTHER.

A man was passing? — in green caftan? — sister, tell!

SISTER.

Yes, yes, — perhaps; — but his bold eye
Saw not the blush upon my cheek. —
Why speak ye thus aside? O, why,
Brothers, aside do ye thus speak?
Will ye my blood? — O, hear me swear,
He saw me not, — he could not see!
Mercy! — will ye refuse to spare
Weak woman helpless on her knee?

THIRD BROTHER.

When sank the sun to-night, in robe of red was he!

SISTER.

Mercy! — O, grant me, grant me grace! —
O God! four poniards in my side! —
Ah! by your knees which I embrace! —
My veil! my veil of snowy pride! —
Fly me not now! — in blood I swim!
Support, support my sinking head!
For o'er my eyes, now dark and dim,
Brothers, the veil of death is spread.

FOURTH BROTHER.

That veil, at least, is one thou ne'er shalt lift again!

THE DJINNS.

Town, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower
Cliffs steep;
Waves gray,
Where play
Winds gay,—
All sleep.

Hark! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night:
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on 't is sweeping
With rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet:
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies,
On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst!
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore,—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound
Of the Djinns' fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly!
See, see our lamplight fade!
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high!

'T is the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest-flight;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine-flame crackling bright.
Swift and heavy, lo, their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud,
Like a livid thunder-cloud
With its bolt of fiery night!

Ha! they are on us, close without!
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 't would fly!

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!
The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed —
O Heaven! — descends my lowly roof to seek:
Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.
Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O Prophet! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I 'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed! — and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear;
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
Fitful mutterings still;
As, when Arab horn
Swells its magic peal,
Shoreward o'er the deep
Fairy voices sweep,
And the infant's sleep
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly Djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds the wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan,
Like the deep tone
Of ocean's groan,
Afar, by night!

More and more
Fades it now,
As on shore
Ripple's flow, —
As the plaint
Far and faint
Of a saint
Murmured low.

Hark! hist!
Around,
I list!
The bounds
Of space
All trace
Efface
Of sound.

MOONLIGHT.

Bright shone the merry moonbeams dancing o'er the wave;
At the cool casement, to the evening breeze flung wide,
Leans the sultana, and delights to watch the tide,
With band of silvery sheen, yon sleeping islets lave.

From her hand as it falls, vibrates her light guitar;—
She listens,—hark, that sound that echoes dull and low!
Is it the beat upon the Archipelago
Of some deep galley's oar, from Scio bound afar?

Is it the cormorants, whose black wings, one by one,
Cut the blue wave that o'er them breaks in liquid pearls?
Is it some hovering djinn with whistling scream that hurls
Down to the deep from yon old tower each loosened stone?

Who thus disturbs the tide near the seraglio?
'T is no dark cormorants upon the sea that float,—
'T is no dull plunge of stones,—no oars of Turkish boat
With measured beat along the water sweeping slow.

'T is heavy sacks, borne each by voiceless eunuch slave;
And could you dare to sound the depth of yon dark tide,
Something like human form would stir within its side.
Bright shone the merry moonbeams dancing o'er the wave.

THE SACK OF THE CITY.

Thy will, O King, is done! Lighting but to consume,
The roar of the fierce flames drowned even the shouts and shrieks;
Reddening each roof, like some day-dawn of bloody doom,
Seemed they in joyous flight to dance above their wrecks.

Slaughter his thousand giant arms hath tossed on high,
Fell fathers, husbands, wives, beneath his streaming steel;
Prostrate the palaces huge tombs of fire lie,
While gathering overhead the vultures scream and wheel.

Died the pale mothers;—and the virgins, from their arms,
O Caliph, fiercely torn, bewailed their young years' blight;
With stabs and kisses fouled, all their yet quivering charms
At our fleet coursers' heels were dragged in mocking flight.

Lo, where the city lies mantled in pall of death!
Lo, where thy mighty arm hath passed, all things must bend!
As the priests prayed, the sword stopped their accursed breath,—
Vainly their sacred book for shield did they extend.

Some infants yet survived, and the unsated steel
Still drinks the life-blood of each whelp of Christian hound.
To kiss thy sandal's foot, O King, thy people kneel,
With golden circlet to thy glorious ankle bound.

EXPECTATION.

Squirrel, mount yon oak so high,
To its twig that next the sky
Bends and trembles as a flower!
Strain, O stork, thy pinion well,—
From thy nest 'neath old church-bell,
Mount to yon tall citadel,
And its tallest donjon tower!

To yon mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold
Kisses the last ray of even!
And, O thou that lov'st to mark
Morn's first sunbeam pierce the dark,
Mount, O, mount, thou joyous lark,
Joyous lark, O, mount to heaven!

And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft, and peak of snow,
And heaven's arch,—O, can ye see
One white plume that like a star
Streams along the plain afar,
And a steed that from the war
Bears my lover back to me?

AMABLE TASTU.

Madame Tastu is one of the most pleasing and elegant of the living poets of France. Her style is rich and copious, and frequently suggests the impassioned manner and stately diction of Mrs. Hemans. The pieces entitled "La Mort" and "L'Ange Gardien" are among her best and most vigorous productions. Her works are very popular. The sixth edition was published in 1838, with vignettes after the designs of Johannot.

LEAVES OF THE WILLOW-TREE.

The air was pleasant; the last autumn day
With its sad parting tore away
The garland from the tree:
I looked, and, lo! before me passed
The sun, the autumn, life, at last, —
One company!

Sitting alone a mossy trunk beside,
The presence of the evil days to hide
From my heart I sought;
Upon the stream, amid my musing grief,
Silently fell a withered leaf:
I looked, and thought!

Over my head an ancient willow-tree, —
My hand, all indolent and listlessly,
A green bough taketh;
The light leaves casting, one by one,
I watch, as on the stream they run,
The course each taketh.

O folly of my fancy's idle play!
I asked each broken fragment, on its way,
Of future years:
Linked to thy fortune, let me see
What is my fate of life to be, —
Gladness, or tears?

One moment only in my longing sight,
Like a bark that glideth in the light
Upon the main,
The billow hurls it 'gainst the shore,
The little leaf returns no more, —
I wait in vain.

Another leaf upon the stream I throw,
Seeking my fond lute's fate to know,
If fair it be:
Vainly I look for miracles to-day;
My oracle the wind hath borne away,
And hope from me!

Upon this water where my fortune dieth,
My song upon the zephyr's pinion flieth,
The wild wind's track:
O, shall I cast a vow more dear
Upon this faithless stream? My hand, with fear,
Hath started back!

My feeble heart its weakness knoweth well,
Yet cannot banish that dark, gloomy spell, —
That vague affright:
The sick heart heedeth each mysterious thing:
About my soul the clouds are gathering,
Blacker than night!

The green bough falleth from my hands to earth:
Mournfully I turned unto my hearth,
Yet slow and ill;
And in the night, around that willow-tree
And its prophetic leaves my memory
Did wander still.

DEATH.

Embarking on the sea of life,
The infant smiles at coming years;
But Death is there! and, like a small, thin cloud,
Upon the horizon's edge appears, —
Seen only by the mother's eye,
Which ever watcheth fearfully:
He laugheth in his cradle of delight,
His lovely morning thinketh not of night:
Death is there! when in the hands of Time
The sands of infancy are running by,
The veiled phantom riseth up
Unto youth's affrighted eye;
In the bosom of his play,
A sudden restlessness doth bring,
Even from wisdom's flowery way,
His heart back to that fearful thing:
Slowly falleth back the veil from that dark visioning! —
There is an hour, when from our blinded youth
The drunkenness of empty dreaming flies, —
An hour of mourning, when the voice of grief
Draweth the first tear from our shaded eyes:
All earth unmantleth itself to sight:
Death is there! but Death appeareth bright;
'T is a young angel, in his bearing sweet,
With a light mourner-garment folded round;
With pale, pale flowers his shining head is crowned,
And like a friend he cometh nigh to greet;
No sound of fear is following his feet;
His pure hand presseth from the torch of life
Its mortal brightness on the ground;
His face doth breathe a slumber upon pain, —
He smiles, and pointeth to the heaven around.
The daylight gleameth on our hearts forlorn,
And, shaking off the vapors of the morn,
The angel waxeth mightier, and proud
From behind the fading cloud
His forehead towereth up in scorn!
He strideth forward, and men's spirits quake!
His mighty hand unfolds itself, to take
The towers in his path, — the warrior in his mail!
Then it is that Death doth make the heart grow pale;
He cometh nigh, and towereth ceaselessly. —
The soul beholds the boundary of its way;
Already 'neath the stooping shadow it departeth,
The dying light of eve without another day!
The weight of age upon our neck doth hang:
Death is there! by years and sorrow bowed,
While we are kneeling at his dreadful feet,
His face is hidden in a cloud;
But if the darkness from our sight the spectre hide,
We feel its presence all around, — on every side.

And I shall die! yea, time shall bring
The sad and lonely day, —
A day of silence, whence returns not
The music of my bosom's lay:
Yea, when the joys the future keepeth
Shall seek me, earth will know me not;

A flower, a lonely flower, that dieth
In some green woodland spot;
A little perfume, and a few pale leaves,
To keep my memory unforgot.

THE ECHO OF THE HARP.

Poor poet-harp! upon the wall suspended,
Thou sleepest, in that silence long unbroke!
The night-wind, with its cold and wandering breath,
Upon thy chord a whisper hath awoke.
So sleepeth in my breast this hidden lyre,
Untouched save by the Muse's hand alone;
Then, when a mighty word, a dream, a thought,
A pilgrim fancy, lovely in its tone,
Shaketh the flowers from its passing wing,
It vibrates suddenly: the sound that leapeth
Into the clouds my bosom doth not hear, —
The echo of that sound alone it keepeth.

AUGUSTE BARBIER.

Of this young poet, a writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" (No. LXI.) says, — "It was shortly after the Revolution of July, that Auguste Barbier, then a very young man, brought out the poem, which, his contemporaries agree, at once raised him to the rank he has since held. This poem was 'La Curée.' He followed up his success by other volumes, which had also the seal of originality upon them. Barbier is not what is ordinarily called a descriptive poet, and seldom a poet of tenderness. His inspiration is not of the mountain or the forest; the outward forms of the grand and the beautiful are not necessary to its awakening; he has found it most in the thick of cities, — in truth, always. He is not a bard of soft numbers, but to be noted chiefly for the characteristic boldness and manly vigor he has thrown into a form of verse not commonly deemed susceptible of either. Always harmonious he is not, but for the most part he is something better. He selects the word of his thought; it veils slightly, or lays wholly bare; but it is truth which is below, and sometimes in her rudest nakedness. He is a child of the Paris he knows so well and has portrayed so truly."

THE BRONZE STATUE OF NAPOLEON.

Come, stoker, come, more coal, more fuel, heap
Iron and copper at our need, —
Come, your broad shovel and your long arms steep,
Old Vulcan, in the forge you feed!
To your wide furnace be full portion thrown, —
To bid her sluggish teeth to grind,
Tear, and devour the weight which she doth own,
A fire-palace she must find.

'T is well, — 't is *here*! *the* flame, wide, wild, intense,
Unsparing, and blood-colored, flung
From the vault down, where the assaults commence
With lingot up to lingot clung,
And bounds and howlings of delirium born, —
Lead, copper, iron, mingled well,
All twisting, lengthening, and embraced, and torn,
And tortured, like the damned in hell.
The work is done! the spent flame burns no more,
The furnace fires smoke and die,
The iron flood boils over. Ope the door,
And let the haughty one pass by!
Roar, mighty river, rush upon your course,
A bound, — and, from your dwelling past,
Dash forward, like a torrent from its source,
A flame from the volcano cast!
To gulp your lava-waves earth's jaws extend,
Your fury in one mass fling forth, —
In your steel mould, O Bronze, a slave descend,
An emperor return to earth!
Again Napoleon, — 't is his form appears!
Hard soldier in unending quarrel,
Who cost so much of insult, blood, and tears,
For only a few boughs of laurel!

For mourning France it was a day of grief,
When, down from its high station flung,
His mighty statue, like some shameful thief,
In coils of a vile rope was hung;
When we beheld at the grand column's base,
And o'er a shrieking cable bowed,
The stranger's strength that mighty bronze displace
To hurrahs of a foreign crowd;
When, forced by thousand arms, head-foremost thrown,
The proud mass cast in monarch mould
Made sudden fall, and on the hard, cold stone
Its iron carcass sternly rolled.
The Hun, the stupid Hun, with soiled, rank skin,
Ignoble fury in his glance,
The emperor's form the kennel's filth within
Drew after him, in face of France!
On those within whose bosoms hearts hold reign,
That hour like remorse must weigh
On each French brow, — 't is the eternal stain,
Which only death can wash away!
I saw, where palace-walls gave shade and ease,
The wagons of the foreign force;
I saw them strip the bark which clothed our trees,
To cast it to their hungry horse.
I saw the Northman, with his savage lip,
Bruising our flesh till black with gore,
Our bread devour, — on our nostrils sip
The air which was our own before!

In the abasement and the pain, — the weight
Of outrages no words make known, —
I charged one only being with my hate:
Be thou accursed, Napoleon!

O lank-haired Corsican, your France was fair,
In the full sun of Messidor!
She was a tameless and a rebel mare,
Nor steel bit nor gold rein she bore;
Wild steed with rustic flank;—yet, while she trod,—
Reeking with blood of royalty,
But proud with strong foot striking the old sod,
At last, and for the first time, free,—
Never a hand, her virgin form passed o'er,
Left blemish nor affront essayed;
And never her broad sides the saddle bore,
Nor harness by the stranger made.
A noble vagrant,—with coat smooth and bright,
And nostril red, and action proud,—
As high she reared, she did the world affright
With neighings which rang long and loud.
You came; her mighty loins, her paces scanned,
Pliant and eager for the track;
Hot Centaur, twisting in her mane your hand,
You sprang all booted to her back.
Then, as she loved the war's exciting sound,
The smell of powder and the drum,
You gave her Earth for exercising ground,
Bade Battles as her pastimes come!
Then, no repose for her,—no nights, no sleep!
The air and toil for evermore!
And human forms like unto sand crushed deep,
And blood which rose her chest before!
Through fifteen years her hard hoofs' rapid course
So ground the generations,
And she passed smoking in her speed and force
Over the breast of nations;
Till,—tired in ne'er earned goal to place vain trust,
To tread a path ne'er left behind,
To knead the universe and like a dust
To uplift scattered human kind,—
Feebly and worn, and gasping as she trode,
Stumbling each step of her career,
She craved for rest the Corsican who rode.
But, torturer! you would not hear;
You pressed her harder with your nervous thigh,
You tightened more the goading bit,
Choked in her foaming mouth her frantic cry,
And brake her teeth in fury-fit.
She rose,—but the strife came. From farther fall
Saved not the curb she could not know,—
She went down, pillowed on the cannon-ball,
And thou wert broken by the blow!

Now born again, from depths where thou wert hurled,
A radiant eagle dost thou rise;
Winging thy flight again to rule the world,
Thine image reascends the skies.
No longer now the robber of a crown,—
The insolent usurper,—he,
With cushions of a throne, unpitying, down
Who pressed the throat of Liberty,—
Old slave of the Alliance, sad and lone,
Who died upon a sombre rock,
And France's image until death dragged on
For chain, beneath the stranger's stroke,—
Napoleon stands, unsullied by a stain!
Thanks to the flatterer's tuneful race,
The lying poets who ring praises vain,
Has Cæsar 'mong the gods found place!
His image to the city-walls gives light;
His name has made the city's hum,—
Still sounded ceaselessly, as through the fight
It echoed farther than the drum.
From the high suburbs, where the people crowd,
Doth Paris, an old pilgrim now,
Each day descend to greet the pillar proud,
And humble there his monarch brow;—
The arms encumbered with a mortal wreath,
With flowers for that bronze's pall,
(No mothers look on, as they pass beneath,—
It grew beneath their tears so tall!)—
In working-vest, in drunkenness of soul,
Unto the fife's and trumpet's tone,
Doth joyous Paris dance the Carmagnole
Around the great Napoleon.

Thus, Gentle Monarchs, pass unnoted on!
Mild Pastors of Mankind, away!
Sages, depart, as common brows have gone,
Devoid of the immortal ray!
For vainly you make light the people's chain;
And vainly, like a calm flock, come
On your own footsteps, without sweat or pain,
The people,—treading towards their tomb.
Soon as your star doth to its setting glide,
And its last lustre shall be given
By your quenched name,—upon the popular tide
Scarce a faint furrow shall be riven.
Pass, pass ye on! For you no statue high!
Your names shall vanish from the horde:
Their memory is for those who lead to die
Beneath the cannon and the sword;
Their love, for him who on the humid field
By thousands lays to rot their bones;
For him, who bids them pyramids to build,—
And bear upon their backs the stones!

SONNET TO MADAME ROLAND.

'T is well to hold in Good our faith entire,
Rejecting doubt, refusing to despond,
Believing, beneath skies of gloom and fire,
In splendors of aërial worlds beyond:
As erst, when gangs of infamy inhuman,
At Freedom striking still through freemen's lives,
Her great support devoted to their knives,
The Soul of Gironde, an inspired woman!

Serene of aspect, and unmoved of eye,
Round the stern car which bare her on to die,
A brutal mob applauded to the crime.
But vain beside the pure the vile might be!
Her heart despaired not; and her lip sublime
Blessed thee unto the last, O sainted Liberty!

ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

LIKE the French and Spanish, the Italian is a branch of that wide-spread and not very uniform *Romana Rustica*, which was formed by the intermingling of barbaric words and idioms with the Lower Latinity of Italy, France, and Spain, and which prevailed in the earlier part of the Middle Ages, with many local forms and peculiarities, through a large portion of the South of Europe.*

The earliest well authenticated specimen of the Italian language belongs to the close of the twelfth century. It is the "Canzone" of Ciullo d'Alcamo, by birth a Sicilian, and the earliest Italian poet whose name is on record. He wrote about the year 1197. The song consists of thirty-two stanzas, some of which are not entire, and is written in the form of a colloquy between the poet and a lady. The language is a rude Sicilian dialect, and in many places unintelligible.

Before proceeding farther, it will be necessary to throw a passing glance upon the various dialects which divide the Italian language. These are all of greater antiquity than the classic Italian, the *Parlare Illustre, Cardinale, Aulico, e Cortigiano;* and many of them dispute the honor of having given birth to it. Dante enumerates fifteen dialects existing in his day, and gives their names. He then observes farther: "From this it appears, that

* In regard to the origin of the Italian language, three different theories have been brought forward by Italian writers.

I. Leonardo Bruni, surnamed *l'Aretino*, from Arezzo, the place of his birth, a writer of the fifteenth century, and the first among his countrymen who treated of this subject, maintains that the Italian language is coeval with the Latin; that both were used at the same time in ancient Rome,—the Latin by the learned in their writings and public discourses, and the Italian by the populace, and in familiar conversation. Cardinal Bembo and Francesco Saverio Quadrio have since maintained the same opinion. In proof of their theory, these writers cite the language of the plebeian personages in the comedies of Plautus and Terence. There they find many words and expressions, which bear some resemblance to the modern Italian, and which have never gained admittance into the works of other classic writers; and from these, and some interchange of letters, such as the use of *o* for *e*, as in *vostris* for *vestris*, and *v* for *b*, as in *vellum* for *bellum*, they draw the conclusion, that, as the vulgar Latin was not classic Latin, it must have been Italian.

II. The next theory is that of the Marquis Scipio Maffei. He rejects the opinion of Bruni and his disciples, because, in his own words, "vulgarisms are not sufficient to form a language, nor to render it adequate to literary uses." He also rejects the general opinion, which we shall next consider, that the Italian was formed by the corruptions introduced into the Latin by the Northern conquerors; asserting that "neither the Lombards nor the Goths had any part whatever in the formation of the Italian language." The theory he advances is, that the Italian was formed from the gradual corruption of the classic Latin, without the intervention of any foreign influence; or, to use his own words, that "it originated from abandoning in common conversation the classic, grammatical, and correct Latin, and generally adopting, in its stead, a vulgar mode of speech, incorrect in structure and vicious in pronunciation." In proof of this, he asserts, that many words and forms of expression, which are generally supposed to have been derived from the barbarians of the North, were in use in Italy before their invasions. The examples he brings in evidence are taken chiefly from the writings of Aulus Gellius, Cassiodorus, Saint Jerome, and others, who wrote when the Latin had already lost much of its purity; and we believe it to be a fact very generally acknowledged by literary historians, that this first corruption of the Latin was produced by the crowds of strangers that filled the city of Rome, during the reigns of the foreign emperors. How much greater must that corruption have become, when the Goths and Lombards filled, not only the city of Rome, but the whole of Italy northward! But Maffei supposes that the numbers of the barbarian conquerors were too small to have produced any changes in the language of the conquered people. Can this be so? Muratori, in a dissertation upon this subject, says, that, in the Gothic invasion of the year 405, King Radagaiso entered Italy with an army of two hundred thousand men; and it is well known, that, at a later period, whole nations, rather than armies, followed the Lombard banners towards the South.

III. The oldest and most generally received opinion in regard to the formation of the Italian language is that which is advocated by Muratori, Fontanini, Tiraboschi, Denina, Ginguené, Sismondi, and most of the philologers of the present day. All these writers recognize the immediate coöperation of the Northern languages in the formation of the Italian. Their theory is briefly this. Before the Northern invasions, the Latin language had lost much of its elegance even in the writings of the learned, and in the mouths of the illiterate had become exceedingly corrupt; but still it was Latin. When these invasions took place, the conquerors found themselves under the necessity of learning, to a certain extent, the language of the conquered. This, however, was a task not easily accomplished by unlettered men, who, in their efforts to speak the Latin, introduced a vicious pronunciation, and many of the familiar forms and idioms of their native languages. Thus the articles came into use; prepositions were substituted for the various terminations of the Latin declensions; and the auxiliary verbs crept into the conjugations. Though the great mass of words remained virtually the same, yet most of them were more or less mutilated, and a great number of Gothic and Lombard words were naturalized in Italy, by giving them a Latin termination. To the conquered people, the gradual transition from one degree of corruption in their language to another still lower was both natural and easy; and thus a conventional language was formed, which very naturally divided itself into numerous dialects, and was denominated *Volgare* in contradistinction to the Latin; for the Latin still continued to be the written language of the studious and the learned.

the Italian language alone is divided into at least fourteen dialects, each of which is again subdivided into under-dialects, — as, the Tuscan into the Sienese and Aretine, the Lombard into the dialects of Ferrara and Piacenza; and even in the same city some varieties of language may be found. Hence, if we include the leading dialects of the Italian *Volgare* with the under-dialects and their subdivisions, the varieties of language common in this little corner of the world will amount to a thousand, and even more."* This diversity of the Italian dialects is doubtless to be attributed in a great measure to the varieties of dialect existing in the vulgar Latin at the time of the Northern invasions, and to similar varieties in the original dialects of the invaders themselves, who, it will be recollected, were of different tribes of the vast family of the Gotho-Germans, among which were the Ostrogoths, the Visigoths, the Lombards, the Gepidi, the Bulgari, the Sarmati, the Pannonii, the Suevi, and the Norici. Much, too, must be attributed to the accidental but inevitable changes wrought in a language by the gradual progress of its history, and the contingencies of time and place; and something to the new development of national character produced by the admixture of the Roman and Teutonic races.†

After enumerating the dialects which prevailed in his day, Dante goes into a discussion of the beauties and defects of some of the more prominent. He disposes of all these by observing that neither of them is the *Volgare Illustre*, to discover which he had instituted the inquiry; and hence draws the conclusion, "that the *Volgare Illustre, Cardinale, Aulico, e Cortigiano* of Italy is the language common to all the Italian cities, but peculiar to none." In other words, it exists everywhere in parts, but nowhere as a whole, save in the pages of the classic writer. This opinion, however, has been warmly contested, and the champions of four or five parties have taken the field. The first, with Machiavelli and the host of the Florentine Academy at their head, have asserted the supremacy of the language of the city of Florence; and, actuated, it would seem, more by the zeal of local prejudice, than any generous feeling of national pride, have contended, that the classic language of that literature, in whose ample field the name of their whole country was already so proudly emblazoned, was the dialect of Florence, and should be called, not Italian, not even Tuscan, — but *Florentine*. In the bitterness of dispute, Machiavelli exclaims against the author of the "Divina Commedia,"—"In every thing he has brought infamy upon his country; and now, even in her language, he would tear from her that reputation which he imagines his own writings have conferred upon her."* There spake the politician, not the scholar. Machiavelli's own writings are the best refutation of his theory. Bembo, though a Venetian, and Varchi, the historian of the wars of the Florentine Republic, were also advocates of the same opinion. In humble imitation of these, some members of the Academy of the *Intronati* in Siena put in their claims in favor of their native Sienese; and one writer, at least, of Bologna asserted the supremacy of the Bolognese. Their pretensions, however, seem neither to have caused alarm, nor even to have excited attention. The champions of the name and glory of the Tuscan show a more liberal spirit, inasmuch as they extend to a whole province what the Florentine and Sienese academicians would have shut up within the walls of a single city. Among those who have enlisted beneath this banner are Dolce and Tolomei. But far more of the high and liberal spirit of the scholar is shown by those writers who do not arrogate to their own native city or province that glory which rightly belongs to their whole country. Among those who assert the common right of all the provinces of Italy to share in the honor of having contributed something to the classic Italian, and, consequently, say that it should bear the name of Italian, rather than that of Florentine, Sienese, or Tuscan, after Dante, are Castelvetro, Muzio, and Cesarotti. Now, as is almost universally the case in literary warfare, an exclusive and uncompromising spirit has urged the combatants onward, and they have contended for victory rather than for truth, which seems to lie prostrate in the field midway between the contending parties, unseen and trampled upon by all. The facts which may be gathered from the contending arguments lead one to embrace the opinion, that the classic Italian is founded upon the Tuscan, but adorned and enriched by words and idioms from all the provinces of Italy. In other words, each of the Italian dialects has contributed something to its formation, but most of all the Tuscan; and the language thus formed belongs not to a single

* De Vulgari Eloquentia. Cap. X.

† Each of the Italian cities is marked by peculiar traits of character in its inhabitants, which bear in the mouths of the populace some epithet of praise, or are the subject of gibe and ribaldry. For example, the Milanese have the *sobriquet* of *buoni buzziconi*; and in the following lines, quoted in Howell's "Signorie of Venice," p. 55, numerous epithets are applied.

"Fama tra noi; Roma *pomposa* e *santa*;
Venetia *saggia, rica, signorile*;
Napoli *odorifera* e *gentile*;
Fiorenza *bella*, tutto il mondo canta;
Grande Milano in Italia si vanta;
Bologna *grassa*; Ferrara *civile*;
Padoua *dotta*, e Bergamo *sottile*;
Genoa di *superbia* altiera pianta;
Verona *degna*, e Perugia *sanguigna*;
Broscia l' *armata*, e Mantoa *gloriosa*;
Rimini *buona*, e Pistoia *ferrigna*;
Cremona *antica*, e Luca *industriosa*;
Furli *bizarro*, e Ravenna *benigna*;" &c.

* Discorso in cui si esamina se la lingua in cui scrissero Dante, il Boccaccio, e il Petrarca si debba chiamare Italiana, Toscana, o Fiorentina. MACHIAVELLI. Opere. Tomo X., p. 371.

city, nor a single province, but is the common possession of the whole of

"Il bel paese là dove il sì suona."

Such is the language, which in the fourteenth century was carried to its highest state of perfection in the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Beneath their culture, the tree, whose far-spreading roots drew nourishment from the soil of every province, reared aloft its leafy branches to the sky, vocal with song, and proffered shelter to all who came to sit beneath its shadow and listen to the laughing tale, the amorous lay, or the awful mysteries of another life. Dante Alighieri was born at Florence in 1265, and died at Ravenna in 1321. As an author, he belongs to the fourteenth century. Boccaccio says, that he wrote in his native dialect; but it is conceded on all hands, and all his writings prove the fact, that he did not confine himself exclusively to any one dialect, but drew from all whatever they contained of force and beauty. In the words of Cesarotti, in his "Essay on the Philosophy of Language," "The genius of Dante was not the slave of his native idiom. His zeal was rather national than simply patriotic. The creator of a philosophic language, he sacrifices all conventional elegance to expressiveness and force; and, far from flattering a particular dialect, lords it over the whole language, which he seems at times to rule with despotic sway." In this way, Dante advanced the Italian to a high rank among the living languages of his age. Posterity has not withheld the honor, then bestowed upon him, of being the most perfect master of the vulgar tongue, that had appeared: and this seems to strengthen and establish the argument, that the Italian language consists of the gems of various dialects enchased in the pure gold of the Tuscan.

Francesco Petrarca was born in 1304, and died in 1374. During his residence at Vaucluse, he made the Provençal language and the poetry of the Troubadours his study. From the former he enriched the vocabulary of his native tongue, and from the latter his own sonnets and *canzoni;* but we are inclined to think, that, in both these, critics have much exaggerated the amount. Many Italian words supposed to have been introduced by him from the Provençal are of native origin; and in regard to the plagiarisms from Mossen Jordi, those cited are few in number, and may be in part accounted for by regarding them as simple coincidences of thought, or by referring them to that mysterious principle of the mind, by which the ideas we have gathered from books or from those around us start up like the spontaneous offspring of our own powers. But Petrarch's residence at Avignon, and his study of the Troubadours of Provence, were productive of more real advantages than these; for there the poet caught the cunning art of his melodious periods, and thus infused into his native language all the softness and flexibility of the dialect of the South of France. Dante had already given majesty and force to the Italian; Petrarch imparted to it elegance and refinement. To use the language of an Italian author, — "He wrote with so great elegance, and such a delicate choice of words and phrases, that for the space of four hundred years no one has appeared who can boast of having carried to greater perfection, or refined in any degree, the style of his "Canzoniere." On the contrary, he stands so sovereign and unrivalled a master of this language, particularly in poetry, that perhaps no author exists in any tongue, whose expressions may be so freely and unhesitatingly imitated both in verse and in prose, as those of Petrarch, although he wrote four centuries ago, and the language has still continued a living language, subject to the continual changes of time."*

Giovanni Boccaccio was born in Paris, in 1313, and died in 1375. Italian critics do not bestow the same unqualified praise upon his language as upon that of Petrarch. They find him something old and musty; and complain of his Latin inversions, and that Ciceronian fulness of periods, which characterizes the style of the Tuscan novelist. And yet they all agree in awarding him the praise of being a strong and energetic writer, and are willing to confess, that, single-handed, he did for Italian prose what Dante and Petrarch had done for its poetry. "The 'Decameron' of Boccaccio," says the author just quoted, "is by far the best model of eloquence which Italian literature can boast. There are other writings whose style may be more elegant and pure, others more useful on account of a more obvious and perhaps greater abundance of important information; but without reading the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio, no one can know the true spirit of our language."

By such writers was the Italian language brought to its highest point of literary culture, before the close of the fourteenth century. During the fifteenth, there is nothing remarkable in its history; but at the commencement of the sixteenth, a literary contest arose concerning it, which terminated in results most favorable to its prevalence and permanence. The writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio in the vulgar tongue produced so great a revolution in public taste, and raised the language in which they were composed into such repute, that those uninitiated in the mysteries of learning began to jeer the wisdom of the schools, and to point the finger of ridicule at all who walked before them in the strange and antiquated garb of the Latin. The Academies, too, of which such a vast number saw the light at the commencement of the sixteenth century, began to occupy themselves seriously with the study of the vulgar tongue, examining the works of its classic writers in order to draw from them examples and authorities whereon to rest its philosophical principles, and thus reducing to a

* Denina. Saggio sopra la Letteratura Italiana.

regular system what had previously been the result of usage or caprice. This progress in the Italian language excited the jealousy of all the devotees of the Latin, and they soon declared an exterminating warfare against the intruding dialect. Romolo Amaseo, Professor of Eloquence and Belles-lettres at Bologna, was Peter-the-Hermit in this literary crusade; and in the year 1529, in the presence of the Emperor Charles the Fifth and Pope Clement the Seventh, he harangued for two successive days against the Italian language, maintaining with eloquence that the Latin ought to reign supreme, and the Italian be degraded to a *patois*, and confined to the peasant's hut, and the shambles and market-places of the city. Many other learned men of the age followed him to the field, and contended with much zeal for the cause of the Latin; some even went so far as to wish the Italian banished entirely from the world. But stalwart champions were not wanting on the other side; and, to be brief, the impulse of public opinion soon swept away all opposition, and the popular cause was triumphant.* The effect of this was to establish the Italian upon a firmer foundation. One noble monument of the literary labors of this century in behalf of the Italian is the "Vocabulary" of the renowned *Accademia della Crusca*, which was first published in 1612, and has ever since remained the irrefragable code of pure and classic language.

It is unnecessary to pursue the history of the Italian more in detail, or to bring it down to a later period. What changes have since taken place are the gradual and inevitable changes which time works in all things, and which are so picturesquely described by the Roman poet:

"Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
. . . . .
Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus:
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi."

The principal dialects of the Italian are: 1. The Sicilian; 2. The Calabrian; 3. The Neapolitan; 4. The Roman; 5. The Norcian; 6. The Tuscan; 7. The Bolognese; 8. The Venetian; 9. The Friulian; 10. The Paduan; 11. The Lombard; 12. The Milanese; 13. The Bergamask; 14. The Piedmontese; 15. The Genoese; 16. The Corsican; 17. The Sardinian.

I. The Sicilian. This was the first of the Italian dialects, which was converted to literary uses. So far, at least, it may be called the mother-tongue of the Italian Muse, as Sicily itself has often been called her cradle. It exhibits vestiges, more or less distinct, of all the ancient and successive lords of the island, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French, and Spaniards. Its best form is that spoken at Palermo; though but slight local varieties are to be found in any part of the island. One circumstance, however, is worthy of remark; which is, that in the towns and villages on the southern coast Arabic words predominate, whereas in all other parts the Greek and Provençal prevail.

II. The Calabrian. The Calabrian dialect is a connecting link between the Sicilian and the Neapolitan. It possesses many of the peculiarities of each of these, and a few which are found in neither of them.

III. The Neapolitan. The Neapolitan is one of the principal dialects of Italy. In its train it counts several subordinate dialects, such as the *Pugliese* or Apulian, the Sabine, and that of the island of Capri. Even in Naples, the different quarters of the city are marked by different jargons, though it is not to be supposed that these subdivisions exhibit any varieties so striking as to diminish the universal sway of *Pulcinella*, or to prevent that monarch's voice from being understood in every nook and corner of his own peculiar dominion.

IV. The Roman. The Roman is by far the most easily understood of all the Italian dialects, though at the same time neither the most beautiful nor the most cultivated. At its origin, it seems to have been the rudest of all.* But this was while the papal court resided at Avignon. Its removal to Rome produced, doubtless, a great change in the language of that city; and the large concourse of strangers, and particularly of ecclesiastics, from all quarters of Italy, must have had a tendency to deprive it of local and provincial peculiarities, and to give it a character more conformable to the written language of Italy; for all who resorted thither from the remoter towns and provinces would naturally, in their daily intercourse, divest their speech of the grosser peculiarities of their respective dialects.

The Roman populace is divided into three distinct and well defined classes;—the *Monteggiani*, who inhabit the region of the Esquiline, Quirinal, and Capitoline hills; the *Popolanti*, who reside in the neighbourhood of the Porta del Popolo, both within and without the gate; and the *Trasteverini*, who live on the western bank of the Tiber, toward Saint Peter's and the Janiculum. Each of these classes has some distinguishing peculiarities in its dialect, and to these three divisions of the *linguaggio Romanesco* may be added a fourth, that of the *Ghetto*, or Jewish quarter of Rome. This last is rather a dialect of a dialect, and may be found in most of the Italian cities.

V. The Norcian. Proceeding northward from the Eternal City, the next dialect we encounter is the *Romana Rustica* of Norcia; the

* For a more detailed account of this literary contest, see Ginguené, Hist. Litt. d'Italie, Tom. VII., pp. 387, et seq.

* Dante, in his treatise "De Vulgari Eloquentia," observes; "Dicimus ergo Romanorum non *vulgare*, sed potius *tristiloquium*, Italorum vulgarium omnium esse turpissimum; nec mirum, cum etiam morum habituumque deformitate præ cunctis videantur fœtere." Cap. XI.

dialect which Dante designates as the *Spoletano*. Norcia is a small city in the duchy of Spoleto, about fifty miles north-east from Rome. The language spoken there and in the surrounding country is called the *dialetto Norcino*.

VI. The Tuscan. The dialect of Tuscany sends forth six distinct branches. Each of these divisions is marked by its peculiarities. They are: 1. *Toscano Fiorentino*, spoken at Florence; 2. *Toscano Sanese*, spoken at Siena; 3. *Toscano Pistojano*, spoken at Pistoja; 4. *Toscano Pisano*, spoken at Pisa; 5. *Toscano Lucchese*, spôken at Lucca; 6. *Toscano Aretino*, spoken at Arezzo.

In the Florentine dialect, a distinction is also made between the *lingua Fiorentina di città*, or the language of the lower classes in the city, and the *lingua Fiorentina rustica di contado*, or the language of the peasantry in the vicinity. The Florentine *di città* is also subdivided, within the very walls of the city, into the two dialects of the *Mercato Vecchio* and the *Mercato Nuovo*, and the *riboboli* or pithy sayings of either of these quarters of the city would not be fully understood and felt by the inhabitants of the other.

The *Toscano Sanese* is the same, in the main, as the Florentine.

Among all the Tuscan dialects, the Pistoian has the least of the disagreeable *gorgia Fiorentina*, or guttural aspirate of Florence.

The dialect of Pisa is more strongly marked with the Florentine aspirate.

The dialect of Lucca has the reputation of being as pure as any, if not the purest, among the Tuscan dialects. Still, it is not without its vulgarisms and plebeian peculiarities.

VII. The Bolognese. The Bolognese is the most southern of the harsh Lombard dialects of the North of Italy. In this dialect, not only are the vowels cut off at the termination of words, but, generally speaking, a word loses all its vowels, saving that which bears the accent. Indeed, its elements may be considered — we use the forcible, but very inelegant, metaphor of a modern English traveller* — as "Tuscan vocables gutted and trussed." This condensation of words by the suppression of their vowels constitutes the chief peculiarity of the Bolognese dialect; as, for example, *asn* for *usino*; *lagrm* for *lagrime*; *de volt* for *delle volte*; *pr* for *per*; *st* for *questo*; *bj* for *belli*; &c.

Dante speaks in praise of the Bolognese dialect.† He calls it a beautiful language, "*ad laudabilem suavitatem temperata.*"

VIII. The Venetian. The Venetian is the most beautiful of all the Italian dialects. Its pronunciation is remarkably soft and pleasant; the sound of the *sch* and *tsch*, so frequent in the Tuscan and Southern dialects, being changed into the soft *s* and *ts*. This peculiarity of the Venetian, surrounded as it is by the harsh, unmusical dialects of the North, can be attributed to no other cause than the local situation of the city. Sheltered in the bosom of the Adriatic, it lay beyond the reach of those barbarous hordes which ever and anon with desolating blast swept the North of Italy like a mountain wind. Hence, it grew up soft, flexible, and melodious, and unencumbered with those harsh and barbarous sounds which so strikingly deform the neighbouring dialects of the North of Italy.

IX. The Friulian. The Friulian, or *dialetto Furlano*, is the language of the province of Friuli, lying north of the Venetian Gulf, and bounded westward by the Trevisan, the Feltrin, and the Bellunese. It is a mixture of corrupt Italian with the Sclavonic and Southern French. The French admixture must have taken place in the fourteenth century, when Bertrand de Querci and Cardinal Philip went to that province with great numbers of Gascons and Provençals.* The dialect is not uniform throughout the province of Friuli.

X. The Paduan. The Paduan dialect, or *lingua rustica Pavana*, is a stepping-stone from the Venetian to the Lombard. It is composed of an admixture of these two, and is one of the most unintelligible of the Italian dialects.

XI. The Lombard. This is the dialect spoken in that fertile country watered by the river Po, and stretching westward from the Adige to the Bergamasco and the Milanese, and southward till it includes the duchies of Parma and Modena. The wide territory, over which this dialect may be said to sway the sceptre of the tongue, includes the cities of Mantua, Cremona, and Brescia on the northern side of the Po, and Ferrara, Modena, Piacenza, and Parma on the southern. Of course, no great uniformity of language prevails, inasmuch as each of these cities has its peculiarities and modifications of the general dialect. Besides, the line of demarcation which separates one dialect from another can never be perfectly distinct and well defined. On the borders of each province, the various and fluctuating tides of language must meet and mingle. Thus, in its northern districts, the Lombard has much in common with the Bergamask and the Milanese, the Paduan connects it with the Venetian, and in Modena and Ferrara it is so closely connected with the Bolognese as to be almost the same language.

XII. The Milanese. Like all the rest of the Lombard dialects, the *dialetto Milanese* ex-

* Letters from the North of Italy: addressed to Henry Hallam, Esq., Vol. II., p. 12.

† De Vulg. Eloq., Lib. I., Cap. XV.

* West of Friuli, in the southern portion of the Tyrolese, two dialects of German origin are spoken. They are, the dialect of the *Sette Comuni*, spoken in the country round Vicenza, and that of the *Tredici Comuni* in the neighbourhood of Verona. They are remnants of the Upper German, or *Ober-Deutsch*. As these are not dialects of the Italian language, though spoken within the territory of Italy, we shall not notice them more particularly, but refer the reader to Adelung's "Mithridates," Vol. II., p. 215, for a more minute account of them.

hibits, in its mutilated syllables and harsh consonant terminations, strong marks of the march and empire of Northern invaders. It is divided into a city and a country dialect. Near the Lago di Lugano and the Lago di Como this dialect is more unintelligible than elsewhere, on account of the intercourse of the people with their German neighbours, and the necessary admixture of their language; and westward, upon the shores of the Lago Maggiore, the Milanese passes gradually into the Piedmontese.

XIII. The Bergamask. This is the dialect of the province of Bergamasco, lying north-east of the Milanese, among the lakes and mountains which mark the northern boundary of Italy. It is the harshest of all the Italian dialects, and the most remarkable for its contractions and mutilations.

XIV. The Piedmontese. This dialect very clearly declares the neighbourhood of the French frontier. In the province of Piedmont, two great branches of the old *Romance*, the French and Italian, may be said to meet and mingle; or rather, amid its snowy hills to have had a common fountain, the one flowing westward to the plains of France, and the other pouring its tributary stream down the southern declivity of the Alps.

XV. The Genoese. The dialect of Genoa is called the *dialetto Zeneize*, from Zena, the name of the city in the popular tongue. Like the Piedmontese, it possesses much in common with the French.

This dialect has several subdivisions, both within the city of Genoa and in the surrounding country. Westward, towards the French frontier, it assimilates itself more and more to the French; and towards the south and east, becomes more nearly allied to the Italian.

Along the seaboard, in Mentone and Monaco, a kind of frontier dialect is spoken. It is a mixture of Genoese, Piedmontese, and Provençal; the first two predominating. Many Spanish words are also intermingled, Monaco having formerly been under the government of Spain. Though Monaco and Mentone are but a few miles distant from each other, some marked peculiarities of dialect may be observed in the two places. At Nice the Provençal is spoken, though mixed with many Italian words.

XVI. The Corsican. The dialect of the island of Corsica seems never to have attracted very strongly the attention of Italian scholars. Travellers have seldom penetrated beyond the cities of the seashore, so that no accounts are given of the dialect of the interior; and as literary curiosity has never been excited upon the subject, no work, we believe, has been published in the dialect, or dialects, of the island. Denina says, in his "Clef des Langues," that the language of the higher classes bears a stronger resemblance to the Tuscan than do the dialects of the other islands of the Gulf of Genoa, as formerly a very lively commerce opened a constant intercourse between Leghorn and the Corsican seaboard. Some remarks upon this dialect may be found in the "Voyage de Lycomède en Corse."

XVII. The Sardinian. The island of Sardinia has been inhabited and governed by a various succession of colonists. Huns, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Ostrogoths, Lombards, Franks, Arabians, Pisans, and Aragonese, — all these have at various epochs dwelt within its territory. Hence the variety of the dialects which checker the language of the island, or rather the variety of languages there spoken. The first and principal division of these is into the *lingua Sarda*, the vernacular Sardinian, and the *lingue Forestieri*, or the foreign dialects spoken in some parts of the island. Each of these has its subdivisions.

1. The *lingua Sarda* is divided into the *dialetto Campidanese* and the *dialetto Logodoro*, and contains a great number of Greek, French, German, and Spanish words.

The *dialetto Campidanese* is the language spoken in the southern part of the island. On the eastern shore it has much in common with the Sicilian, and on the western with the Catalonian dialect of Spain.

The *dialetto Logodoro* is the language of the North of Sardinia, though it does not universally prevail there. It partakes of the various peculiarities which we have mentioned as belonging to the *Campidanese*, and the main distinction between these two dialects seems to be, that the *Logodoro* is not so uniform in the use of these peculiarities as the *Campidanese*. This, without doubt, must be attributed to the influence of the *Tuscan*, which is spoken in many of the principal cities and villages of the North. Indeed, the *dialetto Logodoro* seems to be a mixture of the *Tuscan* and *Campidanese*.

2. *Lingue Forestieri* of Sardinia. The *Catalonian* and the *Tuscan* are the two principal foreign dialects spoken in the island. As dialects, these are confined to the North, though their influence seems to extend through the whole country. The *Catalonian* is spoken in the city of Alghieri, which is a Spanish colony on the western coast. The *Tuscan* has a more extended sway, and is the language of Sassari, Castel-Sardo, Tempio, and the surrounding country; though, of course, with many local modifications.*

The history of Italian poetry may be conveniently divided into four periods. I. From 1200 to 1400. II. From 1400 to 1500. III. From 1500 to 1600. IV. From 1600 to the present time.

I. From 1200 to 1400. The earliest of the Italian poets is Ciullo d' Alcamo, the Sicilian, who flourished at the close of the twelfth century, about 1197. From his day to that of

* For a more elaborate account of the Italian dialects and their literature, see "North American Review," for October, 1832.

Dante, flourished some thirty rhyme-smiths, among whom Brunetto Latini wrote the most, and Beato Benedetti, Guido Guinicelli, and Fra Guittone d' Arezzo the best. Beato Benedetti is the reputed author of the beautiful Latin hymn of "Stabat Mater"; and Guido Guinicelli is the bard whom Dante eulogizes as the writer of

> "Those dulcet lays, all which, as long
> As of our tongue the beauty does not fade,
> Shall make us love the very ink that wrote them."

The age of Dante was an age of violence, when the law of force prevailed. The Florentines were a heroic people. They declared war by sending a bloody glove to their enemy; and the onset of battle was sounded, not by the blast of trumpets, but by the ringing of a great bell, which was wheeled about the field. Florence was then a republic. So were all the neighbouring states. The spirit of liberty was wild, not easily tamed, not easily subjected to laws. Amid civil discords, family feuds, tavern quarrels, street broils, and the disaffection of the poor towards the rich, it was in vain for Fra Giovanni to preach the "Kiss of Peace." Buondelmonte was dragged from his horse and murdered at the base of Mars's statue, in broad day; Ricoverino de' Cerchi had his nose cut off in a ball-room; and the exile of Dante can be traced back to a drunken quarrel between Godfrey Cancellieri and his cousin Amadoro in a tavern at Pistoja.

The pride of human intellect in that age was displayed in the scholastic philosophy. Peter Lombard, the Wise Master of Sentences, had been mouldering in his grave just one hundred years when Dante was born; and the mystic poet was still a child, when the Angelic Doctor, Thomas Aquinas, — called by his schoolmates, at Cologne, the Dumb Ox, — having at length fulfilled the prophecy of his master, Albertus Magnus, and given "such a bellow in learning as was heard all over the world," had fallen asleep in the Cistercian convent at Terracina, saying, "This is my rest for ages without end." These great masters were gone; but others had arisen to take their places, and to teach that the true religion is the true philosophy, and the true philosophy the true religion. Among these were Henry of Göthals, the *Doctor Solemnis*, and Richard of Middletown, the *Doctor Solidus*, and Giles of Cologne, the *Doctor Fundatissimus*, and John Duns Scotus, the *Doctor Subtilis*, and founder of the Formalists, — who taught that the end of philosophy is, to find out the quiddity of things, — that every thing has a kind of quiddity or quidditive existence, — and that nothingness is divided into absolute nothingness, which has no quiddity or thingness, and relative nothingness, which has no existence out of the understanding. Side by side with these stood Raymond Lully, the *Doctor Illuminatus*, and Francis of Mayence, the *Magister Acutus Abstractionum*, and William Durand, the *Doctor Resolutissimus*, and Walter Burleigh, the *Doctor Planus et Perspicuus*, and William Occam, the *Doctor Invincibilis, Singularis, et Venerabilis*. These were men of acute and masculine intellect:

> For in those dark and iron days of old,
> Arose, amid the pigmies of their age,
> Minds of a massive and gigantic mould,
> Whom we must measure as the Cretan sage
> Measured the pyramids of ages past; —
> By the far-reaching shadows that they cast.

These philosophic studies are here alluded to because they exercised a powerful influence upon the poetry of Dante and of his age. As we look back upon that age with reference to the theme before us, from the confused grouping of history a few figures stand forth in stronger light and shade. The first is a tall, thin personage, clothed in black. His face is that of a scholar; his manners are grave and modest; he has a pleasant, humorous mouth, and a jesting eye, which somewhat temper his modest gravity. In his whole appearance there is a strange mixture of the schoolmaster, philosopher, and notary public. He has been a traveller, and a soldier, and the author of much rhyme. He fought in the campaign of Siena, and, after the war, wrote with his own hand the treaty of peace between the two republics, which, it is to be hoped, was better written than his rhymes. This is Brunetto Latini, the instructer of Dante in his youth, — who rewards his services with a place in the "Inferno," — grammarian, theologian, politician, poet, and Grand-Master of Rhetoric in Florence. His principal work is the poem of the "Tesoro," which he wrote in France and in the French language. It is a kind of doggerel encyclopedia, containing, among other matters, the History of the Old and New Testament, to which is appended an abridgment of Pliny's "Natural History," the "Ethics" of Aristotle, and a treatise on the Virtues and Vices; together with the Art of Speaking with Propriety, and the Manner of Governing the Republic! He wrote, likewise, a poem called the "Tesoretto," — a small treasury of moral precepts; also a satirical poem called "Il Pataffio," in the vulgar Florentine street-jargon, very difficult of comprehension.

He is followed by a nobler figure; a youth of beautiful but melancholy countenance, courteous in manner, yet proud and solitary. He seems lost in thought, and is much alone among the old tombs, — the marble sepulchres about the church of Saint John. In vain do Betto Bruneleschi and his boon companions come dashing up on horseback, and make a jest of his dreams and reveries. He turns away and disappears among the tombs. This is Guido Cavalcanti, the bosom friend of Dante, and no mean poet. But he loves the dreams of philosophy better than the dreams of poetry, and the popular belief is, that all his solitary studies and meditations have no other object than to prove that there is no God. It is of this Guido

that the poet speaks in the tenth canto of the "Inferno," where a form looks out of its fiery sepulchre and asks, "Where is my son? and why is he not with thee?"

And now, attended by two courtly dames, a maiden clad in white approaches. She is veiled; but from beneath the veil look forth soft emerald eyes, — eyes of the color of the sea.* Well might it be said of her,

"An eagle
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye."

So beautiful is she, that many in the crowd exclaim, as she passes, "This is no mortal, but one of God's angels." And this is Beatrice; and she walks all crowned and garmented with humility, showing no vain-glory of that which she beholds and hears.†

The figure that advances to meet her is that of a young man of middle stature, with a dark, melancholy, thoughtful face. His eyes are large, his nose aquiline, his lower lip projecting, his hair and beard thick, black, and curled. His step is quiet and solemn. He is clothed in long, flowing garments, and wears sandals on his feet, and on his head a cap, from which two broad bands descend upon the shoulders. This is Dante.

But the crowd throng around us, and we behold but indistinctly the shadowy images of Guido Novello, and Francesco Malaspina, and the great Lombard, Can Grande della Scala, and Giano della Bella, the friend of the Florentine populace; and the superb Philippo Argenti, his horse's hoofs shod with silver; and Corso Donati, the proud, bad man, but valiant cavalier and eloquent orator, dragged at his horse's heels, and murdered at the gate of a convent; and Monferrato, exposed, like a wild beast, in a wooden cage in the market-place, and dying broken-hearted with rage and humiliation.

After Dante, the principal poets of this period are Giovanni Boccaccio, whose prose is more splendid than his verse, and Francesco Petrarca, of whom Chaucer says,

"His rhetoric sweet
Enlúmined all Italy of poetry."

II. From 1400 to 1500. This period embraces the age of Lorenzo de' Medici, surnamed the Magnificent. He was the friend of poets, and himself a poet of no mean pretension. Speaking of him and his times, Macaulay says:‡

"Knowledge and public prosperity continued to advance together. Both attained their meridian in the age of Lorenzo the Magnificent. We cannot refrain from quoting the splendid passage in which the Tuscan Thucydides describes the state of Italy at that period: — 'Restored to supreme peace and tranquillity, cultivated no less in her most mountainous and sterile places than in her plains and more fertile regions, and subject to no other empire than her own, not only was she most abundant in inhabitants and wealth, but, in the highest degree illustrious by the magnificence of many princes, by the splendor of many most noble and beautiful cities, and by the seat and majesty of religion, she flourished with men preëminent in the administration of public affairs, and with geniuses skilled in all the sciences, and in every elegant and useful art.'* When we peruse this just and splendid description, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, barbarity, and ignorance. From the oppressions of illiterate masters, and the sufferings of a brutalized peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened States of Italy, — to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort or luxury, the manufactories swarming with artisans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation up to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence, — on the halls which rung with the mirth of Pulci, — the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, — the statues on which the young eye of Michel Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration, — the gardens in which Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins. Alas for the beautiful city! Alas for the wit and the learning, the genius and the love!

"'Le donne e i cavalier, gli affanni e gli agi,
Che ne 'nvogliava amore e cortesia,
Là dove i cuor son fatti sì malvagi.'"†

The principal poets of this period are Angelo Poliziano, author of the "Orfeo," the earliest classic drama of the Italians; and Luigi Pulci, author of the "Morgante Maggiore," the first of that series of romantic fictions, — those *magnanime menzogne*, — of which Bojardo's "Orlando Innamorato" was the second, and which in the following century made Italian song so illustrious. To these may be added Andrea del Basso, a priest of Ferrara, and author of a remarkable "Ode to a Dead Body," which will be found among our extracts.

To this period belongs the origin of the Italian drama. The dark night which descended upon the Roman empire enveloped the theatre

* Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare. — Lani. Annotazioni.

† Ella, coronata e vestita d' umiltà, s' andava, nulla gloria mostrando di ciò ch' ella vedeva ed udiva. — Dante. Vita Nuova.

‡ Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by T. B. Macaulay (Philadelphia, 1843, 4 vols., 12mo.), Vol. I., p. 77.

* Guicciardini. Lib. I.

† Dante. Purgatorio, XIV.

with its shadows; and it is only in times comparatively modern that we are able to discern with distinctness the reviving drama of Italy. There is the testimony of Cassiodorus, that pantomimic plays were performed as early as the sixth century,* and it appears that from this time they flourished among the people of Italy. These spectacles, however, required and received but slight support from literature. Afterwards, in the thirteenth century, Thomas Aquinas speaks of the comedy of his times as having already subsisted many centuries. To him, who was revered as the Angel of the Schools, and the arbiter in difficult questions of duty, was submitted the doubt, whether the art of the theatre could be practised without sin. The Angelic Doctor replied, that it was to be regarded as a pleasure necessary for the recreation of the life of man, due regard being had to circumstances of place, time, and person.

It seems that the pantomimic representations in the earliest days were confined to profane subjects; but, in process of time, things spiritual were brought on the stage, and the churches became the theatres. Finally, the archbishop of Florence, Antoninus, at the same time that he affirmed the opinion of Aquinas, added this decree: "Whereas the representations which are now made of things spiritual are mixed with buffooneries, with ludicrous words and conduct, and with masks; therefore they ought no longer to be performed in the churches, nor by the clergy in any manner."

The earliest specimens of dramatic composition in Italy, which have been preserved, are in the Latin tongue. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, the historian Albertino Mussato wrote two tragedies, in Latin, after the manner of Seneca. They are divided into five acts, with a chorus at the end of each act. In the same century, we find, also, a tragedy by Giovanni Manzoni, and some comedies by Petrarch, both of whom scorned the vulgar tongue, though the latter owes his immortality to his Italian poems. Still later, among many other plays in the Latin language, we find a tragedy by Bernardino, on the Passion of Christ, which was dedicated to Pope Sixtus the Fourth. This use of the language and form of antiquity resembled the practice of the Catholic Church, which melted the statues of the heathen gods to fashion the images of Christian saints.

The Latin continued to be exclusively used in dramatic poetry till after the middle of the fifteenth century. Only at this late period, more than a hundred and fifty years after the verse of Dante, more than a hundred years after the prose of Boccaccio had refined and matured the Italian tongue, it was thought worthy to be employed in the drama. Quadrio, on the authority of other writers, mentions the "Floriana," a comedy, or farce, in *terza rima*, by an unknown author, who was supposed to have lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century, or, perhaps, even earlier; but this play was not printed till 1523, and Tiraboschi, whose authority in questions of Italian letters is almost supreme, does not seem to consider it so ancient as was supposed by others. To the rich and precocious genius of Angelo Poliziano belongs the honor of producing the first Italian play which can be considered as entitled to a place in the regular drama. This is the "Orfeo," which, though sometimes regarded as a pastoral fable, and partaking somewhat of this character, may, on account of its action, and the tragic nature of its close, be treated as of the legitimate drama. It is difficult to determine the exact date when the Muse of Tragedy first listened to the sweet Italian words of this piece. It is supposed that it was represented in 1472, at Mantua, when the Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga made a solemn entry into his native city. At this time Poliziano was only eighteen years old. At this tender age he opened for his country the fountain of new delights, whose waters in the next century refreshed the whole land.*

Satisfied with the brilliant success of his "Orfeo" and his "Stanze," Poliziano ceased to write in his native tongue. In so doing, he followed the suggestions of the age in which he lived, which was overshadowed still by the mighty spirit of antiquity. His genius was now applied to the cultivation of the Latin language, which he employed in the copious works of his maturer life. In the excess of his care, he refused to read the Bible, in the Latin Vulgate, "for fear of spoiling his style"; on which our English Doctor South has remarked, that "he showed himself no less a blockhead than an infidel." It has, indeed, been insinuated, that the Latin Muses were reserved and coy to one who had obtained the favor of their sisters at so early an age. But a Latin poem, to which he gave the title of "Rusticus," is pronounced by Mr. Roscoe † "inferior in its kind only to the 'Georgics' of Virgil"; and he is said, by the same high authority, "to approach nearer to the standard of the ancients than any man of his time."

Among the writers of this age, whose genius may still be recognized in the unnatural transformation to which they voluntarily subjected themselves, are Landino, Naldo Naldio, Ugolino Verini, Michel Verini, Pontano, and Sannazzaro, the last of whom found repose for his mortal remains in the classic Parthenope, near the tomb of Virgil, whom he had revered as his master in song. Vain effort to revive the extinguished glories of a language which has ceased to be animated by the breath of living men!

* Quadrio. Lib. 2, Dist. 3, Cap. 2.

* On this subject see Riccoboni, Histoire du Théâtre Italien, depuis la décadence de la Comédie Latine; also, Histoire du Théâtre Italien, depuis son Rétablissement en France, 7 vols., Paris, 1769, 12mo.; and Signorelli, Storia Critica de' Teatri Antichi e Moderni, 6 vols., Napoli, 1787-90, 8vo.

† Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, Vol. I., Ch. 8, p. 175.

It is not among the powers of genius, magical though they be, to infuse into a dead tongue the Promethean heat which shall its former light relume!

III. From 1500 to 1600. This is a golden period in the history of Italian poetry, and second only to the age of Dante. It is true, there appeared in it no one production that can bear a moment's comparison with

"The Poem Sacred,
To which both heaven and earth have set their hands";

but it produced more great poems than any other period. Then in the halls of Este Ariosto sang, in copious and flowing numbers, the beauty of Angelica, and Orlando's madness; then Berni told his tale of love to the illustrious Gabriella Gonzaga, and Vittoria Colonna, the glorious Marchesa di Pescara, wrapped in her sable gown, and lamenting "the naked spirit and little earth" of him who was her husband; then Guarini found in princes' courts how cold may be "the best enamel of nobility"; then Tasso's songs resounded in the palaces of Ferrara, and his groans in its dungeons; then Michel Angelo crowded a long life, embracing three generations of men, with noble works in sculpture, in painting, and in song, so that Ariosto fitly called him,

"Michel, più ch' Angelo divino";

and then, too, Machiavelli, whose soul was fretted by the cares of state and by the burdens of embassies, and who was forced to "eat his heart through comfortless despairs" of poverty and neglect, enriched his native Tuscan with some of its most nervous prose, and diverted himself with the Muses of Poetry and the Drama.

In the brilliant troop of Italian poets which swarmed through this period, these names are the most conspicuous. Separated from all these by her sex, and superior to most of them, in the beauty and elevation of her genius, stands Vittoria Colonna, faithful in an age of falsehood, pure in an age of licentiousness, the greatest poetess of Italy, to whom her contemporaries gave, by acclamation, the title of Divine. Other distinguished authors of the time will be noticed hereafter, in connection with extracts from their writings.

The Italian had now arrived at its highest excellence. It had become familiar to the people through the works of poets, of historians, and philosophers; and was employed by the learned in writings, which, in another age, would have been locked in a dead tongue. Galileo, whose glorious career extends into the next century, being asked by what means he had acquired the remarkable talent of giving perspicuity and grace to his philosophical writings, referred it to the continual study of Ariosto. But while the native language obtained such favor, the Latin continued during the early part of this century to hold with it a divided empire over the realm of poetry. The great poets of the Augustan age were thought to be revived in the productions of Fracastoro, Vida, Naugerio, and Flaminio, who have been vaunted as the rivals of Virgil, of Ovid, and of Catullus. The admiration which they received in their own age has ceased, and the attention of the curious scholar is arrested only for a moment by the inanimate beauty of their verse: —

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there."

IV. From 1600 to the present time. To the golden age of the *cinquecentisti*, succeeded the affected productions of the *seicentisti*, which usher in the present period. The Italian mind, contented or weary with the triumphs of the previous century, now found its chief expression in odes and sonnets, marked by conceits and exaggerated refinements of style. The leader in this corruption of the national taste was Giambattista Marini, whose acknowledged genius increased the influence of his vicious style. The greatest poetic names of this period are Marini, Chiabrera, Redi, Filicaja, Maffei, Goldoni, Gozzi, Metastasio, Alfieri, Monti, Pindemonte, Foscolo, Manzoni, Parini, Niccolini, Pellico, Grossi, and Berchet. Mightiest among these stands Alfieri, a glorious example of the power of a strong will and a fixed purpose. He is the last great sign in that celestial zodiac of Italian song, which encircles the earth with its glory, and of which Dante, in the majestic procession of the ages, was the first to appear above the horizon, chasing the darkness before him, and, like Sagittarius, filling the whole heaven with his golden arrows.

On the subject of Italian poetry the reader is referred to the following works: — "Italy: General Views of its History and Literature," by L. Mariotti, 2 vols., London, 1841, 8vo.; an admirable work, written with great power and beauty; — "Storia della Letteratura Italiana," del Cav. Abate Girolamo Tiraboschi, 9 vols., Firenze, 1805–13, 8vo.; — "Della Storia e della Ragione d' ogni Poesia," di Francesco Saverio Quadrio, 7 vols., Bologna e Milano, 1739–52, 4to.; — "L' Istoria della Volgar Poesia," da Gio. Mario Crescimbeni, 5 vols., Venezia, 1730, 4to.; — "Discorso sopra le Vicende della Letteratura," dell' Ab. Carlo Denina, 2 vols., Napoli, 1792, 8vo.; — "Saggi di Prose e Poesie de' più celebri Scrittori d' ogni Secolo," da L. Nardini e S. Buonaiuti, 6 vols., London, 1796–98, 8vo.; — "Geschichte der Italienischen Poesie und Beredsamkeit," von Friedrich Bouterwek, 2 vols., Göttingen, 1801, 8vo.; — "Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe," by J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., 2 vols., New York, 1827, 8vo.; — "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," by Henry Hallam, 4 vols., London, 1840, 8vo.; — "Lives of the Italian Poets," by Henry Stebbing, 3 vols., London, 1837, 8vo.; — and "Histoire Littéraire d'Italie," par P. L. Ginguené, 9 vols., Paris, 1824, 8vo.

FIRST PERIOD.—CENTURIES XIII., XIV.

GUIDO GUINICELLI.

Guido Guinicelli of Bologna, to whom by acclamation is given the honor of being the first among the Italian poets who embodied in verse the subtilties of philosophy, and gave terseness, force, and elevation to poetic style, flourished about 1250. Dante has recorded his fame in the twenty-sixth canto of the "Purgatorio," where he speaks of his *dolci detti*, and calls him

> "Il padre
> Mio e degli altri miei miglior che mai
> Rime d' amore usar dolci e leggiadre."

The praise of sweet-flowing language is certainly merited by this ancient poet, as may be seen from the following extract. It is the commencement of the most beautiful of the author's *canzoni*.

The writings of Guido Guinicelli exhibit the Italian language under the best form it wore during the first half of the thirteenth century. Otherwise, they would not have been so highly extolled by Dante, who never loses an opportunity of setting forth their merit, and who still more plainly shows the esteem in which he held the quaint language of his poetic father, by appropriating one of his lines.

> "Amor ch' al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,"

in the description of Francesco da Rimini, in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," was doubtless suggested by Guinicelli's

> "Fuoco d' Amore in gentil cor s' apprende."

Dante places the spirit of Guinicelli in the seventh circle of the "Purgatorio."

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade;
Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,
Nor before love the noble heart was made.
Soon as the sun's broad flame
Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air;
Yet was not till he came:
So love springs up in noble breasts, and there
Has its appointed space,
As heat in the bright flame finds its allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,
As hidden virtue in the precious stone:
This virtue comes not from the stars above,
Till round it the ennobling sun has shone;
But when his powerful blaze
Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart
Strange virtue in their rays:
And thus when Nature doth create the heart
Noble and pure and high,
Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's eye.

FRA GUITTONE D' AREZZO.

Guittone d' Arezzo, called Fra Guittone, from the order of *Frati Gaudenti*, to which he belonged, was born in Arezzo, near the middle of the thirteenth century. He is distinguished in literary history for having brought the Italian sonnet to its present form. Many of his pieces are found in the collection of ancient poets by the *Giunti*. There are also remaining forty letters by him, in Italian, published in Rome in 1745. They are remarkable for being the most ancient example of Italian letters extant. In 1293, Fra Guittone founded the order of *Camaldoli*, and died in the following year.

SONNETS.

I.

Unhappy is my star and hard my fate;
For bitter life e'en from the stars may come,
And prudence seldom can repair the doom
That by the stars is moulded for our state.
From the first day I was predestinate
To Love's fell sport, where so much woe hath room,
As maketh life less precious than the tomb:
Wretch, whom the skies did for such hap create!
And yet to shun this fatal star of love,
A thousand times to Athens have I run,
Addressing to each school my steps in turn;
And then I fled for help to Heaven above,
That I these keen and gilded shafts might shun:
But naught avails; whence, reft of hope, I mourn.

II.

The more I am destroyed by my thought,
Which doth its birth from others' hardness date,
So much the lower falls my sad estate,
And hope in me with flight of hope is wrought:
For to this end are all my reasonings brought,
That I shall sink under so heavy weight,
Though still desire maintains the firm debate,
And I pursue what bringeth me to naught.
This hour, perchance, the mortal may be born,
Who, when he reads my doleful sighs in rhyme,
Shall sorrow for a lot as mine severe.

Who knows but she that holds me now in scorn,
Seeing her loss linked to my ill, in time
May for my death shed one compunctious tear?

LAPO GIANNI.

This poet is supposed by Crescimbeni to have lived about the time of Guittone. He was a Florentine by birth, and a notary by profession. Muratori argued, from the character of his style, that he must have belonged to the fourteenth century.

CANZONE.

This new-born rose,
That pleaseth in its early blossom so,
O Love, doth show
What rare perfection from her virtue flows.
Were I with power endued
To make report of this new miracle,
How Nature hath adorned her I might tell:
But if my speech be rude,
Nor of her worth able to sum the proof,
Speak, Love, in my behoof, —
For thou alone mayst fitly speak her praise.
Yet this I tell, — how, lifting once my sight
On her to gaze,
Her sweet smile won me, and the rays
That trembled in her eyes with star-like light.
Mine straightway veiled to thee,
Not powerful to hold up against the beam
That in an instant to my heart did stream.
"And this," saidst thou, "is she
Must rule thee; long as she her life shall have,
Thou art ordained her slave."
Wherefore, sweet Lord, I thank thy sovereign might,
That to such bondage hath my spirit swayed;
For in delight
Henceforth live I, a blissful wight,
Thinking whose vassal thou my soul hast made.
Go, stripling song,
Tell her that hath the flaxen tresses free,
That I, so long
As Love hath told, her servitor must be.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Dante was the son of Alighiero degli Alighieri, and was christened in the church of Saint John the Baptist by the name of Durante; which name was playfully changed in childhood to Dante. He was born at Florence, in May, 1265, and died at Ravenna, in September, 1321.

The life of Dante naturally divides itself into three epochs, each of which is very distinctly marked. The first is that of his early youth, — from his birth to the time when Beatrice died; — a period of twenty-five years (1265–1290). The second, his public and political life; — a period of twelve years, in the prime of early manhood, from the age of twenty-five to that of thirty-seven, when he was banished from Florence (1290–1302). And the third, his exile and wanderings, and death; — a period of nineteen years; namely, from the age of thirty-seven to that of fifty-six (1302–1321).

What Dante's youth was we know from his own lips,* and from the busy pens of many biographers. It was a quiet, peaceful youth, passed in the study of philosophy, and music, and painting, and verse; and in the companionship of learned men and artists, such as Latini, Cavalcante, Giotto, and Casella. Into this perhaps sober-colored warp of life was early woven the bright, dream-like figure of Beatrice. As he himself tells us, he had not yet completed his ninth year, when he beheld her for the first time; and, to use his own words, "The spirit of life, that dwelleth in the most secret chambers of the heart, all-trembling, spake these words: 'Behold a god more powerful than I!'" Boccaccio says that this was at a May-day festival, — "In that season, when the mildness of heaven reclothes the earth with its own ornaments, and all with manifold flowers mingled among the verdant leaves maketh her to laugh."†

Beatrice died in youth. She had not yet completed her twenty-fourth year.‡ Soon afterwards, Dante was unhappily married to Madonna Gemma de' Donati.

Such was the first epoch of Dante's life. The second, which embraces his public and political career, was as full of trouble as the first was full of peace. Now came the clash of parties, and the battles of Campaldino and Pisa, and the fourteen embassies treading close upon each other's heels. So much astir were all men, — and Dante, in the midst of all, so busy with the affairs of state, so necessary at home and abroad, — that he exclaims, despairing of the power of others to govern the republic, — "If I stay, who is there to go? If I go, who is there to stay?"

It was on one of these political pilgrimages that he left Florence for Rome, never more to enter the gates of his native city. They were closed against him for ever. But, in the words of Michel Angelo,

> "Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,
> To whom his country hers refused to ope."

Being at Rome, he heard the sentence pronounced against him; perpetual exile, confiscation of his property, — and death by fire, should he ever again set foot in Florence.

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* Vita Nuova.

† Nel tempo, nel quale la dolcezza del cielo riveste de' suoi ornamenti la terra, e tutta per la varietà de' fiori mescolati palle verde frondi la fa ridente. — Vita di Dante.

‡ Boccaccio says, that Beatrice was married to Simone de' Bardi; and of Dante's marriage he says, — "O inconceivable torture! to live, and converse, and grow old, and die with such a jealous creature!"

Thus, in the life of Dante, closes the second epoch, and the third begins; — a long and sorrowful period of nineteen years, closing with his death. The prior of Florence was now a poor and homeless man. The companion of the rich and great was now their pensioner. Their roofs sheltered him, — their hands gave him bread. Well might he exclaim, in piteous accents, — "I am sorry for all who suffer; but I have greater pity for those, who, being in exile and affliction, behold their native land in dreams only."* One may easily believe, that to the lips of those "who have drunk the waters of the Arno before they had teeth" † the waters of all other streams should have a bitter taste.

We need not follow the poet in his wanderings, blown to and fro "by the sharp wind that springs from sad poverty." There are, however, one or two scenes in this last mournful period of his life, which cannot be passed over in silence. They are too striking and characteristic, not to find a place here. The first is an interview of the exiled poet with Frate Ilario in the convent of the Corvo alle Foci della Marca. We copy the monk's own words, as he wrote them down at the time, in a letter to Uguccione della Faggiuola, one of Dante's fast and faithful friends.

"Hither he came, passing through the diocese of Luni, moved either by the religion of the place, or by some other feeling. And seeing him, as yet unknown to me and to all my brethren, I questioned him of his wishings and his seekings there. He moved not; but stood silently contemplating the columns and arches of the cloister. And again I asked him what he wished and whom he sought. Then, slowly turning his head, and looking at the friars and at me, he answered: '*Pace!*' Thence kindling more and more the wish to know him and who he might be, I led him aside somewhat, and, having spoken a few words with him, I knew him; for although I had never seen him till that hour, his fame had long since reached me. And when he saw that I hung upon his countenance, and listened to him with strange affection (*con raro affetto*), he drew from his bosom a book, did gently open it, and offered it to me, saying: 'Sir Friar, here is a portion of my work, which peradventure thou hast not seen. This remembrance I leave with thee. Forget me not.' And when he had given me the book, I pressed it gratefully to my bosom, and in his presence fixed my eyes upon it with great love. But I beholding there the vulgar tongue, and showing by the fashion of my countenance my wonderment thereat, he asked the reason of the same. I answered, that I marvelled he should sing in that language; for it seemed a difficult thing, nay, incredible, that those most high conceptions could be expressed in common language; nor did it seem to me right, that such and so worthy a science should be clothed in such plebeian garments. 'You think aright,' he said, 'and I myself have thought so. And when at first the seeds of these matters, perhaps inspired by Heaven, began to bud, I chose that language, which was most worthy of them: and not alone chose it, but began forthwith to poetize therein, after this wise:

"Ultima regna canam fluido contermina mundo,
Spiritibus quæ lata patent; quæ præmia solvunt
Pro meritis cuicumque suis."

But when I recalled the condition of the present age, and saw the songs of the illustrious poets esteemed almost as naught, and knew that the generous men, for whom in better days these things were written, had abandoned (*ahi dolore!*) the liberal arts unto vulgar hands, I threw aside the delicate lyre, which had armed my flank (*onde armavami il fianco*), and attuned another more befitting the ear of moderns; — for the food that is hard we hold in vain to the mouths of sucklings.'"*

And not less striking is the closing scene of that eventful life; when, his work on earth accomplished, the great poet lay down to die, in the palace of Ravenna, wrapped in the cowl and mantle of a Franciscan friar. By his side was his friend Guido Novello, the unhappy father of that Francesca, whose passionate desires and cruel death have become immortal in the poet's song. It was the day of the Holy Cross; and, perhaps, a solemn anthem was the last sound that reached the ears of the dying man, when, between life and death, "he beheld eyes of light, that wandered like stars." And after death, the cowl and mantle were removed, and he was clothed in the garments of a poet; and his friend pronounced his eulogy in the palace.

Thus died the greatest of the Italian poets; and it may truly be said, that the gloomy forests of Ravenna seem still to breathe forth the sighs of the dying man; so intimately associated with his spirit are all the places that knew him upon earth!

Dante's writings are the "Vita Nuova," a romantic record of his early life and love, written in prose, and interspersed with sonnets and canzoni; the "Convito," a prose commentary upon three canzoni, to which the reader is invited as to a festival; the "Canzoniere," or collection of sonnets and canzoni; the two Latin treatises, "De Monarchiâ," and "De Vulgari Eloquentiâ"; and the great masterpiece and labor of his mature life, the "Divina Commedia."

The "Divina Commedia" is not what we understand by an allegorical poem, in the strict sense of the word, — in the same sense, for instance, as the "Faery Queen." And yet it is full of allegory; full of literal and figurative meanings; full of symbols and things signi-

* De Vulg. Eloq., Lib. II., Cap. 6.
† Ibid., Lib. I., Cap. 6.

* Comento Storico di Ferdinando Arrivabene, p. 380.

fied. Dante himself says, in a letter which he sent with the poem to his friend Can Grande della Scala: "It is to be remarked, that the sense of this work is not simple; but, on the contrary, one may say, manifold. For the first sense is that which it derives from its language; and another is that which it derives from the things signified by the language; — the one, literal; the other, allegorical. . . . . The subject of the whole work, taken literally, is the condition of the soul after death. But if you well observe the express words, you will easily perceive, that, in an allegorical sense, the poet is treating of this hell, in which, journeying onward like travellers, we may deserve reward or punishment." The machinery, then, of the poem is allegorical; but the characters are real personages, in their true forms. Among these some masks and disguises are introduced: — the Age; the Church; the Empire of Rome; the Virtues, shining as stars, &c. Properly *speaking*, the poem is a mixture of realities and symbols, as best suits the author's feeling at the moment.*

We are to consider the Divine Poem as the mirror of the age in which its author lived; or rather, perhaps, as a mirror of Italy in that age. The principal historic events and personages, the character and learning of the time, are faithfully imaged and reproduced therein. Most of the events described had just transpired; most of the persons were just dead; the memory of both was still warm in the minds of men. The poet did not merely imagine, as a possibility; but felt, as a reality. He was wandering about homeless, as he composed; almost borrowing the ink he wrote with. They who had wronged him still lived to wrong him further. No wonder, then, that in his troubled, burning soul arose great thoughts and awful, like Farinata, from his burning sepulchre. When he approached a city's gates, he could not but be reminded that into the gates of Florence he could go no more. When he beheld the towers of feudal castles cresting the distant hills, he felt how arrogant are the strong, how much abused the weak. Every brook and river reminded him of the Arno, and the brooklets that descend from Casentino. Every voice he heard told him, by its strange accent, that he was an exile; and every home he saw said to him, in its sympathies even, "Thou art homeless!" All these things found expression in his poem; and much of the beautiful description of landscape, and of the morning and the evening, bears the freshness of that impression which is made on the mind of a foot-traveller, who sits under the trees at noon, and leaves or enters towns when the morning or evening bells are ringing, and he has only to hear "how many a tale their music tells."

Dante, in his Latin treatise "De Monarchiâ," says, that man is a kind of middle term between the corruptible and the incorruptible, and, being thus twofold in his nature, is destined to a twofold end; "namely, to happiness in this life, which consists in the practice of virtue, and is figured forth in the Terrestrial Paradise; and eternal beatitude, which consists in the fruition of the divine presence; to which we cannot arrive by any virtue of our own, unless aided by divine light; and this is the Celestial Paradise."* This idea forms the thread of the "Commedia."

Midway in life the poet finds himself lost in the gloomy forest of worldly cares, beset by Pride, Avarice, and Sensual Pleasure. Moral Philosophy, embodied in the form of Virgil, leads him forth through the hell of worldly sin and passion and suffering, through the purgatory of repentant feelings, to the quiet repose of earthly happiness. Farther than this mere philosophy cannot go. Here Divine Wisdom, or Theology, in the form of Beatrice, receives the pilgrim, and, ascending from planet to planet, brings him to the throne of God.

Upon this slender, golden thread hangs this universe of a poem; in which things visible and invisible have their appointed place, and the spheres and populous stars revolve harmonious about their centre.

Dante supposes, that, when Lucifer fell from heaven, he struck the earth with such violence as to make a vast chasm, tunnel-shaped, quite down to the earth's centre, where he lies frozen in eternal ice. Down the sloping sides of this great tunnel sucks the groaning maelstrom of Dante's *Inferno;* through whose various eddies and whirlpools the shuddering poet is hurried forward, amid the shrieking shipwrecked souls. There sighs and lamentations and deep woes resounded through the air without a star:

"And diverse languages, and horrible tongues,
Outcries of anguish, accents of fierce wrath,
And voices high and hoarse, and sound of hands therewith,
Made up a tumult that goes whirling on
For ever in that air of palpable blackness,
Like unto sand, when the wild whirlwind breathes."†

Through these several circles Dante follows Virgil. The first is Limbo, where are the souls of children and the unbaptized; the heathen poets and philosophers,

"With slow and solemn eyes,
And great authority in their countenance,
Who speak but seldom with soft, pleasant voices."

They are neither in pain nor glory. No groans are heard, but the whole air is tremulous with sighs.

In the second circle the sin of lust is punished. The spirits are tossed to and fro in a

* See, upon this subject, Rossetti, Spirito Antipapale de' Classici Italiani, Cap. V.

* De Monarchiâ, Cap. 92, 93.

† Of this *Inferno* a certain Antonio Manetti has made a "profile and plan, with measurements." To the seven circles described by Dante he allows a thousand miles; and seven hundred more to the gulf of Malabolge, with its ten fosses. It is in the Zatta edition of Dante: Venice, 1757, Tom. I. A still better view of the Infernal Tunnel may be found in the De Romanis edition: Rome, 1815, 4to.

whirlwind, and dashed against each other with moans and blasphemies:

"As cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretched out in long array; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom."

In the third circle the miserable souls of gluttons lie howling, like dogs under an eternal and accursed shower, wherein large hailstones, and black rain,

"and sleety flaw,
Through the dun midnight air stream down amain."

In the fourth circle the prodigal and avaricious are punished by being set in eternal conflict, clashing, howling, and rolling great weights against each other.

In the fifth is the Stygian pool; immersed in whose filthy, stagnant waters, the souls of the irascible are smiting each other, naked and muddy, while others, breathing under the water, cover the whole pool with bubbles:

"How many now are mighty kings on earth,
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire;
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise!"

The sixth circle is the fiery city of Dis, with walls of heated iron, and bale-fires flaming on the towers. The whole place within is like a vast cemetery, where the souls of heretics lie buried in fiery graves, which are open, and from which terrific groans are constantly ascending.

From high cliffs the poet looks down into the seventh circle, which is divided into three rounds, or *gironi*, where the violent are tormented; those who have done violence to their neighbours are plunged into a river of blood; those who have laid violent hands upon themselves are changed to trees, and

"Even as a green stick, that, being kindled,
Burns at one end, and at the other groans
And hisses with the air that is escaping,
So from the broken limb came out together
Both words and blood";

and in the third *girone*, or division, those who have been violent against God, Nature, or Art, walk upon a sandy plain under a shower of fire, whose broad flakes come slowly wafted down, "like snow upon the Alps when winds are still."

The eighth circle is the gulf of Malabolge, into which the Phlegethon, the river of blood, falls with a hollow roar; and down into whose bosom the two poets are borne on the back of the winged monster Geryon, hearing all the while the horrible crash of the cataract of blood. Here, in ten concentric fosses, spanned by bridges, various sinners suffer various torments: seducers are scourged by demons; flatterers wallow in filth; simoniacs are plunged head foremost into holes in the earth; soothsayers have their heads turned backwards; peculators seethe in a lake of boiling pitch; hypocrites wear gilded hoods of lead; robbers are stung by venomous serpents; evil counsellors live in flames, in each flame a sinful soul; schismatics are maimed and cut asunder; and alchemists and forgers lie rotting with disease, as in a lazar-house, or rather, as if

"Each lazar-house
Of Valdichiana, in the sultry time
'Twixt July and September, with the isle
Sardinia, and Maremma's pestilent fen,
Had heaped their maladies all in one fosse
Together."

From among the sobbing ghosts of Malabolge they pass onward, and the sound of a horn is heard, more terrible than Orlando's, and the forms of giants are seen, like the towers of a city, through the gross and misty atmosphere. Antæus takes the poets in his hands, and sets them down in the ninth and last circle of the *Inferno*, where the souls of traitors lie in the frozen lake, and in the midst Lucifer, the fallen archangel, in the very centre of the earth, "like a worm boring through the centre of the world." Down his shaggy, icy sides they slide, and, turning their heads round, begin to ascend to the earth's surface, through a cavern, guided upward by the sound of a brooklet, "and thence come forth to see the stars again."

The fall of Lucifer made not only the gulf of Hell, but threw up on the opposite surface of the earth a huge cone, which is the mountain of Purgatory. Seven broad terraces are cut into its sides, and on its summit is the Terrestrial Paradise, to which the poets climb, ushered onward from terrace to terrace by angels. On these terraces, the seven mortal sins are purged away.

On the first terrace the spirits of the proud are made to totter under huge stones, that are placed upon their shoulders; and he who had most patience in his looks, weeping, did seem to say, "I can no more."

On the second terrace sit the souls of the envious, having their eyelids sewed together with iron wire, and turning their faces up piteously, like blind beggars at the gates of churches.

On the third terrace the sin of anger is purged. The souls walk enveloped in dense, suffocating smoke, and in darkness like that of a starless night.

On the fourth terrace the sin of lukewarmness is punished. The crowd of ghosts comes sweeping round the hill, ridden and spurred onward by a righteous, though tardy zeal.

On the fifth terrace the souls of the avaricious lie with their faces in the dust, weeping and wailing.

On the sixth, the souls of gluttons "drink the sweet wormwood of their torment," being emaciated by famine, till the hollow sockets of their eyes seem rings, from which the gems have fallen.

On the seventh and last terrace the sin of incontinence is purged by fire. Beyond this, on the summit of the mountain, stands the Terrestrial Paradise, where, amid flowers, and leaves, and living waters, the poet meets Bea-

trice, who becomes his guide among the stars of Paradise.

The Paradise of Dante is divided into nine heavens, or spheres. Through these the two travellers ascend, drawn upward by heavenly desire.

The first sphere is that of the moon; where the poet learns that the story of the man in the moon, or, as the Italian popular tradition says, Cain with a pitchfork, is only a fable; and that in this sphere dwell the souls of those, who, having once taken monastic vows, were forced to violate them.

The second heaven is the planet Mercury, where dwell the spirits of those whom the desire of fame has moved to noble enterprises.

The third heaven is the planet Venus, where are those who on earth were celebrated for their holy passion.

The fourth heaven is the sun, — inhabited by the most worthy theologians, doctors, and fathers of the church; among whom is the Angelic Doctor, Thomas Aquinas.

The fifth heaven is the sphere of Mars: and here are the heroic souls of crusaders, and those who died fighting for the true faith, arranged in the sign of a glorious cross, over which the spirits move in music.

In the sixth heaven, which is Jupiter, are the souls of just and upright princes, who governed their people wisely. They are arranged in the form of an eagle, in the centre of whose flaming eye sits King David.

The seventh heaven is the planet Saturn; where those reside who on earth passed their lives in holy retirement and contemplation.

The eighth heaven is that of the fixed stars; where, sitting in the constellation of the Twins, the poet looks back upon his heavenly pathway, and beholds this little ball of earth swinging below him, a mere speck in the universe. In this sphere are the souls of Adam, and the most illustrious saints; and the forms of Christ triumphant and the Virgin Mary pass before him, and vanish far above.

Beyond this is the ninth heaven, wherein the poet has a glimpse of the Divine Essence, surrounded by the nine choirs of angels, in three hierarchies.

The tenth and last heaven is the vast empyrean, where Beatrice leaves Dante with Saint Bernard; assisted by whose prayers to the Virgin Mary, the poet is vouchsafed one fearful gaze upon the great mystery of the Godhead.

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The "Divina Commedia" has been many times translated into English verse; by Boyd, Cary, and Wright, and in part by Rogers, Howard, Hume, and Parsons. In introducing extracts from such a poem into a work like this, we feel that we are imitating Christina of Sweden, who clipped two of the finest paintings of Titian, in order to fit them to the panels of her gallery.

SONNETS FROM THE VITA NUOVA.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love and a generous heart are but one thing,
As says the wise man in his apophthegm;
And one can by itself no more exist
Than reason can, without the reasoning soul.
Nature in kindliest mood creates the two:
Makes Love a king, the heart his palace makes;
Within whose chambers sleeping, his repose
Is sometimes brief, and sometimes long endures.
Beauty with sense combined in lady charms
The observing eye, and then within the heart
Desire to obtain the pleasing object springs,
There sometimes grows, and strength in time
acquires
The spirit of Love from slumber to arouse:
Like power o'er lady's heart hath manly worth.

—

LOVELINESS OF BEATRICE.

The throne of Love is in my lady's eyes,
Whence every thing she looks on is ennobled:
On her all eyes are turned, where'er she moves,
And his heart palpitates whom she salutes,
So that, with countenance cast down and pale,
Conscious unworthiness his sighs express:
Anger and pride before her presence fly.
O, aid me, gentle dames, to do her honor!
All sweetness springs, and every humble thought,
Within the heart of him who hears her speak;
And happy may be deemed who once hath seen
her.
What she appears when she doth gently smile
Tongue cannot tell nor memory retain, —
So beauteous is the miracle, and new.

—

BEATRICE'S SALUTATION.

So noble is Madonna's air, so kind,
So full of grace to all, when she salutes,
That every tongue with awe is mute and trembles,
And every eye shrinks back from her regard.
Clothed in humility, she hears her praise,
And passes on with calm benignity;
Appearing not a thing of earth, but come
From heaven, to show mankind a miracle.
So pleasing is her countenance, that he
Who gazes feels delight expand the heart,
Which must be proved, or cannot be conceived;
And from her lip there seems to emanate
A spirit full of mildness and of love,
Which, counselling the soul, still says, "O, sigh!"

—

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Into the chambers of my memory came
That noble lady, whom in tears Love mourns,
The very moment when his power led you
To watch the labors that my hand employed.
Love to the seat of memory felt her come,
And woke from slumber in my wretched heart,

And, calling to the sighs, exclaimed, "Go forth!"
The sighs in mournful crowds with haste obeyed,
And issued from my breast, uttering such sounds
Of grief, as often draw from these sad eyes
The fellowship of my unhappy tears.
But of the sighs sent forth with greatest pain
Are those which say, "O noble mind, this day
Completes the year since thy ascent to heaven!"

THE PILGRIMS.

TELL me, ye pilgrims, who so thoughtful go,
Musing, perhaps, on objects far away,
Come ye from wandering in such distant land
(As by your looks and garb we must infer),
That you our city traverse in her woe,
And mingle with her crowds, yet tears withhold,
Like persons quite unconscious of her state,
Who ne'er have heard the heavy loss she mourns?
O, should you stay, and lend a willing ear,
My sighing heart feels sure its tale would cause
Your tears to flow, and sad you would depart.
The city mourns her Beatrice; she 's dead!
And that which we can truly say of her
Has power to force even strangers' eyes to weep.

SONNETS FROM THE CANZONIERE.

THE CURSE.

ACCURSED be the day when first I saw
The beams which sparkle in your traitorous eyes!
The moment cursed, when to my heart you came,
And reached its pinnacle to steal the soul!
Accursed be Love's labor, which my style
Has polished, and the beauteous tints refined
That I for you invented, and with verse adorned,
To force the world to honor you for ever!
Accursed be my stubborn memory,
So firm in holding what must cause my death,
The wicked image of your beauteous form;
Through which Love's perjuries so frequent are,
That he and I are ridiculed by all,
And I am tempted Fortune's wheel to seize!

THE FAREWELL.

INTO thy hands, sweet lady of my soul,
The spirit which is dying I commend;
In grief so sad it takes its leave, that Love
Views it with pity while dismissing it.
By thee to his dominion it was chained
So firmly, that no power it hath retained
To call him aught except its sovereign lord;
For whatsoe'er thou wilt, thy will is mine.
I know that every wrong displeaseth thee;
Therefore stern Death, whom I have never served,
Enters my heart with far more bitterness:
O noble lady, then, whilst life remains,
That I may die in peace, my mind consoled,
Vouchsafe to be less dear unto these eyes.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

Two ladies on the summit of my mind
Their station take, to hold discourse of love:
Virtue and courtesy adorn the one,
With modesty and prudence in her train;
Beauty and lively elegance the other,
With every winning grace to do her honor:
And I, thanks to my sweet and sovereign lord,
Enamoured of the two, their slave remain.
Beauty and virtue each address the mind,
And doubts express if loyal heart can rest
Between the two, in perfect love divided:
The fountain of true eloquence replies,—
"Both may be loved: beauty, to yield delight;
And virtue, to excite to generous deeds."

THE LOVER.

WHEN night with sable wing the earth enshrouds,
And day, departing, hides itself in heaven,
In ocean, and in grove, and bird and beast
Amid the boughs or in the stall find rest;
And sleep o'er every limb its gentle balm
Diffuses, undisturbed by care or thought,
Until Aurora with her tresses fair
Returns, and day's fatigue again renews:
Then, wretched, I am banished from sleep's fold;
For grief and sighs, the enemies of rest,
Mine eyes keep open and my heart awake;
And like a bird enveloped in a net,
The more I seek and struggle to escape,
The more I am entangled and in error lost.

TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

FRIEND Guido, would that Lappo, you, and I
Were carried by enchantment far from care,
And sailing in a bark upon the sea,
Where wind and wave our bidding should obey;
Where never fortune cross, nor weather foul,
To interrupt our joy should have the power;
And wishes ne'er to part should still increase,
While granted were the wish to live together.
And might the good enchanter place beside us
Our Beatrice, and Vanna, and the lady
Who stands preëminent amidst the thirty,
There would we never cease to talk of love;
And each fair dame, I trust, would be content,
As I am confident that we should be.

TO BOSSONE D' AGOBIO.

O THOU who tread'st the cool and shady hill
Skirting the river, which so softly glides
That gentle Linceus 't is by natives called,
In its Italian, not its German, name,—
Contented sit thee down at morn and eve;
For thy beloved child already bears
The fruit desired, and his march hath been
Rapid in Grecian and in Gallic lore.
Genius, alas! no longer holds her throne

In that Hesperia, now the abode of woe,
Whose gardens once such noble promise gave.
None fairer than thy Raphael; then rejoice,
For thou shalt see him float amid the learned,
Admired as a galliot on the wave.

CANZONI FROM THE VITA NUOVA.

VISION OF BEATRICE'S DEATH.

A LADY, young, compassionate, and fair,
Richly adorned with every human grace,
Watched o'er my couch, where oft I called on death;
And noticing the eyes with sorrow swollen,
And listening to the folly of my words,
Fear seized upon her, and she wept aloud.
Attracted by her moaning, other dames
Gave heed unto my pitiable state,
And from my view removed her.
They then approached to rouse me by their voice,
And one cried, "Sleep no more!"
And one, "Why thus discomfort thee?"
With that the strange, delirious fancy fled,
And, calling on my lady's name, I woke.
So indistinct and mournful was my voice,
By anguish interrupted so, and tears,
That I alone the name heard in my heart:
Then with a countenance abashed, through shame,
Which to my face had mounted visibly,
Prompted by Love, I turned towards my friends,
And features showed so pale and wan,
It made beholders turn their thoughts on death.
"Alas! our comfort he must have,"
Said every one, with kind humility.
Then oft they questioned me,
"What hast thou seen, that has unmanned thee thus?"
And when I was in part restored, I said,
"Ladies, to you the vision I 'll relate.
Whilst I lay pondering on my ebbing life,
And saw how brief its tenure, and how frail,
Love wept within my heart, where he abides;
For my sad soul was wandering so, and lost,
That, sighing deeply at the thought, it said,
'Inevitable death attends Madonna too.'
Such consternation then my senses seized,
The eyes weighed down with fear were closed;
And scattered far and wide
The spirits fled, and each in error strayed;
And then imagination's powers,
Of recollection and of truth bereft,
Showed me the fleeting forms of wretched dames,
Who shouted, 'Death!' still crying, 'Thou shalt die!'
Many the doubtful things which next I saw,
Wandering in vain imagination's maze.
I seemed to be I know not in what place,
And ladies loosely robed saw fleet along,
Some weeping, and some uttering loud laments
Which darted burning griefs into the soul.
And then methought I saw a gradual veil
Obscure the sun; the star of Love appeared,
And sun and star seemed both to weep;
Birds flying through the dusky air dropped down;
Trembled the earth:
And then appeared a man, feeble and pale,
Who cried to me, 'What! here? Heard'st not the news?
Dead is thy lady, — she who was so fair.'
I raised the eyes then, moistened with my tears,
And, softly as the shower of manna fell,
Angels I saw returning up to heaven:
Before them was a slender cloud extended,
And from behind I heard them shout, 'Hosanna!'
What more was sung I know not, or would tell.
Then Love thus spoke: 'Concealment here shall end;
Come now, and see our lady who lies dead.'
Imagination's fallacy
Then led me where in death Madonna lay;
And after I had gazed upon her form,
Ladies I saw conceal it with a veil;
And such true meekness from its features beamed,
It seemed to say to me, 'I dwell in peace.'
So meek in my affliction I became,
Seeing such meekness on her brow expressed,
That I exclaimed, 'O Death, I hold thee sweet,
Noble and kind henceforth thou must be deemed,
Since thou hast been united to Madonna;
Piteous, not cruel, must thy nature be.
Behold desire so strong to be enrolled
Thy follower, my faith and thine seem one!
Come, for the heart solicits thee!'
I then departed, all sad rites complete;
And when I found myself alone,
With eyes upraised to the realms above I said,
'Blessed is he beholds thee, beauteous soul!'
That instant, through your kindness, I awoke."

DIRGE OF BEATRICE.

THE eyes, which mourn the sorrows of the heart,
Such torture have endured in shedding tears,
That they at last are utterly subdued;
And should I strive to find relief from woe,
Which by degrees is leading me to death,
Sad notes of misery are my sole resource.
And as I well remember how I spoke
My thoughts of my loved mistress, while she lived,
Most willingly to you, my noble dames, —
Now to no other will I speak
Than to the gentle heart in lady's breast;
And weeping, then, my song shall be of her
Who has to heaven departed suddenly,
And Love has left companion of my sorrows.
To highest heaven our Beatrice is gone,
Unto the realm where peace and angels dwell;
With them she rests, and you, fair dames, hath left.
No icy chill or fever's heat deprived
Us of her, as in nature's course;
But solely her transcendent excellence.
For the bright beam of her humility
Passed with such virtue the celestial spheres,
It called forth wonder in the Eternal Sire;

And then his pleasure was
To claim a soul so healthful and so pure,
And make it from our earth ascend to him;
Deeming this life of weariness and care
Unworthy of a thing so excellent.
Forth from its lovely frame the soul is fled,
In favor as in excellence most high,
And sits in glory on a worthy throne.
He who can speak of her without a tear
A heart of stone must have, wicked and vile,
Where never spirit benign can entrance find.
The ignoble heart is fraught with sense too low
To form imagination faint of her;
And hence desire to weep offends not him.
But sadness him assails, and sighs,
And tears of deadly sorrow, and his soul
Of every consolation is bereft,
Who, even in thought, has once beheld how good
And fair she was, and how from us she 's taken.
Anguish intolerable attends my sighs,
When to the mind returns the afflicting thought
Of the beloved who my heart hath shared.
And often, when I ruminate on death,
A wish so soothing o'er my senses comes,
The color of my features it transforms.
But when imagination holds me fast,
Pain so severe oft seizes every nerve,
That I am roused through very agony;
And I such spectacle become,
That from mankind I separate abashed.
Then solitary, weeping, I lament and call
On Beatrice, and say, "Art thou, then, dead?"
And while I call on her, am comforted.
Sorrow and tears and sighs of mental anguish
So waste my heart, whene'er I am alone,
That who should hear me must compassion feel;
And what my state hath been, since to the world
Unknown Madonna took her flight from earth,
No tongue of human power can express.
And therefore, ladies, even with the will
To tell you what I am, the ability must fail;
So am I harassed by my bitter life,
Disheartened and degraded so, that all
Who mark the death-like color of my cheek,
Pass on, and seem to say, "I thee abandon!"
But what I am Madonna knows full well,
And still from her I hope for my reward.
My plaintive song, now mournful take thy way,
And find the ladies and the damsels kind,
To whom thy sisters blithe
Were wont to bear the merry notes of joy;
And thou, who art the daughter of my sorrow,
Disconsolate depart and dwell with them!

CANZONI FROM THE CANZONIERE.

BEATRICE.

Those curled and flaxen tresses I admire,
Of which, with strings of pearl and scattered flowers,
Hath Love contrived a net for me, his prey
To take me; and I find the lure succeed.
And chief, those beauteous eyes attract my gaze,
Which pass through mine and penetrate the heart
With rays so animating and so bright,
That from the sun *itself* they seem to flow.
Virtue still growing is in them displayed;
Hence I, who contemplate their charms so rare,
Thus commune with myself amid my sighs:
"Alas! why cannot I be placed
Alone, unseen, with her where I would wish;
So that with those fair tresses I might play,
And separate them wave by wave;
And of her beauteous eyes, which shine supreme,
Might form two mirrors for delight of mine?"
I next the fair and lovely mouth survey,
The spacious forehead, and the enamouring look,
The fingers white, the nose correctly straight,
The eyebrow smooth and dark, that pencilled seems.
Then wandering thought imagination stirs,
Saying: "Observe the winning grace and joy
Within that delicate and vermeil lip,
Where all that 's sweet and zest can give is seen!
O, stay, and hear how lovely her discourse,
What tenderness and goodness it reveals,
And how her converse she imparts to all!
Admire, how, when she smiles,
All other charms in sweetness are surpassed!"
Thus to expatiate on that mouth my thought
Still spurs me on; for I
Have nothing upon earth I would not give,
Could I from it obtain one unreluctant "Yes."
Then I regard her white and well turned throat,
So aptly joined to shoulders and to bust;
And little rounded chin, with dimple stamped,
In form as true as painter's eye conceives.
My thought, which ever turns its flight to her,
Then says: "With joy contemplate the delight,
To clasp within the arms that lovely neck,
And on the throat a tender seal impress!"
Then further says: "Let fancy take the wing;
Think, if the parts exposed so beauteous are,
What must the others be, concealed and veiled?
Our admiration of the glorious works
Displayed in heaven, the sun and other stars,
Alone persuades us paradise is there:
So, if with fixed regard thou meditate,
Thou must imagine every earthly bliss
Is found where eye is not allowed to pierce."
Her arms I next observe, spacious and full;
Her hand, white, smooth, and soft as down;
Her fingers, long and delicately thin,
Proud of the ring which one of them enclasps;
And thought then says to me: "If thou wert now
Within those arms, thy life would pleasure know
And share with her, which to describe
In least degree defies my utmost skill.
Observe, that every limb a picture seems;
Exact the size and shape her frame requires,
And colored with angelic hues of pearl:
Grace is in every look;
And indignation, if offence provoke:
Meek, modest, temperate, and calm,
To virtue ever dear,
O'er all her noble manners reigns a charm,
Which universal reverence inspires.
Stately and soft she moves as Juno's bird,
Erect and firmly poised as any crane.

One charm remark, peculiarly hers,—
An elegance unmatched, with modesty combined;
And would you see it, in a living proof,"
Says thought to me, "Attend well to thy mind,
When, with a lady elegant and fair
Harmoniously conjoined, she moves along;
Then, as the brilliant stars seem chased away
By greater brightness of the advancing sun,
So vanish other charms when hers are viewed.
Think, then, how pleasing she must be
Whose loveliness and beauty equal are;
And beauty past compare in her is found.
Habits of virtue and of loyalty
Alone can please her and her cause can serve:
But in her welfare only place thy hope."
My song, well may'st thou vouch for true,
That, since the day when first was born
A beauteous lady, none ever pleased like her
Thou celebratest, take her all in all:
For joined in her are found
Personal beauty and a virtuous mind;
Nor aught deficient, but some grains of pity.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, for ever gone those tresses bright,
From whence the hills around
Drew and reflected tints of shining gold!
Farewell the beauteous look, the glances sweet,
Implanted in my heart
By those fair eyes that well remembered day!
Farewell the graceful bloom
Of sparkling countenance!
Farewell the endearing smile,
Disclosing pearls of snowy white between
Roses of vermeil hues throughout the year!
Why without me, O Death,
These hast thou robbed us of in flower of spring?
Farewell the playful mind and wise reserve,
The welcome frank and sweet,
The ready wit, and the determined heart!
Farewell the meek, yet lofty, just disdain,
Confirming my resolve
All baseness to detest and greatness love!
Farewell desire, the child
Of beauty overflowing!
Farewell the aspiring hope,
Which made me view all other far behind,
And rendered light to me Love's heaviest load!
These hast thou shivered, Death,
As glass, and me alive suspended as one dead.
Lady, farewell! of every virtue queen,
Goddess preferred to all,
For whom, through Love, all others I renounce,
Farewell! What column of such precious stone
On earth were worthy found
To raise thy temple, and in air sustain?
Farewell, thou vessel filled
With Nature's miracles!
By fortune's evil turn,
Beyond the rugged mountains thou wast led,
Where Death has closed thee in the cruel tomb,
And of my eyes hath formed
Two fountains wearied with incessant tears.
Farewell! And thou without excuse, O Death,
Observe these sorrowing eyes, and own at least,
Until thy hand destroy me,
Endless should be my cry, "Alas, farewell!"

CANZONE FROM THE CONVITO.

PHILOSOPHY.

Love with delight discourses in my mind
Upon my lady's admirable gifts,
And oft expatiates with me on deserts
Beyond the range of human intellect.
In sounds so sweetly eloquent his voice
Touches the listening and enraptured soul,
That it exclaims, "Alas! how weak my power
To tell what of my lady now I hear!"
For first, I am compelled to throw aside,
When I attempt of what I hear to treat,
All that my mind in vain would comprehend;
And next, of what I even understand;
Great part, that my ability transcends.
If, then, my verse should in defects abound,
Which fondly enters on Madonna's praise,
The feeble understanding must be blamed,
And language feeble, wanting power with me
The merits to portray which Love describes.
The sun, revolving round this earthly globe,
Nothing beholds so excellent and fair,
As in that hour he lights the land where dwells
The lady for whom Love commands my song.
Angelic essences her worth admire;
And they on earth whom she hath once enamoured
Still find her image present to their thoughts,
When Love calms all emotions into peace.
With such complacency her Maker views
His work, his virtue still he showers on her,
In gifts beyond our nature's utmost call.
Her pure and spotless soul,
Which owes its health to the Creator's boon,
Proclaims his hand in her material frame,
Which beauties in such varied form displays,
The eyes of those on whom her countenance beams
Send thoughts into the heart, with wishes filled,
Which thence take wing in air, transformed to sighs.
Virtue divine descends on her, as on
An angel who the beatific vision sees:
If there be gentle dame who disbelieves,
Let her converse with her, and mark her ways.
For when she speaks, she draws an angel down
From heaven, who joyful testimony bears,
That the high worth in her possession seen
Exceeds the endowments suited to our wants.
Her acts of courtesy, conferred on all,
Strive each which best shall call on Love
In language which he never fails to feel.
Of her it may be said,
Graceful in lady what in her we find,
And beautiful what most resembles her.
And truly may we say, her countenance aids
In miracles belief; for one she seems,
And thus our faith confirms, and was for this

Created and eternally ordained.
Charms in her countenance appear, which show
Of paradise the ineffable delights:
Of her sweet smile I speak, and of her eyes,
Which Love attract as to his proper throne.
Our intellect they dazzle and subdue,
As the sun's rays o'erpower the feeble sight:
Mine may not look on them with fixed regard,
And hence to scant their honors I am fain.
Her beauty falls in gentle showers of flame,
Each animated with a spirit benign,
Which is creator of all virtuous thoughts,
And shatters like the thunderbolt
All inbred vices which the mind debase.
Therefore let beauteous dame, who censure earns,
By wanting a deportment meek and still,
View this exemplar of humility;
Her, before whom each sinner drops his pride,
Her, whom the Mover of the world conceived.
My song, thy speech may seem to contradict
The language we have heard thy sister hold;
For she the lady calls both fierce and proud,
Whom thou so humble represent'st, and meek.
But well thou know'st that heaven is ever bright
And clear and cloudless, as regards itself;
Although our eyes, from many a cause,
May sometimes call the sun itself obscure:
So when your sister calls this lady proud,
She views her not consistently with truth,
But forms a judgment on appearances;
For oft my soul has feared,
And still so fears, that cruelty I see,
Whene'er I come where she my thoughts may know.
Excuse me thus, my song, if there be need;
And when thou canst, present thee to Madonna,
And say to her,—"If you such course approve,
My praise I will rehearse throughout the world."

FROM THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.—INFERNO.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.*

"The land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me; and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Caina[1] waits for him our life who ended."
These were the accents uttered by her tongue.
Since I first listened to these souls offended,
I bowed my visage, and so kept it, till
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,
And recommenced: "Alas! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies,
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!"
And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
And said,—"Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize."
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is, to remind us of our happy days
In misery; and that thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancilot, how Love enchained him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspiciously.
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolored by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew:
When we read the long sighed-for smile of her,
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover."
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
I swooned, as if by death I had been smote,
And fell down even as a dead body falls.

FARINATA.

Now by a narrow path my master winds,
Conducting me 'twixt those tormenting tombs
And the town walls. "O thou, whose goodness finds
A passage for me through these impious glooms,
Say, sovereign Virtue, satisfy my hope:
May man behold the wretches buried here
In these dire sepulchres?—the lids are ope,—
Suspended all,—and none is watching near."
To this he answered: "When they come at last,
Clothed in their now forsaken frames of clay,
From dread Jehoshaphat,—the judgment past,—
These flaming dens must all be barred for aye.
Here in their cemetery, on this side,
With his whole sect is Epicurus pent,
Who thought the spirit with its body died:
Soon, therefore, thy desire shall be content,—
Ay, and the secret wish thou hid'st from me."
"Good guide," I said, "I only veil my heart,
Lest of mine utterance I appear too free:

* Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna and of Cervia, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini, a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed in his person. His brother Paolo, who unhappily possessed those graces which the husband of Francesca wanted, engaged her affections; they were both put to death by the enraged Lanciotto. The interest of the narrative is much increased, when it is recollected that the father of this unfortunate lady was the beloved friend and generous protector of Dante, during his latter days.

[1] That part of the *Inferno* to which murderers are condemned.

Thyself my monitor of silence art."
"O Tuscan, thou who com'st with gentle speech,
Through Hell's hot city, breathing from the earth,
Stop in this place one moment, I beseech; —
Thy tongue betrays the country of thy birth.
Of that illustrious land I know thee sprung,
Which in my day perchance I somewhat vexed."
Forth from one vault these sudden accents rung,
So that I trembling stood with fear perplexed.
Then as I closer to my master drew, —
"Turn back! what dost thou?" he exclaimed in haste;
"See! Farinata rises to thy view!
Now may'st behold him upward from his waist."
Full in his face already I was gazing,
While his front lowered, and his proud bosom swelled;
As though even there, amid his burial blazing,
The infernal realm in high disdain he held.
My leader then, with ready hands and bold,
Forced me toward him, among the graves to pace,
Saying, "Thy thoughts in open words unfold."
So by his tomb I stood, — beside its base.
Glancing upon me with a scornful air,
"Who were thine ancestors?" he coldly asked.
Willing to answer, I did not forbear
My name or lineage, but the whole unmasked.
Slightly the spirit raised his haughty brows,
And said, — "Thy sires to mine were aye adverse, —
To me, and to the cause I did espouse;
Wherefore their legions twice did I disperse."
"What though they banished were? they all returned,
Each time of their expulsion," I replied:
"That is an art thy party never learned."
Hereat arose a shadow at his side:
Uplifted on his knees he seemed to me,
For his face only to his chin was bare;
And round about he stared, as though to see
If other mortal with myself were there.
But when that momentary dream was o'er,
Weeping, he groaned, — "If thou this dungeon dim,
Led by thy soaring genius, dost explore,
Where is my son? ah, wherefore bring'st not him?"
"Not of myself I seek this realm forlorn;
He who waits yonder marshals me my road;
Whom once, perchance, thy Guido had in scorn."
My recognition thus I fully showed;
For in the pangs on that poor sinner wreaked,
And in his question, plain his name I read.
Suddenly starting up, — "What! what!" —
he shrieked;
"Say'st thou, 'He *had*'? What mean ye? Is he dead?
Doth heaven's dear light his eye no longer bless?"
Perceiving how I hesitated then,
Ere I responded to his wild address,
Backward he sunk, nor looked he forth again.

FROM THE DIVINA COMMEDIA. — PURGATORIO.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

And now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red,
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me, — may I again behold it! —
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown, and larger.
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white; and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.
My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried aloud, — "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!
See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,
But down I cast *it*; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face;
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!"
Thus sang they all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them;
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

—

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

Longing already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.
A gently breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead, —
No heavier blow than of a pleasant breeze:
Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction bent,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;
But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime

Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes;
Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the sirocco.
Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered;
And, lo! my farther course cut off a river,
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.
All waters that on earth most limpid are
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

—

BEATRICE.

Even as the blessed, in the new covenant,
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the flesh, —
So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.
They all were saying: "*Benedictus qui venis!*"
And, scattering flowers above and round about,
"*Manibus, O, date lilia plenis!*"
I once beheld, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light serene adorned,
And the sun's face uprising overshadowed,
So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
The eye sustained his aspect for long while:
Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
And down descended inside and without,
With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
Appeared a lady under a green mantle,
Vested in colors of the living flame.

. . . . . .

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian winds, —
And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a fire:
Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
Before the song of those who chime for ever,
After the chiming of the eternal spheres;
But when I heard in those sweet melodies
Compassion for me, more than had they said,
"O, wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"
The ice, that was about my heart congealed,
To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

. . . . . .

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of sight.
Even as a crossbow breaks, when 't is discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bowstring and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark:
So I gave way under this heavy burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

—

FROM THE DIVINA COMMEDIA. — PARADISO.

SPIRITS IN THE PLANET MERCURY.

And as an arrow to the mark is driven,
Or e'er the cord that sent it be at rest,
So swiftly passed we to the second heaven.
Entered within the precincts of the light,
I saw my guide's fair countenance possessed
With joy so great, the planet glowed more bright:
And if the very star a smile displayed,
Well might I smile, — to change by nature prone,
And varying still with each impression made.
As in some water that is smooth and clear
The fish are drawn to any object thrown
So as to make it like their food appear:
So saw I more than thousand splendors move
Towards us, and every one was heard to say,
"Behold one here, who will increase our love!"
And as each soul approached us, the delight
It felt was manifested by the ray
That from within was thrown upon my sight.
Think, reader, if the wondrous history
That here begins should also terminate,
How painful would thy dearth of knowledge be!
Then may'st thou tell if I were not possessed
By strong desire to learn of these their state,
The moment they became thus manifest.
"O well-born spirit, whom grace permits to see
The thrones of the eternal triumph, ere
Closed is thine earthly warfare, — know that we
Are kindled by the light which fills the wide
Expanse of heaven: — if thou art fain to hear
Of our condition, be thy wish supplied."
One of those pious spirits thus I heard;
When Beatrice: "Speak on without dismay;
And trust, as they were gods, their every word."
"I see full well how in the light divine
Thou dwell'st; and that thine eyes a joy display,
Which when thou smilest more serenely shine:
But who thou art I know not; neither why,
O worthy soul, a sphere is given to thee,
Hid by another's ray from mortal eye."
These words I spake unto the joyous light
That had been first to address me, — whereat she
Arrayed herself in splendor still more bright:
And as the sun conceals himself from view
In the pure splendor of the new-born day,

Bursting his mantle of the early dew;
E'en so that holy form herself concealed
Within the lustre of her own pure ray.

SPIRITS IN THE SUN.

Then, like a clock that summons us away,
What time the Spouse of God at matin hour
Hastes to her Husband, for his love to pray,—
And one part urges on the other, sounding
Tin Tin in notes so sweet, that by its power
The soul is thrilled, with pious love abounding:
So I beheld that glorious circle move;
And with such sweet accord and harmony
Take up the song of praise, as none may prove,
Save where is joy through all eternity.

HEAVENLY JUSTICE.

And hence the heavenly Justice can no more
By mortal ken be fathomed, than the sea:
For though the eye of one upon the shore
May pierce its shallow tide, the depths beyond
Baffle his ken; yet there is also laid
A bottom, viewless through the deep profound.

. . . . . .

As the stork lifts herself the nest above,
When she hath fed her little ones; and they
Regard their mother with a look of love:
E'en so that ever-blessed Bird appeared,—
Raising its wings, excited by the sway
Of numerous thoughts;—and so my eyes I reared.
Turning around, it sang: "Obscure to thee
As have been found these mystic notes of mine;
So dark to man is Heaven's all-wise decree."

BEATRICE.

Like as the bird, who on her nest all night
Had rested, darkling, with her tender brood,
'Mid the loved foliage, longing now for light,
To gaze on their dear looks and bring them food,—
Sweet task, whose pleasures all its toil repay,—
Anticipates the dawn, and, through the wood
Ascending, perches on the topmost spray,
There, all impatience, watching to descry
The first faint glimmer of approaching day:
Thus did my lady, toward the southern sky,
Erect and motionless, her visage turn;
The mute suspense that filled her wistful eye
Made me like one who waits a friend's return,
Lives on this hope, and will no other own.
Soon did my eye a rising light discern;
High up the heavens its kindling splendors shone,
And Beatrice exclaimed, "See, they appear,
The Lord's triumphal hosts! For this alone
These spheres have rolled and reap their harvest here!"
Her face seemed all on fire, and in her eye
Danced joy unspeakable to mortal ear.
As when full-orbed Diana smiles on high,
While the eternal nymphs her form surround,
And, scattering beauty through the cloudless sky,
Float on the bosom of the blue profound:
O'er thousands of bright flowers was seen to blaze
One sun transcendent, from whom all around,
As from our sun the planets, drew their rays;
He through these living lights poured such a tide
Of glory, as o'erpowered my feeble gaze.
"O Beatrice, my sweet, my precious guide!"

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

Francesco Petrarca, usually called Petrarch, in English, was the son of a Florentine, who was banished, at the same time with Dante, from his native city. He was born in 1304, at Arezzo, in Tuscany. His early childhood was passed on an estate of his father's, at Ancisa; but when he was seven years old, the family removed to Avignon, then the capital of the Roman see. They next resided in Carpentras, a small town in the neighbourhood, where Petrarch was placed under the tuition of Convennole, with whom he studied about five years. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to Montpellier, to study the law; but the strong taste which he early manifested for poetry and eloquence interfered so much with his professional studies, that his father removed him to Bologna, hoping that the Professors of the University there would be more successful in stimulating his industry. Visiting his son one day, he was so much irritated by finding the table covered with the manuscripts of Cicero and Virgil, that he seized the scrolls and threw them into the fire; but the young student made such a piteous outcry, that the father's heart relented, and he snatched the manuscripts from the flames, saying, "that he must read Virgil for his comfort, and Cicero as an excitement to pursue the study of the law with more ardor." After his father's death, Petrarch left Bologna, and renounced the study of the law. In 1326, he returned to Avignon, embraced the ecclesiastical profession, and gave himself up with ardor to literary pursuits. A short time before Petrarch went to Avignon, Giacopo Colonna, son of Stefano Colonna, the representative of one of the oldest and most illustrious families in Italy, had established himself there. The young man had been a fellow-student with Petrarch at the University of Bologna. The former acquaintance was renewed at the papal court, and the similarity of their characters and tastes was the foundation of a close and lasting friendship. The other members of that distinguished family recognized the merit of the young scholar, and were affectionately attached to him for life.

Petrarch first saw Laura in the twenty-third year of his age. He met her in the church of Saint Clara, on the morning of the 6th of April,

1327; and from that moment commenced the great passion which was extinguished only with his life. Whether there ever was such a person as Laura, and, if so, who she was, are questions which have been frequently and warmly discussed; but there can now remain scarcely a doubt, either of her existence, or of the reality of Petrarch's love. It is generally agreed, that she was the daughter of a wealthy and distinguished gentleman, Andeberto de Noves, of Avignon; that she had married, after her father's death, Ugo de Sade, a young man of Avignon, whose character seems not to have been very amiable; and that, though she was by no means insensible to the poet's homage, her conduct was always above reproach. For three years after this momentous meeting, Petrarch's occupations were the study of literature, the celebration of his mistress, and the cultivation of his friendly relations with the Colonna family; but when Giacopo Colonna was made bishop of Lombez, he accompanied him thither. After an agreeable summer passed in this retirement, they returned to Avignon. Finding his passion for Laura still undiminished, Petrarch undertook a long journey, which occupied him eight months, and, on his return to Avignon, he found that his friend, the bishop of Lombez, had been summoned to Rome by the affairs of his family. Accounts of his travels are contained in his "Epistolæ Familiares."

It was about this time that Petrarch began to visit the vale of Vaucluse, which was peculiarly attractive to him in his present state of feeling. His mind was also earnestly occupied with his favorite idea of persuading the pope to remove his court from Avignon to Rome, and, when Benedict the Twelfth succeeded to the pontifical chair, he addressed to the new pontiff a long letter on this subject, in Latin verse. Towards the end of 1336, he left France on his way to Italy, and reached Rome in the following February, where he was received in the most friendly manner by the Colonni. After having eagerly examined all the monuments of antiquity with which the city was embellished, he returned the same year to Avignon; but finding himself still agitated by his love for Laura, he determined to withdraw to the solitudes of Vaucluse, and purchased a cottage and a small estate in that beautiful retreat. Here Petrarch wrote a great part of his poems, many of his Latin letters, and many of his eclogues, besides several of his larger works, in Latin prose. Here, also, he commenced his Latin epic, entitled "Africa," on which he supposed his fame would chiefly rest. The rumor of this work excited the greatest interest at the time, and made Petrarch an object of universal wonder. He received, in his retreat, the visits of many of his friends, and of the learned men who came to Avignon. Among others, he became acquainted, about the year 1339, with the monk Barlaam, ambassador at Avignon from the Greek emperor, Andronicus, and by this learned person was instructed in the language and literature of Greece. Robert, the king of Naples, and the great patron of the scholars and poets of his age, whom the fame of Petrarch's genius and works had reached, wrote him a letter about this time, sending him a copy of an epitaph, composed by himself, on his niece Clémence, the queen of France, to which the poet sent a most courtly and flattering reply. This incident was only a prelude to the honors which the royal scholar determined should be conferred on Petrarch. The ancient custom of bestowing on illustrious poets the laurel crown, with public pomp and ceremony, in the Capitol, had gradually disappeared with the decline of letters and the arts in the Roman empire. Petrarch had long desired to attain to this great distinction, and had directed his studies and labors with a view to this end. In the year 1340, a letter was sent to him from the Roman senate, inviting him to come to Rome and receive the crown; and soon after, he received another letter, from Robert Bardi, chancellor of the University of Paris, urging him to proceed to that city, and accept the honors of a public coronation there. The Roman senate had been powerfully influenced to take this step by King Robert. After some deliberation, Petrarch decided in favor of Rome. On his way thither he visited the Neapolitan court, and was received with the highest distinction by King Robert, who was never weary of conversing with him on poetry and literature. Petrarch read to the king several books of his "Africa." The king was charmed with the poem, and signified his desire that it should be dedicated to him. Before proceeding to Rome, Petrarch resolved to pass a public examination. This was conducted by King Robert with great ceremony, and continued through three days, in the presence of the whole court, and the poet-scholar was pronounced to be every way worthy of the coronation. Petrarch was welcomed, on his arrival, by Orso di Anguillara, senator of Rome, and the 8th of April was appointed for the coronation. On that day, the poet received the laurel crown from the hand of Orso, in the Capitol, amidst the applauses of the whole Roman people, surrounded by the most illustrious nobles of the city. On his return from Rome, he visited Parma, where he remained about a year, employed upon the poem of "Africa." He returned to France in 1342. Tiraboschi says, that the immediate motive of his return at this time was the circumstance of his having been appointed, together with the celebrated Cola di Rienzi, on an embassy from the Roman senate and people, to congratulate the new pope, Clement the Sixth, on his accession, and to solicit him to remove the court to Rome. In 1343, he was sent by the pope to Naples, to guard the interests and claims of the papal see in that court; and on his return, Clement offered him the office of Apostolical Secretary, which he declined. The revolution brought

about by Rienzi at Rome, which began in 1347, excited in Petrarch the profoundest interest; and he was bitterly disappointed, when the mad conduct of the tribune destroyed the dream, in which he had indulged, of the restoration of Rome to her ancient glory. In 1348, he went to Padua, where he became acquainted with Jacopo da Carrara. This year was signalized by the terrible pestilence which ravaged all Europe; and the death of Laura, who fell a victim to it on the 6th of April, made it a memorable epoch in the life of the poet. The remainder of this year, and nearly the whole of the following, he passed at Parma. In 1350, he went to Mantua, where he was honorably received by Gonzaga, and thence returned to Padua. It was in this year that he wrote his eloquent letter to the emperor, Charles the Fourth, entreating him to deliver Italy from the evils which that unhappy country was suffering. He also visited Rome the same year. Returning to Carrara, he found his protector, Jacopo da Carrara, dead. At this time he formed a close friendship with the celebrated Andrea Dandolo, the doge of Venice, and used his influence, though without success, to bring about a peace between that republic and Genoa. Meantime the Florentines, having resolved to restore to Petrarch his paternal estate, and to offer him the charge of their newly established University, selected Boccaccio to be the bearer of the missive. He was at first inclined to accept the offer, but, changing his mind, he returned to France in 1351, and divided his time for two years between Vaucluse and the city of Avignon. Clement the Sixth died in 1352, and the Cardinal Stefano Alberti succeeded him. The new pope was so illiterate, that he looked upon Petrarch as a magician; and this disfavor is supposed to have caused the poet's return to Italy. He went to Milan, where the urgency of Giovanni Visconti induced him to remain. He was highly honored by this prince and his successors, and employed by them in the most important public affairs. He was sent, in 1354, on an embassy to the doge of Venice. In the same year, the emperor, Charles the Fourth, who had at length entered Italy, sent for him to meet him at Mantua. In 1356, he was sent by Galeazzo Visconti on an embassy to the emperor at Prague, and soon after his return received from Charles the dignity of Count Palatine. Notwithstanding these honors and employments, Petrarch sighed for solitude. He selected a villa about three miles from the city, which he called Linterno, where he passed the principal part of his time for several years. In the year 1360, he was sent by Galeazzo to Paris, to congratulate King John on his restoration from his long captivity in England. On his return, he received a pressing invitation from the Emperor Charles to his court, but declined. In 1361, Pope Innocent the Sixth offered him the post of Apostolical Secretary, which he had already repeatedly refused. The plague which ravaged Italy in 1362 induced Petrarch to go for safety to Venice, a city which he repeatedly visited in the following years, and where he was always sure of a distinguished reception. About this time, the citizens of Florence, mortified that so distinguished a person should never return to his own country, besought the pope to bestow on him an ecclesiastical office in Florence or Fiesole; but Urban, who had succeeded to the chair of Saint Peter, holding Petrarch in high esteem, and desiring to keep him near the papal court, made him Canon in Carpentras. In the following year, he wrote to the pope a letter on his favorite subject of transferring the papal see to Rome; a letter, which, perhaps, finally determined Urban to carry the project into effect; for he actually removed to Rome, the next year. In 1370, Petrarch finally resolved to make the journey to Rome, in compliance with the frequent and urgent solicitations of Urban. Having previously made his will, he departed from Padua; but had scarcely reached Ferrara, when he was attacked by a severe illness, which compelled him to return. He now withdrew to the villa of Arquà, where he had frequently resided during the last four years. He had scarcely established himself there, when he heard, with great displeasure, that Urban had abandoned Italy and returned to Avignon. The war between the Venetians and Francesco da Carrara called Petrarch from his retirement in 1373, and forced him to undertake another embassy to Venice. On this occasion, he was obliged to address the senate; "but," says Tiraboschi, "the majesty of that august assembly confused him to such a degree, that, weakened as he had been by fatigues and by years, he had not strength to speak, and it was necessary to postpone the discourse until the next day, when he delivered it with happier success." On his return to Padua, Petrarch again withdrew to his villa in Arquà, in an enfeebled state, where he lingered on, until the night of July 18th, 1374. The following morning, he was found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book. He was buried with solemn pomp, the last rites being attended by the prince of Padua, the ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the students of the University.

"There is a tomb in Arquà;—reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
Many familiar with his well sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;
Watering the tree that bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

The character, genius, and labors of Petrarch form one of the most remarkable and interesting chapters in the literary history of Italy. In his youth he was strikingly handsome. His manners were polished and courteous. In his

dress he appears to have been something of a fop. "Do you remember," says he, in a letter to his brother Gherardo, "how much care we employed in decorating our persons? When we traversed the streets, with what attention did we not avoid every breath of wind which might discompose our hair; and with what caution did we not prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling our garments!" But even at this time, he found opportunities to make large acquisitions of knowledge, and to write, both in Latin and Italian. His Italian sonnets and canzoni, through which he is popularly known, display only one side of his many-sided character. The theme which runs through them is the great passion of his life,—his love for Laura. This he sings under every possible variety of form, and in a style melodious and polished to the last degree of elaborate finish of which expression is capable. Following sometimes the example of his predecessors, the Provençal Troubadours, he intermingles with the eloquence of profound passion those conceits, both of thought and phrase, which seem incompatible with real feeling; but, in general, his taste is as faultless as his language is expressive and musical. He moulded the Italian language to forms, which, for five hundred years, it has retained; and it is remarked by the critics of his country, that scarcely a word which he used has become obsolete or antiquated. Judging him, however, by these productions alone, we should suppose him to be a sentimental lover, wasting his sighs upon an object he could never lawfully possess; a poet of delicate genius, but too shrinking and sensitive to grapple with the affairs of the world; withdrawing into a romantic solitude, there to brood over his imaginary woes, until the manliness of his soul had melted away in the heat of fantastic desires; consoling himself for ideal sufferings by the images of supernatural charms and angelic perfections, which an over-indulged imagination was ever conjuring up before him. But he was not this alone; he was, at the same time, much more and much better. He was one of the ablest scholars of his age. His enthusiasm for ancient learning knew no bounds. In searching for manuscripts of the classics, he shrunk from no labor and spared no expense. He employed numerous transcribers, and copied many volumes with his own hand. Though he did not study Greek in his youth, he seized every opportunity to acquire it, and applied himself to it with enthusiasm, under the instructions of the learned Greek, Barlaam. He was the friend of popes, emperors, cardinals, and princes, and corresponded with them in a tone of equality and independence. He never hesitated to denounce vice and wickedness in the highest places. The abominations practised at the papal court were lashed by him with a vigor and fearlessness that remind us of the terrible denunciations of Luther and the Reformers. He was frequently employed in diplomatic negotiations of delicacy and difficulty, and always acquitted himself with address and eloquence. He was a warm and faithful friend, generous to those in distress, eager to do good, and disinterested in rendering services to others. His industry was wonderful. He carried on an immense Latin correspondence, in addition to his other and constant labors, and wrote several long treatises, besides an epic poem and numerous minor pieces, in the same language. His restless energies, quite as much as his consuming passion for Laura, drove him about from city to city, from province to province, and from country to country, and he found no repose but the repose of the grave. A name that fills so large a space as Petrarch's could not fail to be the subject of frequent discussion, speculation, and inquiry. Among the best things that have been written on his life and writings are the chapters in Tiraboschi's and Ginguené's literary histories, the "Essays on Petrarch," by Ugo Foscolo, and a tasteful and eloquent paper in the "North American Review," Vol. XL. Professor Marsand, at Padua, collected a "Biblioteca Petrarchesca," of nine hundred volumes, all devoted to the history of Petrarch. It was bought by the king of France, in 1829, for his private library in the Louvre. A complete edition of Petrarch's "Rime," in two volumes, appeared at Padua in 1827–29. His Latin works were printed at Basel, in folio, in 1496 and 1581. The "Triumphs" have been three times translated; by H. P. Knyght, by Mrs. Anna Hume, — both of these translations very scarce, — and by the Rev. Henry Boyd, London, 1807. A collection of the sonnets and odes, with the original text, appeared in London in 1777; another collection in 1808. The life of Petrarch has been written in English by Mrs. S. Dobson, London, 1775, 2 vols., 8vo. This work is chiefly founded on De Sade's "Mémoires," and has passed through several editions. The late Mr. Campbell, the poet, has recently published an elaborate life of Petrarch, in two volumes, 8vo.

SONNETS.

THE palmer bent, with locks of silver-gray,
Quits the sweet spot where he has passed his years,—
Quits his poor family, whose anxious fears
Paint the loved father fainting on his way;
And trembling, on his aged limbs slow borne,
In these last days that close his earthly course,
He in his soul's strong purpose finds new force,
Though weak with age, though by long travel worn:
Thus reaching Rome, led on by pious love,
He seeks the image of that Saviour Lord
Whom soon he hopes to meet in bliss above.
So, oft in other forms I seek to trace
Some charm, that to my heart may yet afford
A faint resemblance of thy matchless grace.

Poor, solitary bird, that pour'st thy lay,
Or haply mournest the sweet season gone,
As chilly night and winter hurry on,
And daylight fades, and summer flies away!
If, as the cares that swell thy little throat,
Thou knew'st alike the woes that wound my rest,
O, thou wouldst house thee in this kindred breast,
And mix with mine thy melancholy note!
Yet little know I ours are kindred ills:
She still may live the object of thy song:
Not so for me stern Death or Heaven wills!
But the sad season, and less grateful hour,
And of past joy and sorrow thoughts that throng,
Prompt my full heart this idle lay to pour.

—

Alone and pensive, the deserted strand
I wander o'er with slow and measured pace,
And shun with eager eye the lightest trace
Of human foot imprinted on the sand.
I find, alas! no other resting-place
From the keen eye of man; for, in the show
Of joys gone by, it reads upon my face
The traces of the flame that burns below.
And thus, at length, each leafy mount and plain,
Each wandering stream and shady forest, know,
What others know not, all my life of pain.
And e'en as through the wildest tracts I go,
Love whispers in my ear his tender strain,
Which I with trembling lip repeat to him again.

—

The soft west wind, returning, brings again
Its lovely family of herbs and flowers;
Progne's gay notes and Philomela's strain
Vary the dance of springtide's rosy hours;
And joyously o'er every field and plain
Glows the bright smile that greets them from above,
And the warm spirit of reviving love
Breathes in the air and murmurs from the main.
But tears and sorrowing sighs, which gushingly
Pour from the secret chambers of my heart,
Are all that spring returning brings to me;
And in the modest smile, or glance of art,
The song of birds, the bloom of heath and tree,
A desert's rugged tract and savage forms I see.

—

Swift current, that from rocky Alpine vein,
Gathering the tribute to thy waters free,
Mov'st joyous onward night and day with me,
Where nature leads thee, me love's tyrant chain!
Roll freely on; nor toil nor rest restrain
Thine arrowy course; but ere thou yieldest in
The tribute of thy waters to the main,
Seek out heaven's purest sky, earth's deepest green;
There, wilt thou find the bright and living beam
That o'er thy left bank sheds its heavenly rays:
If unto her too slow my footsteps seem,—
While by her feet thy lingering current strays,
Forming to words the murmurs of its stream,—
Say that the weary flesh the willing soul delays.

In tears I trace the memory of the days,
When every thought was bent on human love,
Nor dared direct its eager flight above,
And seek, as Heaven designed, a nobler praise.
O, whilst thine eye my wretched state surveys,
Invisible, immortal King of Heaven,
Unto my weak and erring soul be given
To gather strength in thy reviving rays;
So that a life, 'mid war and tempest passed,
A peaceful port may find, and close, at last,
On Jesus' breast its years of vanity!
And when, at length, thy summons sets me free,
O, may thy powerful arms, around me cast,
Support the fainting soul that knows no trust but thee!

—

In what ideal world or part of heaven
Did Nature find the model of that face
And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
In which, to our creation, she has given
Her prime proof of creative power above?
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind
Where have so many virtues ever met,
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal?
He knows not love, who has not seen her eyes
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

—

Creatures there be, of sight so keen and high,
That even on the sun they bend their gaze;
Others, who, dazzled by too fierce a blaze,
Issue not forth till evening veils the sky;
Others, who, with insane desire, would try
The bliss which dwells within the fire's bright rays,
But, in their sport, find that its fervor slays.
Alas! of this last heedless band am I:
Since strength I boast not, to support the light
Of that fair form, nor in obscure sojourn
Am skilled to fence me, nor enshrouding night;
Wherefore, with eyes which ever weep and mourn,
My fate compels me still to court her sight,
Conscious I follow flames which shine to burn.

—

Waved to the winds were those long locks of gold
Which in a thousand burnished ringlets flowed,
And the sweet light beyond all measure glowed
Of those fair eyes which I no more behold,
Nor (so it seemed) that face aught harsh or cold
To me (if true or false, I know not) showed;
Me, in whose breast the amorous lure abode,
If flames consumed, what marvel to unfold?
That step of hers was of no mortal guise,
But of angelic nature, and her tongue
Had other utterance than of human sounds.
A living sun, a spirit of the skies,
I saw her. Now, perhaps, not so. But wounds
Heal not, for that the bow is since unstrung.

Those eyes, my bright and glowing theme erewhile, —
That arm, those hands, that lovely foot, that face,
Whose view was wont my fancy to beguile,
And raise me high o'er all of human race, —
Those golden locks that flowed in liquid grace,
And the sweet lightning of that angel smile,
Which made a paradise of every place, —
What are they? dust, insensible and vile!
And yet I live! O grief! O rage! O shame!
Reft of the guiding star I loved so long,
A shipwrecked bark, which storms of woes assail!
Be this the limit of my amorous song:
Quenched in my bosom is the sacred flame,
And my harp murmurs its expiring wail.

I feel the well known breeze, and the sweet hill
Again appears, where rose that beauteous light,
Which, while Heaven willed it, met my eyes, then bright
With gladness, but now dimmed with many an ill.
Vain hopes! weak thoughts! Now, turbid is the rill;
The flowers have drooped; and she *hath ta'en* her flight
From the cold nest, which once, in proud delight,
Living and dying, I had hoped to fill:
I hoped, in these retreats, and in the blaze
Of her fair eyes, which have consumed my heart,
To taste the sweet reward of troubled days.
Thou, whom I serve, how hard and proud thou art!
Erewhile, thy flame consumed me; now, I mourn
Over the ashes which have ceased to burn.

CANZONE.

In the still evening, when with rapid flight
Low in the western sky the sun descends
To give expectant nations life and light,
The aged pilgrim, in some clime unknown
Slow journeying, right onward fearful bends
With weary haste, a stranger and alone;
Yet, when his labor ends,
He solitary sleeps,
And in short slumber steeps
Each sense of sorrow hanging on the day,
And all the toil of the long past way:
But, O, each pang, that wakes with morn's first ray,
More piercing wounds my breast,
When heaven's eternal light sinks crimson in the west!

His burning wheels when downward Phœbus bends
And leaves the world to night, its lengthened shade
Each towering mountain o'er the vale extends;
The thrifty peasant shoulders light his spade,
With sylvan carol gay and uncouth note
Bidding his cares upon the wild winds float,
Content in peace to share
His poor and humble fare,
As in that golden age
We honor still, yet leave its simple ways;
Whoe'er so list, let joy his hours engage:
No gladness e'er has cheered my gloomy days,
Nor moment of repose,
However rolled the spheres, whatever planet rose.

When as the shepherd marks the sloping ray
Of the great orb that sinks in ocean's bed,
While on the east soft steals the evening gray,
He rises, and resumes the accustomed crook,
Quitting the beechen grove, the field, the brook,
And gently homeward drives the flock he fed;
Then, far from human tread,
In lonely hut or cave,
O'er which the green boughs wave,
In sleep without a thought he lays his head:
Ah! cruel Love! at this dark, silent hour,
Thou wak'st to trace, and with redoubled power,
The voice, the step, the air
Of her, who scorns thy chain, and flies thy fatal snare.

And in some sheltered bay, at evening's close,
The mariners their rude coats round them fold,
Stretched on the rugged plank in deep repose:
But I, though Phœbus sink into the main,
And leave Granada wrapt in night, with Spain,
Morocco, and the Pillars famed of old, —
Though all of human kind,
And every creature blest,
All hush their ills to rest,
No end to my unceasing sorrows find:
And still the sad account swells day by day;
For, since these thoughts on my lorn spirit prey,
I see the tenth year roll;
Nor hope of freedom springs in my desponding soul.

Thus, as I vent my bursting bosom's pain,
Lo! from their yoke I see the oxen freed,
Slow moving homeward o'er the furrowed plain:
Why to my sorrow is no pause decreed?
Why from my yoke no respite must I know?
Why gush these tears, and never cease to flow?
Ah me! what sought my eyes,
When, fixed in fond surprise,
On her angelic face
I gazed, and on my heart each charm impressed?
From whence nor force nor art the sacred trace
Shall e'er remove, till I the victim rest
Of Death, whose mortal blow
Shall my pure spirit free, and this worn frame lay low.

CANZONE.

Ye waters clear and fresh, to whose bright wave
She all her beauties gave, —
Sole of her sex in my impassioned mind!

Thou sacred branch so graced, —
With sighs e'en now retraced, —
On whose smooth shaft her heavenly form reclined!
Herbage and flowers, that bent the robe beneath,
Whose graceful folds compressed
Her pure angelic breast!
Ye airs serene, that breathe
Where Love first taught me in her eyes his lore!
Yet once more all attest
The last sad, plaintive lay my woe-worn heart may pour!

If so I must my destiny fulfil,
And Love to close these weeping eyes be doomed
By Heaven's mysterious will,
O, grant that in this loved retreat entombed
My poor remains may lie,
And my freed soul regain its native sky!
Less rude shall Death appear,
If yet a hope so dear
Smooth the dread passage to eternity:
No shade so calm, serene,
My weary spirit finds on earth below;
No grave so still, so green,
In which my o'ertoiled frame may rest from mortal woe.

Yet one day, haply, she — so heavenly fair!
So kind in cruelty! —
With careless steps may to these haunts repair;
And where her beaming eye
Met mine in days so blest,
A wistful glance may yet unconscious rest,
And, seeking me around,
May mark among the stones a lowly mound,
That speaks of pity to the shuddering sense
Then may she breathe a sigh,
Of power to win me mercy from above,
Doing Heaven violence;
All-beautiful in tears of late relenting love.

Still dear to memory, when, in odorous showers
Scattering their balmy flowers,
To summer airs the o'ershadowing branches bowed;
The while, with humble state,
In all the pomp of tribute sweets she sat,
Wrapt in the roseate cloud!
Now clustering blossoms deck her vesture's hem,
Now her bright tresses gem, —
In that all-blissful day,
Like burnished gold with orient pearls inwrought; —
Some strew the turf; some on the waters float;
Some, fluttering, seem to say,
In wanton circlets tossed, — "Here Love holds sovereign sway!"

Oft I exclaimed, in awful tremor rapt, —
"Surely of heavenly birth
This gracious form that visits the low earth!"
So in oblivion lapped
Was reason's power, by the celestial mien,
The brow, the accents mild,
The angelic smile serene,
That now, all sense of sad reality
O'erborne by transport wild, —
"Alas! how came I here, and when?" I cry, —
Deeming my spirit passed into the sky!
E'en though the illusion cease,
In these dear haunts alone my tortured heart finds peace.

If thou wert graced with numbers sweet, my song,
To match thy wish to please;
Leaving these rocks and trees,
Thou boldly might'st go forth, and dare the assembled throng.

CANZONE.

From hill to hill I roam, from thought to thought,
With Love my guide; the beaten path I fly,
For there in vain the tranquil life is sought:
If 'mid the waste well forth a lonely rill,
Or deep embosomed a low valley lie,
In its calm shade my trembling heart is still;
And there, if Love so will,
I smile, or weep, or fondly hope, or fear;
While on my varying brow, that speaks the soul,
The wild emotions roll,
Now dark, now bright, as shifting skies appear;
That whoso'er has proved the lover's state
Would say, "He feels the flame, nor knows his future fate."

On mountains high, in forests drear and wide,
I find repose, and from the thronged resort
Of man turn fearfully my eyes aside;
At each lone step, thoughts ever new arise
Of her I love, who oft with cruel sport
Will mock the pangs I bear, the tears, the sighs:
Yet e'en these ills I prize, —
Though bitter, sweet, — nor would they were removed;
For my heart whispers me, "Love yet has power
To grant a happier hour:
Perchance, though self-despised, thou yet art loved":
E'en then my breast a passing sigh will heave,
"Ah! when, or how, may I a hope so wild believe?"

Where shadows of high rocking pines dark wave,
I stay my footsteps, and on some rude stone
With thought intense her beauteous face engrave:
Roused from the trance, my bosom bathed I find
With tears, and cry, "Ah! whither thus alone
Hast thou far wandered, and whom left behind?"
But as with fixed mind
On this fair image I impassioned rest,
And, viewing her, forget awhile my ills,
Love my rapt fancy fills;
In its own error sweet the soul is blest,
While all around so bright the visions glide:
O, might the cheat endure! I ask not aught beside.

Her form portrayed within the lucid stream
Will oft appear, or on the verdant lawn,
Or glossy beech, or fleecy cloud, will gleam
So lovely fair, that Leda's self might say,
Her Helen sinks eclipsed, as at the dawn
A star when covered by the solar ray:
And as o'er wilds I stray,
Where the eye naught but savage nature meets,
There fancy most her brightest tints employs;
But when rude truth destroys
The loved illusion of those dreamed sweets,
I sit me down on the cold, rugged stone, —
Less cold, less dead than I, — and think and weep alone.

Where the huge mountain rears his brow sublime,
On which no neighbouring height its shadow flings,
Led by desire intense the steep I climb;
And tracing in the boundless space each woe,
Whose sad remembrance my torn bosom wrings,
Tears, that bespeak the heart o'erfraught, will flow:
While, viewing all below,
"From me," I cry, "what worlds of air divide
The beauteous form, still absent, and still near!"
Then, chiding soft the tear,
I whisper low, "Haply she too has sighed
That thou art far away": a thought so sweet
Awhile my laboring soul will of its burden cheat.

Go thou, my song, beyond that Alpine bound,
Where the pure, smiling heavens are most serene!
There by a murmuring stream may I be found,
Whose gentle airs around
Waft grateful odors from the laurel green:
Naught but my empty form roams here unblest;
There dwells my heart with her who steals it from my breast.

CANZONE.

O my own Italy! though words are vain
The mortal wounds to close,
Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
Yet may it soothe my pain
To sigh forth Tiber's woes,
And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
Sorrowing I wander, and my numbers pour.
Ruler of Heaven! by the all-pitying love
That could thy Godhead move
To dwell a lowly sojourner on earth, —
Turn, Lord, on this thy chosen land thine eye!
See, God of Charity,
From what light cause this cruel war has birth!
And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled,
Thou, Father, from on high,
Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may yield!

Ye, to whose sovereign hands the Fates confide
Of this fair land the reins, —
This land, for which no pity wrings your breast, —
Why does the stranger's sword her plains infest?
That her green fields be dyed,
Hope ye, with blood from the barbarians' veins?
Beguiled by error weak,
Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
Who love or faith in venal bosoms seek:
When thronged your standards most,
Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands.
O hideous deluge gathered in strange lands,
That, rushing down amain,
O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain!
Alas! if our own hands
Have thus our weal betrayed, who shall our cause sustain?

Well did kind Nature, guardian of our state,
Rear her rude Alpine heights,
A lofty rampart against German hate;
But blind Ambition, seeking his own ill,
With ever restless will,
To the pure gales contagion foul invites:
Within the same strait fold
The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong;
And these — O shame avowed! —
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold:
Fame tells how Marius' sword
Erewhile their bosoms gored, —
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred the record proud! —
When they, who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters mixed, drank of a comrade's blood!

Great Cæsar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
Poured forth the ensanguined tide,
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins;
But now, — nor know I what ill stars preside, —
Heaven holds this land in hate!
To you the thanks, whose hands control her helm! —
You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm!
Are ye impelled by judgment, crime, or fate,
To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes, and from humble toil,
The hard-earned dole to wring,
While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire?
In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lay inspire.

Nor mark ye yet, confirmed by proof on proof,
Bavaria's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping death aloof;
(Shame, worse than aught of loss, in honor's eye!)
While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
Your inmost bosom's gore? —
Yet give one hour to thought,
And ye shall own how little he can hold
Another's glory dear, who sets his own at naught.
O Latin blood of old,

Arise, and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce!
For if barbarians rude
Have higher minds subdued,
Ours, ours the crime! — not such wise Nature's course.

Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
And here, in cradled rest,
Was I not softly hushed, — here fondly reared?
Ah! is not this my country, — so endeared
By every filial tie, —
In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie?
O, by this tender thought
Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought,
Look on the people's grief,
Who, after God, of you expect relief!
And if ye but relent,
Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
Against blind fury bent,
Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight;
For no, — the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name!

Mark, sovereign lords, how Time, with pinion strong,
Swift hurries life along!
E'en now, behold, Death presses on the rear!
We sojourn here a day, — the next, are gone!
The soul, disrobed, alone,
Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
O, at the dreaded bourn,
Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn!
(Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!)
And ye, whose cruelty
Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed,
Of heart, or hand, or intellect, aspire
To win the honest meed
Of just renown, — the noble mind's desire! —
Thus sweet on earth the stay!
Thus, to the spirit pure, unbarred is heaven's way!

My song, with courtesy, and numbers sooth,
Thy daring reasons grace!
For thou the mighty, in their pride of place,
Must woo to gentle ruth,
Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
Ever to truth averse!
Thee better fortunes wait,
Among the virtuous few, — the truly great!
Tell them — But who shall bid my terrors cease?
Peace! Peace! on thee I call! return, O heaven-born Peace!

VISIONS.

I.

Being one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest god delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a rocke, where she alas, opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of heben[1] and white yvorie;
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were:
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire:
With rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And perished past all recoverie.
O! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood of paradise;
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was ravisht nere.
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan everie where to overcast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,[2]
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine;
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie muses, and the nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall;
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V.

I saw a phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;

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[1] Ebony. [2] Burst.

Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late devoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the phœnix there alas,
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide;
That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
O! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

VI.

At last so faire a ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought:
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure;
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle[3] trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe[4]
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye, faire ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly features.

[3] Uncertain. [4] More.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

This great writer, the "Bard of Prose," one of the immortal triumvirate of the early Italian literature, was the natural son of a Florentine merchant. His family originated in Certaldo, a village of Tuscany. Giovanni's mother was a Parisian, and he was born in Paris, in 1313. The boy was early brought to Florence, where he commenced his studies, and showed a precocious love of letters and poetry. At the age of ten, he was apprenticed to a merchant, who took him back to Paris, and kept him there six years. He then resided eight years in Naples. But his taste for literature gave him a dislike to mercantile life, and led to the formation of intimacies with the Neapolitan and Florentine scholars who had been assembled around the poetical king, Robert of Naples. He fell in love with the lady Mary, a natural daughter of the king, to please whom he wrote several works, both in prose and poetry. This princess he celebrated under the name of Fiammetta. The favor of his royal mistress, the intercourse which he enjoyed with learned men, the brilliant reception of Petrarch at the Neapolitan court, when on his way to receive the laurel crown at Rome, and the friendship which he formed with that illustrious poet and scholar, coöperating with his natural inclination, induced him finally to embrace the pursuit of literature and poetry. Having spent two years in Florence with his father, he returned to Naples, and was favorably received by Queen Joanna, for whose amusement, as well as that of his mistress, Fiammetta, he wrote the "Decamerone," or Tales of the Ten Days.

Mr. Mariotti, an eloquent writer, who, though an Italian, has mastered the elegancies of English style, in his work on Italian history and literature,* has drawn the following fanciful picture of Boccaccio about this period:—

"Above the entrance of that tenebrous passage, in a fragrant grove of orange and myrtle, in sight of Naples and her gulf, of Vesuvius and its wide-spreading sides, exhibited to the worship of five hundred thousand souls, there lies an ancient monument, from time immemorial designated by fame as the tomb of Virgil. The tradition among the less cultivated classes in the country is, that this Virgil was an old wizard, whose tomb stands, as it were, as the guard of the grotto, that was dug in one night, at his bidding, by a legion of demons enlisted in his service.

"Over that haunted sepulchre there grew a laurel, which some of our grandfathers remember still to have seen; and which might perchance be there still, braving the inclemencies of the north winds, and the lightnings of heaven, had it not been plucked to the very roots by the religious enthusiasm of classical tourists.

"Under the shade of that hallowed tree, kneeling on the marble steps of that holy tomb, there was, five hundred and seven years ago, a handsome youth, of about twenty years of age, with long dark locks falling upon his shoulders, with a bright smiling countenance, a noble forehead, and features after the best antique Florentine cast, with the hues of health and good-humor on his cheeks, and the habitual smile of a man whose life-path had hitherto lain amidst purple and roses.

"That youth was Giovanni Boccaccio.

"Born under unfavorable circumstances, and obliged to atone by a brilliant life for the stain

* Italy: General Views of its History and Literature, in Reference to its present State. By L. Mariotti (2 vols., London, 1841, 12mo.). Vol. I. pp. 278, 279.

inflicted upon his nativity by the imprudence and levity of his parents, he was long secretly preyed upon by a vague ambition, which in vain he endeavoured to lay asleep among the dissipations of a disorderly youth. There, on the urn of the Latin poet, to which he often resorted in his disgust of every thing around him, he, according to his own account, 'felt himself suddenly seized by a sacred inspiration, and entered into a daring vow with himself that his name should not perish with him.'"

After his father's death, Boccaccio established himself in Florence, where he wrote the celebrated description of the plague,—a piece of historical painting which almost rivals the terrible picture of the plague of Athens, in Thucydides. When the republic of Florence resolved to recall Petrarch, and to restore to him the estate of his father, who died in banishment, they made choice of Boccaccio to bear the message to the poet, then living in Padua. The disturbances in Florence induced him to withdraw to Certaldo, where he possessed a small estate. In this retirement he composed several historical works in Latin. Boccaccio was a very good classical scholar. In addition to his familiar knowledge of Latin, he made acquirements in Greek, extraordinary for his age and country, under the instruction of Leontius Pilate, whom he kept, at his own charge, three years in his house; and he had the honor of being the first to procure from Greece transcripts of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." He exerted all his influence to induce his contemporaries to substitute the study of classical antiquity for the scholastic pursuits on which their intellectual energies were expended. He was twice sent on important public affairs to the papal court, and acquitted himself of the duties of these embassies with signal ability. When the Florentines, desirous of making atonement to the memory of their great countryman, Dante, for the persecution and banishment with which they had wronged him while living, established in their University a professorship for the explanation and illustration of his poem, Boccaccio was placed in the chair. Dante had always been the object of his admiration and reverence; and he devoted himself to the work of his office with such diligence that he seriously injured his health, which was never completely restored. The news of the death of Petrarch, his instructer and friend, was a violent shock, and he survived him but little more than a year. He died at Certaldo, December 21st, 1375.

The genius of Boccaccio is most favorably exhibited in the prose of his "Decamerone"; a work which places him unquestionably in the first rank of Italian writers. He accomplished for Italian prose the same great service which Dante and Petrarch effected for poetry. But besides this, he wrote "La Teseide," the first Italian epic in the *ottava rima*, of which he was the inventor; the "Amorosa Visione," a long poem in the *terza rima*; and other productions in verse, which are obscured by the superior splendor of the "Decamerone." He also wrote a work entitled "Origine, Vita e Costumi di Dante Alighieri," and a "Comento sopra la Commedia di Dante," which, however, extends only to the seventeenth canto of the "Inferno." The best edition of his works is that of Florence, in seventeen volumes, 1827–34.

DANTE.

Dante am I,—Minerva's son, who knew
With skill and genius (though in style obscure)
And elegance maternal to mature
My toil, a miracle to mortal view.
Through realms tartarean and celestial flew
My lofty fancy, swift-winged and secure;
And ever shall my noble work endure,
Fit to be read of men, and angels too.
Florence my earthly mother's glorious name;
Stepdame to me,—whom from her side she thrust,
Her duteous son: bear slanderous tongues the blame;
Ravenna housed my exile, holds my dust;
My spirit is with Him from whom it came,—
A Parent envy cannot make unjust.

SONGS FROM THE DECAMERONE.

Cupid, the charms that crown my fair
Have made me slave to you and her
The lightning of her eyes,
That darting through my bosom flies,
Doth still your sovereign power declare:
At your control,
Each grace binds fast my vanquished soul.

Devoted to your throne
From henceforth I myself confess;
Nor can I guess
If my desires to her be known,
Who claims each wish, each thought, so far,
That all my peace depends on her.

Then haste, kind godhead, and inspire
A portion of your sacred fire;
To make her feel
That self-consuming zeal,
The cause of my decay,
That wastes my very heart away.

Go, Love, and to my lord declare
The torment which for him I find;
Go, say I die, whilst still my fear
Forbids me to declare my mind.

With hands uplifted, I thee pray,
O Love, that thou wouldst haste away,
And gently to my lord impart
The warmest wishes of my heart;
Declare how great my sorrows seem,
Which, sighing, blushing, I endure for him.
Go, Love, &c.

Why was I not so bold to tell,
For once, the passion that I feel?
To him, for whom I grieve alone,
The anguish of my heart make known?
He might rejoice to hear my grief
Awaits his single pleasure for relief.
Go, Love, &c.

But if this my request be vain,
Nor other means of help remain,
Yet say, that when in armor bright
He marched, as if equipped for fight,
Amidst his chiefs, that fatal day,
I saw, and gazed my very heart away.
Go, Love, &c.

SECOND PERIOD.—CENTURY XV.

LUIGI PULCI.

Luigi Pulci was born in Florence, Dec. 3, 1431. He belonged to a very respectable family, and was the youngest of three brothers, all distinguished for their abilities and learning. He lived on intimate terms with the great Lorenzo de' Medici, whose accomplished mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, induced him to write the poem of "Il Morgante Maggiore," in which are celebrated the exploits of Orlando and the giant Morgante. Very little is known of his life, which was passed in privacy, and was wholly devoted to letters. The time and circumstances of his death are also unknown.

The principal work of Luigi Pulci is that already mentioned, the "Morgante Maggiore." It is one of the romantic narrative poems on the adventures of Charlemagne and his paladins. The character of this work has been the subject of critical disputes. "Some," says Tiraboschi, "place it among serious, others among burlesque poems; some speak of it with contempt, others do not hesitate to pronounce it equal to the 'Furioso' of Ariosto. All this proves, merely, that there is no absurdity which has not been written and adopted by some one. A little good sense and good taste is sufficient to discover in the 'Morgante' a burlesque, in which are seen invention and poetic fancy and purity of style, so far as appertains to Tuscan proverbs and jests, of which it is full." But, on the other hand, he censures the want of connection and order in the narratives, the hardness of the versification, the absence of elevated expression, and especially the ridicule of sacred things, "a defect, however, common at that time to not a few of the burlesque poets."

FROM THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

ORLANDO AND THE GIANT.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante; under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants looked him over;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
And that you may not, Cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you:
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure:
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'T was fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we 'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff:
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all,—we 've not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

" Our ancient fathers, living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 't is certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 't is fit we keep on the alert in
Our hounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

" The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

" For God's sake, Cavalier, come in with speed!
The manna 's falling now," the abbot cried.
" This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear Abbot," Roland unto him replied.
" Of restiveness he 'd cure him, had he need;
That stone seems with good-will and aim applied."
The holy father said, " I do n't deceive;
They 'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
" Abbot," he said, " I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."
Said the abbot, " Let not my advice seem shallow;
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, Baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

" That Passamont has in his hand three darts, —
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answered, " This I 'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front:
" Then go you with God's benison and mine."
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him, if he wished to stay as servant;

And promised him an office of great ease.
But said Orlando, " Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, — not to serve as footboy in your train;
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace,
Vile dog! 't is past his patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious.

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude,
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;
It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good,
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, " I will go, and, while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses;

And loud he shouted, " Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me, doubtless, for the bier outlaid;
To the right about! without wings thou 'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance, currish renegade!
'T was but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed:
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed;
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word, —

Saying, " What grace to me thou 'st this day given!
And I to thee, O Lord, am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would naught be found:
I pray thee, take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
" How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"

When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
That, if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but, o'erthrown, he,
However, by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing;
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him;
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him;
And to the gate he came with great regret.
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,—
Sent by the miserable monks,—repentance;
For Providence Divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
'T is writ on high, your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "O gentle Cavalier,
Now, by thy God, say me no villany!
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
And, if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I, by my faith, disclose contentedly;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined, in humble tone,
"I have had an extraordinary vision:
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;
Hence, to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succour set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

MORGANTE AT THE CONVENT.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out."
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false"; which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,—
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, O Lord!"

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "O giant celebrated,
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;
And then from his offence he was reclaimed,
And went for ever after preaching Christ,
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents—thus writes the Evangelist—
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you 'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damned to hell before!"

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot. Many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot showed a chamber, where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you, in this case,
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed

In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And, lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite thorough;
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow-farrow,
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled.
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t' other; and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvelled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork:
All animals are glad at sight of food.
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so, that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof;
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough.
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst: to this what say you, Count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front.
Let him go; Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you 'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse; though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack,—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

"Take care he do n't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old, beyond all cure:
I do n't know if the fact you 've heard or read:
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure:
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I 'd carry yonder belfry."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well;
But for the bells, you 've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot."
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs,—or if I have force":
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 't is no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And, fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I 'll carry him, for certain."

He did; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?
Morgante, here is naught to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his Reverence; but for this decision
He wished to have his pardon and permission.

MATTEO MARIA BOJARDO.

Matteo Maria Bojardo, Conte di Scandiano, sprung from an ancient and noble family of Reggio, was born, according to Tiraboschi, about the year 1430, at Fratta, near Ferrara. According to others, his birth took place in 1434. Of his early life little is known. He is said to have been a pupil of the celebrated philosopher, Soccini Benzi, in the University of Ferrara. He acquired a knowledge of the civil law, and of the Greek and Latin languages. His abilities and various accomplishments gained the favorable notice of Borso, duke of Modena, whom he accompanied on his journey to Rome in 1471, when Borso received the investiture of the dukedom of Ferrara. Hercules the First, the successor of Borso, held Bojardo in equal estimation, and sent him, with other nobles, to conduct his future bride from Aragon to Ferrara. He was employed on several other missions to the most powerful princes of Italy. In 1478, the duke made him governor of Reggio; in 1481, captain in Modena; and afterwards, governor of Reggio a second time. He died at Reggio, in 1494.

Bojardo was one of the most accomplished and able men of his age. He translated the History of Herodotus from the Greek, and from the Latin, "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius. He wrote many short poems both in Latin and Italian, and a drama in five acts, called "Il Timone," founded on Lucian's "Misanthrope." But his fame rests chiefly upon the celebrated poem, the "Orlando Innamorato," which, though inferior in point of style to some of his minor pieces, and though he did not live to complete the plan, or to put the last touches to the composition, shows a high poetical and creative genius, and a fervid fancy. The poem was afterwards recast by Berni, and received with boundless applause. A part of it was translated into English by Robert Tofte, and published in 1598.

SONNETS.

Beautiful gift, and dearest pledge of love,
Woven by that fair hand whose gentle aid
Alone can heal the wound itself hath made,
And to my wandering life a sure guide prove!
O dearest gift, all others far above,
Curiously wrought in many-colored shade,
Ah! why with thee has not the spirit stayed,
That with such tasteful skill to form thee strove?
Why have I not that lovely hand with thee?
Why have I not with thee each fond desire
That did such passing beauty to thee give?
Through life thou ever shalt remain with me,
A thousand tender sighs thou shalt inspire,
A thousand kisses day and night receive.

I saw that lovely cheek grow wan and pale
At our sad parting, as at times a cloud,
Stealing the morn or evening sun to shroud,
Casts o'er his glorious light an envious veil.
I saw the rose's orient color fail,
Yielding to lilies wan its empire proud,
And saw, with joy elate, by sorrow bowed,
How from those eyes the pearls and crystal fell.
O precious words, and O sweet tears, that steep
In pleasing sadness my devoted heart,
And make it with its very bliss to weep!
Love with you weeping sighed, and did impart
Such sweetness to you, that my sorrow deep
To memory comes devoid of sorrow's dart.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

Lorenzo de' Medici, distinguished by the name of the Magnificent, was the son of Piero, and grandson of Cosmo de' Medici, the founder of the splendid political fortunes of that ancient family. He was born January 1st, 1448. His mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, superintended his early education, and, with the assistance of able teachers, inspired him with a taste for the fine arts and for literature. At the age of sixteen, Piero, then at the head of the republic of Florence, sent him to several courts, to prepare him for his future station. Soon after his return, he had the good fortune to defeat a powerful conspiracy which had been formed against Piero's life. In 1471, on the death of his father, Lorenzo was acknowledged as the head of the republic. The history of his wise and enlightened administration of the government does not belong to this place. His generous protection of arts and letters procured him the name of the Augustus of Florence. He established libraries, sparing no expense in procuring books, caused academies to be opened, and supported with liberal hand men of science and letters. He was himself a scholar of no mean attainments, and in his youth distinguished himself by his poetical compositions. He wrote sonnets, dramas, *canti carnascialeschi*, or carnival songs, and in all showed great talent and taste. His influence made Florence the favored seat of letters, science, and art. Philological pursuits, and especially the study of Plato, flourished greatly under his fostering support. "Nor," says Hallam,* "was mere philology the

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe, by Henry Hallam (3 vols., London, 1840, 8vo.). Vol. I., pp. 243-245.

sole, or the leading pursuit, to which so truly noble a mind accorded its encouragement. He sought in ancient learning something more elevated than the narrow, though necessary, researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.

"Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them; not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of paradise; the tall and richly decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine, with the frescoes of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride, of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of Saint Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the seigniory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelf aristocracy, the exclusive, but not tyrannous faction, that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici; itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that had raised them to power.

"The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in its silence, is one of the most impressive, as well as beautiful, we ever behold. But far more must it have brought home thoughts of seriousness to the mind of one, who, by the force of events, and the generous ambition of his family, and his own, was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power; one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility, which, at home and abroad, he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains, bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and, on most sides, at no great distance; but embosomed in these were other villas and domains of his own; while the level country bore witness to his agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman's cares. The same curious spirit which led him to fill his garden at Careggi with exotic flowers of the East, the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe, had introduced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalized in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck, curved horns, and lowering aspect contrasted with the grayish hue and full, mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley, down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea."

Lorenzo died in 1492, greatly honored and beloved. His life has been written, among others, by Fabroni, Pisa, in two volumes quarto; and by William Roscoe, in two volumes quarto, Liverpool, 1795.

STANZAS.

Follow that fervor, O devoted spirit,
With which thy Saviour's goodness fires thy breast!
Go where it draws, and when it calls, O, hear it!
It is thy Shepherd's voice, and leads to rest.

In this thy new devotedness of feeling,
Suspicion, envy, anger, have no claim;
Sure hope is highest happiness revealing,
With peace, and gentleness, and purest fame.

For in thy holy and thy happy sadness
If tears or sighs are sometimes sown by thee,
In the pure regions of immortal gladness
Sweet and eternal shall thine harvest be.

Leave them to say, — "This people's meditation
Is vain and idle!" — sit with ear and eye
Fixed upon Christ, in childlike dedication,
O thou inhabitant of Bethany!

SONNET.

Oft on the recollection sweet I dwell, —
Yea, never from my mind can aught efface
The dress my mistress wore, the time, the place,
Where first she fixed my eyes in raptured spell.
How she then looked, thou, Love, rememberest well,

For thou her side hast never ceased to grace;
Her gentle air, her meek, angelic face,
The powers of language and of thought excel.
When o'er the mountain-peaks deep-clad in snow
Apollo pours a flood of golden light,
So down her white-robed limbs did stream her hair:
The time and place 't were words but lost to show;
It must be day, where shines a sun so bright,
And paradise, where dwells a form so fair.

ORAZIONE.

All nature, hear the sacred song!
Attend, O earth, the solemn strain!
Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along,
Ye darkening storms of beating rain,
Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear,
And solitary deserts, hear!
Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise
The creature of his power aspires his voice to raise!

O, may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where he, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwells alone!
'T is he I sing, whose powerful hand
Balanced the skies, outspread the land;
Who spoke,—from ocean's stores sweet waters came,
And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise
To him whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows!
Great Source of intellect, his ear
Benign receives our vows sincere:
Rise, then, my active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to my will!

Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
O, let thy strong reflected beam,
My understanding, speak his praise!
My soul, in steadfast love secure,
Praise him whose word is ever sure:
To him, sole just, my sense of right incline:
Join, every prostrate limb; my ardent spirit, join!

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due:
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true:
To him my every thought ascend,
To him my hopes, my wishes, bend:
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,
And his own word convey the pious sacrifice!

In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined,
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil!
From thee derived, Eternal King,
To thee our noblest powers we bring:
O, may thy hand direct our wandering way!
O, bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away!

Eternal Spirit, whose command
Light, life, and being gave to all,
O, hear the creature of thy hand,
Man, constant on thy goodness call!
By fire, by water, air, and earth,
That soul to thee that owes its birth,—
By these, he supplicates thy blest repose:
Absent from thee, no rest his wandering spirit knows.

ANGELO POLIZIANO.

This distinguished scholar was born July 24th, 1454, at Monte Pulciano, in the Florentine republic. His learning and accomplishments gained him the favor of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who made him tutor to his children. He was well skilled in the Greek and Latin languages, and holds a preëminent rank among the scholars of his time. Among his literary labors, his translation of the "Iliad" into Latin hexameters, and his commentary upon the "Pandects" of Justinian, merit special mention. He also wrote Latin epigrams; and a poem on rural life, entitled "Rusticus," upon which the highest encomiums have been bestowed. His principal poems in Italian are, the "Stanze sopra la Giostra di Giuliano," and the tragedy of "Orfeo," which has already been noticed in the Introduction, as the first regular drama of the Italian stage. They were both written before the age of nineteen, and are remarkable for the precocious talent they display. His writings in general are marked by elegance of expression and elevation of sentiment. He died in 1492.

FROM THE STANZE SOPRA LA GIOSTRA.

Now, in his proud revenge exulting high,
Through fields of air Love speeds his rapid flight,
And in his mother's realms the treacherous boy
Rejoins his kindred band of flutterers light;
That realm, of each bewitching grace the joy,
Where Beauty wreathes with sweets her tresses bright,—
Where Zephyr importunes, on wanton wing,
Flora's coy charms, and aids her flowers to spring.

Thine, Erato, to Love's a kindred name,—
Of Love's domains instruct the bard to tell;
To thee, chaste Muse, alone 't is given to claim
Free ingress there, secure from every spell:

Thou rul'st of soft amours the vocal frame,
And Cupid, oft as childish thoughts impel
To thrill with wanton touch its golden strings,
Behind his winged back his quiver flings.

A mount o'erlooks the charming Cyprian isle,
Whence, towards the morn's first blush, the eye sublime
Might reach the sevenfold course of mighty Nile;
But ne'er may mortal foot that prospect climb:
A verdant hill o'erhangs its highest pile,
Whose base, a plain, that laughs in vernal prime;
Where gentlest airs, 'midst flowers and herbage gay,
Urge o'er the quivering blade their wanton way.

A wall of gold secures the utmost bound,
And, dark with viewless shade, a woody vale;
There, on each branch, with youthful foliage crowned,
Some feathered songster chants his amorous tale;
And joined in murmurs soft, with grateful sound,
Two rivulets glide pellucid through the dale;
Beside whose streams, this sweet, that bitter found,
His shaft of gold Love tempers for the wound.

No flowerets here decline their withered heads,
Blanched with cold snows, or fringed with hoar-frost sere;
No Winter wide his icy mantle spreads;
No tender scion rends the tempest drear.
Here Spring eternal smiles; nor varying leads
His change quadruple the revolving year:
Spring, with a thousand blooms her brows entwined,
Her auburn locks light fluttering in the wind.

The inferior band of Loves, a childish throng,
Tyrants of none, save hearts of vulgar kind,
Each other gibing with loquacious tongue,
On stridulous stones their barbed arrows grind:
Whilst Pranks and Wiles, the rivulet's marge along,
Ply at the whirling wheel their task assigned;
And on the sparkling stone, in copious dews,
Vain Hopes and vain Desires the lymph effuse.

There pleasing Pain and flattering fond Delight,
Sweet Broils, Caresses sweet, together go;
Sorrows, that hang their heads in doleful plight,
And swell with tears the bitter streamlet's flow;
Paleness all wan, and dreaming still of slight;
Affection fond, with Leanness, Fear, and Woe;
Suspicion, casting round his peering eye;
And o'er the midway, dancing, wanton Joy.

Pleasure with Beauty gambols; light in air,
Bliss soars inconstant; Anguish sullen sits;
Blind Error flutters, bat-like, here and there;
And Frenzy raves, and strikes his thigh by fits;
Repentance, of past folly late aware,
Her fruitless penance there ne'er intermits;
Her hand with gore fell Cruelty distains,
And seeks Despair in death to end his pains.

Gestures and Nods, that inmost thoughts impart,
Illusions silent, Smiles that guile intend,
The Glance, the Look, that speak the impassioned heart,
'Mid flowery haunts, for youth their toils suspend;
And never from his griefs Complaint apart,
Prone on his palm his face is seen to bend;
Now hence, now thence, in unrestrained guise,
Licentiousness on wing capricious flies.

Such ministers thy progeny attend,
Venus, fair mother of each flattering power!
A thousand odors from those fields ascend,
While Zephyr brings in dews the pearly shower,
Fanned by his flight, what time their incense blend
The lily, violet, rose, or other flower;
And views with conscious pride the exulting scene,
Its mingled azure, vermeil, pale, and green.

The trembling pansy virgin fears alarm;
Downward her modest eye she blushing bends:
The laughing rose, more specious, bold, and warm,
Her ardent bosom ne'er from Sol defends;
Here from the capsule bursts each opening charm,
Full-blown, the invited hand she here attends;
Here, she, who late with fires delightful glowed,
Droops languid, with her hues the mead bestrewed.

In showers descending, courts the enamoured air
The violet's yellow, purple, snowy hues;
Hyacinth, thy woes thy bosom's marks declare;
His form Narcissus in the stream yet views;
In snowy vest, but fringed with purple glare,
Pale Clytia the parting sun pursues;
Fresh o'er Adonis Venus pours her woes;
Acanthus smiles; her lovers Crocus shows.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

"MAIDS of these hills, so fair and gay,
Say whence you come, and whither stray."

"From yonder heights: our lowly shed
Those clumps that rise so green disclose;
There, by our simple parents bred,
We share their blessing and repose;
Now, evening from the flowery close
Recalls, where late our flocks we fed."

"Ah, tell me, in what region grew
Such fruits, transcending all compare?
Methinks, I Love's own offspring view,

Such graces deck your shape and air;
Nor gold nor diamonds glitter there;
Mean your attire, but angels you.

"Yet well such beauties might repine
'Mid desert hills and vales to bloom;
What scenes, where pride and splendor shine,
Would not your brighter charms become?
But say, — with this your Alpine home,
Can ye, content, such bliss resign?"

"Far happier we our fleecy care
Trip lightly after to the mead,
Than, pent in city walls, your fair
Foot the gay dance in silks arrayed:
Nor wish have we, save who should braid
With gayest wreaths her flowing hair."

EUROPA.

Beneath a snow-white bull's majestic guise,
Here Jove, concealed by Love's transforming power,
Exulting bears his peerless, blooming prize:
With wild affright she views the parting shore;
Her golden locks the winds that adverse rise
In loose disorder spread her bosom o'er;
Light floats her vest, by the same gales upborne;
One hand the chine, one grasps the circling horn.

Her naked feet, as of the waves afraid,
With shrinking effort, seem to avoid the main;
Terror and grief in every act; for aid
Her cries invoke the fair attendant train:
They, seated distant on the flowery mead,
Frantic, recall their mistress loved, in vain, —
"Return, Europa!" far resounds the cry:
On sails the god, intent on amorous joy.

ANTONIO TIBALDEO.

The birth of this scholar and poet has been variously stated, — some placing it in 1456, and others in 1463. The former date is the one commonly adopted. He belonged to Ferrara, and is said to have been educated as a physician; but, as Corniani says, "he was more sequacious of Apollo, as the father of the Muses, than as the progenitor of Æsculapius." According to one story, he was crowned as poet in Ferrara, by the Emperor Frederic the Third, in 1469; but this is disputed by Tiraboschi on strong grounds. He wrote poems both in Latin and Italian. His earliest productions were in his mother tongue, and were received with great applause. He died at Rome, in 1537.

SONNETS.

From Cyprus' isle, where Love owns every bower,
Or from the neighbouring shores of Jove's domain,
Thou surely com'st, sweet Rose; since this our plain
Bears not the stem where bloomed so fair a flower.
For I, who late was near my last sad hour,
No sooner from her hand the gift obtain,
Than thy sweet breath did charm away my pain,
And to my limbs restore their wonted power.
But mark one thing, that wakes a just surprise:
Thy pallid form with life but faintly glows,
That late of loveliest hue blushed vermeil dies.
Haste, to the thoughtless fair go sorrowing, Rose!
Bid her, by thy waned beauty taught, be wise;
For her own good provide, and my repose.

—

Lord of my love! my soul's far dearer part!
As thou wilt live, and still enjoy the day,
Wouldst thou in peace I breathe my soul away?
Then moderate the grief that rends thy heart;
Thy sobs and tears give death a double smart.
If weep thou must, O, grant a short delay,
Till my faint spirit leave this house of clay!
E'en now I feel it struggling to depart.
This only boon I crave, ere I go hence:
Spotless maintain the bed of our chaste love,
Which cold I leave while youth refines each sense;
And, O, if e'er my will unduly strove
With thine, — as oft occurred, — forgive the offence!
I go, — farewell! — for thee I wait above.

ANDREA DEL BASSO.

Andrea del Basso was an ecclesiastic of Ferrara. He is known in literary history chiefly as a commentator on the "Teseide" of Boccaccio. Other works of the same kind, by him, exist in manuscript. He flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century. Several of his poetical compositions are found in the collection of Baruffaldi.

ODE TO A DEAD BODY.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
Give up thy body, woman without heart,
Now that its worldly part
Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
Thou servest worms for food,
And from thine altitude
Fierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
Thy bed within a pit.
Night, endless night, hath got thee
To clutch, and to englut thee;
And rottenness confounds
Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black,
Which mocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay,
To hear what thou wouldst say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;
See if the tribe of wooers
Will now become pursuers,
And if, where they make way,
Thou 'lt carry now the day;
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright, —

Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
As the least pain to thy bold-facedness.
There let thy foul distress
Turn round upon thy soul,
And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
That wast so headstrong proud,
This, this is the reward
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn
And pamper them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither;
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence.

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
That undulated once, like sea on shore?
'T is clay unto the core.
Where are those sparkling eyes
That were like twins o' th' skies?
Alas! two caves are they,
Filled only with dismay.
Where is the lip that shone
Like painting newly done?
Where the round cheek? and where
The sunny locks of hair?
And where the symmetry that bore them all?
Gone, like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over, —
The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair,
Nor have that conquering air,
Nor be supplied with lover?
Lo! now behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame;
Is there one spot the same
In all that fondled flesh?
One limb that 's not a mesh
Of worms, and sore offence,
And horrible succulence?
Tell me, is there one jot, one jot remaining,
To show thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast vain in?

Love? — Heaven should be implored for something else, —
For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
Love? — 'T is a fiery dole;
A punishment like hell's.
Yet thou, puffed with thy power,
Who wert but as the flower
That warns us in the Psalm,
Didst think thy veins ran balm
From an immortal fount;
Didst take on thee to mount
Upon an angel's wings,
When thou wert but as things
Clapped, on a day, in Egypt's catalogue,
Under the worshipped nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee, now, were I to say,
Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
"Help, father, or I die!
See, see, he knows his prey,
Even he, the dragon old!
O, be thou a stronghold
Betwixt my foe and me!
For I would fain be free;
But am so bound in ill,
That, struggle as I will,
It strains me to the last,
And I am losing fast
My breath and my poor soul; and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety."

But thou didst smile, perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word.
Hast thou, then, ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted?
Rare is the sleeping face
That wakes not as it was.
Thou shouldst have earned high heaven;
And then thou might'st have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones, serene,
As odorous and as fair
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down and enter
The horrors of the centre:
Then fly amain, with news of terrible fate,
To those who think they may repent them late.

JACOPO SANNAZZARO.

Jacopo Sannazzaro belonged to an ancient and distinguished Italian family. He was born in 1458, at Naples. He received his early instruction in Greek and Latin chiefly from Giuniano Majo; and on entering the Neapolitan Academy, the head of which was Pontano, he assumed the name of Actius Syncerus. At the age of eight years, he conceived a childish passion for Carmasina Bonifacia, a girl of about the same age, whose praises he afterwards sung, under the names of Harmosina and Phillis. His poems attracted the notice of King Ferdinand, who received him into his house and became

his warm friend. Frederic, who succeeded Ferdinand, bestowed on the poet the villa of Mergoglino and a pension of six hundred ducats. When his patron was driven from the throne, in 1501, Sannazzaro accompanied him to France, and served him faithfully until the king's death. After this, he returned to Naples, where he died in 1530, or, according to others, in 1532.

Sannazzaro led a blameless life, and was distinguished both in Latin and Italian poetry. In the former, his most original and elegant works are the "Piscatory Eclogues," and the poem "De Partu Virginis"; in the latter, he wrote sonnets, canzoni, and the "Arcadia," a classical work in the pastoral kind, and the first of any importance in Italian. "If the 'Arcadia' of Sannazzaro had never been written," says Roscoe,* "his sonnets and lyrical pieces would have secured to him the distinction of one of the chief poets that Italy has produced."

ELEGY FROM THE ARCADIA.

O, BRIEF as bright, too early blest,
Pure spirit, freed from mortal care,
Safe in the far-off mansions of the sky,
There, with that angel take thy rest,
Thy star on earth; go, take thy guerdon there!
Together quaff the immortal joys on high,
Scorning our mortal destiny;
Display thy sainted beauty bright,
'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,
Through seasons of unchanging years;
By living fountains, and by fields of light,
Leading thy blessed flocks above;
And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care with love.

Thine, other hills and other groves,
And streams and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth flowers;
While, following other Loves
Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,
Surprising the fond Nymphs in happier bowers.
Pressing the fragrant flowers,
Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,
By Daphnis' and by Melibœus' side,
Filling the vaulted heavens wide
With the sweet music made;
While the glad choirs, that round appear,
Listen to his dear voice we may no longer hear.

As to the elm is his embracing vine,
As their bold monarch to the herded kine,
As golden ears to the glad sunny plain,
Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain!
Remorseless Death! if thus thy flames consume
The best and loftiest of his race,
Who may escape his doom?
What shepherd ever more shall grace
The world like him, and with his magic strain
Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,
Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer floods?

* Life of Leo the Tenth, Vol. I., p. 61.

SONNETS.

BELOVED, well thou know'st how many a year
I dwelt with thee on earth, in blissful love;
Now am I called to walk the realms above,
And vain to me the world's cold shows appear.
Enthroned in bliss, I know no mortal fear;
And in my death with no sharp pangs I strove,
Save when I thought that thou wert left to prove
A joyless fate, and shed the bitter tear.
But round thee plays a ray of heavenly light,
And, ah! I hope that ray shall lend its aid
To guide thee through the dark abyss of night.
Weep, then, no more, nor be thy heart dismayed;
When close thy mortal days, in fond delight
My soul shall meet thee, in new love arrayed.

O THOU, so long the Muse's favorite theme,
Expected tenant of the realms of light,
Now sunk for ever in eternal night,
Or recollected only to thy shame!
From my polluted page thy hated name
I blot, already on my loathing sight
Too long obtruded, and to purer white
Convert the destined record of thy fame.
On thy triumphant deeds far other strains
I hoped to raise; but now defraud'st the song,
Ill-omened bird, that shunn'st the day's broad eye![1]
Go, then; and whilst the Muse thy praise disdains,
Oblivion's flood shall sweep thy name along,
And spotless and unstained the paper lie.

STANZE.

O PURE and blessed soul,
That, from thy clay's control
Escaped, hast sought and found thy native sphere,
And from thy crystal throne
Look'st down, with smiles alone,
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear!

Thy happy feet have trod
The starry spangled road,
Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding;
And from their erring track
Thou charm'st thy shepherds back,
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

O, who shall Death withstand,—
Death, whose impartial hand
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine?
When shall our ears again
Drink in so sweet a strain,
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine?

[1] This sonnet is supposed to refer to the shameful abdication and flight of King Alphonso from Naples, in 1495.

THIRD PERIOD.—CENTURY XVI.

PIETRO BEMBO.

This distinguished person, known as an ecclesiastic, a historian, and a poet, was the son of Bernardo Bembo, an illustrious member of the Venetian aristocracy, and of Elena Marcella, a lady of noble birth. He was born at Venice, in 1470. At the age of eight years, he accompanied his father, who was sent as ambassador to Florence. Returning to Venice two years after, he was placed under the instruction of Giovanni Alessandro Urticio, to learn the Latin language and other branches of polite literature. In 1489, he went with his father, who had been appointed *podestà* in Bergamo, and remained there two years. Being desirous of learning the Greek language, he obtained permission, in 1492, to visit Messina, in Sicily, where the celebrated Constantine Lascaris taught that language. He remained there until 1495, incessantly occupied with his studies, and acquired so thorough a knowledge of the Greek, that he not only read, but wrote it with facility. Towards the end of 1495, he went to Padua and cultivated philosophy in the school of Niccolò Leonico Tomeo. He was recalled to Venice in the following year by his father, and took a part in the public business; but soon finding this career incompatible with his favorite pursuits, he went to Ferrara, where he continued for two years employed in his studies, and enjoying the intimate friendship of such men as Ercole Strozzi, Antonio Tibaldeo, and Jacopo Sadoleto. On his return to Venice, he became one of the chief ornaments of the academy, or literary society, established there by the famous printer, Aldus Manutius. In 1506, he went to the court of Urbino, where he lived about six years. In 1512, he went to Rome with Giuliano de' Medici, whose brother, Leo the Tenth, made Bembo his secretary, with Sadoleto for a colleague. At this time he formed a connection with the beautiful Morosina, which continued until her death, in 1525. He was the confidential friend of the pontiff, who employed him not only as secretary, but on many important missions. His labors having at length affected his health, he removed, in 1520, with the pope's advice and consent, to Padua, where he speedily recovered. After the death of Leo, Bembo lived at Padua, preferring the tranquillity of a private and studious life to public employments. He collected a library, a cabinet of medals and antiquities, and made his house the favorite resort of the members of the University, and other learned men, both strangers and citizens of Padua. In 1529, the office of Historiographer of the Venetian republic was bestowed upon him, and he was at the same time appointed Librarian of Saint Mark. His historical labors occupied him until Paul the Third honored him with the Cardinal's hat, in 1539, when he removed to Rome. From this time Bembo devoted himself to the sacred studies which befitted his ecclesiastical office, continuing only the History of Venice. In 1541, Paul bestowed on him the bishopric of Gubbio, whither he went in 1543, and would have fixed his abode there, had not the pope by express command recalled him to Rome. In 1544, he received the bishopric of Bergamo, but remained in Rome until his death, which took place in 1547.

Bembo, though not a man of original genius, was an able scholar, and an elegant writer, both in Latin and Italian. His most important works are, "The History of Venice," written in both languages; "Le Prose," a series of dialogues on the principles of the Italian language; "Gli Asolani," dialogues on Love; and "Le Rime," a collection of sonnets and canzonets. A collection of his works appeared at Venice in 1729, in four volumes, folio.

SONNETS.

TO ITALY.

Fair land, once loved of Heaven o'er all beside,
Which blue waves gird and lofty mountains screen!
Thou clime of fertile fields and sky serene,
Whose gay expanse the Apennines divide!
What boots it now, that Rome's old warlike pride
Left thee of humbled earth and sea the queen?
Nations, that served thee then, now fierce convene
To tear thy locks and strew them o'er the tide.
And lives there son of thine so base at core,
Who, luring foreign friends to thine embrace,
Stabs to the heart thy beauteous, bleeding frame?
Are these the noble deeds of ancient fame?
Thus do ye God's almighty name adore?
O hardened age! O false and recreant race!

TURNING TO GOD.

If, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,
A thousand times thy patient love I tried;
With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sere,
Thy gifts perverted, and thy power defied:
O, grant me, now that wintry snows appear
Around my brow, and youth's bright promise hide,—
Grant me with reverential awe to hear
Thy holy voice, and in thy word confide!

Blot from my book of life its early stain!
Since days misspent will never more return,
My future path do thou in mercy trace;
So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
That all the trust, which in thy name I place,
Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain!

SOLITUDE.

Dear, calm retreat! where from the world I steal,—
Where to myself I live, and dwell alone,—
Why seek thee nôt, when Phœbus, fiercer grown,
Has left the Twins behind his burning wheel?
With thee I rarely grief or anger feel,
Nowhere my thoughts to heaven so oft have flown;
Nowhere my pen such industry has shown,
When to the Muse I chance to make appeal.
How truly sweet a state is solitude,
And how from cares to have my bosom free,
And live at ease, was taught me in thy school!
Dear rivulet! and thou delightful wood!
O, that these parching sands, this glaring sea,
Were changed for your green shades and waters cool!

DEATH.

Thou, the stern monarch of dismay,
Whom Nature trembles to survey,—
O Death! to me, the child of grief,
Thy welcome power would bring relief,
Changing to peaceful slumber many a care.
And though thy stroke may thrill with pain
Each throbbing pulse, each quivering vein;
The pangs that bid existence close,
Ah! sure, are far less keen than those
Which cloud its lingering moments with despair.

POLITIANI TUMULUS.

Whilst, borne in sable state, Lorenzo's bier
The tyrant Death, his proudest triumph, brings,
He marked a bard, in agony severe,
Smite with delirious hand the sounding strings.

He stopped,—he gazed;—the storm of passion raged,
And prayers with tears were mingled, tears with grief;
For lost Lorenzo, war with fate he waged,
And every god was called to bring relief.

The tyrant smiled,—and mindful of the hour
When from the shades his consort Orpheus led,
"Rebellious too wouldst thou usurp my power,
And 'burst the chain that binds the captive dead?"

He spoke,—and speaking, launched the shaft of fate,
And closed the lips that glowed with sacred fire:
His timeless doom 't was thus Politian met,—
Politian, master of the Ausonian lyre.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

This illustrious poet was the son of Niccolò Ariosto, a nobleman of Ferrara, and of Daria Maleguzzi, a lady of Reggio. He was born, September 8th, 1474, at Reggio, where his father was commander of the fortress and governor of the territory, in the service of Hercules the First. He was the oldest of ten children, five sons and five daughters. From his earliest years he gave proof of his poetical tendencies, having in his childhood dramatized the story of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and caused it to be enacted by his brothers and sisters, "no doubt as happily," says an English writer, "as the same subject in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was enacted by Bottom the weaver and his comrades, or rather, as happily as Oberon, Titania, and their train could have done it in fairy-land." Lodovico's father had held judicial office in Ferrara, and naturally desired his promising son to pursue the same career; but after five years of useless and wearisome study of the law, the youthful Ariosto was allowed to follow his own inclination. He devoted himself ardently to the study of the Latin language under the direction of Gregorio da Spoleti, and wrote at an early age two comedies, entitled "La Cassaria" and "I Suppositi," suggested by his studies in Plautus and Terence. The departure of Gregorio to France in 1499, and the death of his father, which took place in 1500, interrupted Ariosto's studies, and he was left with small property, and with the whole care of his brothers and sisters; but he so well discharged his duties towards them, that he portioned his sisters, and provided for the education of his brothers until they were able to provide for themselves. In the midst, however, of these onerous domestic duties, he found time to carry forward his literary labors, and to write poems both in Latin and Italian. His genius and acquirements commended him to the favor of the Cardinal Ippolito d' Este, brother of Alphonso, duke of Ferrara. The duke employed him twice on important embassies to the court of Pope Julius the Second, and he showed on these occasions a courage and an intelligence which increased the reputation he already enjoyed at the court of Ferrara. When the warlike pontiff sent his forces, and Venice despatched her fleet in conjunction with the papal troops, against Ferrara, Ariosto showed that he possessed the valor to perform, as well as the genius to celebrate, heroic deeds; for he fought bravely at the battle against the papal and Venetian armaments, and captured one of the largest vessels of the enemy. On his second embassy, the pope was so violently irritated with him, that he threatened to throw him into the sea, unless he left the papal territories forthwith, which Ariosto accordingly did.

Meantime, Ariosto's literary ambition being rekindled by the example of the scholars whom

Ippolito had drawn around him, he conceived the idea, when he was thirty years old, of writing a poem which should place him among the great authors of his country. His first plan was, to celebrate the exploits of Obizzo, a young and warlike member of the family of Este; and he actually began a poem on this subject *in terza rima*, but soon gave it up, and, turning his attention to Bojardo's "Orlando," determined to continue the adventures of the principal personages in that poem. Such was the origin of that immortal work, the "Orlando Furioso." His familiar acquaintance with the old romance-writers, which had formed his principal reading for many years, strengthened his natural inclination for that species of composition, and furnished his mind with abundant materials for his work. He communicated his plan to Bembo, who urged him to write his poem in Latin; but Ariosto had the good sense to reply, that he would rather be one of the first poets in Italian than secondary to Ovid and Virgil in Latin. When Leo the Tenth succeeded to the papal chair, in 1513, Ariosto, who had long been on good terms with the Medici family, hastened to Rome with the not unreasonable hope of improving his fortunes through the patronage of his ancient friend. He was well received, but that seems to have been all. At any rate, he soon left the city, and returning by way of Florence, where he remained some time, resumed his interrupted labors upon the "Orlando," of which the first edition appeared in 1516. When he presented a copy of the work to Ippolito, the only acknowledgment the surly cardinal made was, to ask him where he had found all that stuff. Soon after this the poet's connection with Ippolito was broken off, by his refusal to accompany him to Hungary, in 1518. This circumstance, and the consequent loss of his salary, which, inconsiderable as it was, formed an important part of his income, induced him to take up his residence on an estate of his kinsman, Maleguzzo, between Reggio and Rubiera. After the death of Ippolito, on the invitation of Alphonso, Ariosto returned to Ferrara, where he built a house, in the midst of a large garden. During this period of his life, the duke bestowed on him an appointment seemingly little adapted to his genius or his tastes. It was the office of pacificator of the disturbed province of Graffagnana. According to Sir John Harrington, he so well succeeded, that "he left them all in good peace and concord; winning not only the love of the better sort, but also a wonderful reverence of the wilder people, and a great awe even in robbers and thieves."

The following incident is said to have befallen him at this time. A gang of brigands met him one day in a forest with a guard of only five or six horsemen. He was suffered, however, to ride on unmolested; but the leader of the band, Philippo Pachione, a celebrated freebooter, having learned from one of the attendants that the distinguished-looking person who had just passed him was his Excellency the governor, immediately galloped up to him, and addressing him with the greatest courtesy, apologized in his own name and that of his company for not having done due honors in passing, as they did not know his Excellency's person. He then was so obliging as to praise the "Orlando Furioso" in the most enthusiastic terms, and offered his humble services to the author.

During this period, a proposition was made to Ariosto to go a third time on an embassy to Rome, and to reside, as the representative of his sovereign, at the court of Clement the Seventh; but he declined the honor. His government lasted three years; at the expiration of which, he returned with new ardor to his poetical labors, giving much time and anxious care to a revision of the "Orlando," and composing several dramatic pieces. He amused himself also with gardening; though, from all accounts, he knew so little about the matter, that he often watched the growth of some useless weed with the greatest delight, fancying it, all the time, to be a beautiful flower. The "Orlando" was, during this period, making constant progress towards the form which it finally assumed. Sir John Harrington illustrates the poet's sensitiveness by the following anecdote. "As he himself could pronounce very well, so it was a great penance to him to hear others pronounce ill that which himself had written excellent well. Insomuch as they tell of him, how, coming one day by a potter's shop, that had many earthen vessels, ready made, to sell on his stall, the potter fortuned at that time to sing some stave or other out of 'Orlando Furioso,' I think where Rinaldo requesteth his horse to tarry for him, in the first book, the thirty-second stanza: —

'Ferma, Bajardo mio, deh ferma il piede!
Che l' esser senza te troppo mi nuoce,'

or some such grave matter, fit for a potter. But he plotted the verses out so ill-favoredly (as might well beseem his dirty occupation), that Ariosto being, or at least making semblance to be, in a great rage withal, with a little walking-stick he had in his hand brake divers pots. The poor potter, put quite beside his song and almost beside himself, to see his market half marred before it was a quarter done, in a pitiful sour manner, between railing and whining, asked what he meant, to wrong a poor man that had never done him injury in all his life. 'Yes, varlet!' quoth Ariosto, 'I am scarce even with thee for the wrong thou hast done me here before my face; for I have broken but half a dozen base pots of thine, that are not worth so many half-pence; but thou hast broken and mangled a fine stanza of mine, worth a mark of gold.'"

Ariosto was employed by Alphonso to direct the theatrical representations at his court. A magnificent theatre was constructed on a plan suggested by the poet, and a number of dramas

written by him were represented. But these demands upon his time did not withdraw him from the great work on which his future fame was to rest. The "Orlando" had already passed through several editions, since its first appearance in 1516. The last edition which was printed in his lifetime came out in 1532, in forty-six cantos; but it was so badly printed, that he was accustomed to say he had been assassinated by his printer. Immediately after this, his health began rapidly to decline, and he died, at the age of fifty-eight, June 6th, 1533.

The great romantic epic, the "Orlando Furioso," has been pronounced by excellent judges the greatest poem of its kind in modern literature. It displays a wonderful richness and splendor of invention, and the most marvellous skill in narrative. These qualities, and the extraordinary felicity of the style, have made it, ever since its first publication, one of the most popular poems that the world has seen. Bernardo Tasso, in a letter to Varchi, written in 1559, says, "There is neither scholar, nor artisan, nor boy, nor girl, nor old man, who is content to read it only once. Are not those stanzas of his the comfort of the exhausted traveller on his weary journey, who relieves the cold and the fatigues by singing them on his way? Do you not hear people every day singing them in the streets and in the fields? I do not believe, that, in the same length of time as has passed since that most learned gentleman gave his poem to the world, there have been printed or seen so many Homers or Virgils as Furiosos."

The poem, however, has been censured for want of unity in the action, and of a skilful adjustment of the parts. It embodies so wide and varied a circle of chivalrous adventures, that the separate threads of the story are frequently dropped and then again resumed. Italian critics have also charged the style with errors of language, forced rhymes, and vulgar expressions. But the most serious charge brought against the poem is the licentiousness by which it is in too many passages disgraced. In reply to the former objections, Ginguené * strikingly says:—

"To judge rightly of Ariosto, the reader must figure to himself the court of Ferrara, one of the most frequented and most polished that could be found in Italy during the sixteenth century. He must consider it as forming every evening a brilliant circle, of which Alphonso d' Este and the Cardinal Ippolito were the centre; he must forget the subsequent unkindness of the Prince of the Church, and only regard the splendor which surrounds him, his supposed love of letters, and attachment to the poet. In this noble and festive assembly he must imagine the bard to be riveting the attention of all eyes and ears during an hour or more for forty-six evenings. The first day, he proposes his subject; he addresses himself to the cardinal, his patron; he promises to celebrate the origin of his illustrious race; he commences the recital; but as soon as he thinks the attention of his audience may be wearied, he stops, saying, that what remains to be told is reserved for another canto. The next day, the party again assemble, and wait with impatience the appearance of the poet; he enters, and, after some short reflections on the capriciousness of Love, resumes the thread of his story. The third day, he changes his tone and method, and consecrates this period of his song to predicting the glory of the house of Este. Having completed his complimentary stanzas, he ceases, and, as usual, promises to renew the recital in another canto, sometimes adding, 'If it be agreeable to you to hear this story'; or, 'You will hear the rest in another canto, if you come again to hear me.' He found these forms established by the custom of the oldest romantic poets; he considered them natural and convenient for his purpose, and he borrowed them. Like these, his predecessors, he also avoids losing sight of his audience, even in the course of the recital. He addresses himself to the princes who might be presiding at the meeting, and to the ladies who graced it by their presence; not unfrequently apologizing, when he told some incident which seemed incredible, with such words as these: 'This is very wonderful; you believe it not; but I do not say it of myself, but, Turpin having put it into his history, I put it into mine.' Place yourself in this point of view; seat yourself in the midst of that attentive assembly; attend; join in its admiration of that fertile genius, — that inimitable story-teller, — that adroit courtier, — that sublime poet; stop when he stops; suffer yourself to wander, to be elevated, to be inflamed, as he does himself; lay aside the too severe taste which might diminish your pleasure. Hear Ariosto, above all, in his own language; study his niceties; learn to perceive their grace, their force, and harmony; and you will then know what to think of the atrabilious critics who have dared to treat unjustly so true and great a genius."

Besides the great poem of "Orlando," Ariosto wrote satires of distinguished merit; plays, as before mentioned; and many other minor pieces. The "Orlando Furioso" has been several times translated into English; by Sir John Harrington, in 1591; by Henry Croker, 1755; by John Hoole, 1783; and by W. S. Rose, 1825–27.

* Histoire Littéraire d'Italie, Tom. IV., pp. 481–484. — Lives of the Italian Poets, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing (3 vols., London, 1832, 12mo.), Vol. II., pp. 84–86.

SONNET.

The sun was hid in veil of blackest dye,
That trailing swept the horizon's verge around,
The leaves all trailing moaned with hollow sound,
And peals of thunder scored along the sky;
I saw fierce rain or icy storm was nigh,

Yet ready stood o'er the rough waves to bound
Of that proud stream that hides in tomb profound
The Delian lord's adventurous progeny;
When, peering o'er the distant shore, the beam
I caught of thy bright eyes, and words I heard
That me Leander's fate may bring, one day:
Instant the gathered clouds dispersed away,
At once unveiled the sun's full orb appeared,
The winds were silent, gently flowed the stream.

FROM THE CAPITOLI AMOROSI.

THE LAUREL.

In that sweet season, when 't was spring-time still,
A laurel slip I set, with careful hand,
On a small plain half up an easy hill.
Fortune smiled on it; the bright air was bland;
The sun upon it shone benignly too,
Both from the Indian and the Moorish strand.
Refreshing streams with patient zeal I drew
To where it stood, their grassy banks between,
And brought to it the earth where first it grew.
It faded not, — its leaves a cheerful green
Still wore; and, to reward my care and toil,
It took new root, and soon fresh buds were seen.
Nor Nature strove my earnest hopes to foil,
But breathed benignant on my rising tree,
Which seemed to flourish in a genial soil.
Sweet, lonely, faithful bowers it made for me,
Within whose shade I poured my plaints of love
From my fond heart, while none could hear or see.
Venus oftimes forsook her seat above,
And Cytherean fanes, where odors sweet
Of gums and rich Sabean spices strove,
The rose-linked Graces on this spot to meet;
And while the Loves above them plied the wing,
Danced round my laurel with unwearied feet.
Thither Diana her bright nymphs would bring;
For she preferred my laurel to all those
That in the woods of Erymanthus spring.
Other fair deities its shadow chose,
To spend the sultry day in cool delight;
Blessing the hand that placed it where it rose.
Whence came the early tempest thus to blight
My tree so loved? and whence the pinching cold
That covered it with snow's untimely white?
Ah, why did Heaven its favoring smile withhold? —
My laurel drooped; its foliage green was reft;
A bare, bleak trunk it rose from barren mould!
Still one small branch, with few pale leaves, is left;
And between hope and fear I still exist,
Lest even of that rude Winter should make theft.
Yet fear prevails, — hope is well-nigh dismissed, —
That icy frosts — not yet, I fear me, o'er —
This last and weakly spray can ne'er resist.
And are there none to teach me how, before
The sickly root itself is quite decayed,
Its former vigorous life I may restore?
Phœbus, by whom the heavenly signs are swayed,
By whom in Thessaly a laurel crown
So oft was borne, now lend this tree thine aid!
Vertumnus and Pomona, both look down,
Bacchus, Nymphs, Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads fair,
On this, my tree, o'er which the Seasons frown!
And all ye deities, that have in care
The woods and forests, bend a favoring eye
Towards my laurel! I its fate must share;
Living, I live with it, — or dying, die!

FROM THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

ORLANDO'S MADNESS.

The course in pathless woods, which, without rein,
The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,
Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,
Follow him, without tidings of his way.
Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,
On either bank of which a meadow lay;
Which stained with native hues and rich he sees,
And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet
To hardy herd as well as naked swain;
So that Orlando well beneath the heat
Some deal might wince, oppressed with plate and chain.
He entered, for repose, the cool retreat,
And found it the abode of grief and pain;
And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,
On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there, on many a tree,
Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
What as the writing of his deity
He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
This was a place of those described by me,
Whither oftimes, attended by Medore,
From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray
The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid those green abodes,
In a hundred parts, their ciphered names are dight;
Whose many letters are so many goads,
Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
He would discredit, in a thousand modes,
That which he credits in his own despite;
And would parforce persuade himself, that rind
Other Angelica than his had signed.

"And yet I know these characters," he cried,
"Of which I have so many read and seen;
By her may this Medoro be belied,
And me, she, figured in the name, may mean."
Feeding on such like phantasies, beside
The real truth, did sad Orlando lean
Upon the empty hope, though ill-contented,
Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more
That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,
Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,
Hampered in net or lime; which, in the thought
To free its tangled pinions and to soar,
By struggling, is but more securely caught.
Orlando passes thither, where a mountain
O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

Splayfooted ivy, with its mantling spray,
And gadding vine, the cavern's entry case;
Where often in the hottest noon of day
The pair had rested, locked in fond embrace.
Within the grotto, and without it, they
Had oftener than in any other place
With charcoal or with chalk their names portrayed,
Or flourished with the knife's indenting blade.

Here from his horse the sorrowing county lit,
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretence
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:—

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;
For the convenient harbourage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, for ever sing your praise;

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,
Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
Stranger or native,—to this crystal run,
Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,
'Benignant be to you the fostering sun
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide
That never swain his flock may hither guide!'"

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
Who, versed in many languages, best read
Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong,
And injury, and shame, had saved his head,
What time he roved the Saracens among.
But let him boast not of its former boot,
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed
Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
Seeking another sense than was expressed,
And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;
And all the while, within his troubled breast,
He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling,—so a prey
Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang—believe the experienced say
Of him who speaks—which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he—so grief barred each natural vent—
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase
Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
What time, when one turns up the inverted base,
Towards the mouth so hastes the hurrying tide,
And in the strait encounters such a stop,
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned, and thought
How, possibly, the thing might be untrue;
That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought
To think) his lady would with shame pursue;
Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
To whelm his reason, as should him undo;
And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;
Then pressed the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,
Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke,
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador
To a discreet attendant: one undressed
His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supped full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,
He finds but so much more distress and pain;
Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,
On wall, and door, and window: he would fain
Question his host of this, but holds his peace;
Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain,
To make the thing, and this would rather shroud,
That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit,
For there was one who spake of it unsought;
The shepherd swain; who to allay the heat,
With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought:
The tale which he was wonted to repeat, —
Of the two lovers, — to each listener taught,
A history which many loved to hear,
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer: —

How, at Angelica's persuasive prayer,
He to his farm had carried young Medore,
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where,
In little space, she healed the angry sore.
But while she exercised this pious care,
Love in her heart the lady wounded more
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
She burnt all over, restless with desire:

Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
To be the consort of a poor foot-page. —
His story done, to them in proof was borne
The gem, which, in reward for harbourage
To her extended in that kind abode,
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly axe was this unhappy close,
Which, at a single stroke, lopped off the head;
When, satiate with innumerable blows,
That cruel hangman, Love, his hate had fed.
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;
And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,
And would break out perforce in tears and sighs,
Would he, or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,
Alone, by others' presence unrepressed,
From his full eyes the tears descending flow,
In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro
About his weary bed, in search of rest;
And vainly shifting, harder than a rock
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

Amid the pressure of such cruel pain,
It passed into the wretched sufferer's head,
That oft the ungrateful lady must have lain,
Together with her leman, on that bed:
Nor less he loathed the couch in his disdain,
Nor from the down upstarted with less dread,
Than churl, who, when about to close his eyes,
Springs from the turf, if he a serpent spies.

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed
That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
Whose twilight goes before approaching day.
In haste Orlando takes his arms and steed,
And to the deepest greenwood wends his way;
And, when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
He paused; nor found he peace by night or day:
He fled from town, in forest harbouring,
And in the open air on hard earth lay.
He marvelled at himself, how such a spring
Of water from his eyes could stream away,
And breath was for so many sobs supplied;
And thus ofttimes, amid his mourning, cried: —

"These are no longer real tears which rise,
And which I scatter from so full a vein:
Of tears my ceaseless sorrow lacked supplies;
They stopped, when to mid-height scarce rose my pain.
The vital moisture rushing to my eyes,
Driven by the fire within me, now would gain
A vent; and it is this which I expend,
And which my sorrows and my life will end.

"No; these, which are the index of my woes,
These are not sighs, nor sighs are such; they fail
At times, and have their season of repose:
I feel my breast can never less exhale
Its sorrow: Love, who with his pinions blows
The fire about my heart, creates this gale.
Love, by what miracle dost thou contrive,
It wastes not in the fire thou keep'st alive?

"I am not — am not what I seem to sight:
What Roland was is dead and under ground,
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,
Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
To be, but in its shadow left above,
A warning to all such as trust in Love."

All night about the forest roved the count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount
Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright;

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block
Into the sky, in tiny fragments, sped.
Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
Where Medore and Angelica were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop,
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop, —
When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force
Serves not his fury more, — he falls, and lies
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and wobegone, he fell to ground,
And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,
Nor ate, nor slept, till in his daily round
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed;
His arms far off; and, farther than the rest,
His cuirass; through the greenwood wide was strewed
All his good gear, in fine: and next his vest
He rent; and, in his fury, naked showed
His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast;
And 'gan that frenzy act, so passing dread,
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
That all obscured remained the warrior's spright;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight:
But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let
As fennel, wallwort-stem, or dill, uptore;
And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,
And beech, and mountain-ash, and elm-tree hoar:
He did what fowler, ere he spreads his net,
Does, to prepare the champagne for his lore,
By stubble, rush, and nettle-stalk; and broke,
Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,
Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood tree,
Some here, some there, across the forest hie,
And hurry thither, all, the cause to see.—
But I have reached such point, my history,
If I o'erpass this bound, may irksome be;
And I my story will delay to end,
Rather than by my tediousness offend.

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

This extraordinary man belonged to an ancient family of the counts of Canosa. He was born in 1474, at Caprese, or Chiusi. He was early distinguished for the comprehensiveness and sublimity of his genius. The details of his history as an artist do not belong to this place. It is sufficient, on this point, to say, that, for a combination of powers, making him alike illustrious in architecture, painting, and sculpture, he has no equal in the history of the human mind. The building of Saint Peter's, which he directed many years, the tomb of Julius the Second, the statue of Moses, and the painting of the Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel, are works each of which is enough for immortality. All the popes, from Julius the Second to Pius the Fourth, made him the object of their munificence. Cosmo de' Medici many times attempted by splendid offers to engage him in the embellishment of Florence. Alphonso the First, duke of Ferrara, the republic of Venice, Francis the First, king of France, and even the Sultan Solyman, vied with each other in the tempting offers they held out to lure him into their respective services. He was not only a great genius in architecture, painting, and sculpture, but was equally master of the arts of fortification and defence; and, as if to put the crowning glory to her work, nature bestowed upon him the gift of poetry, and thus, the magnificent mausoleum erected by the Florentines in the church of Saint Lorenzo, to do honor to his memory, was properly decorated with statues, representing Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Poetry; the last holding a lyre, and in the costume of Calliope. He died at Rome, February 17th, 1564.

The poems of Michel Angelo, consisting of sonnets and canzoni, were published at Florence in 1623, and again in 1726. The composition of them was merely the amusement of his leisure hours; but they are in harmony with the productions of his genius in the arts. They are for the most part sonnets, written in a severe and simple style, and seeming as if cut from marble. He also wrote, in prose, lectures and speeches, to be found in the collection of "Prose Fiorentine," and letters, printed in Bottari's "Lettere Pittoriche."

SONNETS.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed:
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than, that, in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

No mortal object did these eyes behold,
When first they met the placid light of thine,

And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'T is sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

—

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may:
Unless thou show to us thine own true way,
No man can find it; Father! thou must lead.
Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread:
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

—

My wave-worn bark through life's tempestuous sea
Has sped its course, and touched the crowded shore,
Where all must give account the Judge before,
And, as their actions merit, sentenced be.
At length from Fancy's wild enchantments free,
That made me Art as some strange god adore,
I deeply feel how vain its richest store,
Now that the one thing needful faileth me.
Vain dreams of Love! once sweet, now yield they aught,
If, earned by them, a twofold death be mine,—
This, doomed me here,—and that, beyond the grave?
Nor painting's art, nor sculptor's skill, e'er brought
Peace to the soul that seeks that Friend Divine
Who on the cross stretched out his arms to save.

—

If it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal Fount of all,
Such I believe my love: for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth
Enamoured through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,
And through them riseth to the primal love,
As to its end, and honors in admiring:
For who adores the Maker needs must love his work.

—

O, blessed ye who find in heaven the joy,
The recompense of tears, earth cannot yield!
Tell me, has Love still power over you?
Or are ye freed by Death from his constraint?
The eternal rest to which we shall return,
When time has ceased to be, is a pure love,
Deprived of envy, loosed from sorrowing.
Then is my greatest burden still to live,
If, whilst I love, such sorrows must be mine.
If heaven 's indeed the friend of those who love,
The world their cruel and ungrateful foe,
O, wherefore was I born, with such a love?
To live long years? 'T is this appalleth me:
Few are too long for him who serveth well.

—

How, lady, can it be,—which yet is shown
By long experience,—that the imaged form
Lives in the mountain-stone, and long survives
Its maker, whom the dart of Death soon strikes?
The frailer cause doth yield to the effect,
And Nature is in this by Art surpassed.
I know it well, whom Sculpture so befriends,
Whilst evermore Time breaketh faith with me.
Perchance to both of us I may impart
A lasting life, in colors or in stone,
By copying the mind and face of each;
So that, for ages after my decease,
The world may see how beautiful thou wert,
How much I loved thee, nor in loving erred.

—

Thou high-born spirit, on whose countenance,
Pure and beloved, is seen reflected all
That Heaven and Nature can on earth achieve,
Surpassing all their beauteous works with one,—
Fair spirit, within whom we hope to find,
As in thine outward countenance appears,
Love, piety, and mercy, things so rare
As with such faith were ne'er in beauty found!
Love seizes me, and beauty chains my soul;
The pitying love of thy blest countenance
Gives to my heart, it seems, firm confidence.
Thou faithless world, thou sad, deceitful life!
What law, what envious decree, denies
That Death should spare a work so beautiful?

—

Return me to the time when loose the curb,
And my blind ardor's rein was unrestrained;
Restore the face, angelic and serene,
Which took from Nature all she had of charm;
Restore the steps, wasted with toil and pain,
That are so slow to one now full of years;
Bring back the tears, the fire within my breast,
If thou wouldst see me glow and weep again.
Yet if 't is true, O Love, that thou dost live
Alone upon our sweet and bitter tears,
What canst thou hope from an old, dying man?
Now that my soul has almost reached the shore,

'T is time to prove the darts of other love,
And become food of a more worthy fire.

—

Already full of years and heaviness,
I turn to former thoughts of young desires,
As weight that to its centre gravitates,
Which ere it reach, it findeth no repose.
Heaven holdeth out the key;
Love turns it, and unlocks to virtuous minds
The sanctuary of the Beautiful.
He chaseth from me every wrong desire,
And leads me on, feeble and weak with age,
And all unworthy, 'midst the good and great.
For from this Beauty there doth grace proceed
So strange, so sweet, and of such influence,
That he, who dies through her, through her doth live.

—

If much delay doth oft lead the desire
To its attainment more than haste is wont,
Mine but afflicts and pains me in these years;
For late enjoyment lasteth little time.
'T is contrary to heaven, to nature strange,
To burn as I for lady do, in years
That are more used to freeze: therefore my sad
And solitary tears I balance with old age.
But, alas! now that, at the close of day,
Already with the sun I 've almost passed
The horizon, amid dark and chilling shades,
If Love inflames us only in mid life,
Perchance that Love, thus aged and consumed,
May point the dial back to the noon hours.

—

I scarce beheld on earth those beauteous eyes,
That were two suns in life's dark pilgrimage,
Before the day when, closed upon the light,
Heaven hath reoped them to contemplate God.
I know, and grieve; yet mine was not the fault
To admire too late the beauty infinite,
But cruel Death's. You he hath not despoiled,
But ta'en her from a blind and wicked world.
Therefore, Luigi, to eternalize
The unique form of that angelic face
In living stone, which now with us is earth,—
Since Love such transformations doth effect,
And Art the object cannot reach unseen,
'T is meet, to sculpture her, I copy you.

—

ON DANTE.

There is no tongue to speak his eulogy;
Too brightly burned his splendor for our eyes:
Far easier to condemn his injurers,
Than for the tongue to reach his smallest worth.
He to the realms of sinfulness came down,
To teach mankind; ascending then to God,
Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,
To whom his country hers refused to ope.
Ungrateful land! to its own injury,
Nurse of his fate! Well, too, does this instruct
That greatest ills fall to the perfectest.
And, 'midst a thousand proofs, let this suffice,—
That, as his exile had no parallel,
So never was there man more great than he.

CANZONE.

So much, alas! have I already wept
And mourned, I thought that all my grief
Had sighed itself away, or passed in tears.
But Death still nourishes the root and veins
With bitter waters from the fount of woe,
Renewing the soul's heaviness and pain.
Then let another grief, another pen,
Another tongue, distinguish in one point
A twofold bitterest regret for you.
Thy love, my brother, and the thought of thee,
Our common parent, weigh upon my heart,
Nor do I know my greater misery.
Whilst busy memory pictures forth the one,
Another love, betrayed in my pale looks,
Graves livingly the other on my soul.
'T is true, that, since to the serene abode
Ye are returned (as Love doth whisper me),
I ought to still the grief that fills my breast.
Unjust is grief, that welleth in the heart,
For those who bear their harvest of good deeds
To heaven, released from all earth's crooked ways.
Yet cruel were the man that should not weep,
When he may never here behold again
Him who first gave him being, nourishment.
Our sufferings are more or less severe
In just proportion to our sense of pain;
And thou, O Lord, dost know how weak I am.
But if the soul to reason yield consent,
So cruel the restraint that checks my tears,
That the attempt but makes me suffer more.
And if the thought in which I steep my soul
Did not assure me that thou now canst smile
Upon the death thou 'st feared in this world,
I had no comfort: but the painful stroke
Is tempered by a firm abiding faith
That he who lives aright finds rest in heaven.
The infirmities of flesh so weigh upon
Our intellect, that death more sorrow brings,
The more with false persuasion sense prevails.
For ninety years had the revolving sun
In the far ocean yearly bathed his fires,
Ere thou wert gathered to the peace of heaven.
Now heaven has ta'en thee from our misery,
Have pity still for me, though living, dead,
Since God hath willed me to be born through thee.
Thou art released from death, and made divine,
Fearing no longer change of life or will:
Scarce can I write it without envying.
Fortune and Time attempt not to invade
Your habitation; they conduct the steps
'Midst doubtful happiness and certain grief.
No cloud is there to intercept your light,
The measured hours pass o'er you unobserved,
Chance and necessity no longer rule.
Your splendor shineth unobscured by night,
Nor borroweth lustre from the eye of day,
When the high sun invigorates his fire.
Thy death reminds and teaches me to die,
O happy father! I in thought behold thee,
Where the world rarely leads the wayfarer.
Death is not, as some think, the worst of ills

To him whose closing day excels the first,
Through grace eternal from the mercy-seat.
There, thanks to God! I do believe thee gone,
And hope to see thee, if my reason can
Draw this cold heart from its terrestrial clay.
And if pure love doth find increase in heaven
'Twixt son and father, with increase of virtue,
Rendering all glory to my Maker, there
I shall, with my salvation, share thine, too.

SONG.

Mine eyes, ye are assured
That the time passeth, and the hour is nigh
Which shuts the floodgates of the tears and sight.
Let gentle Pity keep ye still unclosed,
Whilst she, my heavenly fair,
Yet deigneth to inhabit upon earth.
But if the heaven dispart,
The singular and peerless beauty to receive
Of my terrestrial sun, —
If she return to heaven, amid the choir
Of blessed souls, 't is well that ye may close.

GALEAZZO DI TARSIA.

Galeazzo di Tarsia belonged to a noble family in Cosenza. He was born in 1476. Though a soldier by profession, he was devoted to letters, and attained to high distinction as a poet. He was, to a certain extent, an imitator of Petrarch. Most of his pieces are addressed either to Vittoria Colonna, of whom he was a sort of platonic lover, or to Camilla Carrasa, who was his wife. He was accustomed to employ the intervals of leisure, which his military profession allowed him, in singing the praises of these two ladies, in the retirement of his castle of Belmonte, in Calabria. His death took place, according to Crescimbeni, in 1530; according to Ginguené, in 1535. His poetical pieces consist of thirty-four sonnets and one canzone. They are marked by originality and elegance.

SONNET.

Tempestuous, loud, and agitated sea!
In thy late peaceful calm and quiet, thou
Didst represent my happy state; but now,
Art picture true of my deep misery!
From thee is fled each joyous thing, the glee
Of sportive Nereid, and smooth-gliding prow:
From me, — what late made joy illume my brow,
And makes these present hours so drear to be.
Alas! the time is near, when will return
The season calm, and all thy waves be gay,
And thou this fellowship of woe forsake:
The mistress of my soul can never make
Serene the night for me, or clear the day, —
Whether the sun be hid, or cloudless burn.

GIROLAMO FRACASTORO.

This famous scholar, philosopher, physician, astronomer, and poet was born at Verona, in 1483. After completing his education in his native place, he went to Padua, and delivered public lectures in the academy established by D' Alviano, in Pordenone. About the year 1509, he returned to his native place and occupied himself with scientific and literary pursuits. Some of his most celebrated Latin poetry was written at this period. Paul the Third made him the medical adviser of the Council of Trent. Fracastoro died of apoplexy, at his villa of Incaffi, in 1553. He is chiefly known as a man of science and a Latin poet; but he wrote a few pieces in the mother tongue, which show liveliness and facility of poetical composition.

SONNETS.

TO A LADY.

Lady, the angelic hosts were all arrayed
In paradise, around boon Nature's throne, —
The silver moon, the sun, resplendent shone,
When faultless Beauty in thy form was made;
The air was calm, the day without a shade;
Kind Venus gave her sire the magic zone;
And Love amid the Graces rose alone,
To view his future home in thee, fair maid!
Henceforth, thy form's all-perfect symmetry
Was fixed the eternal model here below
Of Beauty, by the never-changing Fates.
Let others boast a beauteous hand or eye,
A lovely lip, or yet more lovely brow, —
But Heaven all others' charms by thine creates.

HOMER.

Poet of Greece! whene'er thy various song,
In deep attention fixed, my eyes survey, —
Whether Achilles' wrath awake thy lay,
Or wise Ulysses and his wanderings long,
Seas, rivers, cities, villas, woods among, —
Methinks I view from top of mountain gray,
And here, wild plains, there, fields in rich array,
Teeming with countless forms, my vision throng.
Such various realms, their manners, rites, explores
Thy verse, and sunny banks, and grottos cold,
Valleys and mountains, promontories, shores,
'T would seem — so loves the Muse thy genius bold —
That Nature's self but copied from thy stores,
Thou first great painter of the scenes of old!

VITTORIA COLONNA.

This celebrated lady, the most distinguished among the poetesses of Italy, was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, grand constable of the

kingdom of Naples, and of Anna di Montefeltro, daughter of the duke of Urbino. She was born in Marino, a fief of her family, about the year 1490. At the age of four years, she was betrothed to Ferdinando Francesco Davalos, marquis of Pescara, a child of about the same age. At a very early period of her life, her rare beauty, her extraordinary mental endowments, and the accomplishments which a most careful education had bestowed upon her, rendered her the object of universal admiration. Even sovereign princes sought her hand in marriage; but she remained faithful to the object of her parents' choice, and the youthful pair were married at the age of seventeen. The marriage proved eminently happy; the noble and gallant character of the marquis, the beauty, grace, and virtue of Vittoria, the advantages of fortune, and a perfect unanimity of feeling, were inexhaustible sources of felicity. But this scene of peaceful happiness was soon overcast by the storms of war. The hostilities that broke out between the French and the Spanish called the marquis from retirement, and, during his absence, Vittoria solaced the weary hours by study and composition. History, belles-lettres, and poetry cheered her solitude, and the regrets of separation were the subjects of her song. At the battle of Ravenna, where the marquis had command of the cavalry, he was severely wounded, and taken prisoner with the Cardinal de' Medici, afterwards Leo the Tenth. After having recovered his liberty by the friendly aid of Marshal Trivulzio, he speedily gained the highest military reputation. He entered the service of the emperor, and was present at the battle of Pavia, in 1525, where Francis the First was taken prisoner. He displayed consummate ability and bravery; but received a wound, of which he died the same year, leaving a name of historical eminence in the annals of the times, though he has not escaped reproach for having fought in the ranks of strangers, instead of in the defence of his country. Vittoria found consolation for her bereavement in those pursuits which had been the ornament of her prosperity, and in celebrating the virtues and immortalizing the memory of her husband in poetry. She withdrew from the world to the tranquil retirement of the island of Ischia, and firmly refused all the offers of marriage which her beauty, her genius, her virtues, and her fame induced several persons of princely rank to make. The indulgence of her sorrows in solitude soon gave her mind a strongly religious turn; and though she did not cease to exercise her poetical talents, they were henceforth employed chiefly on sacred themes. Among her friends she numbered many of the most distinguished of her contemporaries. She corresponded with the cardinals Bembo, Contarini, and Polo; and the poets Guidiccioni, Flaminio, Molza, and Alamanni were among her intimates. That great genius, Michel Angelo, was one of her most devoted friends and admirers, and to her many of his sonnets are addressed. In 1541, desirous of finding a more complete seclusion, she retired to a monastery in Orvieto, and thence to that of Santa Catarina in Viterbo. She returned, however, once more to Rome, where she died, towards the end of February, 1547.

Her poems, which passed through four editions during her lifetime, place her in the first rank of the followers of Petrarch. Her sonnets show, besides the finished elegance of the language, a vigor and vivacity of thought, a tenderness of feeling, and a brilliancy of imagination, which justify the admiration felt for her by the most illustrious among her contemporaries.

SONNETS.

FATHER of heaven! if by thy mercy's grace
A living branch I am of that true vine
Which spreads o'er all,—and would we did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace!—
In me much drooping, Lord, thine eye will trace,
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due thou dost refine
The humor gross, and quicken its dull pace.
So cleanse me, that, abiding e'er with thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.
Thou saidst, and thou art truth, thou 'dst with me be:
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

BLEST union, that in heaven was ordained
In wondrous manner, to yield peace to man,
Which by the spirit divine and mortal frame
Is joined with sacred and with love-strong tie!
I praise the beauteous work, its author great;
Yet fain would see it moved by other hope,
By other zeal, before I change this form,
Since I no longer may enjoy it here.
The soul, imprisoned in this tenement,
Its bondage hates; and hence, distressed, it can
Neither live here, nor fly where it desires.
My glory then will be to see me joined
With the bright sun that lightened all my path;
For in his life alone I learned to live.

CLAUDIO TOLOMEI.

CLAUDIO TOLOMEI was born of an ancient and noble family in Siena, about 1492. He was destined for the profession of the law; but, after having taken his degree, he changed his mind, and persisted in resigning the doctorate with as much ceremony as he had received it; upon which Brunetti quaintly remarks, that, "although he despoiled himself of the insignia, he did not despoil himself of his learning, or

of his reputation, which is now greater than ever." He then attached himself to the service of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, and is supposed to have had some part in the unsuccessful military expedition undertaken by Clement the Seventh against Siena, in 1526. At any rate, a sentence of banishment from his native city was passed upon him that year, which was not revoked until 1542. In 1527, he interested himself warmly for the imprisoned pontiff, in whose behalf he composed five discourses addressed to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In 1532, he was sent by Cardinal Ippolito, in his own name, to Vienna. Some time after the death of the cardinal, he is supposed to have entered the service of Pier Luigi Farnese, duke of Parma and Piacenza. He remained in Piacenza, with the title of Minister of Justice, until the tragical death of Pier Luigi, in 1547; he then retired to Padua, where he remained until the following year, when he went to Rome. In 1549, he was made bishop of Corzola, a small island in the Adriatic Sea. In 1552, he was again in Siena, and had the honor to be appointed one of the sixteen citizens who were intrusted with the conservation of the public liberty. He was also sent with three others to thank the king of France for the protection he had extended to the republic, and the discourse he delivered to that monarch at Compiegne has been preserved. He returned two years after, and died in Rome, March 23d, 1555.

Tolomei was a writer of considerable merit. He is well known for the part he took in the violent controversy on the question, whether the language should be called the Italian, or the Tuscan, or the Vulgar; he proposed also to reform the alphabet by introducing several new characters, and warmly advocated the application of the ancient laws of versification to the Italian. He published the rules and some specimens of this kind of verse, defending them on the principles of philosophy and music. But apart from these vagaries, he was an active promoter of learning, and deserves an honorable place in literary history.

SONNET.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Blest Star of Love, bright Hesperus, whose glow
Serves for sweet escort through the still of night,
Of Love the living flame, the friendly light,
And torch of Venus when she walks below!
Whilst to my mistress fair in stealth I go,
Who dims the sun in orient chambers bright,
Now that the moon is low, nor cheers the sight,
Haste, in her stead thy silver cresset show!
I wander not these gloomy shades among,
Upon the wayworn traveller to prey,
Or graves dispeople with enchanter's song:
My ravished heart from cruel spoiler's sway
I would redeem: then, O, avenge my wrong,
Blest Star of Love, and beam upon my way!

BERNARDO TASSO.

Bernardo Tasso, famous as a poet, but more famous as the father of a greater poet, belonged to an ancient and noble family, and was born at Bergamo, November 11th, 1493. He was early instructed by the celebrated grammarian, Batista Pio, and made rapid progress in Greek and Roman literature. His uncle, the Bishop Luigi Tasso, who, after the death of Bernardo's father, had stood to him in the place of a parent, having been assassinated in 1520, the young man was compelled to leave his country in search of some honorable means of support. It was about this period that he hoped, perhaps, to find in love some solace for his troubles, and occupied himself for a season in loving and celebrating in his verses Ginevra Malatesta. But when he saw her united in marriage to the Chevalier Degli Obizzi, and that this was not the way to improve his condition, towards 1525, he entered the service of Guido Rangone, at that time general of the pontifical armies. On the marriage of Ginevra, "he bewailed his misfortune," says Ginguené, "in a sonnet so tender, that there was neither man nor woman in all Italy who did not wish to know it by heart." Tasso was employed by Rangone in the most delicate negotiations, both at the papal court, and at the court of Francis the First. In 1529, he entered the service of the duchess of Ferrara, but soon after went to Padua, and thence to Venice, where he passed some time in the society of his friends and the cultivation of letters. While there, he published a collection of his poems, which rapidly spread his fame throughout Italy, and gave him a distinguished rank among the poets of the country. These poems made him known to Ferrante Sanseverino, prince of Salerno, who offered him the post of Secretary, with an honorable salary. He accompanied the prince in various expeditions. He was present with him at the siege of Tunis, and distinguished himself by feats of daring; and he bore arms in Flanders and Germany. He was afterwards sent on important business to Spain, and, after his return, obtained permission to revisit his friends in Venice, where he published a new collection of poems, and remained about a year. Returning to Salerno, he married Porzia de' Rossi, a noble lady of great beauty and talents; and was permitted by the prince, who desired to give him an opportunity of pursuing his studies in tranquillity, to retire to Sorrento. There he lived until 1547, when the scene was suddenly changed. He was involved in the greatest embarrassments by the misfortunes of the prince, who fell under the displeasure of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, for opposing the establishment of the Inquisition in Naples. Tasso soon found himself deprived of all resources; was obliged to seek another place of refuge, after having exerted himself to the ut-

most to maintain the cause of his unhappy master; was separated from his wife and children; and, to finish the climax of his misfortunes, lost his wife, who died of sorrow in a convent to which she had retired. At length he was invited by Guidubaldo the Second, duke of Urbino, to his court, and a charming residence was assigned him in Pesaro, where he again occupied himself with letters, and put the last hand to his "Amadigi," or Amadis. On the completion of this poem, he went to Venice, where he was received with every mark of esteem, became a member of the Venetian Academy, and, in 1560, published a beautiful edition of the long expected work. In 1563, the duke of Mantua invited Tasso to his court and appointed him Chief Secretary, and subsequently governor of Ostiglia, a small place on the Po; but about a month after this last appointment, he fell ill, and died September 4th, 1569.

The principal work of Bernardo Tasso is the "Amadigi," a romantic epic; the "Floridante," an episode of the preceding, was intended to be formed into a separate poem, but, being left incomplete at his death, was afterwards published by his son. His other works are five books of "Rime," with eclogues, elegies, hymns, and odes; a discourse on poetry, and three books of letters. His style is distinguished for polish, sweetness, and purity. In delineations of nature, in the description of battles, and in the narration of adventures, he excels.

SONNET.

This shade, that never to the sun is known,
When in mid-heaven his eye all-seeing glows;
Where myrtle-boughs with foliage dark inclose
A bed with marigold and violets strown;
Where babbling runs a brook with tuneful moan,
And wave so clear, the sand o'er which it flows
Is dimmed no more than is the purple rose
When through the crystal pure its blush is shown;
An humble swain, who owns no other store,
To thee devotes, fair, placid god of sleep,
Whose spells the care-worn mind to peace restore,
If thou the balm of slumbers soft and deep
On these his tear-distempered eyes wilt pour,—
Eyes, that, alas! ne'er open but to weep.

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA.

Agnolo, or Angelo, Firenzuola belonged to an ancient Florentine family, and was born in 1493. He studied in Siena and Perugia, though the greater part of his time was devoted to pleasure. He was confirmed in his dissipated habits by the influence of Pietro Aretino, with whom he became acquainted in Perugia, and continued his intimacy afterwards in Rome. His biographers relate, that he entered upon the ecclesiastical career; that he took the habit in the monastery of Vallombrosa, obtained in order several promotions, and finally became an *abate*. Tiraboschi, without denying the truth of the statement, questions the sufficiency of the evidence.

The early debaucheries of Firenzuola broke down his constitution. In a letter to Aretino, written in 1541, he complains of a disease of eleven years' standing. He died a few years afterwards, in Rome.

The works of Firenzuola were published at Florence in three volumes. They are partly in prose, and partly in verse. He translated the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, adapting it to the circumstances of his own age. Of his poems, some are burlesque and some are serious. His style is light and graceful; but the tone of some of his pieces is free even to licentiousness.

SONNET.

O thou, whose soul from the pure sacred stream,
Ere it was doomed this mortal veil to wear,
Bathed by the gold-haired god, emerged so fair,
That thou like him in Delos born didst seem!
If zeal, that of my strength would wrongly deem,
Bade me thy virtues to the world declare,
And, in my highest flight, struck with despair,
I sunk unequal to such lofty theme;
Alas! I suffer from the same mishap
As the false offspring of the bird that bore
The Phrygian stripling to the Thunderer's lap:
Forced in the sun's full radiance to gaze,
Such streams of light on their weak vision pour,
Their eyes are blasted in the furious blaze.

LUIGI ALAMANNI.

Luigi Alamanni was born at Florence, in 1495. He belonged to one of the most distinguished families in the republic. Having been concerned in a conspiracy against Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, and the conspiracy being discovered, he fled to Venice, and, on the accession of the cardinal to the papal chair, took refuge in France. He returned to Florence in 1527, but was again driven into exile by the Duke Alessandro. He was favorably received by Francis the First, king of France, who sent him as ambassador to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Henry the Second, also, held the talents of Alamanni in high esteem, and intrusted him with important public business. He died at Amboise, in 1556, where the French court was at that time.

The works of Alamanni embrace almost every species of poetry: two epics, "Girone il Cortese" and "La Avarchide"; a tragedy, "L' Antigone"; lyric poems, satires, eclogues,

a didactic poem entitled "Coltivazione," and a collection of epigrams. His works are characterized by grace and elegance.

SONNETS.

TO ITALY.

THANKS be to God, my feet are now addressed,
Proud Italy, at least to visit thee,
After six weary years, since destiny
Forbids me in thy dear-loved lap to rest.
With weeping eyes, with look and heart depressed,
Upon my natal soil I bend the knee,
While hope and joy my troubled spirit flee,
And anguish, rage, and terror fill my breast.
I turn me, then, the snowy Alps to tread,
And seek the Gaul, more kindly prompt to greet
The child of other lands, than thou art thine:
Here, in these shady vales, mine old retreat,
I lay, in solitude, mine aching head,
Since Heaven decrees, and thou dost so incline.

PETRARCA'S RETREAT.

VAUCLUSE, ye hills and glades and shady vale,
So long the noble Tuscan bard's retreat,
When warm his heart for cruel Laura beat,
As lone he wandered in thy beauteous dale!
Ye flowers, which heard him oft his pains bewail
In tones of love and sorrow, sad, but sweet!
Ye dells and rocks, whose hollow sides repeat,
Even yet, his ancient passion's moving tale!
Fountain, which pourest out thy waters green
In ever-flowing streams the Sorgue to fill,
Whose charms the lovely Arno's emulate!
How deeply I revere your holy scene,
Which breathes throughout the immortal poet still,
Whom I, perchance all vainly, imitate!

GIOVANNI GUIDICCIONI.

GIOVANNI GUIDICCIONI was born at Lucca, in 1500. He studied successively at the Universities of Pisa, Padua, Bologna, and Ferrara, at the last of which he took the degree of Doctor of Law. His uncle, the Cardinal Bartolommeo, attached him to the service of Alexander Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul the Third. At the court of the cardinal, he cultivated the friendship of the learned men who adorned it, and especially of Annibale Caro. In 1533, he retired to his own country; but as soon as the cardinal was elevated to the papal chair, was summoned by him to Rome. From this time forth, he was charged with important offices, the duties of which he performed to the great satisfaction of his employer, until his death, which took place in 1541.

As a poet, Guidiccioni was an imitator of Petrarch. His pieces have been published with those of Bembo and Casa. They are not confined to the expression of personal feelings, but many of them breathe a patriotic spirit, and bewail the misfortunes of Italy.

SONNETS.

TO ROME.

THOU noble nurse of many a warlike chief,
Who in more brilliant times the world subdued;
Of old, the shrines of gods in beauty stood
Within thy walls, where now are shame and grief:
I hear thy broken voice demand relief,
And sadly o'er thy faded fame I brood,—
Thy pomps no more,—thy temples fallen and rude,—
Thine empire shrunk within a petty fief.
Slave as thou art, if such thy majesty
Of bearing seems, thy name so holy now,
That even thy scattered fragments I adore,—
How did they feel, who saw thee throned on high
In pristine splendor, while thy glorious brow
The golden diadem of nations bore?

TO ITALY.

FROM ignominious sleep, where age on age
Thy torpid faculties have slumbering lain,
Mine Italy, enslaved, ay, more, insane,—
Wake, and behold thy wounds with noble rage!
Rouse, and with generous energy engage
Once more thy long-lost freedom to obtain;
The path of honor yet once more regain,
And leave no blot upon my country's page!
Thy haughty lords, who trample o'er thee now,
Have worn the yoke which bows to earth thy neck,
And graced thy triumphs in thy days of fame.
Alas! thine own most deadly foe art thou,
Unhappy land! thy spoils the invader deck,
While self-wrought chains thine infamy proclaim!

FRANCESCO BERNI DA BIBBIENA.

FRANCESCO BERNI, or BERNIA, the great master and perfecter of the humorous style in Italian poetry, was born in a small town of Tuscany, called Lamporecchio, about the end of the fifteenth century. His family was noble, but in reduced circumstances. He passed his early youth in Florence, where he remained, until he was nineteen years old, in a state of great poverty. He then went to Rome and entered the service of Cardinal Bernardo da Bibbiena, to whom he was distantly related; and after the death of that ecclesiastic, attached himself to Cardinal Angelo Bibbiena, but with little advantage to his fortunes. Finally, he became secretary to Ghiberti, bishop of Verona,

who then held the office of Datary to the Roman see. Berni remained with him seven years, and, having assumed the ecclesiastical habit, was employed by him in the affairs of his distant benefices. But the occupations and restraints to which he was subjected agreed but ill with his temperament, and he failed to derive those advantages from his position which might naturally have been expected. He was, however, a great favorite with all who loved literature and the arts, and became one of the leading members of the learned and convivial society called the *Accademia de' Vignaiuoli*, or Club of the Vine-dressers, the members of which, in the whimsical spirit of the age, assumed names bearing some relation or allusion to the vine;—one, for instance, rejoiced in the appellation of *Il Mosto*, or Must; another called himself *L' Agresto*, or The Sour-grape; and a third, *Il Cotogno*, or Quince,—Peter Quince, perhaps. Among these jolly academicians were numbered such men as Firenzuola, Della Casa, Mauro, and Molza. They met at the house of Uberto Strozzi, and at his table, under the inspiration of wine and merriment, improvised verses which are said to have astonished the authors themselves,—a thing not at all improbable. He was living at Rome when that city was attacked by the party of the Colonni, and in the pillage of the Vatican he lost every thing. At length, wearied out with the court of Rome, he obtained the easy and profitable station of Canon of Florence. To this city he retired, and soon became intimate with the young Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, as well as with the Duke Alessandro, the cardinal's mortal foe. Here he led a life of ease and tranquil enjoyment, until the hostility between his two protectors brought him into trouble, and, according to the accounts of some biographers, led to his death. As the story is usually told, one of the rivals proposed to Berni to destroy the other by poison; and when he refused to participate in the crime, poison was administered to him, of which he died, July 26th, 1536. The statement, however, has been doubted; for the cardinal died in 1535, a year before the death of Berni, and no very probable motive can be attributed to the duke for poisoning the poet at that time.

The principal works of Berni are the "Orlando Innamorato," which is the poem of Bojardo remodelled, and the "Rime Burlesche." He wrote also Latin verses with great facility and elegance. In wit, humor, and burlesque, Berni stands so preëminent among the poets of his country, that the peculiar style in which he wrote has been called the *maniera Bernesca*. His versification is light and graceful, though the excellence of his language is said to be the result of repeated and careful corrections. The great blemish of his works is their frequent and gross licentiousness.

Berni's style has often been imitated, but by none more notoriously than by Lord Byron.

FROM THE ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

THE AUTHOR'S OWN PORTRAIT.

A boon companion, to increase this crew,
By chance, a gentle Florentine was led;
A Florentine, although the father who
Begot him in the Casentine was bred;
Who, nigh become a burgher of his new
Domicil, there was well content to wed;
And so in Bibbiena wived, which ranks
Among the pleasant towns on Arno's banks.

At Lamporecchio he of whom I write
Was born, for dumb Masetto famed of yore;
Thence roamed to Florence; and in piteous plight
There sojourned till nineteen, like pilgrim poor;
And shifted thence to Rome, with second flight,
Hoping some succour from a kinsman's store;
A cardinal allied to him by blood,
And one that neither did him harm nor good.

He to the nephew passed, this patron dead,
Who the same measure as his uncle meted;
And then again, in search of better bread,
With empty bowels from his house retreated;
And hearing—for his name and fame were spread—
The praise of one who served the pope repeated,
And in the Roman court *Datario* hight,
He hired himself to him to read and write.

This trade the unhappy man believed he knew;
But this belief was, like the rest, a bubble;
Since he could never please the patron who
Fed him, nor ever once was out of trouble.
The worse he did, the more he had to do,
And only made his pain and penance double:
And thus, with sleeves and bosom stuffed with papers,
Wasted his wits, and lived oppressed with vapors.

Add for his mischief (whether 't was his little
Merit, misfortune, or his want of skill),
Some cures he farmed produced him not a tittle,
And only were a source of plague and ill:
Fire, water, storm, or devil, sacked vines and victual,
Whether the luckless wretch would tithe or till.
Some pensions, too, which he possessed, were naught,
And, like the rest, produced him not a groat.

This notwithstanding, he his miseries slighted,
Like happy man who not too deeply feels;
And all, but most the Roman lords, delighted,
Content in spite of tempests, writs, or seals;
And oftentimes, to make them mirth, recited
Strange chapters upon urinals and eels;
And other mad vagaries would rehearse,
That he had hitched, Heaven help him! into verse.

His mood was choleric, and his tongue was vicious;
But he was praised for singleness of heart,
Not taxed as avaricious or ambitious;
Affectionate, and frank, and void of art,
A lover of his friends, and unsuspicious;
But where he hated, knew no middle part;
And men his malice by his love might rate:
But then he was more prone to love than hate.

To paint his person, — this was thin and dry;
Well sorting it, — his legs were spare and lean;
Broad was his visage, and his nose was high,
While narrow was the space that was between
His eyebrows sharp; and blue his hollow eye,
Which for his bushy beard had not been seen,
But that the master kept this thicket cleared,
At mortal war with moustache and with beard.

No one did ever servitude detest
Like him; though servitude was still his dole:
Since fortune or the Devil did their best
To keep him evermore beneath control.
While, whatsoever was his patron's hest,
To execute it went against his soul;
His service would he freely yield, unasked,
But lost all heart and hope, if he were tasked.

Nor music, hunting-match, nor mirthful measure,
Nor play, nor other pastime, moved him aught;
And if 't was true that horses gave him pleasure,
The simple sight of them was all he sought,
Too poor to purchase; and his only treasure
His naked bed; his pastime to do naught
But tumble there, and stretch his weary length,
And so recruit his spirits and his strength.

Worn with the trade he long was used to slave in,
So heartless and so broken down was he,
He deemed he could not find a readier haven
Or safer port from that tempestuous sea,
Nor better cordial to recruit his craven
And jaded spirit, when he once was free,
Than to betake himself to bed, and do
Nothing, and mind and matter so renew.

On this, as on an art, he would dilate
In good set terms, and styled his bed a vest,
Which, as the wearer pleased, was small or great,
And of whatever fashion liked him best;
A simple mantle, or a robe of state;
With that a gown of comfort and of rest:
Since whosoever slipped his daily clothes
For this, put off with these all worldly woes.

He by the noise and lights and music jaded
Of that long revel, and the tramp and tread
(Since every guest in his desires was aided,
And knaves performed their will as soon as said),
Found out a chamber which was uninvaded,
And bade those varlets there prepare a bed,
Garnished with bolsters and with pillows fair,
At its four borders, and exactly square.

This was six yards across by mensuration,
With sheets and curtains bleached by wave and breeze,
With a silk quilt for farther consolation,
And all things fitting else: though hard to please,
Six souls therein had found accommodation;
But this man sighed for elbow-room and ease,
And here as in a bed was fain to swim,
Extending at his pleasure length and limb.

By chance, with him, to join the fairy's train,
A Frenchman and a cook was thither brought;
One that had served in court with little gain,
Though he with sovereign care and cunning wrought.
For him, prepared with sheet and counterpane,
Another bed was, like his fellow's, sought:
And 'twixt the two sufficient space was seen
For a fair table to be placed between.

Upon this table, for the pair to dine,
Were savory viands piled, prepared with art;
All ordered by this master-cook divine;
Boiled, roast, ragouts and jellies, paste and tart:
But soups and syrups pleased the Florentine,
Who loathed fatigue like death, and, for his part,
Brought neither teeth nor fingers into play;
But made two varlets feed him as he lay.

Here couchant, nothing but his head was spied,
Sheeted and quilted to the very chin;
And needful food a serving-man supplied
Through pipe of silver, placed the mouth within.
Meantime the sluggard moved no part beside,
Holding all motion else were shame and sin;
And (so his spirits and his health were broke)
Not to fatigue this organ, seldom spoke.

The cook was Master Peter hight, and he
Had tales at will to while away the day;
To him the Florentine: "Those fools, pardie,
Have little wit, who dance that endless Hay";
And Peter in return, "I think with thee."
Then with some merry story backed the say,
Swallowed a mouthful, and turned round in bed;
And so, by starts, talked, turned, and slept, and fed.

And so the time these careless comrades cheated,
And still, without a change, ate, drank, and slept,
Nor by the calendar their seasons meted,
Nor register of days or sennights kept:
No dial told the passing hours which fleeted,
Nor bell was heard; nor servant overstepped
The threshold (so the pair proclaimed their will)
To bring them tale or tidings, good or ill.

Above all other curses, pen and ink
Were by the Tuscan held in hate and scorn;
Who, worse than any loathsome sight or stink,
Detested pen and paper, ink and horn:

So deeply did a deadly venom sink,
So festered in his flesh a rankling thorn,
While, night and day, with heart and garments rent,
Seven weary years the wretch in writing spent.

Of all their ways to baffle time and tide,
This seems the strangest of their waking dreams:
Couched on their back, the two the rafters eyed,
And taxed their drowsy wits to count the beams;
'T is thus they mark at leisure which is wide,
Which short, or which of due proportion seems;
And which worm-eaten are, and which are sound;
And if the total sum is odd or round.

—

THE TWO FOUNTAINS IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

The alabaster vase was wrought with gold,
And the white ground o'erlaid with curious care;
While he who looked within it might behold
Green grove, and flowers, and meadow, pictured there.
Wise Merlin made it, it is said, of old,
For Tristan, when he sighed for Yseult fair;
That, drinking of its wave, he might forego
The peerless damsel, and forget his woe.

But he, to his misfortune, never found
That fountain, built beneath the greenwood tree;
Although the warrior paced a weary round,
Encompassing the world by land and sea.
The waves which in the magic basin bound
Make him unlove who loves. Nor only he
Foregoes his former love; but that, which late
Was his chief pride and pleasure, has in hate.

Mount Alban's lord, whose strength and spirits sink,—
For yet the sun was high and passing hot,—
Stood gazing on the pearly fountain's brink,
Rapt with the sight of that delicious spot.
At length he can no more, but stoops to drink;
And thirst and love are in the draught forgot:
For such the virtue those cold streams impart,
Changed in an instant is the warrior's heart.

Him, with that forest's wonders unacquainted,
Some paces to a second water bring,
Of crystal wave with rain or soil untainted.
With all the flowers that wreath the brows of Spring
Kind Nature had the verdant margin painted:
And there a pine and beech and olive fling
Their boughs above the stream, and form a bower,
A grateful shelter from the noontide hour.

This was the stream of Love, upon whose shore
He chanced, where Merlin no enchantments shed;
But Nature here, unchanged by magic lore,
The fountain with such sovereign virtue fed,
That all who tasted loved: whence many, sore
Lamenting their mistake, were ill-bested.
Rinaldo wandered to this water's brink,
But, sated, had no further wish to drink.

Yet the delicious trees and banks produce
Desire to try the grateful shade; and needing
Repose, he lights, and turns his courser loose,
Who roamed the forest, at his pleasure feeding;
And there Rinaldo cast him down, at truce
With care; and slumber to repose succeeding,
Thus slept supine: when spiteful fortune brought
Her to the spot whom least the warrior sought.

She thirsts, and, lightly leaping from her steed,
Ties the gay palfrey to the lofty pine;
Then plucking from the stream a little reed,
Sips, as a man might savor muscat wine;
And feels, while yet she drinks (such marvel breed
The waters fraught with properties divine),
She is no longer what she was before;
And next beholds the sleeper on the shore.

—

MICROCOSMOS.

He, who the name of little world applied
To man, in this approved his subtle wit:
Since, save it is not round, all things beside
Exactly with this happy symbol fit;
And I may say, that long and deep, and wide
And middling, good and bad, are found in it.
Here, too, the various elements combined
Are dominant; snow, rain, and mist, and wind.

Now clear, now overcast. 'T is there its land
Will yield no fruit, here bears a rich supply,—
As the mixed soil is marl, or barren sand,
And haply here too moist, or there too dry.
Here foaming hoarse, and there with murmur bland,
Streams glide, or torrents tumble from on high:
Such of man's appetites convey the notion;
Since these are infinite, and still in motion.

Two solid dikes the invading streams repel;
The one is Reason, and the other Shame:
The torrents, if above their banks they swell,
Wit and discretion are too weak to tame:
The crystal waters, which so smoothly well,
Are appetites of things devoid of blame.
Those winds, and rains, and snows, and night, and day,
Ye learned clerks, divine them as ye may.

Among these elements, misfortune wills
Our nature should have most of earth: for she,
Moved by what influence heaven or sun instils,
Is subject to their power; nor less are we.

In her, this star or that in barren hills
  Produces mines in rich variety:
And those who human nature wisely scan
May this discern peculiarly in man.

Who would believe that various minerals grew,
  And many metals, in our rugged mind;
From gold to nitre? Yet the thing is true;
  But out, alas! the rub is how to find
This ore. Some letters and some wealth pursue;
  Some fancy steeds; some dream, at ease reclined;
These song delights, and those the cittern's sound:
Such are the mines which in our world abound.

As these are worthier, more or less, so they
  Abound with lead or gold; and practised wight,
The various soil accustomed to survey,
  Is fitted best to find the substance bright.
And such in our Apulia is the way
  They heal those suffering from the spider's bite,
Who strange vagaries play, like men possessed;
Tarantulated, as 't is there expressed.

For this, 't is needful, touching sharp or flat,
  To seek a sound which may the patients please;
Who, when they find the merry music pat,
  Dance till they sweat away the foul disease.
And thus who should allure this man or that,
  And still with various offer tempt and tease,
I wot, in little time, would ascertain
And sound each different mortal's mine and vein.

'T was so Brunello with Rogero wrought,
  Who offered him the armor and the steed.
Thus by the cunning Greek his aid was brought,
  Who laid fair Ilion smoking on the mead:
Which was of yore in clearer numbers taught;
  Nor shall I now repeat upon my reed,
Who from the furrow let my ploughshare stray,
Unheeding how the moments glide away.

As the first pilot by the shore did creep,
  Who launched his boat upon the billows dark,
And where the liquid ocean was least deep,
  And without sails, impelled his humble bark;
But seaward next, where foaming waters leap,
  By little and by little steered his ark,
With nothing but the wind and stars to guide,
And round about him glorious wonders spied:

Thus I, who still have sung a humble strain,
  And kept my little bark within its bounds,
Now find it fit to launch into the main,
  And sing the fearful warfare which resounds
Where Africa pours out her swarthy train,
  And the wide world with mustered troops abounds;
And, fanning fire and forge, each land and nation
Sends forth the dreadful note of preparation.

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

Benedetto Varchi, one of the most laborious men of letters in the sixteenth century, was a native of Florence, where he was born in 1502. His father was a lawyer, and destined him for the same profession. He was sent first to the University of Padua, where he made great progress in polite literature, and afterwards to Pisa, for the purpose of studying the law. On the death of his father, he abandoned the law and gave himself wholly to literature. Among other things, he studied Greek under the learned Pier Vettori. When the civil wars broke out, he joined the party opposed to the Medici, and was driven into exile. He went to Venice, then to Bologna, then to Padua, and again to Bologna. In the two cities last mentioned he passed several years in study, and in the society of the learned men who were there in great numbers at that time. Notwithstanding the part he had taken, Duke Cosmo the First recalled him to Florence, and assigned him the office of writing the history of the late revolutions, with a fixed salary. While he was engaged in this work, some persons, whose conduct was likely to appear in an unfavorable light in his history, attacked him by night, and attempted to assassinate him. He recovered from his wounds, but refused to divulge the names of the assailants, though they were well known to him. Paul the Third invited him to Rome, but he preferred remaining in Florence. He died in 1565, of apoplexy.

The principal work of Varchi is his voluminous history of Florence, from 1527 to 1538, which was left unfinished at his death. He also wrote many discourses, distinguished for their purity of language. His poetical works are "Rime," "Capitoli," eclogues, a comedy, and several Latin poems; besides which, he translated parts of Seneca, and Boëthius "De Consolatione." He read many papers before the Florentine Academy, on morals, philosophy, criticism, and the arts, which were marked by erudition and elegance of style.

SONNET.

ON THE TOMB OF PETRARCA.

"Ye consecrated marbles, proud and dear,
Blest, that the noblest Tuscan ye infold,
And in your walls his holy ashes hold,
Who, dying, left none greater, — none his peer;
Since I, with pious hand, with soul sincere,
Can send on high no costly perfumed fold
Of frankincense, and o'er the sacred mould
Where Petrarch lies no gorgeous altars rear;
O, scorn it not, if humbly I impart
My grateful offering to these lovely shades,
Here bending low in singleness of mind!"
Lilies and violets sprinkling to the wind,
Thus Damon prays, while the bright hills and glades
Murmur, "The gift is small, but rich the heart."

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

Giovanni della Casa was descended, both on the father's and mother's side, from the noblest families in Florence. He was born in 1503, but the place of his nativity is unknown. The troubles which agitated the city forced his parents to expatriate themselves for a time, and he received his early education at Bologna. Afterwards he returned to Florence, where, about 1524, he was under the instruction of Ubaldino Baldinelli. Having chosen the ecclesiastical career, he went to Rome, and was appointed, in 1538, Clerk of the Apostolical Chamber. Here he divided his time between study and amusement, perfected his knowledge of Latin and Greek, and had a son to whom he gave the name of Quirinus. In 1540, he was sent to Florence, as Apostolical Commissary, to superintend the collection of the church tithes, and on that occasion was enrolled in the Florentine Academy, of which he was considered one of the brightest ornaments. Returning to Rome, he was promoted, three years after, in 1544, to the archbishopric of Benevento, and was sent in the same year, as Nuncio, to Venice. On the death of Paul the Third, Della Casa returned to Rome; but falling into disgrace with Julius the Third, retired to Venice, where he lived several years in the tranquil pursuit of literature, interrupted only by the gout. On the accession of Paul the Fourth, he was recalled to Rome, and nominated Secretary of State. He died there, November 14th, 1556.

The early poetical writings of Della Casa were stained by the prevalent licentiousness of the age, and have cast reproach upon his name. But he was, nevertheless, an elegant and vigorous writer, both in Latin and Italian. In his "Rime," published two years after his death, he surprised the world by a vigor of expression and a boldness of imagery to which the Petrarchists had long been strangers.

SONNETS.

Sweet lonely wood, that like a friend art found
To soothe my weary thoughts that brood on woe,
Whilst through dull days and short the north winds blow,
Numbing with winter's breath the air and ground;
Thy time-worn leafy locks seem all around,
Like mine, to whiten with old age's snow,
Now that thy sunny banks, where late did grow
The painted flowers, in frost and ice are bound.
As I go musing on the dim, brief light
That still of life remains, then I, too, feel
The creeping cold my limbs and spirits thrill:
But I with sharper frost than thine congeal;
Since ruder winds my winter brings, and night
Of greater length, and days more scant and chill.

VENICE.

These marble domes, by wealth and genius graced
With sculptured forms, bright hues, and Parian stone,
Were once rude cabins 'midst a lonely waste,
Wild shores of solitude, and isles unknown.
Pure from each vice, 't was here a virtuous train,
Fearless, in fragile barks explored the sea;
Not theirs a wish to conquer or to reign:
They sought these island-precincts — to be free.
Ne'er in their souls ambition's flame arose;
No dream of avarice broke their calm repose;
Fraud, more than death, abhorred each artless breast:
O, now, since Fortune gilds their brightening day,
Let not those virtues languish and decay,
O'erwhelmed by luxury, and by wealth oppressed!

ANGELO DI COSTANZO.

This writer, known as a historian and a poet, belonged to a noble family of Naples. He was born about the year 1507. His acquaintance with Sannazzaro and Poderico, whose friendship he enjoyed, stimulated and assisted him in his studies. He gained much reputation by his poems; but the work which chiefly occupied his attention was a history of the kingdom of Naples, which he undertook by the advice of his two friends, with whom he retired to a villa in the neighbourhood of Somma, during the plague of 1527. In the midst of his literary labors he was exiled from Naples, for some unknown cause, and probably never returned. He spent more than forty years in the preparation and composition of his historical work, which appeared first in 1572, and again, corrected and enlarged, in 1581. He probably died about the year 1591.

Costanzo, as a poet, is ranked among the best writers of sonnets in his age. His style is lively and graceful.

SONNET.

The lyre that on the banks of Mincius sung
Daphnis and Melibœus in such strains,
That never on Arcadia's hills or plains
Have rustic notes with sweeter echoes rung;
When now its chords, more deep and tuneful strung,
Had sung of rural gods to listening swains,
And that great Exile's deeds and pious pains
Who from Anchises and the goddess sprung,
The shepherd hung it on yon spreading oak,
Where, if winds breathe the sacred strings among,
It seems as if some voice in anger spoke:
"Let none dare touch me of the unhallowed throng:

Unless some kindred hand my strains awoke,
To Tityrus alone my chords belong."

BERNARDINO ROTA.

Bernardino Rota was a contemporary and friend of Costanzo, and a Neapolitan. He was born in 1509. In early youth he distinguished himself by the elegance of his compositions, both in Latin and in Italian. In his Italian pieces he imitated the style of Petrarch. He wrote sonnets and canzoni. Many of his poems are consecrated to the memory of Porzia Capece, his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. He died at Naples, in 1575.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF PORZIA CAPECE.

My breast, my mind, my bursting heart shall be
Thy sepulchre, — and not this marble tomb,
Which I prepare for thee in grief and gloom:
No meaner grave, my wife, is fitting thee.
O, ever cherished be thy memory, —
And may thine image dear my path illume,
And leave my heart for other hopes no room,
While sad I sail o'er sorrow's troubled sea!
Sweet, gentle soul, where thou wert used to reign,
My spirit's queen, when wrapt in mortal clay,
There, when immortal, shalt thou rule again.
Let death, then, tear my love from earth away;
Urned in my bosom, she will still remain,
Alive or dead, untarnished by decay.

LUIGI TANSILLO.

Luigi Tansillo was born in Venosa, about the year 1510. He lived chiefly in Naples, and served, successively, the viceroy, Don Pedro de Toledo, and his son, Don Garcia, the former of whom he accompanied in his African expedition. He was a gentleman of many noble qualities, and highly accomplished in the sciences and in letters. His poems were much praised in their time, some even preferring them to Petrarch's. He has been called, also, the inventor of the pastoral drama. His death occurred about 1596.

FROM LA BALIA.

THE MOTHER.

And can ye, then, whilst Nature's voice divine
Prescribes your duty, to yourselves confine
Your pleased attention? Can ye hope to prove
More bliss from selfish joys than social love?
Nor deign a mother's best delights to share,
Though purchased oft with watchfulness and care? —
Pursue your course, nor deem it to your shame
That the swart African, or Parthian dame,
In her bare breast a softer heart infolds
Than your gay robe and cultured bosom holds:
Yet hear, and blush, whilst I the truth disclose.
Than you the ravening beast more pity knows.
Not the wild tenant of the Hyrcanian wood,
Intent on slaughter, and athirst for blood,
E'er turns regardless from her offspring's cries,
Or to their thirst the plenteous rill denies.
Gaunt is the wolf, — the tiger fierce and strong;
Yet, when the safety of their helpless young
Alarms their fears, the deathful war they wage
With strength unconquered and resistless rage.
One lovely babe your fostering care demands;
And can ye trust it to a hireling's hands,
Whilst ten young wolvelings shelter find and rest
In the soft precincts of their mother's breast,
'Till forth they rush, with vigorous nurture bold,
Scourge of the plain, and terror of the fold?

Mark, too, the feathered tenants of the air:
What though their breasts no milky fountain bear?
Yet well may yours a soft emotion prove,
From their example of maternal love.
On rapid wing the anxious parent flies
To bring her helpless brood their due supplies.
See the young pigeon from the parent beak
With struggling eagerness its nurture take!
The hen, whene'er the long-sought grain is found,
Calls with assiduous voice her young around;
Then to her breast the little stragglers brings,
And screens from danger by her guardian wings.
Safe through the day, beneath a mother's eye,
In their warm nests the unfledged cygnets lie;
But when the sun withdraws his garish beam,
A father's wing supports them down the stream.
Yet still more wondrous (if the long-told tale
Hide not some moral truth in fiction's veil),
The pelican her proper bosom tears,
And with her blood her numerous offspring rears;
Whilst you the balmy tide of life restrain,
And truth may plead, and fiction court, in vain.

Yon favorite lap-dog, that your steps attends,
Peru, or Spain, or either India sends.
What fears ye feel, as slow ye take your way,
Lest from its path the minion chance to stray!
At home on cushions pillowed deep he lies,
And silken slumbers veil his wakeful eyes;
Or still more favored, on your snowy breast
He drinks your fragrant breath, and sinks to rest:
Whilst your young babe, that from its mother's side
No threats should sever, and no force divide,
In hapless hour is banished far aloof
Not only from your breast, — but from your roof.

THE HIRELING NURSE.

What ceaseless dread a mother's breast alarms,
Whilst her loved offspring fills another's arms!
Fearful of ill, she starts at every noise,
And hears, or thinks she hears, her children's cries;
Whilst, more imperious grown from day to day,
The greedy nurse demands increase of pay.
Vexed to the heart with anger and expense,
You hear, nor murmur at, her proud pretence;
Compelled to bear the wrong with semblance mild,
And soothe the hireling as she soothes your child.
But not the dainties of Lucullus' feast
Can gratify the nurse's pampered taste;
Nor, though your babe, in infant beauty bright,
Spring to its mother's arms with fond delight,
Can all its gentle blandishments suffice
To compensate the torments that arise
From her to whom its early years you trust,
Intent on spoil, ungrateful, and unjust.

Were modern truths inadequate to show
That to your young a sacred debt you owe,
Not hard the task to lengthen out my rhymes
With sage examples drawn from ancient times.
Of Rome's twin founders oft the bard has sung,
For whom the haggard wolf forsook her young:
True emblem she of all the unnatural crew
Who to another give their offspring's due.
But say, when, at a Saviour's promised birth,
With secret gladness throbbed the conscious earth,
Whose fostering care his infant wants repressed?
Who laved his limbs, and hushed his cares to rest?
She, at whose look the proudest queen might hide
Her gilded state, and mourn her humbled pride:
She all her bosom's sacred stores unlocked,
His footsteps tended, and his cradle rocked;
Or, whilst the altar blazed with rites divine,
Assiduous led him to the sacred shrine:
And, sure, the example will your conduct guide,
If true devotion in your hearts preside.

But whence these sad laments, these mournful sighs,
That all around in solemn breathings rise?
The accusing strains, in sounds distinct and clear,
Wake to the sense of guilt your startled ear.
Hark in dread accents Nature's self complain,
Her precepts slighted, and her bounties vain!
See, sacred Pity, bending from her skies,
Turns from the ungenerous deed her dewy eyes!
Maternal fondness gives her tears to flow
In all the deeper energy of woe;
Whilst Christian Charity, enshrined above,
Whose name is mercy and whose soul is love,
Feels the just hatred that your deeds inspire,
And where she smiled in kindness burns with ire.
See, true Nobility laments his lot,
Indignant of the foul, degrading blot;
And Courtesy and Courage o'er him bend,
And all the virtues that his state attend!
But whence that cry that steals upon the sense?
'T is the low wail of injured innocence;
Accents unformed, that yet can speak their wrongs
Loud as the pleadings of a hundred tongues.
See in dread witness all creation rise,
The peopled earth, deep seas, and circling skies;
Whilst conscience, with consenting voice within,
Becomes accomplice and avows the sin!

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI.

Giovanni Battista Guarini, the celebrated author of the "Pastor Fide," was born at Ferrara, in 1537. He studied at Ferrara, Pisa, and Padua, and was for several years Professor of Belles-lettres in the University of the first-mentioned city. At the age of thirty, he entered the service of the duke of Ferrara, from whom he received the honor of knighthood. In 1577, he was sent to congratulate the new doge of Venice, and the discourse which he delivered on that occasion was printed. Guarini was charged with many other important embassies by the duke. He was sent successively to the duke of Savoy, to the emperor, to Henry the Third, when he was elected king of Poland, and afterwards into Poland, to advocate the claims of Duke Alphonso, when the throne of that country had been abandoned by Henry. He was appointed Secretary of State, in 1585, as a reward for his services, but was dismissed from office within two years. He was compelled, through the influence of the duke, who had become his enemy, to leave the courts of Savoy and Mantua; but after Alphonso's death, went to Florence, and was received with great honor by the Grand Duke Ferdinand, into whose service he entered in 1597. Quitting this service in a short time, he went to Urbino, and then returned to Ferrara. In 1605, he was sent by his native city to congratulate Paul the Fifth on his accession to the papal chair. He died in 1612, at Venice, whither he had been called by a lawsuit in which he had involved himself.

Guarini is considered one of the best writers of Italy. His style, both in prose and poetry, is distinguished by purity and elegance. His chief works are, letters, a dialogue called "Il Segretario," five orations in Latin, a comedy entitled "Idropica," "Rime," and especially the pastoral drama, already mentioned, called "Il Pastor Fido," by which he is principally known to other nations. It has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and, among the rest, five or six times into English. The translation by Sir Richard Fanshaw, originally published in 1647, has gone through several editions, besides being several times remodelled by other writers.

FROM IL PASTOR FIDO.

How I forsook
Elis and Pisa after, and betook
Myself to Argos and Mycenæ, where
An earthly god I worshipped, with what there
I suffered in that hard captivity,
Would be too long for thee to hear, for me
Too sad to utter. Only thus much know; —
I lost my labor, and in sand did sow:
I writ, wept, sung; hot and cold fits I had;
I rid, I stood, I bore, now sad, now glad,
Now high, now low, now in esteem, now scorned;
And as the Delphic iron, which is turned
Now to heroic, now mechanic use,
I feared no danger, — did no pains refuse;
Was all things, — and was nothing; changed my hair,
Condition, custom, thoughts, and life, — but ne'er
Could change my fortune. Then I knew at last,
And panted after, my sweet freedom past.
So, flying smoky Argos, and the great
Storms that attend on greatness, my retreat
I made to Pisa, — my thought's quiet port.
. . . . . .
Who would have dreamed 'midst plenty to grow poor;
Or to be less, by toiling to be more?
I thought, by how much more in princes' courts
Men did excel in titles and supports,
So much the more obliging they would be,
The best enamel of nobility.
But now the contrary by proofs I 've seen:
Courtiers in name, and courteous in their mien,
They are; but in their actions I could spy
Not the least transient spark of courtesy.
People, in show, smooth as the calmed waves,
Yet cruel as the ocean when it raves:
Men in appearance only did I find, —
Love in the face, but malice in the mind;
With a straight look and tortuous heart, and least
Fidelity where greatest was professed.
That which elsewhere is virtue is vice there:
Plain truth, fair dealing, love unfeigned, sincere
Compassion, faith inviolable, and
An innocence both of the heart and hand,
They count the folly of a soul that 's vile
And poor, — a vanity worthy their smile.
To cheat, to lie, deceit and theft to use,
And under show of pity to abuse,
To rise upon the ruins of their brothers,
And seek their own by robbing praise from others,
The virtues are of that perfidious race.
No worth, no valor, no respect of place,
Of age, or law, — bridle of modesty, —
No tie of love or blood, nor memory
Of good received; nothing 's so venerable,
Sacred, or just, that is inviolable
By that vast thirst of riches, and desire
Unquenchable of still ascending higher.
Now I, not fearing, since I meant not ill,
And in court-craft not having any skill,
Wearing my thoughts charactered on my brow,
And a glass window in my heart, — judge thou
How open and how fair a mark my heart
Lay to their envy's unsuspected dart.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Torquato Tasso, whose genius is so splendid an ornament to the annals of his country, and whose misfortunes fill one of the most affecting chapters in the history of the human mind, was born at Sorrento, March 11th, 1544. His father was Bernardo Tasso, of whom a notice has already been given; his mother was Porzia Rossi. The morning of his life opened under the fairest auspices. His father was distinguished and prosperous; high in rank, and enjoying the smiles of fortune and the favor of the great. Torquato was sent early to the schools of the Jesuits in Naples, and his biographers describe his progress as rapid and marvellous. Bernardo Tasso, having been obliged to leave Naples, sent for his son to join him in Rome, where his education was carefully continued under the superintendence of Maurizio Cattaneo, and he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. At the age of twelve, he went by his father's direction to Padua, to study the severer sciences, and applied himself with such diligence, that at the age of seventeen he received the honors in the four departments of ecclesiastical and civil law, theology, and philosophy. The study of jurisprudence was not, however, to his taste; his genius attracted him to poetry, and, about a year after, his epic poem "Rinaldo" appeared, which he dedicated to the Cardinal Luigi d' Este. It spread the reputation of the young poet rapidly through Italy, and some pronounced it equal to the best works of the kind that had been written in Italian. Torquato was now permitted to devote himself wholly to letters. He accepted an invitation to the University of Bologna, recently established by Pope Pius the Fourth and Pier Donato Cesi, bishop of Narni. While pursuing his studies earnestly at this seat of literature, and enjoying the conversation of the learned men who had been collected there, Tasso commenced the execution of the plan he had previously formed, of writing an epic poem on the Conquest of Jerusalem. Being falsely accused of having written some satirical verses, he left Bologna, and went to Padua, on the invitation of Scipio Gonzaga, who had founded an academy in that city. Here he continued his literary pursuits with unabated ardor, and made his studies centre upon the epic poem which was constantly in his mind. The dedication of his "Rinaldo" to the Cardinal Luigi commended him to the favorable notice of the powerful family of Este, and, in 1565, he was invited to the court of Alphonso the Second, duke of

Ferrara, where he arrived in October, 1565, and was present at the splendid festivities with which the marriage of the duke and the archduchess Barbara of Austria was celebrated. Tasso was received with every demonstration of respect. The sisters of the duke, Lucretia and Leonora, gave him their friendship. The duke assigned him lodgings and a handsome support, being desirous that he should complete the poem on which he had now been some years engaged. In 1570, he accompanied the cardinal to France, and received from the king, Charles the Ninth, from the court, and from the learned men of the University the most flattering testimonials of regard. He acquired the friendship, among others, of the poet Ronsard. He returned to Italy the following year, and resumed the composition of his poem. Soon after this time, while Alphonso was absent on a journey to Rome, Tasso wrote the idyllic drama, "Aminta," which he had long been meditating. On the return of the duke, it was represented with the greatest splendor. Tasso then visited Pesaro, where he was kindly welcomed by the old prince Guidubaldo. He returned to Ferrara in a few months, and occupied himself again with his epic poem; but a fever which he contracted in a journey to Venice interrupted his labors. In 1575, however, he finished the poem, and wishing to subject it to the criticism of his friends, obtained leave to visit Rome, where he was well received by Scipione di Gonzaga, and the other eminent persons there. On his return to Ferrara, the duke conferred upon him the vacant office of Historiographer of the house of Este, and at this time the young and beautiful countess Leonora Sanvitale, whose name is interwoven with Tasso's sad history, arrived there.

And now commences the dark and inexplicable period of Tasso's life. This is not the place to enter at great length into the melancholy details. The poet's exquisitely organized mind seems, by degrees, to have lost its balance; the effects of repeated illness, and the vexations caused by several imperfect and surreptitious editions of his poems, reduced him to a morbid and unhappy state; he became gloomy, suspicious, and irritable, and, at length, in 1577, fled from Ferrara, and reaching Sorrento in a state of great destitution, took refuge with his sister Cornelia. He returned to Ferrara, but his melancholy again overcoming him, he escaped a second time, and after seeking refuge in Mantua, Padua, and Venice, was received at the court of Urbino; but the kindness and friendship with which he was treated were all in vain. He left Urbino in a most unhappy state and went to Turin. Finally, he returned again to Ferrara, where he was coldly received, and his misfortunes consequently rose to their height. Irritated beyond endurance by this treatment, he broke forth into violent reproaches against the duke and his court, and was arrested and shut up in the hospital of Santa Anna as a madman. The unfortunate poet was confined in this dreary abode, surrounded by the most appalling sights and sounds of human misery, more than seven years, notwithstanding the repeated and urgent intercessions of the most eminent persons in Italy for his liberation. During this time, he was visited by the most distinguished men, who lightened his suffering by spontaneous and heartfelt tributes to his genius. Nor was his pen idle in this sad interval. Innumerable letters, poetical compositions, and admirable replies to the assailants of his epic were written by him in his lucid moments. The motive of this long and apparently cruel imprisonment of Tasso, which has left an indelible blot on the name of Alphonso, has been the subject of many inquiries, but has never been satisfactorily explained. The most thorough and scholarlike investigation of this part of the poet's history is contained in a work by Richard Henry Wilde, entitled "Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso" (2 vols. 12mo., New York, 1842), to which the reader is referred.

At length, in 1586, Alphonso yielded to the intercession of his brother-in-law, Vincenzo Gonzaga, prince of Mantua, and liberated Tasso. He went in the autumn of the same year to Mantua, where he was kindly received, and resumed his literary labors, completing, among other things, the poem of "Floridante," which had been commenced by his father. After the death of the duke of Mantua, Tasso went to Rome, and in 1588, to Naples, for the purpose of settling some lawsuits concerning the fortune of his parents. The last years of his life were divided between Rome and Naples, except a few months in 1590, which he passed in Florence, by the invitation of the Grand Duke Ferdinand. His sufferings both of mind and body, and the destitution to which he was often reduced, present one of the most piteous spectacles of the vicissitudes of fortune. He arrived at Rome for the last time in November, 1594; his friend, the cardinal Cintio Aldobrandini, having procured for him from the pope the honor of a coronation in the Capitol. The ceremony was, however, postponed until the spring. During the winter, his health rapidly failed, and conscious that his death was approaching, he ordered himself to be carried to the monastery of Saint Onofrio, where he died April 25th, 1595, the day which had been fixed for his coronation.

To high attributes of genius Tasso united a passionate love of learning, and an industry in its acquisition which made him one of the profoundest scholars in an erudite age. His works were wrought out with the most conscientious care, and with consummate art. He had brilliant powers of invention, and a strength of imagination unsurpassed; he possessed at the same time a love of order, and a keen sense of just proportion, which led him to a nice arrange-

ment of the parts and a thorough elaboration of his designs, and rarely permitted his exuberant genius to transcend the bounds of good taste. His writings are so numerous, that we find it difficult to conceive how he could have produced them all in so short and troubled a life. They embrace every species of verse and many kinds of prose, — epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry, letters, essays, and critical discourses. His great work, "La Gerusalemme Liberata," though criticised with unsparing severity on its first appearance, and since then by some of the ablest French writers, — particularly by Boileau, — has become one of the most popular epics in modern literature, and may be placed very nearly, if not quite, at the head of all the epics that have been written since the days of Virgil. His principal works have passed through innumerable editions, and have been transferred into most of the languages of Europe. The "Gerusalemme Liberata" has been translated into English at least eight times. Of these translations, the most in repute is that of Fairfax.

FROM AMINTA.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

O LOVELY age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honeydew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
For ever was in sight,
Or that the heaven, which burns
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,
That Honor, — since so called
By vulgar minds appalled, —
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote, — What pleases is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
The little winged powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden, budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'T was thou, thou, Honor; first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
Into constrained awe,
And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
Thou gather'dst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And mad'st the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is, — thou shade, that wilt not move, —
That what was once the gift is now the theft of Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains.
But, O, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
Thou conqueror of the crowned,
What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere?
Go, and make slumber dear
To the renowned and high;
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears;
Go, let us love; the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal night.

FROM LA GERUSALEMME.

ARRIVAL OF THE CRUSADERS AT JERUSALEM.

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donned her robes of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new;
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread:
"Arm! arm!" they cried; "Arm! arm!" the trumpets blew:
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast;
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
Their forwardness he stayed with gentle rein;
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat,
To stop the current near Charybdis' main,
Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain;
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste.

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight;
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby;
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light:
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight;
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to descry,
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknow,
Thrall to the faithless waves and trothless sky;
If once the wished shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleased so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suffered pain,
There where he died, and where he lived again.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixed;
For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears;
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixed:
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears
The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt;
Or as the wind in holts and shady greaves
A murmur makes, among the boughs and leaves.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following the ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay
They quickly doffed, and willing laid aside;
Their molten hearts their wonted pride allay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,
And then such secret speech as this they used,
While to himself each one himself accused: —

"Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood,
That flowed here to cleanse the foul amiss
Of sinful man, behold this brinish flood,
That from my melting heart distilled is!
Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good!
For never wretch with sin so overgone
Had fitter time or greater cause to moan."

This while the wary watchman looked over,
From top of Sion's towers, the hills and dales,
And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,
As when thick mists arise from moory vales:
At last the sun-bright shields he 'gan discover,
And glistering helms, for violence none that fails;
The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,
And man and horse amid the dust descries.

Then loud he cries, "O, what a dust ariseth!
O, how it shines with shields and targets clear!
Up! up! to arms! for valiant heart despiseth
The threatened storm of death, and danger near;
Behold your foes!" Then further thus deviseth:
"Haste! haste! for vain delay increaseth fear:
These horrid clouds of dust, that yonder fly,
Your coming foes do hide, and hide the sky."

The tender children, and the fathers old,
The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,
That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold,
Themselves devoutly in their temples placed;
The rest, of members strong and courage bold,
On hardy breasts their harness donned in haste;
Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight;
Their king meanwhile directs them all aright.

—

ERMINIA'S FLIGHT.

ERMINIA'S steed this while his mistress bore
Through forests thick among the shady treen,
Her feeble hand the bridle-reins forlore,
Half in a swoon she was for fear I ween;
But her fleet courser spared ne'er the more
To bear her through the desert woods unseen
Of her strong foes, that chased her through the plain,
And still pursued, but still pursued in vain.

Like as the weary hounds at last retire,
Windless, displeased, from the fruitless chase,
When the sly beast, tapised in bush and brier,
No art nor pains can rouse out of his place;
The Christian knights, so full of shame and ire,
Returned back, with faint and weary pace:
Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,
Nor ever staid nor ever looked behind.

Through thick and thin, all night, all day, she drived,
Withouten comfort, company, or guide;
Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,
She heard and saw her griefs, but naught beside;
But when the sun his burning chariot dived
In Thetis' wave, and weary team untied,
On Jordan's sandy banks her course she stayed
At last; there down she light, and down she laid.

Her tears her drink, her food her sorrowings,
This was her diet that unhappy night:
But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings
To ease the griefs of discontented wight,

Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull arms folding the virgin bright;
And Love, his mother, and the Graces kept
Strong watch and ward, while this fair lady slept.

The birds awaked her with their morning song,
Their warbling music pierced her tender ear;
The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among
The rattling boughs and leaves their parts did bear;
Her eyes unclosed beheld the groves along,
Of swains and shepherd grooms that dwellings were;
And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
Provoked again the virgin to lament.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound
That seemed from thickest bushes to proceed;
Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,
And to his voice had tuned his oaten reed;
Thither she went; an old man there she found,
At whose right hand his little flock did feed,
Sat making baskets, his three sons among,
That learned their father's art, and learned his song.

Beholding one in shining arms appear,
The seely man and his were sore dismayed;
But sweet Erminia comforted their fear,
Her ventaf up, her visage open laid:
"You happy folk, of Heaven beloved dear,
Work on," quoth she, "upon your harmless trade;
These dreadful arms I bear no warfare bring
To your sweet toil, nor those sweet tunes you sing.

"But, father, since this land, these towns and towers,
Destroyed are with sword, with fire, and spoil,
How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
In safety thus apply your harmless toil?"
"My son," quoth he, "this poor estate of ours
Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil;
This wilderness doth us in safety keep;
No thundering drum, no trumpet, breaks our sleep.

"Haply just Heaven's defence and shield of right
Doth love the innocence of simple swains;
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
And seld or never strike the lower plains:
So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,
Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gains;
Nor ever greedy soldier was enticed
By poverty, neglected and despised.

"O Poverty! chief of the heavenly brood!
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown!
No wish for honor, thirst of others' good,
Can move my heart, contented with mine own:
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown;
These little flocks of sheep and tender goats
Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats.

"We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed;
These are my sons, their care preserves from stealth
Their father's flocks, nor servants more I need:
Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake,
And their contentment for ensample take.

"Time was (for each one hath his doting time,—
These silver locks were golden tresses then)
That country life I hated as a crime,
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran;
To Memphis' stately palace would I climb,
And there became the mighty caliph's man,
And though I but a simple gardener were,
Yet could I mark abuses, see and hear.

"Enticed on with hope of future gain,
I suffered long what did my soul displease;
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain;
I felt my native strength at last decrease;
I 'gan my loss of lusty years complain,
And wished I had enjoyed the country's peace;
I bade the court farewell, and with content
My later age here have I quiet spent."

While thus he spake, Erminia, hushed and still,
His wise discourses heard with great attention;
His speeches grave those idle fancies kill,
Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension.
After much thought reformed was her will,
Within those woods to dwell was her intention,
Till fortune should occasion new afford
To turn her home to her desired lord.

She said, therefore,—"O shepherd fortunate!
That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,
Yet livest now in this contented state,
Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,
To entertain me as a willing mate
In shepherd's life, which I admire and love;
Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart
Of her discomforts may unload some part.

"If gold or wealth, of most esteemed dear,
If jewels rich thou diddest hold in prize,
Such store thereof, such plenty, have I here,
As to a greedy mind might well suffice."
With that down trickled many a silver tear,
Two crystal streams fell from her watery eyes;
Part of her sad misfortunes then she told,
And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

With speeches kind he 'gan the virgin dear
Towards his cottage gently home to guide;
His aged wife there made her homely cheer,
Yet welcomed her, and placed her by her side.
The princess donned a poor pastora's gear,
A kerchief coarse upon her head she tied;
But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,
Were such as ill beseemed a shepherdess.

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide
The heavenly beauty of her angel's face,
Nor was her princely offspring dammified
Or aught disparaged by those labors base.
Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
And milk her goats, and in their folds them place;
Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame
Herself to please the shepherd and his dame.

But oft, when underneath the greenwood shade
Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus' scorching rays,
Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,
And them engraved in bark of beech and bays;
She told how Cupid did her first invade,
How conquered her, and ends with Tancred's praise:
And when her passion's writ she over read,
Again she mourned, again salt tears she shed.

"You happy trees, forever keep," quoth she,
"This woful story in your tender rind;
Another day under your shade, maybe,
Will come to rest again some lover kind,
Who, if these trophies of my griefs he see,
Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind."
With that she sighed, and said, "Too late I prove
There is no truth in Fortune, trust in Love.

"Yet may it be, if gracious Heavens attend
The earnest suit of a distressed wight,
At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send
To these huge deserts that unthankful knight;
That, when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,
And see my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,
My woful death his stubborn heart may move
With tears and sorrows to reward my love.

"So, though my life hath most unhappy been,
At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest;
My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,
Enjoy that good this body ne'er possessed."
Thus she complained to the senseless treen;
Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast;
But he for whom these streams of tears she shed
Wandered far off, alas! as chance him led.

He followed on the footsteps he had traced,
Till in high woods and forests old he came,
Where bushes, thorns, and trees so thick were placed,
And so obscure the shadows of the same,
That soon he lost the track wherein he paced;
Yet went he on, which way he could not aim;
But still attentive was his longing ear,
If noise of horse or noise of arms he hear.

If with the breathing of the gentle wind
An aspen-leaf but shaked on the tree,
If bird or beast stirred in the bushes blind,
Thither he spurred, thither he rode to see.
Out of the wood, by Cynthia's favor kind,
At last with travail great and pains got he,
And following on a little path, he heard
A rumbling sound, and hasted thitherward.

It was a fountain from the living stone,
That poured down clear streams in noble store,
Whose conduit pipes, united all in one,
Throughout a rocky channel ghastly roar.
Here Tancred stayed, and called, yet answered none,
Save babbling echo from the crooked shore;
And there the weary knight at last espies
The springing daylight red and white arise.

He sighed sore, and guiltless Heaven 'gan blame,
That wished success to his desires denied,
And sharp revenge protested for the same,
If aught but good his mistress fair betide.
Then wished he to return the way he came,
Although he wist not by what path to ride;
And time drew near when he again must fight
With proud Argantes, that vainglorious knight.

CANZONE.

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

Fair daughters of René! my song
Is not of pride and ire,
Fraternal discord, hate, and wrong,
Burning in life and death so strong,
From rule's accursed desire,
That even the flames divided long
Upon their funeral pyre:[1]
But you I sing, of royal birth,
Nursed on one breast like them;
Two flowers, both lovely, blooming forth
From the same parent stem, —
Cherished by heaven, beloved by earth, —
Of each a treasured gem!

To you I speak, in whom we see
With wondrous concord blend
Sense, worth, fame, beauty, modesty, —
Imploring you to lend
Compassion to the misery
And sufferings of your friend.
The memory of years gone by,
O, let me in your hearts renew, —
The scenes, the thoughts o'er which I sigh,
The happy days I spent with you!
And what, I ask, and where am I, —

[1] Eteocles and Polynices, who fell by each other's hands, and whose ashes are said to have separated on the funeral pile.

And what I was, and why secluded, —
Whom did I trust, and who deluded?

Daughters of heroes and of kings,
Allow me to recall
These and a thousand other things, —
Sad, sweet, and mournful all!
From me few words, more tears, grief wrings, —
Tears burning as they fall.
For royal halls and festive bowers,
Where, nobly serving, I
Shared and beguiled your private hours,
Studies, and sports, I sigh;
And lyre, and trump, and wreathed flowers;
Nay more, for freedom, health, applause,
And even humanity's lost laws!

Why am I chased from human kind?
What Circe in the lair
Of brutes thus keeps me spell-confined?
Nests have the birds of air,
The very beasts in caverns find
Shelter and rest, and share
At least kind Nature's gifts and laws;
For each his food and water draws
From wood and fountain, where,
Wholesome, and pure, and safe, it was
Furnished by Heaven's own care;
And all is bright and blest, because
Freedom and health are there!

I merit punishment, I own;
I erred, I must confess it; yet
The fault was in the tongue alone, —
The heart is true. Forgive! forget! —
I beg for mercy, and my woes
May claim with pity to be heard;
If to my prayers your ears you close,
Where can I hope for one kind word,
In my extremity of ill?
And if the pang of hope deferred
Arise from discord in your will,
For me must be revived again
The fate of Metius, and the pain.[2]

I pray you, then, renew for me
The charm that made you doubly fair;
In sweet and virtuous harmony
Urging resistlessly my prayer
With him, for whose loved sake, I swear,
I more lament my fault than pains,
Strange and unheard-of as they are.

SONNETS.

If Love his captive bind with ties so dear,
How sweet to be in amorous tangles caught!
If such the food to snare my freedom brought,
How sweet the baited hook that lured me near!
How tempting sweet the limed twigs appear!
The chilling ice that warmth like mine has wrought!
Sweet, too, each painful unimparted thought!
The moan how sweet that others loathe to hear!
Nor less delight the wounds that inward smart;
The tears that my sad eyes with moisture stain,
And constant wail of blow that deadly smote.
If this be life, — I would expose my heart
To countless wounds, and bliss from each should gain;
If death, — to death I would my days devote.

Thy unripe youth seemed like the purple rose
That to the warm ray opens not its breast,
But, hiding still within its mossy vest,
Dares not its virgin beauties to disclose;
Or like Aurora, when the heaven first glows, —
For likeness from above will suit thee best, —
When she with gold kindles each mountain crest,
And o'er the plain her pearly mantle throws.
No loss from time thy riper age receives,
Nor can young beauty decked with art's display
Rival the native graces of thy form:
Thus lovelier is the flower whose full-blown leaves
Perfume the air, and more than orient ray
The sun's meridian glories blaze and warm.

I see the anchored bark with streamers gay,
The beckoning pilot, and unruffled tide,
The south and stormy north their fury hide,
And only zephyrs on the waters play:
But winds and waves and skies alike betray;
Others who to their flattery dared confide,
And late when stars were bright sailed forth in pride,
Now breathe no more, or wander in dismay.
I see the trophies which the billows heap,
Torn sails, and wreck, and graveless bones that throng
The whitening beach, and spirits hovering round:
Still, if for woman's sake this cruel deep
I must essay, — not shoals and rocks among,
But 'mid the Sirens, may my bones be found!

Three high-born dames it was my lot to see,
Not all alike in beauty, yet so fair,
And so akin in act, and look, and air,
That Nature seemed to say, "Sisters are we!"
I praised them all, — but one of all the three
So charmed me, that I loved her, and became
Her bard, and sung my passion, and her name,
Till to the stars they soared past rivalry.
Her only I adored, — and if my gaze
Was turned elsewhere, it was but to admire
Of her high beauty some far-scattered rays,
And worship her in idols, — fond desire,
False incense hid; — yet I repent my praise,
As rank idolatry 'gainst Love's true fire.

While of the age in which the heart but ill
Defends itself, — and in thy native land,

[2] Metius was torn asunder by wild horses.

Love and thine eyes unable to withstand,—
They won me, and, though distant, dazzle still.
Hither I came, intent my mind to fill
With wisdom, study-gathered from on high;
But loathed to part, so that to stay or fly
Kept and still keep sore struggle in my will.
And now, all careless of the heat and cold,
With ceaseless vigils, Laura, night and day,
That thou a worthier lover may'st behold,
For thee to fame I strive to win my way:
Then love me still, and let me be consoled
With hope until I meet thine eyes' bright ray.

—

Till Laura[1] comes,—who now, alas! elsewhere
Breathes, amid fields and forests hard of heart,—
Bereft of joy I stray from crowds apart
In this dark vale, 'mid grief and ire's foul air,
Where there is nothing left of bright or fair,
Since Love has gone a rustic to the plough,
Or feeds his flocks,—or in the summer now
Handles the rake, now plies the scythe with care.
Happy the mead and valley, hill and wood,
Where man and beast, and almost tree and stone,
Seem by her look with sense and joy endued!
What is not changed on which her eyes e'er shone?
The country courteous grows, the city rude,
Even from her presence or her loss alone.

—

TO HIS LADY, THE SPOUSE OF ANOTHER.

She, who, a maiden, taught me, Love, thy woes,
To-morrow may become a new-made bride,
Like, if I err not, a fresh-gathered rose,
Opening her bosom to the sun with pride:
But him, for whom thus flushed with joy it blows,
Whene'er I see, my blood will scarcely glide;
If jealousy my ice-bound heart should close,
Will any ray of pity thaw its tide?
Thou only know'st. And now, alas! I haste
Where I must mark that snowy neck and breast
By envied fingers played with and embraced:
How shall I live, or where find peace or rest,
If one kind look on me she will not waste
To hint not vain my sighs, nor all unblest?

—

TO THE DUCHESS OF FERRARA, WHO APPEARED MASKED AT A FÊTE.

'T was night, and underneath her starry vest
The prattling Loves were hidden, and their arts
Practised so cunningly upon our hearts,
That never felt they sweeter scorn and jest:
Thousands of amorous thefts their skill attest,—
All kindly hidden by the gloom from day;
A thousand visions in each trembling ray
Flitted around, in bright, false splendor dressed.
The clear, pure moon rolled on her starry way
Without a cloud to dim her silver light;
And high-born beauty made our revels gay,
Reflecting back on heaven beams as bright,—
Which even with the dawn fled not away,
When chased the sun such lovely ghosts from night.

—

ON TWO BEAUTIFUL LADIES, ONE GAY AND ONE SAD.

I saw two ladies once,—illustrious, rare;—
One a sad sun; her beauties at mid-day
In clouds concealed;—the other, bright and gay,
Gladdened, Aurora-like, earth, sea, and air.
One hid her light, lest men should call her fair,
And of her praises no reflected ray
Suffered to cross her own celestial way;—
To charm and to be charmed, the other's care.
Yet this her loveliness veiled not so well,
But forth it broke;—nor could the other show
All hers, which wearied mirrors did not tell.
Nor of this one could I be silent, though
Bidden in ire;—nor that one's triumphs swell;
Since my tired verse, o'ertasked, refused to flow.

—

TO THE COUNTESS OF SCANDIA.

Sweet pouting lip! whose color mocks the rose,
Rich, ripe, and teeming with the dew of bliss,—
The flower of Love's forbidden fruit, which grows
Insidiously to tempt us with a kiss.
Lovers, take heed! shun the deceiver's art;
Mark between leaf and leaf the dangerous snare,
Where serpent-like he lurks to sting the heart;
His fell intent I see, and cry, "Beware!"
In other days his victim, well I know
The wiles that cost me many a pang and sigh.
Fond, thoughtless youths! take warning from my woe;
Apples of Tantalus,—those buds on high,
From the parched lips they court, retiring go;
Love's flames and poison only do not fly.

—

TO AN UNGRATEFUL FRIEND.

Fortune's worst shafts could ne'er have reached me more,
Nor Envy's poisoned fangs. By both assailed,
In innocence of soul completely mailed,
I scorned the hate whose power to wound was o'er;
When thou—whom in my heart of hearts I wore,
And as my rock of refuge often sought—
Turned on myself the very arms I wrought;
And Heaven beheld, and suffered what I bore!
O holy Faith! O Love! how all thy laws
Are mocked and scorned!—I throw my shield away,
Conquered by fraud.—Go, seek thy feat's applause,

[1] In this sonnet the reader will observe that there is a play upon the name *Laura*;—*L' aura* signifying, in Italian, *the breeze*.

Traitor! yet still half mourned, — with fond delay. —
The hand, not blow, is of my tears the cause,
And more thy guilt than my own pain I weigh!

—

TO LAMBERTO, AGAINST A CALUMNY.

False is the tale by envious Rumor spread, —
False are the hearts wherein it sprung and grew,
And false the tongues that first its poison shed,
And others to believe their malice drew.
But that the Furies lent it gall is true, —
And true it is that Megara supplies
Its thousand slanders, heaping old on new,
And grieving still she cannot add more lies:
O, were they ever to be reached by steel,
Shorn from her bust, on earth should writhe and trail
Her slimy snake-like folds, — thus taught to feel!
But thou, Lamberto, the detested tale
Wilt banish from men's minds with friendly zeal,
And Falsehood's overthrow fair Truth shall hail!

—

HE COMPARES HIMSELF TO ULYSSES.

Wandering Ulysses on the storm-vexed shore
Lay amid wrecks, upon the sand scarce dry,
Naked and sad; hunger and thirst he bore,
And hopeless gazed upon the sea and sky;
When there appeared — so willed the Fates on high —
A royal dame to terminate his woe:
"Sweet fruits," she said, "sun-tinged with every dye,
My father's garden boasts, — wouldst taste them? Go!"
For me, alas! though shivering in the blast
I perish, — a more cruel shipwreck mine, —
Who from the beach, where famishing I 'm cast,
Will point to royal roofs, for which I pine,
If 't is not thou, — moved by my prayers at last? —
What shall I call thee? — Goddess! by each sign.

—

TO ALPHONSO, DUKE OF FERRARA.

At thy loved name my voice grows loud and clear,
Fluent my tongue as thou art wise and strong,
And soaring far above the clouds my song;
But soon it droops, languid and faint to hear;
And if thou conquerest not my fate, I fear,
Invincible Alphonso, Fate ere long
Will conquer me, — freezing in death my tongue
And closing eyes, now opened with a tear.
Nor dying merely grieves me, let me own,
But to die thus, — with faith of dubious sound,
And buried name, to future times unknown.
In tomb or pyramid, of brass or stone,
For this, no consolation could be found;
My monument I sought in verse alone.

A hell of torment is this life of mine;
My sighs are as the Furies breathing flame;
Desires around my heart like serpents twine,
A bold, fierce throng no skill or art may tame.
As the lost race to whom hope never came,
So am I now, — for me all hope is o'er;
My tears are Styx, and my complaints and shame
The fires of Phlegethon but stir the more.
My voice is that of Cerberus, whose bark
Fills the abyss, and echoes frightfully
Over the stream, dull as my mind, and dark:
In this alone less hard my fate may be,
That there poor ghosts are of foul fiends the mark,
While here an earthly goddess tortures me.

—

TO THE DUKE ALPHONSO.

My gracious lord! if you, indeed, complain
Of the rude license of my angry tongue,
Not from my heart, believe me, sprang the wrong, —
It honors you, and feels itself the pain:
Nor should a few rash, daring words, and vain,
Weigh against praises, well matured and long,
By love and study woven into song,
Which neither ire nor avarice can stain.
Why tedious suffering, then, for transient crime,
And brief rewards for ever-during fame?
Such was not royal guerdon in old time!
Yet my right reasoning is perhaps to blame:
Honor you gave, not borrowed, from my rhyme, —
Which to your merit's grandeur never came!

—

TO THE DUKE ALPHONSO, ASKING TO BE LIBERATED.

A new Ixion upon Fortune's wheel,
Whether I sink profound or rise sublime,
One never-ceasing martyrdom I feel,
The same in woe, though changing all the time.
I wept above, where sunbeams sport and climb
The vines, and through their foliage sighs the breeze;
I burned and froze, languished and prayed in rhyme;
Nor could your ire, nor my own grief appease:
Now in my prison, deep and dim, have grown
My torments greater still and keener far,
As if all sharpened on the dungeon-stone.
Magnanimous Alphonso! burst the bar,
Changing my fate, and not my cell alone;
And let my fortune wheel me where you are!

—

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

Sisters of great Alphonso! to the west
Three times have sped the coursers of the sun,
Since sick and outraged I became a jest,
And sighed o'er all that cruel Fate has done:
Wretched and vile whatever meets my eye

Without me, wheresoe'er I gaze around;
Within, indeed, my former virtues lie,
Though shame and torment 's the reward they
've found.
Ay! in my soul are truth and honor still,—
Such as, if seen, the world were proud to own;
And your sweet images my bosom fill:
But lovely idols ne'er content alone
True hearts; and mine, though mocked and
scorned at will,
Is still your temple, altar, shrine, and throne.

—

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND SERENE LORD DUKE.

I SWORE, my lord! but my unworthy oath
Was a base sacrilege which cannot bind,
Since God alone directs and governs, both,
The greatest of his works, the human mind.
Reason I hold from Him. Who would not loathe
Such gift, a pledge in Power's vile hands to find?
Do not forget, my lord, that even the sway
Of sovereign kings has bounds at which it ends;
Past them they rule not, nor should we obey.
He, who to any mortal being bends,
One step beyond, sins 'gainst the light of day.
Thus, then, my soul her servile shackles rends!
And my sound mind shall henceforth none
obey
But Him whose reign o'er kings and worlds
extends.

—

TO SCIPIO GONZAGA.

SURE, Pity, Scipio, on earth has fled
From royal breasts to seek abode in heaven;
For if she were not banished, scorned, or dead,
Would not some ear to my complaints be given?
Is noble faith at pleasure to be riven,
Though freely pledged that I had naught to
dread,
And I by endless outrage to be driven
To worse than death,—the death-like life I 've
led?
For this is of the quick a grave; and here
Am I, a living, breathing corpse, interred,
To go not forth till prisoned in my bier.
O earth! O heaven! if love and truth are heard,
Or honor, fame, and virtue worth a tear,
Let not my prayers be fruitless or deferred!

FOURTH PERIOD.—FROM 1600 TO 1844.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA, called by Tiraboschi, the "honor of his country," was born at Savona, June 8th, 1552. At the age of nine years, he was sent to Rome, and educated under the eye of his father's brother. He completed his studies under the Jesuits of the Roman College, in his twentieth year. The friendship he formed here with Muretus, Paulus Manutius, Speroni, and other learned men, encouraged him to prosecute further his literary studies. After the death of his uncle, he entered the service of Cardinal Cornaro, as Chamberlain; but a quarrel he had with a Roman gentleman compelled him to leave Rome and return to his own country, where he quietly occupied himself with his studies, and especially with Italian poetry. At the age of fifty, he married Lelia Pavese. He died, full of years and honors, October 14th, 1637.

The poetical genius of Chiabrera was not early developed. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and especially admired Pindar, whom he strove to imitate. He thus created a new style in Italian poetry, and gained for himself the name of the Italian Pindar. He says of himself, that "he followed the example of his countryman, Christopher Columbus; that he determined to discover a new world, or drown." He was a voluminous author, there being scarcely any species of poetry which he did not attempt. But he owes his celebrity chiefly to his canzoni. His larger works are, the "Italia Liberata," "Firenze," "Gothiade," or the Wars of the Goths, "Amadeide," and "Ruggiero." His "Opere" appeared at Venice, in six volumes, 1768; and in five volumes, 1782. Single works have been many times republished.

—

TO HIS MISTRESS'S LIPS.

SWEET, thornless rose,
Surpassing those
With leaves at morning's beam dividing!
By Love's command,
Thy leaves expand
To show the treasure they were hiding.

O, tell me, flower,
When hour by hour
I doting gaze upon thy beauty,
Why thou the while
Dost only smile
On one whose purest love is duty!

Does pity give,
That I may live,
That smile, to show my anguish over?
Or, cruel coy,
Is it but joy
To see thy poor expiring lover?

Whate'er it be,
Or cruelty,
Or pity to the humblest, vilest;
Yet can I well
Thy praises tell,
If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass
Through springing grass,
With murmuring song their way beguiling;
And flowerets rear
Their blossoms near, —
Then do we say that Earth is smiling.

When in the wave
The Zephyrs lave
Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion,
And sands are gay
With glittering spray, —
Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold
A vein of gold
O'erspread the sky at morn and even,
And Phœbus' light
Is broad and bright, —
Then do we say 't is smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth
May smile in mirth,
And joyous Heaven may return it;
Yet Earth and Sea
Smile not like thee,
And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

EPITAPHS.

I.

Weep not, beloved friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life,
And this alone, — the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end. —
Francesco Ceni after death enjoined
That thus his tomb should speak for him. And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world, — a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

II.

Perhaps some needful service of the state
Drew Titus from the depth of studious bowers,
And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,
Where gold determines between right and wrong.
Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,
And his pure native genius, lead him back
To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,
Whom he had early loved. And not in vain
Such course he held. Bologna's learned schools
Were gladdened by the sage's voice, and hung
With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.
There pleasure crowned his days; and all his thoughts
A roseate fragrance breathed. O human life,
That never art secure from dolorous change!
Behold, a high injunction suddenly
To Arno's side hath brought him, and he charmed
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called
To the perpetual silence of the grave.
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A champion steadfast and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary war!

III.

O thou who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!
'T will be no fruitless moment. I was born
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous flock.
Well did I watch, much labored, nor had power
To escape from many and strange indignities;
Was smitten by the great ones of the world,
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all shocks,
Upon herself resting immovably.
Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
To serve the glorious Henry, king of France,
And in his hands I saw a high reward
Stretched out for my acceptance: but Death came.
Now, reader, learn from this my fate, how false,
How treacherous to her promise, is the world,
And trust in God, — to whose eternal doom
Must bend the sceptred potentates of earth.

IV.

There never breathed a man, who, when his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
Toils long and hard. The warrior will report
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,
And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed
To bow his forehead in the courts of kings
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived
From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
Over the well steered galleys did I rule.
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic Pillars,

Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft — and — oft.
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
Availed not to my vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp, and frequent, have not I
On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
I learned that one poor moment can suffice
To equalize the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life, — a calm one finds,
And one a tempest, — and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
If more of my condition ye would know,
Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang
Of noble parents: seventy years and three
Lived I, — then yielded to a slow disease.

—

V.

True is it that Ambrosio Salinero,
With an untoward fate, was long involved
In odious litigation; and full long,
Fate harder still! had he to endure assaults
Of racking malady. And true it is
That not the less a frank, courageous heart
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain;
And he was strong to follow in the steps
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,
That might from him be hidden; not a track
Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
Had traced its windings. This Savona knows,
Yet no sepulchral honors to her son
She paid; for in our age the heart is ruled
Only by gold. And now a simple stone,
Inscribed with this memorial, here is raised
By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
Think not, O passenger who read'st the lines,
That an exceeding love hath dazzled me:
No, — he was one whose memory ought to spread
Where'er Permessus bears an honored name,
And live as long as its pure stream shall flow.

—

VI.

Destined to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross.
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil; among the sands was seen
Of Libya, and not seldom, on the banks
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 't was my lot
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.
So lived I, and repined not at such fate:
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,
That stripped of arms I to my end am brought
On the soft down of my paternal home.
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt
In thy appointed way, and bear in mind
How fleeting and how frail is human life!

—

VII.

O flower of all that springs from gentle blood,
And all that generous nurture breeds, to make
Youth amiable! O friend so true of soul
To fair Aglaia! by what envy moved,
Lelius, has Death cut short thy brilliant day
In its sweet opening? and what dire mishap
Has from Savona torn her best delight?
For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to mourn;
And, should the outpourings of her eyes suffice not
For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto
Not to withhold his bounteous aid, — Sebeto,
Who saw thee on his margin yield to death,
In the chaste arms of thy beloved love!
What profit riches? what does youth avail?
Dust are our hopes! — I, weeping bitterly,
Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to pray
That every gentle spirit hither led
May read them not without some bitter tears.

—

VIII.

Not without heavy grief of heart did he
On whom the duty fell (for at that time
The father sojourned in a distant land)
Deposit in the hollow of this tomb
A brother's child, most tenderly beloved!
Francesco was the name the youth had borne, —
Pozzobonnelli his illustrious house;
And when beneath this stone the corse was laid,
The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.
Alas! the twentieth April of his life
Had scarcely flowered: and at this early time,
By genuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his country; to his kin
He promised comfort; and the flattering thoughts
His friends had in their fondness entertained
He suffered not to languish or decay.
Now is there not good reason to break forth
Into a passionate lament? O soul!
Short while a pilgrim in our nether world,
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise, —
An everlasting spring! — in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild manners quietly exalted.

—

IX.

Pause, courteous spirit! — Balbi supplicates,
That thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
This to the dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing. Did occasion suit
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind;
With Archimedes, also, he conversed,
As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave
Those laureate wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs
Twine near their loved Permessus. Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he closed to listen to the songs

Which Sion's kings did consecrate of old;
And his Permessus found on Lebanon.
A blessed man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;
But truly did he live his life. Urbino,
Take pride in him! — O passenger, farewell!

ALESSANDRO TASSONI.

Alessandro Tassoni was born at Modena, of an ancient and noble family, September 28th, 1565. Bereaved of his parents in his childhood, and suffering from a feeble constitution, he devoted himself, nevertheless, to the study of Greek and Latin under the direction of Lazzaro Labadini, a celebrated teacher at that time in Modena. About the year 1585, he went to Bologna to study the severer sciences, and afterwards to Ferrara, where he attended chiefly to jurisprudence. About the year 1597, he entered the service of Cardinal Ascanio Colonna, in Rome, whom he accompanied to Spain in 1600. During the cardinal's stay in Spain, Tassoni was twice despatched to Italy by him on important business; and on one of these journeys, he wrote his famous "Considerazioni sopra il Petrarca." While in Rome, he was elected a member of the Academy of Humorists. For several years after the death of Cardinal Colonna, which happened in 1608, Tassoni was without a patron; and being destitute of the means of an independent livelihood, he entered the service of the duke of Savoy in 1613. He left this service in 1623, and devoted the three following years to the tranquil pursuit of literature. In 1626, Cardinal Ludovisio, a nephew of Gregory the Fifteenth, took him into his service, and assigned him an annual stipend of four hundred Roman scudi, with lodgings in the palace. After the death of the cardinal, in 1632, Tassoni was made a Councillor by his native sovereign, Duke Francis the First, with an honorable allowance, and a residence at court. He died three years after, in 1635.

Tassoni wrote several works in prose. The "Considerations on Petrarch," above mentioned, gave rise to a vehement literary controversy. His "Pensieri Diversi," a part of which, entitled "Quesiti," was published in 1608, and again, enlarged, in 1612, is a work marked by ingenuity, wit, and elegance. But his fame rests upon the poem entitled "Secchia Rapita," or the Rape of the Bucket; an heroi-comic poem, which describes, in twelve burlesque cantos, the efforts of the Bolognese to recover a bucket, which, in a war of the thirteenth century, the Modenese, having entered Bologna, carried off as a trophy to Modena, where it is preserved down to the present day. The life of Tassoni has been written in English by J. C. Walker, London, 1815. The "Secchia Rapita" was translated by Ozell, London, 1710.

FROM LA SECCHIA RAPITA.

THE ATTACK ON MODENA.

Now had the sun the heavenly Ram forsook,
Darting through wintry clouds his radiant look;
The fields with stars, the sky with flowers, seemed dressed;
The winds lay sleeping on the sea's calm breast;
Soft Zephyr only, breathing o'er the meads,
Kissed the young grass, and waved the tender reeds;
The nightingales were heard at peep of day,
And asses singing amorous roundelay:
When the new season's warmth, which cheers the earth,
And moves the cricket-kind to wonted mirth,
The Bolonois to mischief did excite,
And, like a gathering storm, prepared their spite.
Under two chiefs they rushed in separate bands,
Armed, to lay waste Panaro's fruitful lands:
Fearless, like wading boys, they passed the stream,
And broke with horrid rout Modenia's morning dream.

Modenia in a spacious opening sits;
No hostile foot the south or west admits;
Nature these points has guarded with a line,—
The freezing back of woody Apennine:
That Apennine which shoves so high his head
To view the sun descending to his bed,
It seems as if upon his snowy face
The heavenly orbs had chose a resting-place.
The eastern bounder famed Panaro laves,
Noted for flowery banks and limpid waves;
Bolonia opposite; and on the left
The stream where Phaëton fell thunder-cleft;
Nor'ward, meandering Secchia takes a range,
Unconstant to its bed, and fond of change:
Swallowing its banks, and strewing fruitless sand,
The teeming fields become a barren strand.
The Modenois no watchful sentries kept,
But, fearless, like the ancient Spartans slept;
Nor walls, nor ramparts did the town inclose:
The ditch, filled up, was free for friends or foes.

. . . . . .

No more let Tagus or the Maëse recite
The celebrated Cursio's feats in fight!
Justly Panaro may in Gerard pride!
Gerard did more than Cursio ever lied:
The sun ne'er saw so many on their backs.
The first he slew was Cuthbert, prince of quacks:
Cuthbert for others, not himself, was born;
None drew a tooth like him, or cut a corn;
He powder, washballs, passatempos made:
Better had Cuthbert far ha' kept his trade!
Next him, Phil Littigo, deprived of day,
A fat, facetious pettifogger, lay:
As Phil had many others, during life,
So now the Devil drew Phil into a strife:
Yet honest Phil his calling ne'er belied;
For, as he lived by quarrel, so he died.
Viano next he down the body cleft;
Then Doctor Hirco's face he noseless left:

As for this doctor's nose, some authors write,
He lost it not in sword, but scabbard fight.
Left-handed Crispaline he then unsouls,
Renowned for making perching-sticks for owls.
Bartlet, sore wounded next, renounced the light;
The well fed friar, in his own despite,
Fell headlong to the waves: fantastic death!
That what his lips abhorred [1] should stop his breath!
Two fools in masks against Gerardo join,
A horseblock heave and hit him on the groin:
One dexterous blow despatched this loving pair;
Thrice sprung their headless bodies up in air;
As if some engine had the sword controlled,
At once they fell, and o'er each other rolled.
Torrents of crimson hue ran pouring down,
And swelled Panaro's banks with streams unknown:
So Trojan gore o'erflowed fair Xanthus' strand,
Tapped by the son of Thetis' wrathful hand;
So, near the Theban walls, with hostile blood,
Hippomedon distained Asopus' flood.
Glutted with lists of dead, the Muse grows sick,
Nor can on all bestow the immortal prick.
Mine host o' th' Scritchowl, famed for muscadine,
Drew human blood as freely as his wine.
Hat he had none, and helmet he despised,
In a huge highway periwig disguised;
Him Bruno met: Bruno, whose fertile thought
Your long, small sausage [2] to perfection brought.
Fortune awhile stood neuter to the strife;
The Thrummy-sconce rebates the Chopping-knife:
At length mine host, unperiwigged i' th' fray,
At once lost both his skull-cap and the day.

—

THE BUCKET OF BOLOGNA.

Meanwhile the Potta, where the battle droops,
Sends fresh detachments of his foremost troops.
Himself was mounted on a female mule,
Which, though a magistrate, he scarce could rule:
She bit, and winched, and such exeursions made,
As if her legs a game at draughts had played;
At length, not minding whether wrong or right,
Full speed she run amidst the thick o' th' fight.
About this time La Grace received a wound,
And, much against his will, went off the ground.

When the most ancient race of Boii saw
One captain prisoner made, and one withdraw;
They, who before had made a bold retreat,
Renounce their hands, and solely trust their feet.
Forwards the Potta urges with his spear,
And like some devil flashes in their rear.
Such quantities of blood the brook distained,
It many days both warm and red remained;
That brook which heretofore had scarce a name,
Baptized in blood, *Il Tepido* became.

Such crowds went reeking to the Elysian shore,
Charon complained there was no room for more.
All the day long, and all the following night,
The poor Bolonians prosecute their flight.
Three hundred horse, Manfredi at their head,
Fill every road and river with their dead:
So close the warlike youth oppressed their heels,
Returning day the city walls reveals.
The gate Saint Felix, opening soon, admits,
In one confusion, foreigners and cits;
So thick they crowd, the watch no difference knew;
In went the conquered and the conquerors too.
Far as an arrow's flight, and quick as thought,
Manfredi's men within the town were got:
Manfred, who ne'er left any thing to chance,
Halts at the gate, nor further would advance;
By drums and trumpets sounding from the walls,
The endangered troops he suddenly recalls.

Radaldo, Spinamont, Griffani fierce,
And other names too obstinate for verse,
Fainting with heat, and harassed with the chase,
Espied a well belonging to the place:
They thanked the gods with lifted hands and eyes;
Then hastily despatched to nether skies
The bone of discord, apple of the war,—
A bran new *bucket*, made of fatal fir.
Low was the water, and the well profound;
The pulley, dry and broke, went hobbling round;
The unlucky hemp, knotting, increased delay,
And all their hopes hung dangling in midway.
Some with still sighs the bucket's absence mourn,
Others, impatient, curse its slow return;
At length it weeping comes, as if it knew
The sanguinary work that was to ensue.
Greedy they all advance to seize their prey:
Radaldo's happy lips first pulled away.
Scarce had he drunk, when, lo! a numerous ring
Of adverse swords surround the ravished spring:
Rushing from every alley through the town,
"Kill! kill!" was all the cry, and "Knock 'em down!"
The Potta-men alarmed, with active feet
Regain their steeds, and leap into their seat:
Sipa, not liking much their threatening face,
Began to keep aloof, and slack their pace.
The bucket chanced to be at Griffon's nose:
His tip thus spoiled, away the water throws;
Cuts the retaining cord, and then applied
The vehicle to shield his near-hand side;
His off-hand grasps a sword, and, thus prepared,
Defies the world, and stands upon his guard:
Nimbly the men of Potta intervene,
And from the foe their brave companion screen.

. . . . . .

Clear of this scrape, Manfredi's squadrons join,
And treading back their steps repass the Rhine. [3]
Their captain, who no worthier spoils could show
Than this same bucket conquered from the foe,

[1] Water.

[2] At Modena are made this sort of sausages, at Bologna the short and thick. *Qui bene distinguit, bene docet.*

[3] There is a little river near Bologna, called the Rhine. *Parvique Bononia Rheni.* — Silius Italicus.

Caused it in form of trophy to advance
Before the troops, sublime upon a lance:
To think how he in open day had scoured
Bolonia, and their virgin-spring deflowered;
To think how he had ravished from the place
An everlasting pledge of their disgrace;
Elate and glorying in his slit-deal prize,
Not victory seemed so noble in his eyes.
Straight from Samogia's plains he sends express
To Modena the news of his success;
And straight the town resolves in form to meet
The conquering army, and their general greet.

GIAMBATTISTA MARINI.

Giambattista Marini, or Marino, known as the creator of a school of Italian poets, who have been called, from him, the Marinisti, was born at Naples, in 1569. His father, a learned lawyer, intended him for the same career; on which Tiraboschi remarks, that it would have been well for Italian poetry had it so fallen out. But Marini, instead of following the instructions of the masters under whom he had been placed, occupied himself constantly with the study of the poets. His father, indignant at such persevering resistance to his desires, turned him out of his house; but the duke of Borino, the prince of Conca, and the marquis of Villa, who admired his talents, gave him a refuge for the next three years, at the end of which time a youthful indiscretion led to his arrest, and on obtaining his liberty he went to Rome. He there received the patronage of the Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, whom he accompanied to Ravenna and Turin. In this latter city he became notorious by the violent literary controversies in which he was entangled. He obtained such favor with the prince, that he was made a knight of the order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus. This favor, however, was interrupted by the intrigues of his rivals and enemies. In 1615, Marini went to France, on the invitation of Queen Margaret. When he arrived, his patroness was dead, but he was well received by Maria de' Medici, who settled on him a pension of fifteen hundred scudi, afterwards raised to two thousand. He remained in France until 1622, when, being invited by the Cardinal Ludovisio, he returned to Rome, where he was chosen President of the Academy of Humorists. On the death of Pope Gregory the Fifteenth, he went back to Naples, where he was received in a friendly manner by the viceroy, the duke of Alba. He died there, March 25th, 1625.

Marini was a poet felicitously endowed by nature; but his genius was perverted by his ambition to surpass all other poets. He had wit, fancy, subtilty, and vivacity; but his passion to say what was new and striking led him into forced expressions, far-fetched figures, and various affectations of style, on which he relied for his effect. He was much applauded in his day, and found many imitators, whose influence was injurious to the language and literature of Italy. Tiraboschi denounces him as the "most pestilent corrupter of good taste in Italy." Some of his sonnets, however, have been greatly praised, and ranked among the best in the language. Besides the fault of affectation, Marini's writings are, in places, deeply stained with licentiousness. His principal works are the "Adone," first published at Paris, in 1623, and a narrative poem on the slaughter of the *Innocents*. Besides these, he wrote a large number of miscellaneous pieces.

FADING BEAUTY.

Beauty — a beam, nay, flame,
Of the great lamp of light —
Shines for a while with fame,
But presently makes night:
Like Winter's short-lived bright,
Or Summer's sudden gleams;
As much more dear, so much less lasting beams.

. . . . . .

Winged Love away doth fly,
And with him Time doth bear;
And both take suddenly
The sweet, the fair, the dear:
To shining day and clear
Succeeds the obscure night;
And sorrow is the heir of sweet delight.

With what, then, dost thou swell,
O youth of new-born day?
Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
O Beauty, made of clay?
Not with so swift a way
The headlong current flies,
As do the lively rays of two fair eyes.

. . . . . .

That which on Flora's breast,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly dressed
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing,
Deprived of honor quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily; fair
The rose, of flowers the eye!
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colors die:
And so at length shall lie,
Deprived of former grace,
The lilies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

. . . . . .

Do not thyself betray
With shadows; with thy years,
O Beauty (traitors gay!)
This melting life, too, wears, —
Appearing, disappears;
And with thy flying days,
Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praise.

Trust not, vain creditor,
Thy oft deceived view
In thy false counsellor,
That never tells thee true:
Thy form and flattered hue,
Which shall so soon transpass,
Are far more frail than is thy looking-glass.

Enjoy thy April now,
Whilst it doth freely shine:
This lightning flash and show,
With that clear spirit of thine,
Will suddenly decline;
And those fair murdering eyes
Shall be Love's tomb, where now his cradle lies.

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkled cheeks and stains,
With motion troublesome,
With void and bloodless veins;
That lively visage wanes,
And, made deformed and old,
Hates sight of glass it loved so to behold.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
Pale silver-color be;
Thy row of pearls shall fall
Like withered leaves from tree;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow
All ploughed with furrows, over-swollen with snow.

. . . . . .

What, then, will it avail,
O youth advised ill,
In lap of beauty frail
To nurse a wayward will,
Like snake in sun-warm hill?
Pluck, pluck betime thy flower,
That springs and parches in the self-same hour.

FRANCESCO REDI.

Francesco Redi was a native of Arezzo, where he was born February 18th, 1626. His family was noble. He studied in the University of Pisa, where he took his degrees in philosophy and medicine. The proofs he soon gave of genius attracted the attention of those great patrons of the sciences, the Grand Duke Ferdinand the Second, and Prince Leopold. By the former, and afterwards by Cosmo the Third, he was appointed principal physician, a place he held until his death. Towards the end of his life, he retired to Pisa for the benefit of the air. He was found dead in his bed, on the morning of March 1st, 1694.

Redi was especially distinguished by the extent and variety of his attainments and discoveries in the natural sciences, his writings upon which acquired great celebrity. Besides being a member of numerous scientific societies, he belonged to the Della Cruscan Academy, and rendered valuable contributions to the edition of their Dictionary, published in 1691. As a poet, he is distinguished by grace and elegance. His most famous piece is the dithyrambic entitled "Bacco in Toscana"; a poem, in its kind, scarcely equalled by any thing in Italian literature. It has been well translated by Leigh Hunt. Should it be found too Bacchanalian for the taste of the present age, let the reader remember that Redi himself was one of the most temperate men of his day, and never drank wine without diluting it.

FROM BACCHUS IN TUSCANY.

BACCHUS'S OPINION OF WINE, AND OTHER BEVERAGES.

Give me, give me Buriano,
Trebbiano, Colombano,—
Give me bumpers, rich and clear!
'T is the true old Aurum Potabile,
Gilding life when it wears shabbily:
Helen's old Nepenthe 't is,
That in the drinking
Swallowed thinking,
And was the receipt for bliss.
Thence it is, that ever and aye,
When he doth philosophize,
Good old glorious Rucellai
Hath it for light unto his eyes;
He lifteth it, and by the shine
Well discerneth things divine:
Atoms with their airy justles,
And all manner of corpuscles;
And, as through a crystal skylight,
How morning differeth from evening twilight;
And further telleth us the reason why go
Some stars with such a lazy light, and some with a vertigo.

O, how widely wandereth he,
Who in search of verity
Keeps aloof from glorious wine!
Lo, the knowledge it bringeth to me!
For Barbarossa, this wine so bright,
With its rich red look and its strawberry light,
So inviteth me,
So delighteth me,
I should infallibly quench my inside with it,
Had not Hippocrates
And old Andromachus
Strictly forbidden it
And loudly chidden it,
So many stomachs have sickened and died with it.
Yet, discordant as it is,
Two good biggins will not come amiss;
Because I know, while I 'm drinking them down,
What is the finish and what is the crown.
A cup of good Corsican
Does it at once;
Or a glass of old Spanish
Is neat for the nonce:
Quackish resources are things for a dunce.

Talk of Chocolate!
Talk of Tea!
Medicines, made — ye gods! — as they are,
Are no medicines made for me.
I would sooner take to poison
Than a single cup set eyes on
Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye
Talk of by the name of Coffee.
Let the Arabs and the Turks
Count it 'mongst their cruel works:
Foe of mankind, black and turbid,
Let the throats of slaves absorb it.
Down in Tartarus,
Down in Erebus,
'T was the detestable Fifty invented it;"
The Furies then took it
To grind and to cook it,
And to Proserpina all three presented it.
If the Mussulman in Asia
Doats on a beverage so unseemly,
I differ with the man extremely.

. . . . . .

There 's a squalid thing, called Beer:
The man whose lips that thing comes near
Swiftly dies; or falling foolish,
Grows, at forty, old and owlish.
She that in the ground would hide her,
Let her take to English Cider:
He who 'd have his death come quicker,
Any other Northern liquor.
Those Norwegians and those Laps
Have extraordinary taps:
Those Laps especially have strange fancies;
To see them drink,
I verily think,
Would make me lose my senses.
But a truce to such vile subjects,
With their impious, shocking objects.
Let me purify my mouth
In a holy cup o' th' South;
In a golden pitcher let me
Head and ears for comfort get me,
And drink of the wine of the vine benign
That sparkles warm in Sansovine.

ICE NECESSARY TO WINE.

You know Lamporecchio, the castle renowned
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did abound;
There 's a topaz they make there; pray, let it go round.
Serve, serve me a dozen,
But let it be frozen;
Let it be frozen and finished with ice,
And see that the ice be as virginly nice
As the coldest that whistles from wintery skies.
Coolers and cellarets, crystal with snows,
Should always hold bottles in ready repose.
Snow is good liquor's fifth element;
No compound without it can give content:
For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.
Bring me heaps from the Shady Valley:[1]
Bring me heaps
Of all that sleeps
On every village hill and alley.
Hold there, you satyrs,
Your beard-shaking chatters,
And bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli.
With axes and pickaxes,
Hammers and rammers,
Thump it and hit it me,
Crack it and crash it me,
Hew it and split it me,
Pound it and smash it me,
Till the whole mass (for I 'm dead-dry, I think)
Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my drink.
If with hot wine we insack us,
Say our name 's not Bacchus.
If we taste the weight of a button,
Say we 're a glutton.
He who, when he first wrote verses,
Had the Graces by his side,
Then at rhymers' evil courses
Shook his thunders far and wide
(For his great heart rose and burned,
Till his words to thunder turned),"
He, I say, Menzini,[2] he
The marvellous and the masterly,
Whom the leaves of Phœbus crown,
Admirable Anacreon, —
He shall give me, if I do it,
Gall of the satiric poet,
Gall from out his blackest well,
Shuddering, unescapable.
But if still, as I ought to do,
I love any wine iced through and through,
If I will have it (and none beside)
Superultrafrostified,
He that reigns in Pindus then,
Visible Phœbus among men,
Filicaia, shalt exalt
Me above the starry vault;
While the other swans divine,
Who swim with their proud hearts in wine,
And make their laurel groves resound
With the names of the laurel-crowned,
All shall sing, till our goblets ring,
"Long live Bacchus, our glorious king!"
Evoè! let them roar away!
Evoè!
Evoè!
Evoè! let the lords of wit
Rise and echo, where they sit,
Where they sit enthroned each,
Arbiters of sovereign speech,
Under the great Tuscan dame
Who sifts the flour and gives it fame:[3]

---

[1] Vallombrosa. The convent there is as old as the time of Ariosto, who celebrates the monks for their hospitality.

[2] The poets, whose names here follow, were contemporaries and friends of Redi.

[3] The Della Cruscan Academy, professed sifters of words. Hence their name, from the word *crusca* (bran), and their device of flour and a mill.

Let the shout by Segni be
Registered immortally,
And despatched by a courier
À Monsieur l'Abbé Regnier.[4]

—

BACCHUS GROWS MUSICAL IN HIS CUPS.

The ruby dew that stills
Upon Valdarno's hills
Touches the sense with odor so divine,
That not the violet,
With lips with morning wet,
Utters such sweetness from her little shrine.
When I drink of it, I rise
Far o'er the hill that makes poets wise,
And in my voice and in my song
Grow so sweet and grow so strong,
I challenge Phœbus with his Delphic eyes.
Give me, then, from a golden measure,
The ruby that is my treasure, my treasure;
And like to the lark that goes maddening above,
I 'll sing songs of love:
Songs will I sing more moving and fine
Than the bubbling and quaffing of Gersole wine.
Then the rote shall go round,
And the cymbals kiss,
And I 'll praise Ariadne,
My beauty, my bliss;
I 'll sing of her tresses,
I 'll sing of her kisses:
Now, now it increases,
The fervor increases,
The fervor, the boiling and venomous bliss.
The grim god of war and the arrowy boy
Double-gallant me with desperate joy:
Love, love, and a fight!
I must make me a knight;
I must make me thy knight of the bath, fair friend,
A knight of the bathing that knows no end.

—

GOOD WINE A GENTLEMAN.

O boys, this Tuscan land divine
Hath such a natural talent for wine,
We 'll fall, we 'll fall
On the barrels and all;
We 'll fall on the must, we 'll fall on the presses,
We 'll make the boards groan with our grievous caresses;
No measure, I say; no order, but riot;
No waiting nor cheating; we 'll drink like a Sciot:
Drink, drink, and drink when you 've done;
Pledge it and frisk it, every one;
Chirp it and challenge it, swallow it down:
He that 's afraid is a thief and a clown.
Good wine 's a gentleman;
He speedeth digestion all he can;
No headache hath he, no headache, I say,
For those who talked with him yesterday.

[4] Regnier Desmarais, Secretary of the French Academy, himself a writer of Italian verses.

If Signor Bellini, besides his apes,
Would anatomize vines, and anatomize grapes,
He 'd see that the heart that makes good wine
Is made to do good, and very benign.

—

THE PRAISE OF CHIANTI WINE, AND DENOUNCEMENT OF WATER.

True son of the earth is Chianti wine,
Born on the ground of a gypsy vine;
Born on the ground for sturdy souls,
And not the lank race of one of your poles:
I should like to see a snake
Get up in August out of a brake,
And fasten with all his teeth and caustic
Upon that sordid villain of a rustic,
Who, to load my Chianti's haunches
With a parcel of feeble bunches,
Went and tied her to one of these poles,—
Sapless sticks without any souls!

Like a king,
In his conquering,
Chianti wine with his red flag goes
Down to my heart, and down to my toes:
He makes no noise, he beats no drums;
Yet pain and trouble fly as he comes.
And yet a good bottle of Carmignan,
He of the two is the merrier man;
He brings from heaven such a rain of joy,
I envy not Jove his cups, old boy.
Drink, Ariadne! the grapery
Was the warmest and brownest in Tuscany:
Drink, and whatever they have to say,
Still to the Naiads answer, Nay!
For mighty folly it were, and a sin,
To drink Carmignano with water in.

He who drinks water,
I wish to observe,
Gets nothing from me;
He may eat it and starve,
Whether it 's well, or whether it 's fountain,
Or whether it comes foaming white from the mountain,
I cannot admire it,
Nor ever desire it;
'T is a fool, and a madman, and impudent wretch,
Who now will live in a nasty ditch,
And then, grown proud and full of his whims,
Comes playing the devil and cursing his brims,
And swells and tumbles, and bothers his margins,
And ruins the flowers, although they be virgins.
Moles and piers, were it not for him,
Would last for ever,
If they 're built clever;
But no,—it 's all one with him,—sink or swim.
Let the people yclept Mameluke
Praise the Nile without any rebuke;
Let the Spaniards praise the Tagus;
I cannot like either, even for negus.

Away with all water,
Wherever I come;

I forbid it ye, gentlemen,
All and some;
Lemonade water,
Jessamine water,
Our tavern knows none of 'em:
Water 's a hum.
Jessamine makes a pretty crown;
But as a drink, 't will never go down.
All your hydromels and flips
Come not near these prudent lips.
All your sippings and sherbets,
And a thousand such pretty sweets,
Let your mincing ladies take 'em,
And fops whose little fingers ache 'em.
Wine! Wine! is your only drink;
Grief never dares to look at the brink;
Six times a year to be mad with wine,
I hold it no shame, but a very good sign.

—

A TUNE ON THE WATER.

O, WHAT a thing
'T is for you and for me,
On an evening in spring,
To sail in the sea!
The little fresh airs
Spread their silver wings,
And o'er the blue pavement
Dance love-makings:
To the tune of the waters, and tremulous glee,
They strike up a dance to people at sea.

—

MONTEPULCIANO INAUGURATED.

A SMALL glass, and thirsty! Be sure never ask it:
Man might as well serve up soup in a basket.
This my broad, and this my high
Bacchanalian butlery
Lodgeth not, nor doth admit
Glasses made with little wit;
Little bits of would-be bottles
Run to seed in strangled throttles:
Such things are for invalids,
Sipping dogs that keep their beds.
As for shallow cups like plates,
Break them upon shallower pates.
Such glassicles,
And vesicles,
And bits of things like icicles,
Are toys and curiosities
For babies and their gaping eyes;
Things which ladies put in caskets,
Or beside 'em in work-baskets:
I do n't mean those who keep their coaches;
But those who make grand foot approaches,
With flowered gowns, and fine huge broaches.
'T is in a magnum's world alone
The Graces have room to sport and be known.
Fill, *fill*, let us all have our will!
But with *what*, with *what*, boys, shall we fill?
Sweet Ariadne, — no, not that one, — ah, no!
Fill me the manna of Montepulciano:
Fill me a *magnum*, and reach it me. Gods!
How it slides to my heart by the sweetest of roads!
O, how it kisses me, tickles me, bites me!
O, how my eyes loosen sweetly in tears!
I 'm ravished! I 'm rapt! Heaven finds me admissible!
Lost in an ecstasy! blinded! invisible!

Hearken, all earth!
We, Bacchus, in the might of our great mirth,
To all who reverence us, and are right thinkers; —
Hear, all ye drinkers!
Give ear, and give faith, to our edict divine:—
MONTEPULCIANO 'S THE KING OF ALL WINE.

At these glad sounds,
The Nymphs, in giddy rounds,
Shaking their ivy diadems and grapes,
Echoed the triumph in a thousand shapes.
The Satyrs would have joined them; but, alas!
They could n't; for they lay about the grass,
As drunk as apes.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

THIS excellent poet and estimable man was born at Florence, in 1642. He commenced his studies in the public schools of his native city, and continued them at the University of Pisa, where he gave proof of rare abilities, insatiable eagerness for learning, and ardent piety. On his return to Florence, he was chosen a member of the Della Cruscan Academy. At the age of thirty-one, he married Anna Capponi. After the death of his father, he retired to the country, where he lived in tranquillity, dividing his time between the study of poetry, the education of his children, and the duties of religion. He wrote a great number of Latin and Italian poems; but his modesty was so great that he hardly ventured to show them to a few friends, who, however, made the secret known. The beautiful canzoni, six in number, which he wrote on the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks by John Sobieski, king of Poland, and the duke of Lorraine, excited universal admiration, and established his fame as the first poet of his age. Queen Christina, of Sweden, was so charmed with them, that she sent him a letter of congratulation; and when, afterwards, he wrote a magnificent canzone in her praise, she loaded him with honors, enrolled him among the members of the Academy she had established at Rome, and charged herself with the support of his two sons, on condition only that the benefaction should not be disclosed to the public, because she was ashamed to have it known that she had done so little for so great a man. The grand duke of Tuscany also gave him the rank of Senator, and then made him Governor of Volterra and Pisa. In these and other offices with which he was honored, he performed his duties with such fidelity, that he secured at once the esteem of the prince and

the affection of the people. Thus, enjoying the love both of the great and the humble, he lived to the age of sixty-five. He died at Florence, September 24th, 1707.

As a poet, he was one of the most strenuous opponents of the bad taste which had begun to pervert the writings of his countrymen. His style is lively, energetic, and elevated. He excelled particularly in the canzone and the sonnet. At the time of his death, he was engaged upon a revised edition of his works, which was afterwards published by his son, under the title of "Poesie Toscane di Vincenzo da Filicaja." Another edition appeared in 1720, and a third in 1762, which has been followed by several other editions.

CANZONE.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

How long, O Lord, shall vengeance sleep,
And impious pride defy thy rod?
How long thy faithful servants weep,
Scourged by the fierce barbaric host?
Where, where, of thine almighty arm, O God,
Where is the ancient boast?
While Tartar brands are drawn to steep
Thy fairest plains in Christian gore,
Why slumbers thy devouring wrath,
Nor sweeps the offender from thy path?
And wilt thou hear thy sons deplore
Thy temples rifled, shrines no more,
Nor burst their galling chains asunder,
And arm thee with avenging thunder?

See the black cloud on Austria lower,
Big with terror, death, and woe!
Behold the wild barbarians pour
In rushing torrents o'er the land!
Lo! host on host, the infidel foe
Sweep along the Danube's strand,
And darkly serried spears the light of day
o'erpower!
There the innumerable swords,
The banners of the East unite;
All Asia girds her loins for fight:
The Don's barbaric lords,
Sarmatia's haughty hordes,
Warriors from Thrace, and many a swarthy
file
Banded on Syria's plains, or by the Nile.

Mark the tide of blood that flows
Within Vienna's proud imperial walls!
Beneath a thousand deadly blows,
Dismayed, enfeebled, sunk, subdued,
Austria's queen of cities falls:
Vain are her lofty ramparts to elude
The fatal triumph of her foes;
Lo! her earth-fast battlements
Quiver and shake; hark to the thrilling cry
Of war, that rends the sky,
The groans of death, the wild laments,
The sobs of trembling innocents,
Of wildered matrons, pressing to their breast
All which they feared for most and loved
the best!

Thine everlasting hand
Exalt, O Lord, that impious men may learn
How frail their armor to withstand
Thy power, the power of God supreme!
Let thy consuming vengeance burn
The guilty nations with its beam!
Bind them in slavery's iron band;
Or, as the scattered dust in summer flies,
Chased by the raging blast of heaven,
Before thee be the Thracians driven!
Let trophied columns by the Danube rise,
And bear the inscription to the skies:
"Warring against the Christian Jove in vain,
Here was the Ottoman Typhœus slain!"

. . . . . .

If Destiny decree,
If Fate's eternal leaves declare,
That Germany shall bend the knee
Before a Turkish despot's nod,
And Italy the Moslem yoke shall bear,
I bow in meek humility,
And kiss the holy rod.
Conquer, if such thy will, —
Conquer the Scythian, while he drains
The noblest blood from Europe's veins,
And Havoc drinks her fill:
We yield thee trembling homage still;
We rest in thy command secure;
For thou alone art just, and wise, and pure.

But shall I live to see the day,
When Tartar ploughs Germanic soil divide,
And Arab herdsmen fearless stray
And water their flocks along the Rhine,
Where princely cities now o'erlook his tide?
The Danube's towers no longer shine,
For hostile flame has given them to decay:
Shall devastation wider spread?
Where the proud ramparts of Vienna swell,
Shall solitary Echo dwell,
And human footsteps cease to tread?
O God, avert the omen dread!
If Heaven the sentence did record,
O, let thy mercy blot the fatal word!

Hark to the votive hymn resounding
Through the temple's cloistered aisles!
See, the sacred shrine surrounding,
Perfumed clouds of incense rise!
The pontiff opes the stately piles
Where many a buried treasure lies;
With liberal hand, rich, full, abounding,
He pours abroad the gold of Rome.
He summons every Christian king
Against the Moslemim to bring
Their forces leagued for Christendom:
The brave Teutonic nations come,
And warlike Poles like thunderbolts descend,
Moved by his voice their brethren to defend.

He stands upon the Esquiline,
And lifts to heaven his holy arm,

Like Moses, clothed in power divine,
While faith and hope his strength sustain,
Merciful God, has prayer no charm
Thy rage to soothe, thy love to gain?
The pious king of Judah's line
Beneath thine anger lowly bended,
And thou didst give him added years;
The Assyrian Nineveh shed tears
Of humbled pride, when death impended,
And thus the fatal curse forefended:
And wilt thou turn away thy face,
When Heaven's vicegerent seeks thy grace?

Sacred fury fires my breast,
And fills my laboring soul.
Ye, who hold the lance in rest,
And gird you for the holy wars,
On, on, like ocean waves to conquest roll,
Christ and the Cross your leading star!
Already he proclaims your prowess blest:
Sound the loud trump of victory,
Rush to the combat, soldiers of the Cross!
High let your banners triumphantly toss;
For the heathen shall perish, and songs of the free
Ring through the heavens in jubilee!
Why delay ye? Buckle on the sword and targe,
And charge, victorious champions, charge!

SONNETS.

TO ITALY.

Italia, O Italia! hapless thou,
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,—
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
O, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succour should thy sons implore,—
Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

ON THE EARTHQUAKE OF SICILY.

Thou buried city, o'er thy site I muse!—
What! does no monumental stone remain,
To say, "Here yawned the earthquake-riven plain,
Here stood Catania, and here Syracuse"?
Along thy sad and solitary sand,
I seek thee in thyself, yet find instead
Naught but the dreadful stillness of the dead.
Startled and horror-struck, I wondering stand,
And cry: O, terrible, tremendous course
Of God's decrees! I see it, and I feel it here:
Shall I not comprehend and dread its force?
Rise, ye lost cities, let your ruins rear
Their massy forms on high, portentous corse,
That trembling ages may behold and fear!

TIME.

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That, ere their flight was heeded, they were past;
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living with resistless force,
And, though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with creation's birth was born;
And with the heavens commenced its march sublime
In days and months, still hurrying on untired.—
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired
The river's name: my thoughts responded, *Time.*

BENEDETTO MENZINI.

Benedetto Menzini was born of humble parents in Florence, March 29th, 1646. Notwithstanding his poverty, he studied in the public schools, and made such progress that his abilities attracted the attention of the Marquis Gianvincenzo Salviati, who took him into his house. When still very young, he was appointed Professor of Eloquence in Florence and Prato, and greatly distinguished himself. Being disappointed in his hope of obtaining a chair in the University of Pisa, he went to Rome in 1685, where the queen of Sweden took him into her service, and enrolled him in her Academy. For some years, he occupied himself quietly with his studies, and during this period wrote the greater part of his poems. But after the death of his protectress, he found himself again without resources, and was obliged to support himself by writing for pay. In 1691, Cardinal Ragotzchi invited Menzini to accompany him to Poland as his secretary; but being unwilling to leave Italy, he finally obtained, through the friendly offices of Cardinal Gianfrancesco Albani, afterwards Pope Clement the Eleventh, the patronage of Pope Innocent the Twelfth. He died September 7th, 1708.

Menzini attempted various kinds of poetry. He wrote sonnets, canzoni, elegies, hymns, satires, and a "Poetica" in *terza rima*. Though inferior to Chiabrera and Filicaja in lyric poetry, his style is lively and elegant. His works, Italian and Latin, were published at Florence, in four volumes, in 1731.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

Listen, ladies, listen!
Listen, while I say
How Cupid was in prison
And peril, t' other day:

All ye who jeer and scoff him,
Will joy to hear it of him.

Some damsels proud, delighted,
Had caught him, unespied;
And, by their strength united,
His hands behind him tied:
His wings of down and feather
They twisted both together.

His bitter grief, I 'm fearful,
Can never be expressed,
Nor how his blue eyes tearful
Rained down his ivory breast:
To naught can I resemble
What I to think of tremble.

These fair but foul murdresses
Then stripped his beamy wings,
And cropped his golden tresses
That flowed in wanton rings:
He could not choose but languish,
While writhing in such anguish.

They to an oak-tree took him,
Its sinewy arms that spread,
And there they all forsook him,
To hang till he was dead:
Ah, was not this inhuman?
Yet still 't was done by woman!

This life were mere vexation,
Had Love indeed been slain,
The soul of our creation!
The antidote of pain!
Air, sea, earth, sans his presence,
Would lose their chiefest pleasance.

But his immortal mother
His suffering chanced to see;
First this band, then the other,
She cut, and set him free.
He vengeance vowed, and kept it;
And thousands since have wept it.

For, being no forgiver,
With gold and leaden darts
He filled his rattling quiver,
And pierced with gold the hearts
Of lovers young, who never
Could hope, yet loved for ever.

With leaden shaft, not forceless,
'Gainst happy lovers' state
He aimed with hand remorseless,
And turned their love to hate:
Their love, long cherished, blasting
With hatred everlasting.

Ye fair ones, who so often
At Cupid's power have laughed,
Your scornful pride now soften,
Beware his vengeful shaft!
His quiver bright and burnished
With love or hate is furnished.

ALESSANDRO GUIDI.

Alessandro Guidi was born in Pavia, in 1650. He studied at Parma, where he enjoyed the protection of Duke Ranuccio the Second, and where, at the age of thirty-one, he published some of his lyrical poems, and a drama entitled "Amalasunta in Italia." These works were in the prevalent style of the age. Soon after this he went to Rome, and attracting the favorable notice of Queen Christina, entered her service, and in 1685, took up his abode in Rome, with the consent of Ranuccio. Here he connected himself with several distinguished poets, and resolved, in conjunction with them, to effect a revolution in the popular taste. He gave himself up ardently to the study of Pindar, the qualities of whose style he endeavoured to transfuse into his own. By command of the queen, he composed his "Endymion," a pastoral drama, in which Christina inserted some of her own verses. He made an unsuccessful attempt in tragedy, taking for his subject the fortunes of Sophonisba. After this he began a translation of the Psalms, but was interrupted by a mission which was intrusted to him by Pavia, his native place, to the court of Eugenio, the governor of Lombardy, in which he was so successful that he was rewarded by being raised to the ranks of nobility. On his return to Rome, he set about the completion of a translation he had some time before begun of the homilies of Clement the Eleventh. When this was printed, he set out for Castel Gandolfo, where the pope was then staying, to present his Holiness a copy; but as he was reading the book on the way, he found it full of errors; and his vexation was so excessive, that he fell ill, on his arrival at Frascati, and died there of apoplexy, June 12th, 1712.

The poems of Guidi are full of spirit and enthusiasm. Tiraboschi says, "He is one of the few who have happily succeeded in transfusing the inspiration and the fire of Pindar into Italian poetry."

CANZONI.

FORTUNE.

A lady, like to Juno in her state,
Upon the air her golden tresses streaming,
And with celestial eyes of azure beaming,
Entered whilere my gate.
Like a barbaric queen
On the Euphrates' shore,
In purple and fine linen was she palled;
Nor flower nor laurel green,
Her tresses for their garland wore
The splendor of the Indian emerald.
But through the rigid pride and pomp unbending
Of beauty and of haughtiness,
Sparkled a flattery sweet and condescending;
And, from her inmost bosom sent,
Came accents of most wondrous gentleness,

Officious and intent
To thrall my soul in soft imprisonment.

And, "Place," she said, "thy hand within my hair,
And all around thou 'lt see
Delightful Chances fair
On golden feet come dancing unto thee.
Me Jove's daughter shalt thou own,
That with my sister Fate
Sits by his side in state
On the eternal throne.
Great Neptune to my will the ocean gives:
In vain, in well appointed strength secure,
The Indian and the Briton strives
The assaulting billows to endure;
Unless their flying sails I guide
Where over the smooth tide
On my sweet spirit's wings I ride.
I banish to their bound
The storms of dismal sound,
And o'er them take my stand with foot serene;
The Æolian caverns under
The wings of the rude winds I chain,
And with my hand I burst asunder
The fiery chariot-wheels of the hurricane:
And in its fount the horrid, restless fire
I quench, ere it aspire
To heaven to color the red comet's train.

"This is the hand that forged on Ganges' shore
The Indian's empire; by Orontes set
The royal tiar the Assyrian wore;
Hung jewels on the brow of Babylon;
By Tigris wreathed the Persian's coronet,
And at the Macedonian's foot bowed every throne.
It was my lavish gift,
The triumph and the song
Around the youth of Pella loud uplift,
When he through Asia swept along,
A torrent swift and strong;
With me, with me the conqueror ran
To where the sun his golden course began;
And the high monarch left on earth
A faith unquestioned of his heavenly birth;
By valor mingled with the gods above,
And made a glory of himself to his great father Jove.

"My royal spirits oft
Their solemn mystic round
On Rome's great birthday wound;
And I the haughty eagles sprung aloft,
Unto the star of Mars upborne,
Till, poising on their plumy sails,
They 'gan their native vales
And Sabine palms to scorn;
And I on the Seven Hills to sway
That senate-house of kings convened.
On me, their guide and stay,
Ever the Roman counsels leaned,
In danger's lofty way:
I guerdoned the wise delay
Of Fabius with the laurel crown,
And not Marcellus' fiercer battle-tone;
And I on the Tarpeian did deliver
Afric a captive, and through me Nile flowed
Under the laws of the great Latin river,
And of his bow and quiver
The Parthian reared a trophy high and broad;
The Dacian's fierce inroad
Against the gates of iron broke;
Taurus and Caucasus endured my yoke:
Then my vassal and my slave
Did every native land of every wind become,
And when I had o'ercome
All earth beneath my feet, I gave
The vanquished world in one great gift to Rome.

"I know that in thine high imagination
Other daughters of great Jove
Have taken their imperial station,
And queen-like thy submissive passions move:
From them thou hop'st a high and godlike fate;
From them thy haughty verse presages
An everlasting sway o'er distant ages,
And with their glorious rages
Thy mind intoxicate
Deems 't is in triumphal motion
On courser fleet or winged bark
Over earth and over ocean.
While in shepherd hamlet dark
Thou liv'st, with want within, and raiment coarse without,
And none upon thy state hath thrown
Gentle regard; I, I alone,
To new and lofty venture call thee out:
Then follow, thus besought;
Waste not thy soul in thought;
Brooks nor sloth nor lingering
The great moment on the wing."

"A blissful lady, and immortal, born
From the eternal mind of Deity,"
I answered bold and free,
"My soul hath in her queenly care:
She mine imagination doth upbear,
And steeps it in the light of her rich morn,
That overshades and sicklies all thy shining.
And though my lowly hair
Presume not to bright crowns of thy entwining,
Yet in my mind I bear
Gifts nobler and more rare
Than the kingdoms thou canst lavish,
Gifts thou canst nor give nor ravish.
And though my spirit may not comprehend
Thy Chances bright and fair,
Yet neither doth her sight offend
The aspect pale of miserable Care.
Horror to her is not
Of this coarse raiment and this humble cot:
She with the golden Muses doth abide;
And, O, the darling children of thy pride
Shall then be truly glorified,
When they may merit to be wrapt around
With my Poesy's eternal sound!"

She kindled at my words, and flamed, as when
A cruel star hath wide dispread
Its locks of bloody red;
She burst in wrathful menace then:
"Me fears the Dacian, me the band
Of wandering Scythians fears,
Me the rough mothers of barbaric kings;
In woe and dread amid the rings
Of their encircling spears
The purple tyrants stand;
And a shepherd here forlorn
Treats my proffered boons with scorn,
And fears he not my wrath?
And knows he not my works of scath;
Nor how with angry foot I went,
Of every province in the Orient
Branding the bosom with deep tracks of death?
From three empresses I rent
The tresses and imperial wreath,
And bared them to the pitiless element.
Well I remember, when, his armed grasp
From Afric stretched, rash Xerxes took his stand
Upon the formidable bridge, to clasp
And manacle sad Europe's trembling hand:
In the great day of battle there was I,
Busy with myriads of the Persian slaughter,
The Salaminian Sea's fair face to dye,
That yet admires its dark and bloody water:
Full vengeance wreaked I for the affront
Done Neptune at the fettered Hellespont.
To the Nile then did I go,
The fatal collar wound
The fair neck of the Egyptian queen around;
And I the merciless poison made to flow
Into her breast of snow.
Ere that, within the mined cave,
I forced dark Afric's valor stoop
Confounded, and its dauntless spirit droop,
When to the Carthaginian brave,
With mine own hand, the hemlock draught I gave.
And Rome through me the ravenous flame
In the heart of her great rival, Carthage, cast,
That went through Lybia wandering, a scorned shade,
Till, sunk to equal shame,
Her mighty enemy at last
A shape of mockery was made;
Then miserably pleased,
Her fierce and ancient vengeance she appeased,
And even drew a sigh
Over the ruins vast
Of the deep-hated Latin majesty.
I will not call to mind the horrid sword,
Upon the Memphian shore,
Steeped treasonously in great Pompey's gore;
Nor that for rigid Cato's death abhorred;
Nor that which in the hand of Brutus wore
The first deep coloring of a Cæsar's blood.
Nor will I honor thee with my high mood
Of wrath, that kingdoms doth exterminate;
Incapable art thou of my great hate,
As my great glories. Therefore shall be thine
Of my revenge a slighter sign;
Yet will I make its fearful sound
Hoarse and slow rebound,
Till seem the gentle pipings low
To equal the fierce trumpet's brazen glow."

Then sprung she on her flight,
Furious; and, at her call,
Upon my cottage did the storms alight,
Did hurricanes and thunders fall.
But I, with brow serene,
Beheld the angry hail,
And lightning flashing pale,
Devour the promise green
Of my poor native vale.

—

TO THE TIBER.

Tiber! my early dream,
My boyhood's vision of thy classic stream,
Had taught my mind to think
That over sands of gold
Thy limpid waters rolled,
And ever-verdant laurels grew upon thy brink.

But in far other guise
The rude reality hath met mine eyes:
Here, seated on thy bank,
All desolate and drear
Thy margin doth appear,
With creeping weeds, and shrubs, and vegetation rank.

Fondly I fancied thine
The wave pellucid, and the Naiad's shrine,
In crystal grot below;
But thy tempestuous course
Runs turbulent and hoarse,
And, swelling with wild wrath, thy wintry waters flow.

Upon thy bosom dark,
Peril awaits the light, confiding bark,
In eddying vortex swamped;
Foul, treacherous, and deep,
Thy winding waters sweep,
Enveloping their prey in dismal ruin prompt.

Fast in thy bed is sunk
The mountain pine-tree's broken trunk,
Aimed at the galley's keel;
And well thy wave can waft
Upon that broken shaft
The barge, whose shattered wreck thy bosom will conceal.

The dog-star's sultry power,
The summer heat, the noontide's fervid hour,
That fires the mantling blood,
Yon cautious swain can't urge
To tempt thy dangerous surge,
Or cool his limbs within thy dark, insidious flood.

I 've marked thee in thy pride,
When struggle fierce thy disemboguing tide
With Ocean's monarch held;

But quickly overcome
By Neptune's masterdom,
Back thou hast fled as oft, ingloriously repelled.

Often athwart the fields
A giant's strength thy flood redundant wields,
Bursting above its brims, —
Strength that no dike can check:
Dire is the harvest-wreck!
Buoyant, with lofty horns, the affrighted bullock swims.

But still thy proudest boast,
Tiber, and what brings honor to thee most
Is, that thy waters roll
Fast by the eternal home
Of Glory's daughter, Rome;
And that thy billows bathe the sacred Capitol.

Famed is thy stream for her,
Clœlia, thy current's virgin conqueror;
And him who stemmed the march
Of Tuscany's proud host,
When, firm at honor's post,
He waved his blood-stained blade above the broken arch.

Of Romulus the sons
To torrid Africans, to frozen Huns,
Have taught thy name, O flood!
And to that utmost verge
Where radiantly emerge
Apollo's car of flame and golden-footed stud.

For so much glory lent,
Ever destructive of some monument,
Thou makest foul return;
Insulting with thy wave
Each Roman hero's grave,
And Scipio's dust that fills yon consecrated urn!

CORNELIO BENTIVOGLIO.

Cornelio Bentivoglio was born at Ferrara, in 1668. He distinguished himself early by his taste in the fine arts, and by his literary acquirements. Clement the Eleventh appointed him Secretary to the Apostolical Chamber. In 1712, he was sent as Nuncio to Paris. In 1719, he received a cardinal's hat. He died at Rome, in 1732.

Cardinal Bentivoglio amused his leisure with poetry. He wrote sonnets, and translated the "Thebais" of Statius into Italian.

SONNET.

The sainted spirit, which from bliss on high
Descends like dayspring to my favored sight,
Shines in such noontide radiance of the sky,
Scarce do I know that form intensely bright!
But with the sweetness of her well known smile, —
That smile of peace! — she bids my doubts depart,
And takes my hand, and softly speaks the while,
And heaven's full glory pictures to my heart.
Beams of that heaven in her my eyes behold,
And now, e'en now, in thought my wings unfold
To soar with her and mingle with the blest:
But, ah! so swift her buoyant pinion flies,
That I, in vain aspiring to the skies,
Fall to my native sphere, by earthly bonds depressed.

GIOVANNI COTTA.

Giovanni Cotta was born at Verona, in 1668. His family was in humble circumstances. He distinguished himself in letters and poetry, and made considerable progress in the mathematics. His poems are few in number, but they have enjoyed considerable reputation. He died at the early age of twenty-eight.

SONNET.

"There is no God," the fool in secret said:
"There is no God that rules or earth or sky."
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye!
Is there no God? — the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny;
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God? — the stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows:
Blind to *thyself*, ah, see *him*, fool, in *these*!

GIOVANNI BARTOLOMMEO CASAREGI.

This poet was born at Genoa, in 1676. From his earliest youth, he devoted himself to the study of belles-lettres. At the age of twenty-three, he went to Rome, where the elegance of his poetical productions made him known, and he was admitted into the Arcadian Academy. In 1716, he went to Siena, and thence to Florence, where he appears to have established himself. He became a member of the Florentine and Della Cruscan Academies. He seems to have been a person of pure character and agreeable conversation, and to have enjoyed the friendship of the principal literary men of his time. He died at Florence, in 1755.

The principal works of Casaregi are, an Italian translation of Sannazzaro's poem, "De Partu Virginis," "Sonetti e Canzoni," and a translation of the Proverbs of Solomon.

SONNET.

Oft the dull joys that maddening crowds enchain
I fly, and, seated in some lonely place,
Traverse in thought the wide-extended space,
Where ancient monarchs held successive reign.
I range o'er Persia and Assyria's plain,
And of their mighty cities find no trace;
And when toward Greece and Rome I turn my face,
What scanty relics of their power remain!
Arise, proud Asia's lords, avenge the wrong!
Up, Philip's son! great Cæsars, where are ye,
To whom the trophies of the world belong?
Dust are they all! If such their destiny,
Who founded thrones, and heroes ranked among,
Say, Spoiler Time, what ruin threatens me?

PIETRO METASTASIO.

Pietro Metastasio, whose original name was Trapassi, was born at Assisi, in 1698. His parents were poor, but respectable. His talents for poetry were early displayed, and gained him the favor of Gravina, who took him under his protection, superintended his education, and, dying in 1717, made him his heir. Metastasio, being now placed in easy circumstances, renounced the study of the law, which he had undertaken in compliance with the wishes of his patron, and occupied himself with poetry and the pleasures of society. Some time afterwards he removed to Naples, and resumed the study of the law for a short period; but the brilliant success of a dramatic poem, published by him anonymously, on the celebration of the birthday of the Empress Elizabeth Christina, and the persuasions of the singer Marianna Bulgarelli, who had detected the authorship of the piece, at length fixed his determination to give himself wholly to poetry. In 1724, he produced his "Didone Abbandonata." Soon after this, he accompanied Marianna to Rome, where he remained until 1729. In this interval he composed several of his dramas, and his reputation had so much increased, that Charles the Sixth invited him to Vienna, made him Poet Laureate, and settled on him a pension of four thousand guilders. In 1730, he took up his residence at the imperial court, where he was received with every mark of admiration and regard. His life now was prosperous, and, on the whole, happy; his affluent genius and great industry secured him the highest public estimation; and the long series of dramatic poems, which were brought out with the greatest magnificence, and which surrounded the court of Vienna with the glories of literature, placed him in a position beyond the reach of rivalry. He enjoyed the uninterrupted favor of Charles the Sixth, Maria Theresa, and Joseph the Second. He died April 12th, 1782.

Metastasio may be said to have created the modern Italian opera. The purity, sweetness, grace, and harmony of his style have made him a classic in Italian poetry, though his present reputation is far from according with the wonderful success he enjoyed in his lifetime. His works were published at Venice, in sixteen volumes, in 1781. His "Opere Postume" appeared at Vienna, in three volumes, in 1795. Several of his pieces have been translated into English. An edition containing eighteen plays, translated by John Hoole, appeared in London, in 1767. Other translations have been made by Olivari and Beloe.

FROM THE DRAMA OF TITUS.

TITUS, PUBLIUS, ANNIUS, AND SEXTUS.

[The scene represents a place before the temple of Jupiter Stator, celebrated for the meeting of the Senate: behind is a view of part of the Roman Forum, decorated with arches, obelisks, and trophies: on the side is a distant prospect of the Palatine Hill, and a great part of the Sacred Way: a front view of the Capitol, which is ascended by a magnificent flight of steps.

Publius and the Roman Senators; the deputies of the subject provinces attending to present their annual tribute to the Senate. While the ensuing Chorus is sung, Titus descends from the Capitol, preceded by the Lictors, followed by the Prætors, and surrounded by a numerous crowd of people.]

CHORUS.

O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate;
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
The glory of the state!
For ever round our Cæsar's brows
The sacred laurel bloom;
In him, for whom we breathe our vows,
Preserve the weal of Rome!
Long may your glorious gift remain
Our happy times to adorn:
So shall our age the envy gain
Of ages yet unborn!

PUBLIUS.

This day the Senate style thee, mighty Cæsar,
The father of thy country; never yet
More just in their decree.

ANNIUS.

Thou art not only
Thy country's father, but her guardian god:
And since thy virtues have already soared
Beyond mortality, receive the homage
We pay to Heaven! The Senate have decreed
To build a stately temple, where thy name
Shall stand enrolled among the powers divine,
And Tiber worship at the fane of Titus.

PUBLIUS.

These treasures, gathered from the annual tribute
Of subject provinces, we dedicate
To effect this pious work: disdain not, Titus,
This public token of our grateful homage.

TITUS.

Romans! believe that every wish of Titus
Is centred in your love; but let not, therefore,
Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,
Reflect disgrace on Titus, or yourselves.
Is there a name more dear, more tender to me,
Than father of my people? Yet even this
I rather seek to merit than obtain.
My soul would imitate the mighty gods
By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the thought
Of impious emulation. He who dares
To rank himself their equal forfeits all
His future title to their guardian care.
O, fatal folly, when presumptuous pride
Forgets the weakness of mortality!
Yet think not I refuse your proffered treasures:
Their use alone be changed. Then hear my purpose.
Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,
Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,
Shakes the firm earth, and spreads destruction round
The subject fields and cities; trembling fly
The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape
The flaming ruin meagre want pursues.
Behold an object claims our thoughts! dispense
These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren;
Thus, Romans, thus your temple build for Titus.

ANNIUS.

O, truly great!

PUBLIUS.

How poor were all rewards,
How poor were praise, to such transcendent virtue!

CHORUS.

O guardian gods! in whom we trust,
To watch the Roman fate;
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
The glory of the state!

TITUS.

Enough, — enough! — Sextus, my friend, draw near;
Depart not, Annius; all besides, retire.

ANNIUS (aside to Sextus).

Now, Sextus, plead my cause.

SEXTUS.

And could you, Sir,
Resign your beauteous queen?

TITUS.

Alas, my Sextus!
That moment, sure, was dreadful, — yet I thought —
No more, — 't is past; the struggle 's o'er: she 's gone!
Thanks to the gods, I 've gained the painful conquest!
'T is just I now complete the task begun;
The greater part is done; the less remains.

SEXTUS.

What more remains, my lord?

TITUS.

To take from Rome
The least suspicion that the hand of Titus
Shall e'er be joined in marriage to the queen.

SEXTUS.

For this the queen's departure may suffice.

TITUS.

No, Sextus; once before, she left our city,
And yet returned; twice have we met, — the third
May prove a fatal meeting; while my bed
Receives no other partner, all who know
My soul's affection may with show of reason
Declare the place reserved for Berenice.
Too deeply Rome abhors the name of queen,
But wishes on the imperial seat to view
A daughter of her own; — let Titus, then,
Fulfil the wish of Rome. Since love in vain
Formed my first choice, let friendship fix the second.
Sextus, to thee shall Cæsar's blood unite;
This day thy sister is my bride —

SEXTUS.

Servilia?

TITUS.

Servilia.

ANNIUS (aside).

Wretched Annius!

SEXTUS.

O ye gods!
Annius is lost!

TITUS.

Thou hear'st not; speak, my friend, —
What means this silence?

SEXTUS.

Can I speak, my lord?
Thy goodness overwhelms my grateful mind, —
Fain would I —

ANNIUS (aside).

Sextus suffers for his friend!

TITUS.

Declare thyself with freedom, — every wish
Shall find a grant.

SEXTUS (aside).

Be just, my soul, to Annius!

ANNIUS (aside).

Annius, be firm!

SEXTUS.

O Titus! —

ANNIUS.

Mighty Cæsar!
I know the heart of Sextus: from our infancy,
A mutual tenderness has grown between us.
I read his thoughts; with modest estimation
He rates his worth, as disproportioned far
To such alliance, nor reflects that Cæsar
Ennobles whom he favors. Sacred Sir!
Pursue your purpose. Can a bride be found
More worthy of the empire or yourself?
Beauty and virtue in Servilia meet;

She seemed, whene'er I viewed her, born to reign;
And what I oft presaged your choice confirms.

SEXTUS (aside).

Is this the voice of Annius? Do I dream?

TITUS.

'T is well: thou, Annius, with despatchful care,
Convey the tidings to her. Come, my Sextus,
Cast every vain and cautious doubt aside;
Thou shalt with me so far partake of greatness,
I will exalt thee to such height of honor,
That little of the distance shall remain
At which the gods have placed thee now from Titus.

SEXTUS.

Forbear, my lord! O, moderate this goodness!
Lest Sextus, poor and bankrupt in his thanks,
Appear ungrateful for the gifts of Cæsar.

TITUS.

What wouldst thou leave me, friend, if thou deni'st me
The glorious privilege of doing good?

This fruit the monarch boasts alone,
The only fruit that glads a throne:
All, all besides is toil and pain,
Where slavery drags the galling chain.

Shall I my only joy forego?
No more my kind protection show
To those by fortune's frown pursued?
No more exalt each virtuous friend,
No more a bounteous hand extend,
To enrich the worthy and the good?

ANNIUS (alone).

Shall I repent?—O, no!—I 've acted well,
As suits a generous lover; had I now
Deprived her of the throne, to insure her mine,
I might have loved myself, but not Servilia.
Lay by, my heart, thy wonted tenderness!
She who was late thy mistress is become
Thy sovereign; let thy passion, then, be changed
To distant homage!—But, behold, she 's here!
O Heaven! methinks she ne'er before appeared
So beauteous in my eyes!

ANNIUS AND SERVILIA.

SERVILIA.

My life! my love!

ANNIUS.

Cease, cease, Servilia; for 't is criminal
To call me still by those endearing names.

SERVILIA.

And wherefore?

ANNIUS.

Cæsar has elected thee—
O, torture!—for the partner of his bed.
He bade me bring, myself,—I cannot bear it!—
The tidings to thee.—O, my breaking heart!
And I—I have been once——I cannot speak!
Empress, farewell!

SERVILIA.

What can this mean?—Yet stay,—
Servilia Cæsar's wife?—Ah! why?

ANNIUS.

Because
Beauty and virtue never can be found
More worthy of the throne.—My life!—O Heaven!
What would I dare to say?—Permit me, empress,
Permit me to retire.

SERVILIA.

And wilt thou leave me
In this confusion? Speak,—relate at full
By what strange means,—declare each circumstance——

ANNIUS.

I 'm lost, unless I go.—My heart's best treasure!

My tongue its wonted theme pursues,
Accustomed on thy name to dwell;
Then let my former love excuse
What from my lips unwary fell.

I hoped that reason would suffice
To calm the emotions love might raise:
But, ah! unguarded, fond surprise
Each secret I would hide betrays.

SERVILIA (alone).

Shall I be wife to Cæsar? in one moment
Shake off my former chains? consign to oblivion
Such wondrous faith?—Ah, no! from me the throne
Can never merit such a sacrifice!
Fear it not, Annius,—it shall never be!

Thee long I 've loved, and still I 'll love;
Thou wert the first, and thou shalt prove
The last dear object of my flame:
The love which first our breast inspires,
When free from guilt, such strength acquires,
It lasts till death consumes our frame.

CARLO GOLDONI.

Carlo Goldoni, the greatest writer of comedy in the Italian language, was born at Venice, in 1707. He showed an early predilection for the drama; but his father, though delighted with the manifestations of genius given by the boy, wished him to study his own profession, that of medicine. This did not agree with the young poet's inclination, and he soon gained permission to study the law at Venice. He went afterward to the University of Pavia; but having been detected in writing a satire upon some of the most respectable families there, he was expelled from the University. At the age of twenty-two, he received an appointment in Feltre, where he amused his leisure by appearing in private theatricals at the governor's palace. He settled afterwards in the practice of

the law at Venice, where he had considerable success. He was soon forced, however, by an intrigue in which he involved himself, to leave Venice. He took with him to Milan an opera he had written, entitled "Amalasonta," by which he had hoped to make his fortune. Being disappointed in the reception he met with, he composed the musical interlude of "The Venetian Gondolier," which was successful. He was driven from place to place by the Italian wars in 1733, and, finally, meeting a troop of comedians in Verona, he returned with them to Venice, where he brought out his tragedies of "Belisarius" and "Rosamund." In 1736, he married the daughter of a notary in Genoa, and, establishing himself in Venice, began to cultivate comedy, on which his fame is chiefly founded. In 1741, he was obliged to leave Venice, and seek the means of subsistence elsewhere. For some time he was director of the theatre at Rimini. He then went to Florence and Siena, where he was well received. At Pisa he returned to the law, in which for a time he had an extensive business. He then accompanied a troop of players to Mantua, and again returned to Venice after an absence of five years. In 1758, he was invited to Parma, where he wrote some operas that were set to music. In 1761, he went to Paris, where his pieces were received with great applause, and he procured the appointment of reader and Italian teacher to the daughters of Louis the Fifteenth. Three years after, he received a pension of three thousand six hundred livres, which was discontinued at the breaking out of the Revolution; it was restored, however, by a decree of the Convention, January 7th, 1793. But Goldoni, being now in his eighty-sixth year, died the next day. His widow received the arrears of his pension, and a pension for herself.

Goldoni's writings are distinguished for fertility of invention and excellent delineation of character. As a reformer of the Italian theatre, by resisting the predominant taste for masques and extemporary pieces, and substituting for them the regular comedy, his merits are very great. A complete edition of his works was published at Lucca, in 1809, in twenty-six volumes. Several of his pieces have been translated into most of the languages of Europe.

CECILIA'S DREAM.

I DREAMED that in a garden I reposed,
Beside a fount fed by a mountain stream
Precipitous; where the waves' murmuring flow
And music of sweet birds my heart entranced
'Twixt joy and grief. Then to the air, methought,
And to the woods, I uttered my complaint;
Reproached my cold heart with its long disdain,
And called on Heaven to sway my lover's heart
To reconcilement, and to soothe mine own
To kindness, — when amid the laurel bowers,—
O, blissful chance! — sudden my love appeared
And fell before my feet. "Forgive," he cried,
"The transport of mine anger, in the hour
Thou bad'st me wait upon the midnight air;
And, for the future, cheerfully I 'll brave
The scorching sunbeams or the evening dews,
Or linger the lone night beneath these walls; —
Thy day be mine, or clouded or serene.
Ah! then, relent, and let my heart have rest!"
At these sweet words, how shall I tell my joy?
I called him to my side. He rose, approached,
And trembling seized the hand I proffered him,
A pledge of reconciled love; and, ah!
So fervent kissed it, that my very heart
Leaped in my bosom; then full many a sigh
He breathed, with sweet regards and fond caress.

CARLO GOZZI.

COUNT CARLO GOZZI was born at Venice, about 1718. He showed very early a poetical spirit, and acquired a command of the Tuscan style. The condition of his family made it necessary for him to enter the military service in his sixteenth year. Three years after, he returned to Venice and resumed his studies. He was hostile to the taste created by Chiari's bombastic dramas, and defended the *commedia dell' arte* and the harlequin Sacchi against the attacks of Goldoni. He drew the materials of his own dramatic compositions from the fairy tales, by which he produced great popular effects. His pieces are rather sketches than complete artistic productions. About the year 1771, he deserted his original career, and began to translate from the French, and other languages, in order to adapt tragic parts for the actress Signora Ricci, who had acquired great influence over him. He died about the year 1800. An edition of his works was published in eight volumes, in 1772; to which he added a ninth, in 1799.

FROM TURANDOT.

[A march. Truffaldin, the chief of the eunuchs, advances, his scymitar on his shoulder, followed by blacks, and by several female slaves beating drums. After them Adelma and Zelima, the former in Tartar costume, both veiled. Zelima bears a tray with various sealed papers. Truffaldin and the eunuchs prostrate themselves before the emperor as they pass, and then rise up; the female slaves kneel with their hands on their foreheads. At length appears Turandot, veiled, in rich Chinese costume, with a haughty and majestic air. The councillors and doctors throw themselves down before her, with their faces to the earth. Altoum rises; the princess makes an obeisance to him with her hand on her brow, and then seats herself upon her throne. Zelima and Adelma take their places on each side of her, the latter nearest to the spectators. Truffaldin takes the tray from Zelima, and distributes with comic ceremony the billets among the doctors, then retires with the same obeisance as before, and the march ceases.]

TURANDOT (after a long pause).

WHERE is this new adventurer, who thus,
Despite the sad experience of the past,

Would vainly strive to solve my deep enigmas,
And comes to swell the catalogue of death?

ALTOUM (pointing to Calaf, who stands, as if struck with astonishment, in the centre of the divan).

There, daughter, — there he stands, and worthy, too,
To be the husband of thy choice, without
This frightful test, which clouds the land with mourning,
And fills with sharpest pangs thy father's breast.

TURANDOT (after gazing at him for some time — aside to Zelima).

O Heaven! what feeling 's this, my Zelima?

ZELIMA.

What is the matter, Princess?

TURANDOT.

Never yet
Did mortal enter this divan, whose presence
Could move my soul to pity, until now.

ZELIMA.

Three simple riddles, then, and pride farewell!

TURANDOT.

Presumptuous girl, dost thou forget my honor?

ADELMA (who has in the mean time been regarding the prince with astonishment — aside).

Is this a dream? Great God, what do I see?
'T is he, the youth whom at my father's court
I knew but as a slave. He was a prince,
A monarch's son. My heart foreboded it.
Love's deep presentiments are ever sure.

TURANDOT.

Still there is time, O Prince; abandon yet
This wild attempt, — turn from this hall for ever.
Heaven knows, these tongues belie me that accuse
My heart of harshness or of cruelty.
I am not cruel, I would only live
In freedom, — would not be another's slave;
That right, which even the meanest of mankind
Inherits from his mother's womb, would I,
The daughter of an emperor, maintain.
I see, throughout the East, unhappy woman
Degraded, bent beneath a slavish yoke;
I will avenge my sex's injuries
On haughty man, whose sole advantage o'er us
Lies, like the brute's, in strength. Yes, nature's self
Hath armed me with the weapons of invention
And subtilty, and skill to guard my freedom.
Of man I 'll hear no more. I hate him, — hate
His pride and his presumption. Every treasure
He grasps with greedy hand; whate'er, forsooth,
His fancy longs for, he must straight possess.
O, why did Heaven endow me with these graces,
These gifts of mind, if noblest natures still
Are doomed on earth to be the mark at which
Each savage hunter aims, while meaner things
Lie tranquil in their insignificance?
Shall beauty be the prize of one? No, rather
Free as the universal sun in heaven,
Which lightens all, which gladdens every eye,
But is the slave and property of none.

CALAF.

Such lofty thought, such nobleness of soul,
Enshrined in such a godlike form! O, who
Shall censure the fond youth who gladly sets
His life upon a cast for such a prize?
The merchant, for a little gain, will venture
His ships and crews upon the stormy sea;
The hero hunts the shadow of renown
Across the gory field of death; and shall
Beauty alone be without peril won, —
Beauty, the best, the brightest good of all?
Princess, I charge thee not with cruelty;
But blame not thou, in turn, the youth's presumption, —
O, hate him not, that with enamoured soul
He strives for that which is invaluable!
Thyself hast fixed the treasure's price; the lists
Are open to the worthiest. I am
A prince, — I have a life to hazard for thee, —
No happy one, but 't is my all, — and had I
A thousand lives, I 'd sacrifice them all.

ZELIMA (aside to Turandot).

O Princess, dost thou hear? For Heaven's sake,
Three simple riddles, — he deserves it of thee.

ADELMA (aside).

What nobleness! what loving dignity!
O, that he might be mine, — that I had known him
To be a prince, when at my father's court
I dwelt of yore in freedom and in joy!
How love flames up at once within my heart,
Now that I know his lineage equals mine!
Courage, my heart! I must possess him still.
[To Turandot.
Princess, thou art confused, — thou 'rt silent. Think,
Think of thy glory; honor is at stake.

TURANDOT (aside).

And none till now had moved me to compassion. —
Hush, Turandot! — thou must suppress thy feelings.
Presumptuous youth, so be it, then, — prepare!

ALTOUM.

Prince, is thy purpose fixed?

CALAF.

Fixed as the pole.
Or death, or Turandot.

ALTOUM.

Then read aloud
The fatal edict; hear it, Prince, and tremble.

[Tartaglia takes the Book of the Law out of his bosom, lays it on his breast, then on his forehead, and delivers it to Pantalon.

PANTALON (receives the book, prostrates himself, then rises, and reads aloud).

The hand of Turandot to all is free,
But first three riddles must the suitor read;
Who solves them not must on the scaffold bleed,
And his head planted o'er the gate shall be;
Solves he the riddles, then the bride is won:
So runs the law, — we swear it by the Sun.

ALTOUM (raising his right hand, and laying it upon the book).

O bloody law, sad source of grief to me,
I swear by Fo that thou fulfilled shalt be!

[Tartaglia puts the book again in his bosom. A long pause.

TURANDOT (rising, and in a declamatory tone).

The tree within whose shadow
Men blossom and decay,
Coeval with creation,
Yet still in green array; —
One side for ever turneth
Its branches to the sun,
But coal-black is the other,
And seeks the light to shun.
New circles still surround it,
So often as it blows;
The age of all around it,
It tells us as it grows;
And names are lightly graven
Upon its verdant rind,
Which, when its bark grows shrivelled,
Man seeks in vain to find.
Then tell me, Prince, — this tree,
What may its likeness be?

[Sits down.

CALAF (after considering for a time, with his eyes raised, makes his obeisance to the princess).

Too happy, Princess, would thy slave be, if
No riddles more obscure than this await him.
The ancient tree that still renews its verdure;
On which men blossom and decay; whose leaves
On one side seek, on the other flee the sun;
On whose green rind so many names are graven,
Which only last so long as it is green, —
That tree is TIME, with all its nights and days.

PANTALON (joyfully).

Tartaglia, he has hit it!

TARTAGLIA.

To a hair!

DOCTORS (breaking open the sealed packet).

Optime, optime, optime! — Time, Time, Time,
It *is* Time.

[Music.

ALTOUM (joyfully).

The favor of the gods go with thee, son,
And help thee also through the other riddles!

ZELIMA.

O Heaven, assist him!

ADELMA (aside).

Heaven assist him not!
Let it not be, that she, the cruel one,
Should gain him, and the loving-hearted lose.

TURANDOT (in anger).

And shall he conquer? shall my pride be humbled?
No, by the gods! — Thou self-contented fool,

[To Calaf.

Joy not so early. Listen and interpret.

[*Rises again and declaims as before.*

Know'st thou the picture softly rounded
That lights itself with inward gleam,
Whose hues are every moment changing,
Yet ever fair and perfect seem;
Within the narrowest panel painted,
Set in the narrowest frame alone,
Yet all the glorious scenes around us
Are only through that picture shown?
Or know'st thou that serenest crystal
Whose brightness shames the diamond's blaze,
That shines so clear, yet never scorches,
That draws a world within its rays;
The blue of heaven its bright reflection
Within its magic mirror leaves,
And yet the light that sparkles from it
Seems lovelier oft than it receives?

CALAF (bending low to the princess, after a short consideration).

Chide not, exalted beauty, that thy servant
Thus dares again to hazard a solution.
This tender picture, which, with smallest frame
Encompassed, mirrors even immensity;
The crystal in which heaven and earth are painted,
Yet renders back things lovelier even than they;
It is the EYE, the world's receptacle, —
Thine eye, when it looks lovingly on me.

PANTALON (springing up joyfully).

Tartaglia, by my soul, he hath hit the mark,
Even in the centre!

TARTAGLIA.

As I live, 't is true!

DOCTORS (opening the packet).

Optime, optime, optime! — the Eye, the Eye, it *is* the Eye.

[Music.

ALTOUM.

What unexpected fortune! Gracious gods,
Let him but reach the mark once more!

ZELIMA.

O, that it were the last!

ADELMA.

Woe 's me, he conquers! he is lost to me!

[To Turandot.

Princess, thy glory is departed. Canst thou
Submit to this? shall all thy former triumphs
Be tarnished in a moment?

TURANDOT (rising in the highest indignation).

Sooner shall
Earth crumble into ruin! No! I tell thee,
Presumptuous youth, I do but hate thee more,
The more thou hop'st to conquer — to possess me.
Wait not my last enigma. Fly at once.
Leave this divan for ever. Save thyself.

CALAF.

It is thy hate alone, adored Princess,
That could appall or agitate my heart;
Let my unhappy head sink in the dust,
If it unworthy be to touch thy bosom.

ALTOUM.

O, yield, beloved son, and tempt no farther
The gods, who twice have favored thee! Now safe,
Nay, crowned with honor, thou canst leave the field.
Two conquests naught avail thee, if the third,
The all-decisive, be not won. The nearer
The summit, still the heavier is the fall.
And thou,—O, be content with this, my daughter!
Desist, and try him with no more enigmas.
He hath done what never prince before him did.
Give him thy hand, then,—he is worthy of it,—
And end the trial.

[Zelima makes imploring, and Adelma menacing gestures to Turandot.

TURANDOT.

End the trial, say'st thou?
Give him my hand? No, never. Three enigmas
The law hath said. The law shall take its course.

CALAF.

Let the law take its course. My life is placed
In the gods' hands. Death, then, or Turandot.

TURANDOT.

Death be it, then,—death. 'Dost thou hear me, Prince?

[Rising and proceeding to declaim as before.

What is the weapon, prized by few,
Which in a monarch's hand we view;
Whose nature, like the murderous blade,
To trample and to wound seems made,
Yet bloodless are the wounds it makes;
To all it gives, from none it takes;
It makes the stubborn earth our own,
It gives to life its tranquil tone;
Though mightiest empires it hath grounded,
Though oldest cities it hath founded,
The flame of war it never lit,
And happy they who hold by it?
Say, Prince, what may that weapon be,
Or else farewell to life and me.

[With these last words she tears off her veil.

Look here, and, if thou canst, preserve thy senses.
Die, or unfold the riddle!

CALAF (confused, and holding his hand before his eyes).

O dazzling light of heaven! O blinding beauty!

ALTOUM.

O God! he grows confused,—his senses wander;
Compose thyself, my son, collect thy thoughts.

ZELIMA.

How my heart beats!

ADELMA (aside).

Mine art thou yet, beloved,—
I 'll save thee yet. Love will find out the way.

PANTALON (to Calaf).

O, for the love of Heaven, let not his senses
Take leave of him! Courage, look up, my prince!—
O, woe is me! I fear me all is over!

TARTAGLIA (with mock gravity to himself).

Would dignity permit, we 'd fly in person
To fetch him vinegar.

TURANDOT (looking with a steady countenance on the prince, who still stands immovable).

Unfortunate!
Thou wouldst provoke thy ruin,—take it, then!

CALAF (who has recovered his composure, turns with a calm smile and obeisance to Turandot).

It was thy beauty only, heavenly Princess,
That with its blinding and o'erpowering beam
Burst on me so, and for a moment took
My senses prisoners. I am not vanquished.
That iron weapon, prized of few, yet gracing
The hand of China's emperor itself,
On the first day of each returning year;
That weapon, which, more harmless than the sword,
To industry the stubborn earth subjected;—
Who, from the wildest wastes of Tartary,
Where only hunters roam and shepherds pasture,
Could enter here, and view this blooming land,
The green and golden fields that wave around us,
Its many hundred many-peopled towns
Blest in the calm protection of the law,
Nor reverence that goodliest instrument,
That gave these blessings birth,—the gentle PLOUGH?

PANTALON.

O, God be praised at last! Let me embrace thee;
I scarcely can contain myself for joy.

TARTAGLIA.

God bless his Majesty the emperor! All
Is over; sorrow has an end at last.

DOCTORS (breaking open the packet).

The Plough, the Plough, it *is* the Plough!

[All the instruments join in a loud crash. Turandot sinks upon her throne in a swoon.

GIUSEPPE PARINI.

GIUSEPPE PARINI was born at Busisio, a Milanese village, in 1729. He studied at Milan, and devoted himself to theology in compliance with his father's desires. He early made some poetical attempts, and, in 1752, published a collection of his pieces, which occasioned his being admitted into the Academy of the Arcadians at Rome. Being appointed preceptor in the Borromeo and Serbelloni families, he was placed more at his ease, and had more leisure for his studies. He died in 1799.

The principal work of Parini is the dramatic

satire entitled "Il Giorno," or The Day, in which he attempts a delineation of the manners of the great. It is divided into "Il Mattino," or Morning, "Il Mezzogiorno," or Noon, "Il Vespero," or Evening, and "La Notte," or Night. This poem gave him a great reputation, and procured him a professorship of belles-lettres in the Palatine School in Milan. He was a writer of profound feeling, delicate taste, and correct judgment. His language is simple, well chosen, and beautiful. His works were published by Reina, in six volumes, at Milan, 1801 – 4.

FROM IL GIORNO.

Already do the gentle valets hear
Thy tinkling summons, and with zealous speed
Haste to unclose the barriers that exclude
The gairish day, — yet soft and warily,
Lest the rude sun perchance offend thy sight.
Now raise thee gently, and recline upon
The obsequious pillow that doth woo thy weight;
Thine hand's forefinger lightly, lightly pass
O'er thine half-opened eyes, and chase from thence
The cursed Cimmerian that durst yet remain;
And bearing still in mind thy delicate lips,
Indulge thee in a graceful yawn betimes.
In that luxurious act if once beheld
By the rude captain, who the battling ranks
Stentorian-like commands, what shame would seize
On the ear-rending, boisterous son of Mars!
Such as of old pipe-playing Pallas felt,
When her swollen cheek and lip the fount betrayed.

But now, behold, thy natty page appears,
Anxious to learn what beverage thou wouldst sip.
If that thy stomach need the sweet ferment,
Restorative of heat, and to the powers
Digestive so propitious, — choose, I pray,
The tawny chocolate, on thee bestowed
By the black Carib of the plumed crown.
Or should the hypochondria vex my lord,
Or round his tapering limbs the encroaching flesh
Unwelcome gather, let his lip prefer
The roasted berry's juice, that Mocha sends, —
Mocha, that of a thousand ships is proud.
'T was fate decreed that from the ancient world
Adventurers should sail, and o'er the main,
'Gainst storm and doubt, and famine and despair,
Should have achieved discovery and conquest; —
'T was fate ordained that Cortés should despise
The blood of sable man, and through it wade,
O'erturning kingdoms and their generous kings,
That worlds, till then unknown, their fruits and flowers
Should cater to thy palate, gem of heroes!
But Heaven forefend, that, at this very hour
To coffee and to breakfast dedicate,
Some menial indiscreet should chance admit
The tailor, — who, alas! is not contented
To have with thee divided his rich stuffs,
And now with infinite politeness comes,
Handing his bill. Ahimè! unlucky!
The wholesome liquor turns to gall and spleen,
And doth at home, abroad, at play or park,
Disorganize thy bowels for the day.

But let no portal e'er be closed on him
Who sways thy toes, professor of the dance.
He at his entrance stands firm on the threshold;
Up mount his shoulders, and down sinks his neck,
Like to a tortoise, while with graceful bow
His lip salutes his hat's extremity.
Nor less be thy divine access denied
To the sweet modulator of thy voice,
Or him for whom the harmonious string vibrates,
Waked into music by his skilful bow.
But, above all, let *him* not fail to join
The chosen synod of my lord's levee,
Professor of the idiom exquisite:
He, who from Seine, the mother of the Graces,
Comes generous, laden with celestial sounds,
To grace the lips of nauseous Italy.
Lo! at his bidding, our Italian words,
Dismembered, yield the place unto their foe;
And at his harmony ineffable,
Lo! in thy patriot bosom rises strong
Hate and disgust of that ignoble tongue,
Which in Valchiusa to the echoes told
The lament and the praise of hopeless love.
Ah! wretched bard, who knew not yet to mix
The Gallic graces with thy rude discourse;
That so to delicate spirits thou might'st be
Not grating as thou art, and barbarous!

Fast with this pleasant choir flits on the morn,
Unvexed by tedium or vacuity,
While 'twixt the light sips of the fragrant cup
Is pleasantly discussed, — What name shall bear,
Next season, the theatric palm away?
And is it true that Frine has returned, —
She that has sent a thousand dull *Milords*,
Naked and gulled, unto the banks of Thames?
Or comes the dancer, gay Narcissus, back
(Terror of gentle husbands), to bestow
Fresh trouble to their hearts, and honors to their heads?

LUIGI VITTORIO SAVIOLI.

Luigi Vittorio Savioli, a politician as well as poet, was born at Bologna, in 1729. Although he manifested an early passion for poetry, he involved himself in the opposition of the aristocracy to the reforms of Cardinal Buoncampagni, and was one of the number of disgraced senators under the papal government. He became, however, more docile under the Cispadan republic, and was sent as a deputy to Paris to treat with the Directory. He was afterwards made Professor of Diplomacy in the University of Bologna. He died September 1st, 1804.

The poems of Savioli were published in his youth, under the title of "Amori." They had an immense success, and placed him among the first Anacreontic writers of the age. His style is gay and elegant. He also wrote a translation of Tacitus, and began a historical work entitled "Annali Bolognesi," which was interrupted by his death.

TO SOLITUDE.

Away with fabled names that shine
In modern knightly story;
I tune my lyre to sing the deeds
Of nobler ancient glory.

Old Sparta, sternly virtuous, made
The pure and spotless maiden
To join the wrestler's ring, by naught
But nature's vesture laden.

No crimson hues along the cheek
Arose to mar her beauty;
Why feel dishonest shame, if true
To honor and to duty?

Nor word, nor look, betrays the fire
Which in the bosom gathers
Of Lacedæmon's youths, who sit
Beside their warlike fathers.

But Beauty yielded not the palm
To gold or false devices;
"Arm in your country's cause!" they cried;
And Hope each heart entices.

How boldly fought the Spartan host,
When Love the victor cherished,
And tears of secret grief were shed
O'er the brave men who perished!

O, wherefore have ye fled, ye days
Pure, holy, ever glorious;
While avarice, luxury, and fraud
Now reign o'er all victorious?

Then haste away, O dearest one,
To scenes where peace abideth;
Far from the haunts of haughty men,
The day in calmness glideth.

Lo! there, 'mid lovely verdant slopes,
On high the mountain towers;
Penelope, in all her pride,
Dwelt in less regal bowers.

The cypress there, pale Hecate's tree,
Its sacred leaves uncloses;
And, o'er each rocky dell, the fir
Dark shade to shade opposes.

There, too, the tree, which, as it sighed
Above the lonely fountain,
The Berecynthian goddess loved
To hear on Phrygia's mountain.

Erst a lone grot, with native marks
Of rudeness on it clinging,
Was opened by the living stream,
Fresh from the soil upspringing.

'T was found by Art, who emulous
With Nature joined her treasure;
And Thetis drew from all her stores
To deck the abode of pleasure.

In tranquil grace, beside the cave,
Its guardian Naiad, standing,
Pours from her mossy shell a fount
To silvery streams expanding.

VITTORIO ALFIERI.

This remarkable man, whose diversified life presents an eminent example of the power of resolution in overcoming difficulties, belonged to a rich and noble family of Asti, in Piedmont. He was born January 17th, 1749. He lost his father before he was a year old. In 1758, he was sent, by the advice of his uncle, the Cavalier Pellegrino Alfiero, to a school in Turin, where his education was miserably neglected by those to whose care he was intrusted, and, after several years wasted in idleness and frivolity, he left the academy nearly as ignorant as he had entered it. In 1766, he joined a provincial regiment; but finding the duties, though few and unimportant, uncongenial to his taste, and being irreconcilably averse to military subordination, he at length, and after some opposition, obtained the king's permission to travel. He set out on his journey in October, 1766, and, having visited the principal cities of Italy, extended his travels to France, England, and Holland. On his return, two years afterwards, he attempted, from mere weariness, to amuse himself by reading; but his ignorance was so great, and his mind was so undisciplined, that he was able to turn this resource to very little account. His knowledge of the Italian was so slight, that he could not appreciate the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso; but he gained some acquaintance with the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Helvetius, and read with great interest the "Lives" of Plutarch.

Having now come into possession of his fortune, he commenced his travels anew in 1769, and visited Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and, again passing through Germany and Holland, crossed over to England. Of his mode of life in England he has left in his Memoirs a minute and not unamusing account, which presents, however, not only a striking picture of his own frivolous pursuits, but of the corrupt manners of the higher classes of English society at that time. The public exposure of an intrigue caused him to leave England, and he went by way of Brussels to Paris. From Paris, after a short stay, he passed into Spain and Por-

tugal. In Lisbon, he became acquainted with the Abate Tommaso di Caluso, a person of attractive manners and elegant tastes, in whose society he spent the greater part of his time, preferring his conversation to all the amusements which the capital afforded. "It was on one of those most dulcet evenings," says Alfieri, in his Memoirs, "that I felt in my inmost heart and soul a true Phœbean impulse of enthusiastic ravishment for the art of poetry; it was, however, only a brief flame, which was immediately extinguished, and slept under the ashes many a long year afterwards. The kind and worthy Abate was reading to me that magnificent ode to Fortune, by Guidi; a poet, of whom I had not even heard the name until that day. Some stanzas of that canzone, and especially the very beautiful one on Pompey, transported me to an indescribable degree; so that the good Abate persuaded himself, and told me, that I was born to make verses, and that by studying I should succeed in making very good ones. But when that momentary excitement had passed away, finding all the powers of my mind so rusted, I did not believe the thing would ever be possible, and thought no more about it."

After his return to his native place, in 1772, retiring from the military service with some difficulty, he made various efforts to supply the deficiencies of his education. The success which a few slight satirical compositions had among a circle of friends, who were accustomed to assemble at his house, awakened the desire and the hope of one day producing something that should deserve to live. His first dramatic attempt was the "Cleopatra," which was performed at Turin in 1775. From this time, he determined, with a resolution never to be shaken, to make himself a tragic poet. Aware of his deficiencies, he spared no pains to make them good. He set about acquiring the Tuscan and the Latin languages; for, though an Italian, he knew only the barbarous dialect of his native province; and though a Master of Arts, educated in the Academy and University of Turin, where "the Italian was a contraband," he was not sufficiently master of the Latin to understand the tritest quotations. He studied the Latin with a teacher, and went to Florence to acquire the Tuscan, in 1776. After a brief residence, he went back to Turin; but returning once more to Florence, he became acquainted with the beautiful countess of Albany, the wife of the Pretender, Charles Stuart, to whom he became deeply attached. The description of this lady, and of her influence over his character, forms the most beautiful part of Alfieri's Memoirs. The countess lived unhappily with her husband, but there appears to have been nothing to censure in her relations, at this time, with Alfieri. She obtained the pope's permission to retire to a convent in Florence, and afterwards entered one in Rome. Her husband lived until 1788.

Alfieri had determined to remain permanently in Florence, and to labor uninterruptedly at his self-imposed literary tasks. But the feudal tenure of an estate subjected him to certain obligations which were irksome and odious to his impatient spirit. Among the rest, it was prohibited by law to the vassals of the sovereign of Piedmont to leave his States without special permission in writing; another law forbade the printing of books in any other States, under a heavy penalty. These restrictions were so intolerable to Alfieri, that he made an arrangement with his sister's husband, by which he transferred the estate to him, on the condition of receiving an annual payment of about half his present income.

The departure of the countess of Albany to Rome interrupted his studies in Florence, and he followed her thither, determining to establish himself there. During this residence, he composed several of his tragedies. The "Antigone" was performed in 1782, by amateurs, in a private theatre, and received much applause. In 1783, he submitted four tragedies to the ordeal of the press. In the same year, he left Rome, on account of the scandal which his frequent visits to the countess created, and went first to Siena, without well knowing what further course his journey would take. In Siena he remained about three weeks, with a friend named Gori; and then set out for Venice, by way of Florence and Bologna. While in Venice, he heard of the peace concluded between England and America, and wrote the fifth ode of his "America Libera." From Venice he went to Padua, "and this time," he says in his Memoirs, "I did not, as I had done twice before, omit to visit the house and tomb of our sovereign master of love, in Arquà." In Padua he became acquainted with Cesarotti, the translator of Ossian. From Padua, he returned to Bologna, passing through Ferrara, for the purpose of performing another poetic pilgrimage, that of visiting the tomb and examining the manuscripts of Ariosto. He then went to Milan and Turin; then returned to Milan, where he saw much of Parini; thence to Florence, "where," he says, "the wiseacres gave me distinctly to understand, that, if my manuscripts had been corrected by them before printing, I should have written well."

Returning to Siena, he published six more of his tragedies, and then determined to visit France and England, — the latter country for the purpose of buying horses. Immediately on his arrival in London, he set about the business, and soon had purchased fourteen, to gratify a whimsical desire of owning as many horses as he had written tragedies. He left London in April, 1784, "with this numerous caravan," and returned to Siena, by way of Calais, Paris, Lyons, and Turin. The account he gives of the troubles and vexations he endured in conducting these animals through the country reminds one of poor Mr. Pickwick's horror at the thought of being followed about all day by a "dreadful horse." He plumed

himself not a little upon getting them safely over the Alps, and, comparing this exploit to Hannibal's celebrated passage, says that it cost him as much wine for the guides, assistants, and jockeys, as it cost that commander vinegar to transport his slaves and elephants. He found his health much benefited, though "the horses had rapidly carried him back to the primitive ass."

Remaining a short time in Turin, he was present at a representation of "Virginia." The countess of Albany had now left Rome, and taken up her residence in Alsatia, and he could not resist the temptation to visit her. During the few months which he passed with her, he wrote the three tragedies, "Agis," "Sophonisba," and "Mirra." The news, which he received at this time, of the death of his friend Gori, in Siena, to whom he was warmly attached, overwhelmed him with sorrow. He returned to Siena, and then removed to Pisa, where he wrote, among other things, the "Panegyric on Trajan." The countess, having visited Paris in the mean time, and being unwilling to return to Rome, determined to make her residence in France. She went into Alsatia in August, 1785, and was there rejoined by Alfieri, who wrote, at this time, the tragedies of the First and the Second Brutus. After a few months, the countess returned to Paris, and Alfieri remained solitary at his villa; but in August, 1786, she came back, and they were never separated more. In December of the same year, they went together to Paris, where they remained only six or seven months. About the same time, he made an arrangement with Didot for the publication of his collected tragedies. In the summer of 1787, he received a visit, at his villa near Colmar, from his friend the Abate Caluso; but his pleasure in the society of this amiable man was interrupted by a long and severe illness, which nearly proved fatal. At the close of the year they went again to Paris, and finding it convenient to remain for the purpose of superintending the press, Alfieri took a house.

He continued his literary occupations until 1791, when, in company with the countess, he made his fourth journey to England. Though they admired the freedom, industry, and energy of the people, they were displeased with the manner of living among the upper classes; "always at table; sitting up till two or three o'clock in the morning; a life wholly opposed to letters, to genius, to health." Alfieri was besides tormented by a "flying gout, which is truly indigenous in that blessed island." His pecuniary affairs were also somewhat embarrassed by the disturbances in France. They accordingly returned, by way of Holland, to Paris, after having made, in August, a short tour, in the course of which they visited Bath, Bristol, and Oxford.

He found it, however, impossible to continue his literary labors amidst the bloody scenes of the Revolution. With some difficulty, he obtained passports for himself and the countess, and fled from Paris on the 18th of August, 1792. Their property was seized and confiscated, and they were immediately proscribed as emigrants. On the third of November, they arrived in Florence. Overjoyed at having escaped from "that self-styled republic, born in terror and in blood," and having reached in safety "the beautiful country where sounds the *sì*," Alfieri resumed his occupations, and by degrees collected another library to replace that of which he had been plundered in Paris. He remained in or near Florence, the rest of his life. At the age of forty-six, he determined to learn the Greek language, and such was the strength of his resolution, that he mastered it sufficiently to read Homer and the Tragedians. His exhausting labors, the anxieties caused by the political state of Italy, and by the victorious arms of the French, whom he abhorred, together with the bad effects of an injurious system of meagre living, began to undermine his health. Notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his friends, he persisted in his course, until the 8th of October, 1803, when he died, at the age of fifty-five.

The following summary of Alfieri's character is taken from Mr. Mariotti's "Italy."

"When we think of Alfieri, we must bring ourselves back to his age; we must for a moment enter into his classical views. Alfieri was in Italy the last of classics; and happy was it for that school, that it could, at its close, shed so dazzling a light as to shroud its downfall in his glory, and trouble, for a long while, with jealous anxiety, the triumph of its hyperborean rival, — the Romantic school.

"When we number the greatest tragedian of Italy among the classics, we consider him only in regard to the form and style of his dramas, not to the spirit that dictated them. Properly speaking, he belonged to no school, and founded none. He stands by himself, the man of all ages, the man of no age. Whatever might be the shape which his education, or the antique cast of his genius, led him to prefer in his productions, no poet ever contributed more powerfully to the reformation of the character of his countrymen. For that object, he only needed to throw before them the model of his own character. It mattered little, whether it was drawn with the pencil, or carved with the chisel; whether it was wrapped up in the Roman gown of Brutus, or in the Florentine cassock of Raimondo de Pazzi.

"Alfieri's character was an anomaly in his age. Notwithstanding some symptoms of boldness and energy of mind shown by some of his contemporaries, or his immediate predecessors, such as Giannone or Parini, still the regeneration of the Italian character was yet merely intellectual and individual; and Alfieri was born out of that class which was the last to feel its redeeming influence. He belonged to a nobility used to make day of night, and night of day; to divide their hours between the prince's antechamber and the boudoir of the

reigning beauty; to waste their energies in a life of insolence, idleness, and unlawful excitement.

. . . . . .

"Penetrated with the utter impossibility of distinguishing himself by immediate action in that age, Alfieri, like many other noblemen of his country, was forced to throw himself on the last resources of literature.

"But he had lofty ideas of its duties and influence; he had exalted notions of the dignity of man, — an ardent, though a vague and exaggerated, love of liberty, and of the manly virtues which it is wont to foster. He felt, that, of all branches of literature, the theatre had the most immediate effect on the illiterate mass of the people. He invaded the stage. He drove from it Metastasio and his effeminate heroes. He substituted dramatic for melodic poetry; manly passions for enervate affections; ideas for sounds. He wished to effect upon his contemporaries that revolution which his own soul had undergone; he wished to rouse them, to wake them from their long lethargy of servitude, to see them thinking, willing, striving, resisting.

"To a man that wrote, actuated by such feelings, the mere form was nothing. It was only at the age of twenty-nine, that, tormented by that disease of noble minds, fame, and grounding his hopes on what he calls his 'determined, obstinate, iron will,' he formed the resolution to be a tragic poet; and began his poetical career by resuming his long-abandoned studies from the very elements of grammar.

"He had no dramatic models before him but Corneille and Racine, to which he added a very imperfect knowledge of the ancient classics. For Shakspeare he, indeed, evinced an indefinable admiration. He felt overawed by the extraordinary powers, but was deterred and distracted by the eccentric flights, of that sovereign fancy. The day of Shakspeare had not yet dawned. The great crisis of Romanticism was not mature; nor was it in Alfieri's power to foresee it.

. . . . . .

"Alfieri's poetry was sculpture. His tragedies are only a group of four or five statues; his characters are figures of marble, incorruptible, everlasting; but not flesh, nothing like flesh, having nothing of its freshness and hue.

"He describes no scene. Those statues stand by themselves, isolated on their pedestals, on a vacant ideal stage, without background, without contrast of landscape or scenery; all wrapped in their heroic mantles; all moving, breathing statues perhaps, still nothing but statues.

"Wherever be the scene, whoever the hero, it is always the poet that speaks; it is always his noble, indomitable soul, reproduced under various shapes; it is always one and the same object, pursued under different points of view, but to which every other view is subservient; the struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed. The genii of good and evil have waged an eternal war in his scenes. Philip, Creon, Gomez, Appius, and Cosmo de' Medici, can equally answer his purposes as the agents of crime. Don Carlos, Antigone, Perez, Icilius, and Don Garzia, are indifferently chosen to stand forth as the champions of virtue."

The tragedies of Alfieri have been translated by Charles Lloyd, in three volumes, London, 1815.

The tragedy of "The First Brutus," from which the following extract is taken, was dedicated to Washington in the following terms.

"TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND FREE CITIZEN, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"THE name of the deliverer of America alone can stand on the title-page of the tragedy of the deliverer of Rome.

"To you, excellent and most rare citizen, I therefore dedicate this; without first hinting at even a part of the so many praises due to yourself, which I now deem all comprehended in the sole mention of your name. Nor can this my slight allusion appear to you contaminated by adulation; since, not knowing you by person, and living disjoined from you by the immense ocean, we have but too emphatically nothing in common between us but the love of glory. Happy are you, who have been able to build your glory on the sublime and eternal basis of love to your country, demonstrated by actions. I, though not born free, yet having abandoned in time my *lares*, and for no other reason than that I might be able to write loftily of liberty, I hope by this means at least to have proved what might have been my love for my country, if I had indeed fortunately belonged to one that deserved the name. In this single respect, I do not think myself wholly unworthy to mingle my name with yours.

"VITTORIO ALFIERI.

"PARIS, 31st December, 1788."

FROM THE FIRST BRUTUS.

BRUTUS AND COLLATINUS.

COLLATINUS.

AH! where, — ah! where, O Brutus, wouldst thou thus
Drag me by force? Quickly restore to me
This sword of mine, which with beloved blood
Is reeking yet. In my own breast ——

BRUTUS.

Ah! first
This sword, now sacred, in the breast of others
Shall be immerged, I swear to thee. Meanwhile
'T is indispensable that in this Forum
Thy boundless sorrow, and my just revenge,
Burst unreservedly before the eyes
Of universal Rome.

COLLATINUS.

Ah, no! I will
Withdraw myself from every human eye.

To my unparalleled calamity
All remedies are vain: the sword, this sword,
Alone can put an end to my distress.

BRUTUS.

O Collatinus, a complete revenge
Would surely be some solace; and I swear
To thee, that that revenge thou shalt obtain. —
O, of a chaste and innocent Roman lady
Thou sacred blood, to-day shalt thou cement
The edifice of Roman liberty!

COLLATINUS.

Ah! could my heart indulge a hope like this, —
The hope, ere death, of universal vengeance!

BRUTUS.

Hope? be assured of it. At length, behold,
The morn is dawning of the wished-for day:
To-day my lofty, long-projected plan
At length may gain a substance and a form.
Thou, from a wronged, unhappy spouse, may'st now
Become the avenging citizen: e'en thou
Shalt bless that innocent blood: and then if thou
Wilt give thy own, it will not be in vain
For a true country shed, — a country, yes,
Which Brutus will to-day create with thee,
Or die with thee in such an enterprise.

COLLATINUS.

O, what a sacred name dost thou pronounce!
I, for a genuine country's sake alone,
Could now survive my immolated wife.

BRUTUS.

Ah! then resolve to live; coöperate
With me in this attempt. A god inspires me;
A god infuses ardor in my breast,
Who thus exhorts me: "It belongs to thee,
O Collatinus, and to thee, O Brutus,
To give both life and liberty to Rome."

COLLATINUS.

Worthy of Brutus is thy lofty hope:
I should be vile, if I defeated it.
Or from the impious Tarquins wholly rescued,
Our country shall from us new life obtain,
Or we — but first avenged — with her will fall.

BRUTUS.

Whether enslaved or free, we now shall fall
Illustrious and revenged. My horrible oath
Perhaps thou hast not well heard; the oath I uttered,
When from Lucretia's palpitating heart
The dagger I dislodged which still I grasp.
Deaf from thy mighty grief, thou, in thy house,
Scarce heardest it; here once more wilt thou hear it,
By my own lips, upon the inanimate corse
Of thy unhappy immolated wife,
And in the presence of assembled Rome,
More strenuously, more solemnly renewed.
Already, with the rising sun, the Forum
With apprehensive citizens is filled;
Already, by Valerius' means, the cry
Is to the multitude promulgated
Of the impious catastrophe; the effect
Will be far stronger on their heated hearts,
When they behold the chaste and beauteous lady
With her own hands destroyed. In their disdain,
As much as in my own, shall I confide.
But, more than every man, thou shouldst be present:
Thine eyes from the distracting spectacle
Thou may'st avert: to thy affliction this
May be allowed; yet here shouldst thou remain;
E'en more than my impassioned words, thy mute
And boundless grief is fitted to excite
The oppressed spectators to indignant pity.

COLLATINUS.

O Brutus! the divinity which speaks
In thee to lofty and ferocious rage
Hath changed my grief already. The last words
Of the magnanimous Lucretia seem,
In a more awful and impressive sound,
To echo in my ears, and smite my heart.
Can I be less inflexible to avenge,
Than she to inflict, her voluntary death?
In the infamous Tarquinii's blood alone
Can I wash out the stigma of the name
Common to me and them!

BRUTUS.

Ah! I, too, spring
From their impure and arbitrary blood:
But Rome shall be convinced that I 'm her son,
Not of the Tarquins' sister; and as far
As blood not Roman desecrates my veins,
I swear to change it all by shedding it
For my beloved country. — But, behold,
The multitude increases; hitherward
Numbers advance; now it is time to speak.

—

BRUTUS, COLLATINUS, AND PEOPLE.

BRUTUS.

Romans, to me, — to me, O Romans, come!
Great things have I to impart to you.

PEOPLE.

O Brutus!
Can that, indeed, which we have heard, be true?

BRUTUS.

Behold! this is the dagger, — reeking yet,
Yet warm, with the innocent blood-drops of a chaste
And Roman lady, slain by her own hands.
Behold her husband! he is mute; yet weeps
And shudders. Yet he lives, but lives alone
For vengeance, till he sees by your hands torn,
The heart torn piece-meal of that impious Sextius,
That sacrilegious ravisher and tyrant.
And I live yet; but only till the day,
When, wholly disencumbered of the Tarquins,
I see Rome free once more.

PEOPLE.

O most unparalleled,
Calamitous catastrophe!

BRUTUS.

I see
That all of you upon the unhappy spouse
Have fixed your motionless and speaking eyes,
Swimming with tears, and by amazement glazed.
Yes, Romans, look at him; ah, see in him,
Ye brothers, fathers, and ye husbands, see
Your infamy reflected! Thus reduced,
Death on himself he cannot now inflict;
Nor can he life endure, if unavenged. —
But vain, inopportune, desist from tears,
And from astonishment. — Romans, towards me,
Turn towards me, Romans, your ferocious looks:
Perhaps from my eyes, ardent with liberty,
Ye may collect some animating spark
Which may inflame you with its fostering heat.
I Junius Brutus am, — whom long ye deemed,
Since I so feigned myself, bereft of reason;
And such I feigned myself, since, doomed to live
The slave of tyrants, I indulged a hope
One day to rescue, by a shock of vengeance,
Myself and Rome from their ferocious claws.
At length, the day, predestined by the gods,
The hour, for my exalted scheme is come.
From this time forth 't is in your power to rise
From slaves (for such ye were) to men. I ask
Alone to die for you; so that I die
The first free man and citizen in Rome.

PEOPLE.

What have we heard? What majesty, what force,
Breathe in his words! But we, alas! are powerless:
Can we confront armed and ferocious tyrants?

BRUTUS.

Ye powerless, — ye? What is it that you say?
What! do ye, then, so little know yourselves?
The breast of each already was inflamed
With just and inextinguishable hate
Against the impious Tarquins: now, e'en now,
Ye shall behold before your eyes displayed
The last, most execrable, fatal proof
Of their flagitious, arbitrary power.
To-day to your exalted rage, the rage
Of Collatinus, and my own, shall be
A guide, an impulse, a pervading spirit.
Ye have resolved on liberty; and ye
Deem yourselves powerless? And do you esteem
The tyrants armed? What force have they, — what arms?
The arms, the force of Romans? Who is there,
The Roman who, that would not sooner die,
Than here, or in the camp, for Rome's oppressors
Equip himself with arms? — By my advice,
Lucretius with his daughter's blood aspersed,
Hath to the camp repaired; this very moment,
By the brave men besieging hostile Ardea
Hath he been heard: and certainly,
In hearing him, and seeing him, those men
Have turned their arms against their guilty tyrants,
Or, swift in our defence, abandoning
Their impious banners, hitherward they fly.
The honor of the earliest enterprise
Against the tyrants, citizens, would ye
Consent indeed to yield to other men?

PEOPLE.

O, with what just and lofty hardihood
Dost thou inflame our breasts! — What can we fear,
If all have the same will?

COLLATINUS.

Your noble rage,
Your generous indignation, thoroughly
Recall me back to life. Nothing can I
Express — to you, — for tears — forbid — my utterance; —
But let my sword be my interpreter:
I first unsheathe it; and to earth I cast,
Irrevocably cast, the useless scabbard.
O sword, I swear to plunge thee in my breast,
Or in the breast of kings! — O husbands, fathers,
Be ye the first to follow me! — But, ah!
What spectacle is this?

[In the farther part of the stage the body of Lucretia is introduced, followed by a great multitude.

PEOPLE.

Atrocious sight!
Behold the murdered lady in the Forum!

BRUTUS.

Yes, Romans, fix — if ye have power do it —
Fix on that immolated form your eyes.
That mute, fair form, that horrible, generous wound,
That pure and sacred blood, ah! all exclaim,
"To-day resolve on liberty, or ye
Are doomed to death! Naught else remains!"

PEOPLE.

All, all, —
Yes, free we all of us will be, or dead!

BRUTUS.

Then listen now to Brutus. — The same dagger
Which from her dying side he lately drew,
Above that innocent, illustrious lady
Brutus now lifts; and to all Rome he swears
That which first on her very dying form
He swore already. — While I wear a sword,
While vital air I breathe, in Rome henceforth
No Tarquin e'er shall put his foot; I swear it:
Nor the abominable name of king,
Nor the authority, shall any man
Ever again possess. — May the just gods
Annihilate him here, if Brutus is not
Lofty and true of heart! — Further I swear,
Many as are the inhabitants of Rome,
To make them equal, free, and citizens;
Myself a citizen, and nothing more:
The laws alone shall have authority,
And I will be the first to yield them homage.

PEOPLE.

The laws, the laws alone! We with one voice
To thine our oaths unite. And be a fate
Worse than the fate of Collatinus ours,
If we are ever perjured!

BRUTUS.

These, these are
True Roman accents. Tyranny and tyrants,
At your accordant hearty will alone,
All, all have vanished. Nothing now is needful,
Except 'gainst them to close the city gates;
Since Fate, to us propitious, had already
Sequestered them from Rome.

PEOPLE.

But you, meanwhile,
Will be to us at once consuls and fathers;
You to us wisdom, we our arms to you,
Our swords, our hearts, will lend.

BRUTUS.

In your august
And sacred presence, on each lofty cause,
We always will deliberate; there cannot
From the collected people's majesty
Be any thing concealed. But it is just
That the patricians and the senate bear
A part in every thing. At the new tidings,
They are not all assembled here: enough
(Alas! too much so) the iron rod of power
Has smitten them with terror: now yourselves
To the sublime contention of great deeds
Shall summon them. Here, then, we will unite,
Patricians and plebeians; and by us
Freedom a stable basis shall receive.

PEOPLE.

From this day forth, we shall begin to live.

VINCENZO MONTI.

This poet, one of the most famous among the modern Italians, was born near Fusignano, a town of Romagna, February 19th, 1754. His earliest years were passed under the instruction of his parents, who belonged to the class of small landholders. He was then put to school in Faenza, where he learned the Latin language. He was destined by his father to the labors of agriculture; but showing an invincible repugnance to occupations of this sort, he was sent to the University of Ferrara, to study the law or medicine. He attempted in vain to interest himself in professional studies, and then gave himself wholly up to literature and poetry. His talents attracted the attention of Cardinal Borghese, the legate at Ferrara, who took him to Rome, with the elder Monti's consent. Young Monti soon became known for his poetical talent, was elected a member of the Arcadia, and received the appointment of secretary to Luigi Braschi, the pope's nephew. While in this situation, he continued his studies, and, eager to emulate Alfieri, produced his tragedies of "Aristodemo" and "Galeotto Manfredi." About this time, he married Theresa Pichler, daughter of the celebrated artist. The murder of the French minister, Basseville, at Rome, gave occasion to his poem entitled "Bassevilliana," the style of which is modelled on that of Dante. This work gained him at once a high reputation as a poet. In 1797, notwithstanding the Anti-gallic tone of his previous writings, he went to Florence with General Marmont, who had been sent with letters from Bonaparte to Rome, and became Secretary of the Directory of the Cisalpine Republic. Suwarrow's invasion of Italy, in 1799, compelled Monti to take refuge in France. He was reduced, for a time, to the most miserable state of destitution; but the victories of Napoleon, after his return from Egypt, revived his hopes. He returned to Italy after the battle of Marengo, and received a professorship in the University of Pavia, which he held three years, when he was invited to Milan, and appointed by Napoleon Assessor of the Ministry of the Interior, Court Poet, Knight of the Iron Crown, member of the Legion of Honor, and Historiographer of the kingdom. He thereupon wrote the first six cantos of the "Bardo della Selva Nera," which appeared in 1806. In 1805, when Napoleon was crowned king of Italy, he celebrated the event in a poem of great merit, entitled "Il Beneficio." On occasion of the battle of Jena, he wrote the triumphal ode, called "Spada di Federico," of which ten editions were sold in five months. He celebrated the occupation of Spain by the French, in the "Palingenesi." He also wrote the "Jerogamia," and the "Api Panacridi." Having joined Joseph Bonaparte at Naples, he published the seventh canto of the "Bardo." Soon after this, he undertook to translate the "Satires" of Juvenal, and the "Iliad" of Homer. In executing the latter task, as he was ignorant of the Greek, he was obliged to avail himself of the existing literal translations, and of the able assistance which Mustoxidi, a Greek friend, disinterestedly rendered him. These works added much to his reputation. On the downfall of Napoleon, Monti lost his employments; but having written, at the request of the city of Milan, in 1815, a poem in honor of the Emperor Francis, he was allowed an income sufficient to enable him to pursue his studies. In conjunction with his accomplished son-in-law, Count Giulio Perticari, he engaged in a warm controversy with the Della Cruscans, on the question between the Tuscan and the Italian. He also published a new edition of the "Convito" of Dante. Returning to poetical composition, he wrote an idyl on the Nuptials of Cadmus. His poetic labors were interrupted in April, 1826, by a sudden stroke of apoplexy; but he lingered on until 1828, and died in October of that year, at the age of seventy-four.

Of all Monti's writings, the "Bassevilliana" enjoys the greatest and widest reputation. As remarked above, it is founded on the murder of the French minister, Basseville, whose soul, the author supposes, is condemned to wander over the French provinces, and behold the desolation produced by the Revolution, the death of Louis the Sixteenth in Paris, and the armies of the Holy Alliance marching toward France to restore the Bourbons. The poem is divided into four cantos of three hundred lines each, and, like its model, the "Divina Commedia," written in *terza rima*. It was translated into English by the Rev. Henry Boyd, London, 1805.

FROM THE BASSEVILLIANA.

THE SOUL'S DOOM.

HELL had been vanquished in the battle fought;
The spirit of the abyss in sullen mood
Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching naught;
He roared like lion famishing for food;
The Eternal he blasphemed, and, as he fled,
Loud hissed around his brow the snaky brood.
Then timidly each opening pinion spread
The soul of Basseville, on new life to look,
Released from members with his heart's blood red.
Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
The soul turned sudden back to gaze awhile,
And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.
But the blessed angel, with a heavenly smile,
Cheering the soul it had been his to win
In dreadful battle waged 'gainst demon vile,
Said, "Welcome, happy spirit, to thy kin!
Welcome unto that company, fair and brave,
To whom in heaven remitted is each sin!
"Fear not; thou art not doomed to sip the wave
Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
All hope of change, becomes the demon's slave.
"But Heaven's high justice, nor in mercy blind,
Nor in severity scrupulous to gauge
Each blot, each wrinkle, of the human mind,
"Has written on the adamantine page
That thou no joys of paradise may'st know,
Till punished be of France the guilty rage.
"Meanwhile, the wounds, the immensity of woe,
That thou hast helped to work, thou, penitent,
Contemplating with tears, o'er earth must go:
"Thy sentence, that thine eyes be ceaseless bent
Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
The stench pollutes the very firmament."

THE SOUL'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

WONDERING, the spirit sees that from the eyes
Of his angelic leader tears have gushed,
Whilst o'er the city streets dread silence lies.
Hushed is the sacred chime of bells, and hushed
The works of day,—hushed every-various sound
Of creaking saw, of metal hammer-crushed.
There fears and whisperings alone are found,
Questionings, looks mistrustful, discontent,
Dark melancholy that the heart must wound,
Deep accents of affections strangely blent:
Accents of mothers, who, foreboding ill,
Clasp to their bosoms each loved innocent;
Accents of wives, who, even on the door's sill,
Strive their impetuous husbands to detain;
With tears and fond entreaties urging still.
But nuptial love and tenderness in vain
May strive; too strong the powers of hell, I ween;
They free the consort whom fond arms enchain.
For now, in dance ferocious and obscene,
Are flitting busily from door to door
A phantom band of heart-appalling mien.
Phantoms of ancient Druids, steeped in gore,
Are these, who, still nefariously athirst
For blood of wretched victims, as of yore,
To Paris throng to revel on the worst
Of all the crimes whose magnitude has fed
The pride of their posterity accursed.
With human life their garments are dyed red,
And, blood and rottenness from every hair
Dripping, a loathsome shower around them shed.
Some firebrands, others scourges, toss i' th' air,
Twisted of every kind of coiling snake;
Some sacrificial knives, some poison bear.
Firebrands and serpents they o'er mortals shake;
And as the blow alights on brow, neck, side,
Boils in each vein the blood, fierce passions wake.
Then from their houses, like a billowy tide,
Men rush enfrenzied, and, from every breast
Banished, shrinks Pity weeping, terrified.
Now the earth quivers, trampled and oppressed
By wheels, by feet of horses and of men;
The air in hollow moans speaks its unrest;
Like distant thunder's roar, scarce within ken,
Like the hoarse murmurs of the midnight surge,
Like north wind rushing from its far-off den.

. . . . . .

Through the dark crowds that round the scaffold flock,
The monarch see with look and gait appear
That might to soft compassion melt a rock;
Melt rocks, from hardest flint draw pity's tear,—
But not from Gallic tigers: to what fate,
Monsters, have ye brought him who loved you dear!

THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

SAD thought, that from the lorn funereal mount,
Whereon a victim god thou didst behold,
Once more returnest, with thy downcast front,

Weeping vain tears! — O, whither dost thou hold
Thy wayward course, and, 'midst yon mournful plain,
What scene of grief and terror dost unfold?
Lo! the vast hills their laboring fires unchain,
Whilst from afar the ocean's thunders roar;
Lo! the dark heavens above lament in rain
The mortal sin; and, from her inmost core,
Earth, tremulous and uncertain, rocks with fear,
Lest the abyss her ancient deluge pour.
Ah me! — revealed within my soul I hear
Prophetic throbs, the signs of wrath divine,
Tumultuous as though Nature's end were near.
I see the paths of impious Palestine;
I see old Jordan, as each shore he laves,
Turbid and slow, towards the sea decline.
Here passed the ark o' th' covenant, and waves
Rolled backward reverent, and their secrets bared,
Leaving their gulfs and their profoundest caves.
Here folded all the flock, whose faith repaired
To Him, that Shepherd whom the all-hoping one
'Midst woods and rocks to the deaf world declared.
Him, after labors long, the glorious Son,
The Lord of Nazareth, joined, and, quickly known,
Closed what his great precursor had begun.
Then sudden through the serene air there shone
A lamp, and, lo! "This is my Son beloved!"
From the bright cloud a voice was heard to own.
River divine! which then electric moved
From out thine inmost bowers to kiss those feet,
Blessing thy waters with that sight approved:
Tell me, where did thy waves divided meet,
Enamoured, — and, ah! where upon thy shore
Were marked the footsteps of my Jesus sweet?
Tell me, where now the rose and lilies bear,
Which, wheresoe'er the immortal footsteps trod,
Sprang fragrant from thy dewy emerald floor?
Alas! thou moanest loud, thy willows nod,
Thy gulfs in hollow murmurs seem to say,
That all thy joy to grief is changed by God.
Such wert thou not, O Jordan, when the sway
Of David's line, along thy listening flood,
Portentous signs from heaven confirmed each day.
Then didst thou see how fierce the savage brood
Of haughty Midian and proud Moab's line,
Conquered and captive, on thy bridges stood.
Then Sion's warriors, listed round her shrine,
Gazed from their towers of strength, and viewed afar
The scattered hosts of the lost Philistine;
Whilst, terror of each giant conqueror,
Roared Judah's lion, leaping in his pride,
'Midst the wild pomp of their barbaric war.
But Salem's glory faded, as the tide
Of waves that ebb and flow, and naught remains
Save a scorned word for scoffers to deride.

The splendor of Mount Carmel treads her plains,
The Saviour of lost Israel now appears,
And faithless Sion all his love disdains.
The Proud One would not that her prophet's tears
Should be remembered, nor the voice inspired,
Which, wailing for her wrong, late filled her ears;
When, with prophetic inspiration fired,
The cloud that forms the future's dark disguise
Fled, and unveiled the Lamb of God desired.
Daughter of foul iniquity! the guise
Of impious Babylon did thy garment make,
And on the light of truth sealed up thine eyes.
But he, that God, dishonored for thy sake,
Soon shalt thou, in omnipotent disdain,
Behold him vengeance for his Son awake.
Under his feet the heavens and starry train
Tremble and roll; the howling whirlwinds fly,
Calling each tempest-winged hurricane,
Chanting its thunder-psalm throughout the sky;
And, filled with arrows of consuming fire,
His quiver he hath slung upon his thigh.
As smoke before the storm's ungoverned ire,
The mountains melt before his dread approach,
The rapid eye marks not the avenging Sire;
Whilst, burning to remove the foul reproach,
Now from Ausonia's strand the troop departs
On the inviolate temple to encroach.
Cedron afar the murmur hears, and starts;
But, lifting not to heaven his trembling font,
Through Siloa's slender brook confounded darts.
Now, scorning to attire with splendor wont
Thy plains, the sun eclipses, and the brand
God from the sheath draws on thine impious front.
I see his lightnings flash upon the band
Of armies round thy synagogue impure,
Thine altars blazing as the fires expand!
I see where War, and Death, and Fear, secure
'Midst the hoarse clang of each terrific sound,
Gigantic stalk through falling towers obscure!
Like deer, when sharp the springing tigers bound
Upon their timid troop, thy virgin trains
And sires unwarlike every fane surround.
With glaring eyeballs and distended veins,
Forth Desperation flies from throng to throng,
And frantic life at his own hand disdains.
Disorder follows fast, and shrieks prolong
The hideous tumult. Then the city falls,
Avenging horribly her prophet's wrong.
Amidst the carnage, on the toppling walls,
Howls and exults and leaps wild Cruelty,
And priest and youth and age alike appalls.
With naked swords, and through a blood-red sea,
Flowing around the mountains of the dead,
Victorious rides the insulting enemy.
The flames, the buildings, temple, soon o'erspread
With divine fury, and the heavens despised
Smile on the horror which their tempest bred.

Thus with foul scorn, dishonored and disguised,
The conquering Latin eagles bore enchained
Jerusalem's disloyal ark chastised;
And she now lies with frightful footsteps stained,
Buried 'midst thorns and sand, and the hot sun
Scares the fierce dragon where her Judge once reigned.
Thus when from heaven the fatal bolt hath done
Sad desolation in some glorious wood,
Striking the boughs which upwards highest run;
Though scorched and burnt, still o'er its neighbourhood
Majestic towers aloft the giant oak,
As poised by its own ponderous weight it stood,
Waiting the thunder of a second stroke.

IPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.

Ippolito Pindemonte was the descendant of a noble family in Verona. He was born in that city, November 13th, 1753. He was early imbued with the love of literature, and was sent to complete his studies at the Collegio de' Nobili in Modena. His first attempt in poetry was a translation of Racine's "Bérénice," which gained him great reputation. At the age of twenty-four, he made the tour of Italy, and extended his travels to Malta and the East; and, in 1788, set out on a journey through the North of Europe, England, and France. In the last named country he passed the greater part of 1789, living on intimate terms with Alfieri. Having completed his travels, he returned to Verona. At this period, he wrote a great portion of his "Poesie Campestri," finished the tragedy of "Arminio," and began several other works. In 1807, he took up his abode in Venice, and became a member of the Italian Institute. His life was wholly occupied with the quiet pursuits of literature. Among his best works are the lyric poems and epistles, which display profound thought and warm feelings, and exhibit traces of the influence of English literature, with which he was very familiar. He died in Verona, November 13th, 1828. His works are published in the Milan edition of the "Classici Italiani"; and his "Poesie Campestri" and lyric poems, in the "Parnaso degl' Italiani Viventi" 24 vols., Pisa, 1798–1802, 12mo.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF ARMINIO.

LAMENT OF THE AGED BARDS.

CHORUS.

In us the martial flame is fading;
Feeble our arms, our steps are slow;
'Midst blood and death, our brethren aiding,
No longer is it ours to go.

FIRST BARD.

Alas! how swift has flown
That brightly happy age,
When with my voice alone
I woke the battle's rage!
I, who reclined in shady mead,
Can now but sing the hero's deed.

Then did this good right hand
Oft lay the harp aside,
To grasp the deadly brand;
This hand, which can but glide
Now languidly, with failing skill,
O'er chords scarce answering to my will.

Like the swelling wrath of a mountain river,
That bounds, in the pride of its conscious power,
So fiercely from height to height,
That to dust the thundering waters shiver,
Then aloft rebound in a silvery shower,
Was my rushing in youth to the fight.

But now, little heeding
Mine earlier force,
My foot is receding,
And years in their course
Scatter snows o'er my head.

Though now broadly sweeping,
The Rhine thus shall wane,
And through swamps feebly creeping,
Scarce lingeringly gain
Of old Ocean the bed.

SECOND BARD.

Life's latter days are desolate and drear;
Man, wretched man, in early youth must die,
Or see the tomb inclose all he holds dear.
This world is but a vale of misery,
Where the poor wanderer scarcely hopes to gain
One smile for many tears of agony.
He sees death all around extend his reign:
Here droops a brother, sickening day by day;
There fades a consort; there a child lies slain.
A grave at every step yawns in my way,
And mine incautious foot tramples on bones
Of friends and kindred, hastening to decay.
And kinsmen turn to foes! O hearts, than stones
More hard! throw, throw those murderous spears aside,
Whose slightest blows call forth your country's groans!
But, if this brothers' battle must be tried,
May freedom's cause with victory be crowned!
Or underground these hoary locks abide,
Ere I in fetters see my country bound!

THIRD BARD.

What deeds of high emprise
Did my youth's comrades share!
Feats of such lofty guise
In later days are rare.
Ah, those were gallant battles! those
Were fierce encounters, deadly blows!

Strong arms and hearts of flame
These rival chiefs display;
But the Cheruscan name
Declines from day to day;
And vainly should we hope to view
The son his father's fame renew.

But even the bravest man,
Though high 'midst heroes placed,
Would scarce outlast his span
Of life, by bard ungraced;
Nor would the stranger's earnest eye
Ask where the honored ashes lie.

The dazzling sun at eve,
When sinking in the sea,
No lasting track can leave
Of radiance on the lea:
Such were the proudest hero's fate,
Prolonged not verse his glory's date.

CHORUS.

In us the martial flame is fading;
Feeble our arms, our steps are slow;
'Midst blood and death, our brethren aiding,
No longer is it ours to go.

—

LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF BALDUR.

CHORUS.

Cold, dark, and lowly is the bed,
On which, unhappy youth, thy head
Must now for ever rest!
But on the bard's immortal lay
Shall, even to time's remotest day,
Thy glory live impressed.

FIRST BARD.

Not the bird, whose melodious voice
Erst bade thee rejoice,
As he hailed the first blushes of morn;
Nor the sun shooting golden rays,
Whose refulgent blaze
Hut, palace, and grove adorn;

Nor the trumpet's loud call to the fight,
At whose sound with delight
The heart of the warrior glows;
Nor the tenderest maiden's address,
Nor her timid caress,
Evermore shall disturb thy repose.

For hers, thy sad mother's grief,
What hope of relief?
Yet deeper her anguish must prove,
If, bewildered by sorrow, her ear
Deem an instant to hear
Thy footsteps, O son of her love!

At the social board with a sigh
She sits, for her eye
Beholds not the face of her child;
Though conscious her search must be vain,
She seeks thee with pain,
Through thickets entangled and wild.

No tempest's terrible power
This plant scarce in flower
Broke down with resistless force;
He fell like the stars, that, on high
As they traverse the sky,
Spontaneously shoot from their course.

CHORUS.

Cold, dark, and lowly is the bed,
On which, unhappy youth, thy head
Must now for ever rest!
But on the bard's immortal lay
Shall, even to time's remotest day,
Thy glory live impressed.

SECOND BARD.

By untimely doom,
To great Odin's hall
Is a spirit come:
Where, in that large space,
'Mid the heroes all,
Is the stranger's place?

THIRD BARD.

A thousand damsels, clad in spotless white,
With crowns of flowers upon their tresses fair,
With naked arms, and scarfs of azure bright
Around their loins, to every hero there,
In skulls of foes subdued in earthly fight,
Minister draughts abundant, rich, and rare.
Thus for that chosen company combine
Love, glory, vengeance, with the joys of wine.

FOURTH BARD.

Thy playmates of an earlier year,
With thee, who by our river's side
First bent the bow, or hurled the spear,
Or with light foot in swiftness vied,
Now wander with dejected eye,
Call upon Baldur's name, and sigh.

Let not the story of our woe
To hostile strangers be conveyed:
Too much it will rejoice the foe
To hear that he, an empty shade,
Is idly flitting on the gale,
In arms who turned their warriors pale.

Upon the field of martial fame
Too short, alas! has been thy race:
Yet still, in characters of flame,
Lives of that brief career the trace.
Even upon thy mother's knee,
Thy soul from childishness was free.

Thus the strong eagle's callow brood,
With tender talons yet untried,
With beaks yet never dipped in blood,
Display their nature's inborn pride,
By gazing with undazzled eye
Upon the sun in noonday sky.

CHORUS.

Cold, dark, and lowly is the bed,
On which, unhappy youth, thy head
Must now for ever rest!

But on the bard's immortal lay
Shall, even to time's remotest day,
Thy glory live impressed.

NICCOLÒ UGO FOSCOLO.

This distinguished poet and scholar, some of whose works are written in English, and form a valuable part of English critical literature, was born in Zante, of a family which originated from Venice. The date of his birth is variously stated, as having occurred in 1775, '76, '77, or '78. After his father's death, his mother removed to Venice, and there Foscolo acquired the elementary branches of education. He studied afterwards at the University of Padua, under Cesarotti.

In 1797, he commenced his career as a poet with the tragedy of "Tieste," in which he imitated the simplicity of Alfieri and the Greeks. This work, though of no great merit, was received at the time, on account of the political allusions it was supposed to contain, and the youth of the author, with unbounded enthusiasm. The attention of the government being attracted to him by these circumstances, he found it prudent to leave Venice, and retired to Florence. He then went to Milan, the capital of the so called Cisalpine Republic, where he took an earnest and active part in the political agitations of the times. Here he fell in love with a young Roman lady of uncommon beauty, and described his passion in a work entitled "Lettere di due Amanti," which was the basis of the later and more celebrated production, the "Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis." He joined the Lombard legion, accompanied the government of the Cisalpine Republic when they retreated to Genoa, and endured with the rest all the hardships of the nine months' siege of that city, during which, however, he composed several of his poems. On the surrender of the city, in June, 1800, Foscolo went with the other members of the republic to Antibes. He remained there but a short time. Napoleon's return from Egypt changed the face of Italian affairs, and Foscolo was restored to Milan, and about this time wrote the "Letters of Jacopo Ortis," which produced a great sensation among his countrymen. In 1802, he composed an oration addressed to Bonaparte, remarkable chiefly for the pomp and pedantry of its style. When Napoleon formed the camp at Boulogne with the purpose of invading England, the division of the Italian army to which Foscolo belonged constituted a portion of the assembled forces. He held the rank of captain in the staff of General Tullie, and was stationed with his division at Saint Omer, where he began the study of the English language.

In 1805, he returned to Italy, and for some time resided in Brescia, where he wrote "Dei Sepolcri Carme," the most admired of his poems, and a translation of a part of the "Iliad." In 1808, he was appointed Professor of Eloquence in Pavia; but the professorship being abolished a year afterwards, he retired to the Borgo di Vico, on Lake Como, and resumed his poetical occupations. Here he became intimately acquainted with the family of an accomplished nobleman, Count Giovio, whose society helped to dissipate the gloom and melancholy which at times overshadowed him. The lively daughter of the count wittily called Foscolo "a sentimental thunderbolt." While residing at the Borgo di Vico, he wrote the tragedy of "Ajax," which was brought out at Milan, but proved an entire failure. He went afterwards to Florence, where he was well received, and wrote the tragedy of "La Ricciarda," — also unsuccessful, — and about the same time published his "Hymn to the Graces."

Soon after the overthrow of Napoleon, and the transfer of Lombardy to Austria, he left his home, went to Switzerland, and lived two years in Zürich. In 1815, he went to England, and was hospitably received by the leading liberals, and by the most eminent literary men in London. Here he wrote many articles in the principal journals, and took part in the famous discussion about the Digamma; from which circumstance, he gave to the cottage he afterwards built and occupied in Regent's Park the name of Digamma Cottage. He also delivered a course of lectures on Italian literature, which brought him in a thousand pounds. But his imprudences and extravagance soon involved him in great pecuniary embarrassments, which harassed him during the rest of his life. His "Essays on Petrarch," an admirable work, was published in London in 1821, and his "Discorso sul Testo di Dante," a valuable piece of criticism, appeared in 1826. He died, September 10th, 1827, in a cottage he had taken at Turnham Green, in the neighbourhood of London.

TO LUIGIA PALLAVICINI.

As when forth beams from ocean's caves
The star to Love's own mother dear;
Her dew-bespangled tresses waves,
Scattering the night-shades dun and drear,
And far illumes her heavenly way
With light poured from the eternal founts of day:

So Beauty from the curtained couch,
Her charms divine, and features rare,
More lovely with the shadowing touch
Of sorrow that yet lingers there,
Revives, — and radiant glads our eyes,
Still, sweetest soother of man's woe-born sighs.

Soon, like the roses on thy cheek,
The buds of joy again unfold, —
Those large dark eyes, so wild, yet meek, —
Bewitching smiles and looks untold, —
With all those wiles that wake again
Each mother's fears, and lover's keener pain.

The Hours that late hung o'er thee, sad, —
The ministers of sighs and pain, —
Bring thee fresh charms, with splendor clad,
'Mid Eastern state and jewelled train;
On bracelets, gems, and rings out shine
The sculptured gods, in godlike Greek design.

Charms of more sovereign power you share, —
The tragic fiction's stirring theme;
In whose rich chorus, seen most fair,
Thou, goddess, art the youth's fond dream,
Who, gazing, checks the magic dance,
To drink soft pain and rapture from thy glance.

Or when thou wak'st the soul of song
That slumbers in thy harpstrings wild,
Or with heaven's witcheries sweep'st along
The aisles of holier music mild,
Or gladd'st the dance with rapturous tone, —
'T is still thy voice, in murmured sighs we own.

If peril here for lovers be,
What when thou weav'st the airy dance,
Yielding thy form of symmetry
To grace, — while beams thy sunny glance
Through thy loose veil; — and, O, thy neck and hair
Shine forth in loveliness and beauty rare!

See! from her graceful headdress slow
Escape those tresses fragrant, bright, —
Ambrosial locks, that lovely flow
From 'neath their rosy garland light,
Whose flowers were April's early token
Of joy and health and dreams of bliss unbroken.

Handmaids of pleasure and of love, —
Thus woo you, fluttering near,
The envied Hours, where'er you move:
And let the Graces here
Frown on him who beauty's balm
And life's swift flight recalls, and death's deep calm.

Mortal goddess, guide and queen
Of the ocean's virgin train, —
On Parrhasian mount was seen
Chaste Artemis, o'er the plain,
The forest's terror, chasing far
Her prey with sounding bow, in sylvan war.

Old Fame hath given her birth divine;
Olympian offspring, goddess fair, —
Hers the fount, and sacred shrine,
Elysian; hers the mountain air,
Chasing the wild deer of the wood,
With fate-winged dart, o'er hill and vale and flood.

And altars to that goddess rose, —
Bellona, once the Amazon;
Hers the Ægis; round her brows
Palms wreathed by vocal Helicon:
Her Gorgon terrors now she rears,
To shake the British shores, and measure hostile spears.

And she, whose image now thy hands
With sacred myrtle-boughs adorn,
Devoted, lovely, seems to stand
Benignant as the rosy morn:
But 'midst thy household deities dost thou,
Sole priestess, stand arrayed with beauty on thy brow!

She, the queen of Cyprus' isle,
And sweet Cythera, where the spring
For ever odorous reigns, — where smile
Those wood-crowned isles, whose bold sides fling
The Ionian waves and east winds back,
Which urge the white sails on their far-borne track.

First cradled was I in that sea,
Whence the bright spirit earthless flew
Of Phaon's girl; — the night-wind free,
Oft as it stirs those waters blue,
Most gently murmurs to the lonely shore,
With plaintive voice which woful lovers' spirits pour.

I hear, I feel the sacred air, —
My native air of love and fire, —
And wake the Æolian chords to share
Their music with that deep-toned lyre
Ausonian, till their vows to thee,
Beauty divine, Love's votaries long decree!

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

Alessandro Manzoni, distinguished as a lyrist, tragic poet, and novelist, was born at Milan, in 1784. He belongs to a noble family, and his mother was the daughter of the celebrated Marquis Beccaria. When very young, he showed his poetical talent in the "Versi Sciolti" on the death of his foster-father, Imbonati. In 1810, appeared his "Inni Sacri," in which he created a new species of Italian lyric poetry. His tragedies have placed him at the head of the living Italian dramatists. His tragedy, "Il Conte di Carmagnola," written in eleven-syllable iambics, published in 1820, made a great sensation, not only in Italy, but in Germany and England. This was followed by the "Adelchi," which appeared in 1823. In both of these pieces he has thrown off the restraints of the French school, and used the chorus with great lyrical effect. His ode on the death of Napoleon, entitled "Il Cinque Maggio," is the best known of his miscellaneous pieces. It has been several times translated into English. His excellent novel, "I Promessi Sposi," appeared at Milan in 1827. It has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and holds the highest rank among the Italian romances. Theological subjects have of late withdrawn Manzoni from poetry.

IL CINQUE MAGGIO.

He was. — As motionless as lay,
First mingled with the dead,
The relics of the senseless clay,
Whence such a soul had fled, —
The Earth astounded holds her breath,
Struck with the tidings of his death:
She pauses the last hour to see
Of the dread Man of Destiny;
Nor knows she when another tread,
Like that of the once mighty dead,
Shall such a footprint leave impressed
As his, in blood, upon her breast.

I saw him blazing on his throne,
Yet hailed him not: by restless fate
Hurled from the giddy summit down;
Resume again his lofty state:
Saw him at last for ever fall,
Still mute amid the shouts of all:
Free from base flattery, when he rose;
From baser outrage, when he fell:
Now his career has reached its close,
My voice is raised, the truth to tell,
And o'er his exiled urn will try
To pour a strain that shall not die.

From Alps to Pyramids were thrown
His bolts, from Scylla to the Don,
From Manzanares to the Rhine,
From sea to sea, unerring hurled;
And ere the flash had ceased to shine,
Burst on their aim, — and shook the world.
Was this true glory? — The high doom
Must be pronounced by times to come:
For us, we bow before His throne,
Who willed, in gifting mortal clay
With such a spirit, to display
A grander impress of his own.

His was the stormy, fierce delight
To dare adventure's boldest scheme;
The soul of fire, that burned for might,
And could of naught but empire dream;
And his the indomitable will
That dream of empire to fulfil,
And to a greatness to attain
'T were madness to have hoped to gain:
All these were his; nor these alone; —
Flight, victory, exile, and the throne; —
Twice in the dust by thousands trod,
Twice on the altar as a god.

Two ages stood in arms arrayed,
Contending which should victor be:
He spake: — his mandate they obeyed,
And bowed to hear their destiny.
He stepped between them, to assume
The mastery, and pronounce their doom;
Then vanished, and inactive wore
Life's remnant out on that lone shore.
What envy did his palmy state,
What pity his reverses move,
Object of unrelenting hate,
And unextinguishable love!

As beat innumerable waves
O'er the last floating plank that saves
One sailor from the wreck, whose eye
Intently gazes o'er the main,
Far in the distance to descry
Some speck of hope, — but all in vain;
Did countless waves of memory roll
Incessant, thronging on his soul:
Recording, for a future age,
The tale of his renown,
How often on the immortal page
His hand sank weary down!

Oft on some sea-beat cliff alone
He stood, — the lingering daylight gone,
And pensive evening come at last, —
With folded arms, and eyes declined;
While, O, what visions on his mind
Came rushing — of the past!
The rampart stormed, — the tented field, —
His eagles glittering far and wide, —
His columns never taught to yield, —
His cavalry's resistless tide,
Watching each motion of his hand,
Swift to obey the swift command.

Such thoughts, perchance, last filled his breast,
And his departing soul oppressed,
To tempt it to despair;
Till from on high a hand of might
In mercy came to guide its flight
Up to a purer air, —
Leading it, o'er hope's path of flowers,
To the celestial plains,
Where greater happiness is ours
Than even fancy feigns,
And where earth's fleeting glories fade
Into the shadow of a shade.

Immortal, bright, beneficent,
Faith, used to victories, on thy roll
Write this with joy; for never bent
Beneath death's hand a haughtier soul;
Thou from the worn and pallid clay
Chase every bitter word away,
That would insult the dead:
His holy crucifix, whose breath
Has power to raise and to depress,
Send consolation and distress,
Lay by him on that lowly bed
And hallowed it in death.

CHORUS FROM THE CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA.

Hark! from the right bursts forth a trumpet's sound;
A loud, shrill trumpet from the left replies:
On every side hoarse echoes from the ground
To the quick tramp of steeds and warriors rise,
Hollow and deep, — and banners all around
Meet hostile banners waving to the skies:
Here steel-clad bands in marshalled order shine,
And there a host confronts their glittering line.

Lo! half the field already from the sight
Hath vanished, hid from closing groups of foes;
Swords crossing swords flash lightning o'er the fight,
And the strife deepens, and the life-blood flows!
O, who are these? What stranger in his might
Comes bursting on the lovely land's repose?
What patriot hearts have nobly vowed to save
Their native soil, or make its dust their grave?

One race, alas! these foes, one kindred race,
Were born and reared the same fair scenes among!
The stranger calls them brothers, — and each face
That brotherhood reveals; — one common tongue
Dwells on their lips; — the earth on which we trace
Their hearts blood is the soil from whence they sprung.
One mother gave them birth, — this chosen land,
Circled with Alps and seas by Nature's guardian hand.

O, grief and horror! who the first could dare
Against a brother's breast a sword to wield?
What cause unhallowed and accursed, declare,
Hath bathed with carnage this ignoble field?
Think'st thou they know? — They but inflict and share
Misery and death, the motive unrevealed:
Sold to a leader, sold himself to die,
With him they strive, they fall, — and ask not why.

But are there none who love them? Have they none,
No wives, no mothers, who might rush between,
And win with tears the husband and the son
Back to his home from this polluted scene?
And they, whose hearts, when life's bright day is done,
Unfold to thoughts more solemn and serene,
Thoughts of the tomb, — why cannot they assuage
The storms of passion with the voice of age?

Ask not! — The peasant at his cabin door
Sits calmly pointing to the distant cloud
Which skirts the horizon, menacing to pour
Destruction down o'er fields he hath not ploughed:
Thus, where no echo of the battle's roar
Is heard afar, even thus the reckless crowd
In tranquil safety number o'er the slain,
Or tell of cities burning on the plain.

There may'st thou mark the boy, with earnest gaze
Fixed on his mother's lips, intent to know
By names of insult those whom future days
Shall see him meet in arms, their deadliest foe.

There proudly many a glittering dame displays
Bracelet and zone, with radiant gems that glow,
By lovers, husbands, home in triumph borne,
From the sad brides of fallen warriors torn.

Woe to the victors and the vanquished, woe!
The earth is heaped, is loaded with the slain;
Loud and more loud the cries of fury grow;
A sea of blood is swelling o'er the plain.
But from the embattled front already, lo!
A band recedes, — it flies, — all hope is vain;
And vernal hearts, despairing of the strife,
Wake to the love, the clinging love of life.

As the light grain disperses in the air,
Borne by the winnowing of the gales around,
Thus fly the vanquished, in their wild despair,
Chased, severed, scattered, o'er the ample ground.
But mightier bands, that lay in ambush there,
Burst on their flight, — and hark! the deepening sound
Of fierce pursuit! — still nearer and more near,
The rush of war-steeds trampling in the rear!

The day is won! — they fall, — disarmed they yield,
Low at the conqueror's feet all suppliant lying!
'Midst shouts of victory pealing o'er the field,
Ah! who may hear the murmurs of the dying?
Haste! let the tale of triumph be revealed!
E'en now the courier to his steed is flying;
He spurs, — he speeds, — with tidings of the day
To rouse up cities in his lightning way.

Why pour ye forth from your deserted homes,
O eager multitudes, around him pressing, —
Each hurrying where his breathless courser foams,
Each tongue, each eye infatuate hope confessing?
Know ye not whence the ill-omened herald comes,
And dare ye dream he comes with words of blessing? —
Brothers, by brothers slain, lie low and cold! —
Be ye content! the glorious tale is told.

I hear the voice of joy, the exulting cry!
They deck the shrine, they swell the choral strains;
E'en now the homicides assail the sky
With pæans, which indignant Heaven disdains! —
But from the soaring Alps the stranger's eye
Looks watchful down on our ensanguined plains,
And, with the cruel rapture of a foe,
Numbers the mighty stretched in death below.

Haste! from your lines again, ye brave and true!
Haste, haste, — your triumphs and your joys suspending!
The invader comes! your banners raise anew!
Rush to the strife, your country's call attending!

Victors, why pause ye? Are ye weak and few?—
Ay! such he deemed you; and for this descending,
He waits you on the field ye know too well,—
The same red war-field where your brethren fell.

O thou devoted land, that canst not rear
In peace thy offspring! thou, the lost and won,
The fair and fatal soil, that dost appear
Too narrow still for each contending son!
Receive the stranger in his fierce career,
Parting thy spoils! thy chastening has begun!
And, wresting from thy kings the guardian sword,
Foes, whom thou ne'er hadst wronged, sit proudly at thy board!

Are these infatuate too?—O, who hath known
A people e'er by guilt's vain triumph blessed?
The wronged, the vanquished, suffer not alone;
Brief is the joy that swells the oppressor's breast.
What though not yet his day of pride be flown,
Though yet Heaven's vengeance spare his haughty crest?
Well hath it marked him,—and decreed the hour,
When his last sigh shall own the terror of its power.

Are we not creatures of one hand divine,
Formed in one mould, to one redemption born,—
Kindred alike, where'er our skies may shine,
Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn?
Brothers,—one bond around our souls should twine;
And woe to him by whom that bond is torn,
Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to earth,
Who bows down spirits of immortal birth!

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NICCOLINI.

This poet of liberalism in Italy was born near Pisa, December 31st, 1786. He belongs to a noble Florentine family, and is a descendant of Filicaja, by the mother's side. He studied first in Florence, and afterwards at the University of Pisa, where he took his degree in jurisprudence, and then devoted himself to the study of classical literature. He was then appointed Professor of History and Mythology in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Florence, and wrote several valuable discourses on the subjects of his professorship. But though his prose works are written in an elegant and vigorous style, his inclination led him decidedly to dramatic poetry. His first tragedy, "Polyxena," was crowned with the prize of the Della Cruscan Academy, in 1810. This was followed by the "Ino e Themisto," "Medea," "Mathilde," and "Antonio Foscarini." This last tragedy, taken from a well known passage in Venetian history, was received with great enthusiasm, and established Niccolini's reputation. His "Giovanni da Procida" was performed at Florence in 1830; "Ludovico il Moro" appeared in 1834; and "Rosmunda" in 1839. His works, in three volumes, containing the tragedies, the written lyrical poems, and prose essays, were published in Florence, in 1831.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF NABUCCO.

NABUCCO.

Hence, trembling slaves! I do not pardon you,
But scorn to punish.

[The Senate withdraws.

ARSACES.

Murder me thou may'st,
But not debase.

NABUCCO.

Thou hop'st such glorious death
In vain.—I with thy blood pollute my sword?

ARSACES.

'T were for thine arm a novel enterprise.
As yet thou hast but shed the blood of slaves.

NABUCCO.

And what art thou, Assyrian?

ARSACES.

I deserve
A different, kingless country.

NABUCCO.

So! A rebel!

ARSACES.

Such were I, 'midst thy slaves a jocund flatterer
Thou hadst beheld me, bending low my head
Before the worshipped throne; and in thy power
I thus might share. Thou with their fears didst bargain,
That made thee king, and that maintain thee tyrant.

NABUCCO.

Bethink thee, if this sword, on which the fate
Of Asia hangs, strike not rebellious slaves,
Thousands of weapons wait upon my word.

ARSACES.

Then why delay'st thou? Call them.—I believed thee
Worthy to hear the truth. Do thou chastise
So gross an error.

NABUCCO.

He who on this earth
No equal knows may tolerate thy boldness.
Say on.

ARSACES.

Wert thou a vulgar tyrant, hung not
Assyria's fate on thee, Arsaces then
Could slay or scorn thee. I, who in thy ranks

Have fought, have seen thee general and soldier,
And on the battle-field a god in arms
Admired, upon the throne abhor thee.
. . . . . .

NABUCCO.

Of liberty what talk'st thou to the king?
In me our country dwells; then speak of me.

ARSACES.

To thee I speak, Nabucco; to thy fortune
Others have spoken. Asia's ills thou seest, —
Not thine. The sea of blood deluging earth
Touches thy throne; it totters; dost not feel it?
For us I ask not pity; on thyself,
Nabucco, have compassion.

NABUCCO.

Did I prize
My power above my fame, I were at peace,
And you in chains.

ARSACES.

The founder thou wouldst be
Of a new empire, and a high emprise
This seems to thy ferocious pride. Thou 'rt great,
If thou succeed; if in the attempt thou fall,
Audacious. Well I know that splendid ruins
To man yield glory, but not genuine fame.

NABUCCO.

I upon victory would found mine empire,
Not owe it to the charity of kings.
Assyria, conquered, boasts not as her monarch
Nabucco. On this head my crown must blaze
With all the terrors of its former brightness,
Or there be crushed. Wherefore chose not Assyria
Her king amongst the unwarlike Magi? Then,
When to this hand, trained but to wield the sword,
The sceptre she committed, she pronounced
Her preference of glory to repose.
Is glory ever bloodless? Would ye now
Return to your effeminate studies, ply
The distaff, break our arms? Who my reverses
Could not support never deserved my fortune.
. . . . . .
If I am vanquished, to unwarlike leaders,
To venal satraps, Asia must be slave.
Whom seest thou on the throne worthy a throne?
Where is the crown on which I have not trampled?

ARSACES.

To me dost thou recall the arts of kings,
And vileness? To Arsaces such a crime
Royalty seems, that scarce could he in thee
Forgive it, did thy virtue match thy valor.
But is 't the sole reward of so much blood,
That we may choose our tyrant, and our sons
Be born to a new yoke?

NABUCCO.

My reign attests
That ye were free.

ARSACES.

O, direst lot of slaves!
Slavery, to him who has lived free, is shame.
But why my wounds reopen? I address not
The citizen, 't is to the king I speak.
To thee Assyria has given her crimes,
Her valor, virtue, rights, and fortune. Rich
Art thou through ancient ills, rich in her wealth.
The harvest of the past, the future's hopes,
Are placed in thee. . . . . .
The urn of fate God to thy powerful hand
Committed, and forsook the earth. But was 't
Guerdon or punishment? Heavens! Dar'st thou stake
The world's last hope on doubtful battle? now,
When in the tired Assyrian courage flags,
And fair pretexts are wanting, other sons
Demand of mothers, wrapt in mourning weeds,
With tear-dimmed eyes? For what should we now battle?
Cold are our altars or o'erthrown, the gods
Uncertain; slain or prisoners our sons;
Not e'en their graves are given to our affliction;
The Scythian snows conceal our brave Assyrians;
And our ancestral monuments are buried
Beneath the ruins of our temples. Say,
What should the Assyrian now defend?

NABUCCO.

His crimes!
I with my dazzling glory fill the throne,
Hiding the blood with which by you 't was stained.
'T will redden if I fall, and for revenge
Call on your murdered sovereign's servile heir,
Ay, and obtain it. But, with minds unstable,
Ye look for pardon of past crimes, of new ones
For recompense.

ARSACES.

Nor fear nor hope are mine.
His sword secures Arsaces from all kings.

SILVIO PELLICO.

Silvio Pellico, known to all the world by the beautiful history of his imprisonment in the Spielberg, was born in 1789, at Saluzzo, in Piedmont. Encouraged by his father, who had gained reputation by his lyrical compositions, he wrote verses in early youth. At the age of sixteen, he went to Lyons, where his sister had married. Foscolo's poem, "I Sepolcri," reawakened his love of country to such a degree, that he returned forthwith to Italy. He lived at Milan, in the family of Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi, whose children he instructed. His tragedies of "Laodicea" and "Francesca da Rimini" gave him an honorable rank among the Italian poets. The associations which he enjoyed with the scholars and writers who were aiming at the regeneration of Italy led to the establishment of the journal entitled "Il Conciliatore," in which

Pellico's "Eufemio di Messina" was first printed, as well as Manzoni's "Conte di Carmagnola." The liberal tone of these productions was offensive to the government, and Pellico, with others, was arrested on the 13th of October, 1820. After severe investigations and long protracted delays, Pellico was finally condemned to imprisonment in the Spielberg, as a commutation of the punishment of death, to which the judges had sentenced him. The details of his sufferings, while undergoing this barbarous infliction, of ten years' duration, are universally known. He was released in 1830, and permitted to return to Turin. His works were published in Padua, in two volumes, 1831, and at Leipsic, in one volume, 1834. Three new tragedies appeared at Turin, in 1832. They are entitled, "Gismondo da Mendrisio," "Leoniero da Dertona," and "Erodiade." A very correct and elegant translation of "Le Mie Prigioni" — as he entitled the history of his imprisonments — was published at Cambridge, in 1836.

CANZONE, WRITTEN IN PRISON.

The love of song what can impart
To the lone captive's sinking heart?
Thou Sun! thou fount divine
Of light! the gift is thine!

O, how, beyond the gloom
That wraps my living tomb,
Through forest, garden, mead, and grove,
All nature drinks the ray
Of glorious day, —
Inebriate with love!

The jocund torrents flow
To distant worlds that owe
Their life to thee!
And if a slender ray
Chance through my bars to stray,
And pierce to me,
My cell, no more a tomb,
Smiles in its caverned gloom, —
As nature to the free!

If scarce thy bounty yields
To these ungenial fields
The gift divine,
O, shed thy blessings here,
Now while in dungeon drear
Italians pine!

Thy splendors faintly known,
Sclavonia may not own
For thee the love
Our hearts must move,
Who from our cradle learn
To adore thee, and to yearn
With passionate desire
(Our nature's fondest prayer,
Needful as vital air)
To see thee, or expire.

Beneath my native, distant sky,
The captive's sire and mother sigh;
O, never there may darkling cloud
With veil of circling horror shroud
The rising day;
But thy warm beams, still glowing bright,
Enchant their hearts with joyous light,
And charm their grief away!

TOMMASO SGRICCI.

Tommaso Sgricci has been called the first of modern improvvisatores. Among his extemporary productions, "La Morte di Carlo I." and "L' Ettore" were taken down by short-hand writers, and published in Florence, in 1825. "La Morte di Carlo I." was improvvisated at Paris, in the presence of the principal men of letters in that capital.

In one of the notes to the fourth canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Lord Byron relates the following anecdote. "In the autumn of 1816, a celebrated improvvisatore exhibited his talents at the opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subjects of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part, in silence, or with laughter; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers, exclaimed, 'The apotheosis of Victor Alfieri,' the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alfieri; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extemporary commonplaces on the bombardment of Algiers. — The choice, indeed," the poet goes on to remark, "is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought, from a first view of the ceremony; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but, in case of any prudential afterthought, steps in to correct the blindness of chance. The proposal for deifying Alfieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect."

FROM LA MORTE DI CARLO I.

ISABELLA.

My queen, behold, the day of triumph ripens!
Behold the moment of our victory!
The faithful bands of Douglas fill the city;
Impetuously rushing on the palace,
Soon from death's satellites they 'll snatch the king.

HENRIETTA.

My gentle friend, the throbbings of my heart
Speak other language. Into thy true breast,
O, let me pour the terror that subdues me!
I dare not tell my husband. 'T were too cruel
To add imaginary pains to his,
So many and so real. Iron souls

Have they who joy to enhance the afflicted's sorrows;
Yet of this hidden torture I, perforce,
Must ease my heart.

ISABELLA.

Speak on, my queen. No bliss
Has earth for me like tempering thy tears,
By mingling them with mine.

HENRIETTA.

Hither returning,
Weary and panting with the tedious way,
And quite subdued by tenderness and pity,
Which, as I met my consort, woke within me,
Almost resistlessly mine eyelids closed.
Yet doubtfully, and scarcely closed they were,
Ere shaken were the curtains of my bed, —
Shaken and opened. Then me seemed, — me seemed,
Or 't was so, — that before me present stood
A royal dame, of countenance majestic
As melancholy. Brow, and eyes, and hair
That hung dishevelled, shone resplendently
In mystic light. Hast thou observed the moon
With a circumfluous white crown in heaven?
Such she appeared. She looked on me, and smiled
A smile of anguish. So, 'twixt clouds and rain,
Glimmers a pallid sunbeam. Then my hand
She took, to her unmoving gelid breast
Pressing it; and my heart throbbed at the touch
With deathly palpitation. Thus she spoke:
"Lady, perchance in early youth thine eye
Has tearfully on my sad image dwelt,
Placed in the palace of thine ancestors.
Once Scotland's queen was I, and of the fair
Was fairest deemed by an admiring world.
The thought, the sigh, of every royal heart,
Of each exalted soul, I was. I saw
Flashing upon my brow three kingdoms' crowns,
And gloried in 't, and my presumptuous folly
In youthfulness bewildered me. From God
I turned away, wandering deliriously
In worldly paths. Thus long from precipice
To precipice I strayed, — lost my heart's peace,
Mine own esteem, — and all, — all, save that virtue,
Which, buried in the inmost heart, awaits
Fit place and season o'er the conquered senses
Her empire to recover. In my heart
She spoke, misfortune her interpreter. —
Me this abhorrent land received. A dungeon,
For twenty winters, was my palace. Then" —
She said; and pausing, grasped with both her hands
Her beauteous head, from off her beauteous neck
Lifted, and placed it in my hands.

ISABELLA.

O, horror!

HENRIETTA.

Soul-stricken by the terrors of the vision,
I started from my pillow, and mine eyes
Bent on my husband's picture. To the neck
It was illumined by the sun's glad beam:
The head was wrapt in shadow, and appeared
As from the shoulders it were separated.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS IN THE ITALIAN DIALECTS.

CALABRIAN.

POPULAR SONG.

I saw a tigress in a woodland dell,
And at my grief the monster's fury slept;
Where drop by drop my tears of anguish fell,
The marble rude was softened as I wept; —
But thou, that art a creature young and pretty,
Dost laugh at griefs which move even stones to pity.

NEAPOLITAN.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
'T was night, but seemed the noon of day;
The stars, whose light
Was pure and bright,
Shone with unwavering ray;
But one, one glorious star
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

Then peace was spread throughout the land;
The lion fed beside the tender lamb;
And with the kid,
To pasture led,
The spotted leopard fed;
In peace the calf and bear,
The wolf and lamb, reposed together there.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
An angel, brighter than the sun's own light,
Appeared in air,
And gently said,
"Fear not, — be not afraid, —
For, lo! beneath your eyes,
Earth has become a smiling paradise."

SOLDIER'S SONG.

"Who knocks, — who knocks at my door, —
Who knocks, and who can it be?"
"Thy own true lover, betrothed for ever;
So open the door to me."

"My mother is not at home,
So I cannot open to thee."
"Why make me wait so long at the gate?
For mercy's sake open to me."

"Thou canst not come in so late;
From the window I 'll listen to thee."
"My cloak is old, and the wind blows cold;
So open the door to me."

SONG.

One morning, on the seashore as I strayed,
My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea;
I asked of yonder mariners, who said
They saw it in thy bosom, — worn by thee.
And I am come to seek that heart of mine,
For I have none, and thou, alas! hast two;
If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do? —
Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

FLORENTINE.

FROM THE TANCIA OF MICHEL ANGELO.

If I am fair, 't is for myself alone;
I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
Nor would I call another's heart my own,
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.
For, surely, I will plight my faith to none,
Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;
For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
Why, then, I do confess, the whim might seize me
To taste for once the porringer of love.
Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me;
And then that mouth! — he seems a star above,
He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be indeed I cannot tell,
Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;
But true it is, there 's one I *like* so well,
That, when he looks at me, my bosom starts,
And if we meet, my heart begins to swell;
And the green fields around, when he departs,
Seem like a nest from which the bird has flown:
Can this be love? — say, ye who love have known!

MILANESE.

FROM THE FUGGITIVA OF TOMMASO GROSSI.

'T was silence all, when on the distant plain
Heart-rending groans were heard; in tears I ran
And found a hungry dog among the slain,
Lapping the life-blood of a dying man.
Upon the groaning victim, who in vain
Struggled to throw the burden off, a wan
And ghastly corpse was lying, and its blood
Over the face of the expiring flowed.

The corpse, that on the dying soldier lay,
Was smeared with blood, and headless; and beneath, —
Jesu Maria! — does my reason stray? —
That dress! — that color! — in the grasp of death
Lay my true love! — I wildly pushed away
The hair from his pale forehead, — gasped for breath,
And like a stone fell prostrate on his breast,
Kissed his cold form, and to my bosom *pressed*.

His heart still beat; and kneeling by his side,
I tore away the garment that he wore;
Upon his breast a ghastly wound, and wide,
Cut to the bone, streamed with his clotted *gore*.
Then slowly he unclosed his eyes, and sighed, —
Gazed steadily, and knew my face once more, —
And, with a smile upon his pale lips, tried
To press my hand against his heart, — and died.

His heart no longer beat, — his breath had fled.
I strove to rise, — but, reeling, fell again,
And rolled upon a grim dissevered head;
With feeble strength I sought, nor sought in vain,
To gaze upon the features of the dead;
Though foul with dust, and many a crimson stain,
I recognized the face, — it was my brother! —
Jesu Maria, help! — help, Virgin Mother! —

GENOESE.

SONG.

BY CICALA CASERO.

Whenever a fresh, mild, and pleasant breeze,
In spring, the loveliest season of the year,
Soft-moving through the green and leafy trees,
And filling the whole heart with love, I hear;
To her my thoughts are given,
Who less of earth than heaven
Possesses, when the soft wind dallying plays
Amid her flowing hair, in many a tangled maze.

And sometimes, when I hear the wild-birds sing, —
The nightingale slow warbling in the grove,
Till far around the shadowy woodlands ring,
All vocal with the melody of love;
Then the soft, winning tone
Of that ungrateful one
Resounds within my heart, — each gentle word
More sad than the *complaint of the forsaken* bird.

SPANISH LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

Much uncertainty rests upon the question, What was the primitive language of Spain? Some maintain that it was the Chaldean; others, the Greek; others, the Teutonic; others, the Basque, or *lengua Vascongada;* and others, the ancient Latin.* From all that has been written upon the subject, however, it appears pretty evident, that various languages, and not one alone, were spoken in the Spanish *peninsula* before the Roman conquest.† Among these, doubtless, was the Vascongada.‡

Whatever may have been the languages spoken in Spain before the Roman conquest, there is abundant proof to show, that, after that event, the Latin became the general language of the country.§ Nor is it wonderful, that, during the six centuries of the Roman sway, — from the year 216 before Christ, when the first Roman army entered Spain, till the year 416 after Christ, at which time the first Gothic army crossed the Pyrenees, — the Latin language should have swept away nearly every vestige of more ancient tongues. We say nearly, — for the Basque still maintains its dominion in the more solitary and mountainous provinces of the North; and even as late as the eighth century, when the Romance had already exhibited its first forms, some wrecks of the ancient languages of the Peninsula seem to have been preserved.* When the Northern nations overran the South of Europe, Spain suffered the fate of the other Roman colonies. The conquerors became in turn the conquered. Their language, like their empire, was dismembered. The Goths, the Suevi, the Alani, and the Vandals possessed the soil, from the Tomb of the Scipios to the Pillars of Hercules; and during their dominion of three centuries, the Latin language lost in a great degree its original character, and became the Romance.

Such, in few words, was the origin of the Spanish Romance, a branch of the *Roman Rustic*, which took the place of the Latin throughout the South and West of Europe. The name of *Roman* or *Romance* is not an arbitrary one, but indicates its origin from the Latin. It is used by some of the earliest writers in the Spanish language, when speaking of the tongue in which they wrote. Thus, Gonzalo de Berceo says, —

> "Quiero fer una prosa en *roman* paladino,
> En qual suele el pueblo fablar á su vecino."†

As early as the commencement of the eighth century, three different dialects of the Romance were spoken in Spain. In the eastern provinces of Catalonia, Aragon, and Valencia, the Lemosin prevailed, — a form or dialect of the Provençal or *langue d'Oc* of France; — in the centre, that is, in the provinces of Castile and Leon, and thence southward, the Castilian, from which the modern Spanish originated; — and in Galicia, and the provinces bordering on the Atlantic, the Gallego, from which sprang the Portuguese. Then came from the South

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* Aldrete. Del Origen i Principio de la Lengua Castellana (Roma, 1606, 4to.). Lib. II., Cap. x.

† Aldrete. Lib. II., Cap. x. — Mayans i Siscar. Orígenes de la Lengua Española (2 vols., Madrid, 1737, 16mo.). Tom. I., Sect. 14, et seq.

‡ The *lengua Vizca, Vizcaina, Vascuence, Vascongada,* or *Euscara,* as it is indifferently called, or, in other words, the Basque language, has, we believe, undisputed claims to the title of a primitive tongue, — so far, at least, as the origin of languages can be traced back. There *seems* to be no affinity between it and any dialect either of the Gothic or Celtic stem. This opinion is confirmed by an "Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language," by Mr. Vallençay, in which the Basque and Irish languages are collated. — Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis, Vol. II., pp. 232, et seq. — Still farther confirmation is given by the ample vocabularies in a small tract by Goldmann, comparing together the Basque, the Cimbric, and the Gaëlic. — G. A. F. Goldmann, De Linguis Vasconum, Belgarum, et Celtarum (Gottingæ, 1807, 4to.). — Juan Bautista de Erro, a Spanish writer of the present century, maintains that the Basque language is a perfect idiom, and consequently could not have been invented by man, but must have been inspired by the Creator. According to his theory, it was brought to Spain by the first emigrants from the plain of Shinar. — See the Alphabet of the Primitive Language of Spain. An extract from the works of Juan Bautista de Erro. Translated by Geo. W. Erving (Boston, 1829, 8vo.). Part II., Chap. 2.; Part I., Chap. 3. — It would, however, be foreign to our purpose to enter into any discussion upon these points.

The Basque *is still* a living language. It is spoken in the provinces of Navarre, Guipuzcoa, Alava, and Biscay, generally called the *Provincias Vascongadas.* It is also spoken in the cantons of Labour, Soule, and Basse-Navarre, in the South of France. Of course it is not uniform throughout these provinces, but is diversified by numerous dialects.

§ Aldrete. Lib. I. Cap. xiv., xv., xx. — Mayans i Siscar. Tom. I., Sect. 34, and the authors there cited.

* The historian Luitprand, as cited by Raynouard, Tom. I., xiij., speaking of the year 723, says, "At that time there were in Spain ten languages, as under Augustus and Tiberius: 1. The ancient Spanish; 2. The Cantabrian; 3. The Greek; 4. The Latin; 5. The Arabic; 6. The Chaldean; 7. The Hebrew; 8. The Celtiberian; 9. The *Valencian;* and 10. The *Catalan.*"

The expression, "as under Augustus and Tiberius," renders this passage obscure. The Valencian and the Catalan were the Romance.

† Vida de Santo Domingo de Silos, *vv. 5, 6.*

another wave of the fluctuating tide of empire, — the invasion of the Moors, — who extended their power over all Spain, with the exception of Leon, the mountains of Asturias, and some strongholds in Aragon and Catalonia.

The Moorish dominion of nearly seven centuries left its traces in the language of Spain, as well as its ruins and alcazars. "And this name, *albogues*," says Don Quixote, in one of his conversations with his squire, "is Moorish, as are all those in our native Castilian tongue, which begin with *al*; as, for example, *almohaza*, *almorzar*, *alhombra*, *alguacil*, *alhuzema*, *almacen*, *alcancia*, and the like; — but there are only three Moorish words in the language without the prefix *al*, which end in *i*, and these are *borcegui*, *zaquizami*, and *maravedi*; the words *alheli* and *alfaqui* are known as Arabic, both by their commencement in *al* and their termination in *i*." * The nature of most of the Arabic words preserved in the Spanish language would be a proof, were proof wanting, of the intimate relations which existed between the Moors in Spain and their Christian subjects, or *Mozárabes*, as they were denominated. Such are the words, according to Weston, *ataud*, a coffin, from the Arabic *atud*; — *azaleja*, now obsolete, a towel, from *azulet*, wiping; — *bellota*, an acorn, from *bellut*; — *borcegui*, a buskin, from *borzeghé*; — *taza*, a cup, from *tas*; — *Usted*, Sir, — not, as generally supposed, contracted from *Vuestra Merced* (Your Grace), but derived from the Arabic *usted*, master; *zumbar*, to buzz, from *zumbour*, a bee, &c.†

At the present day, the three dialects of the Spanish Romance thus divide the country: 1. The Castilian is spoken in Old and New Castile, Leon, Aragon, part of Navarre, La Mancha, and Andalusia; — 2. The Lemosin prevails in Catalonia, Valencia, and the Balearic Islands; — 3. The Gallego still maintains its solitary province in the northwestern corner of the Peninsula.

I. The Castilian. The Castilian is the court language of Spain, and the depository of all her classic literature. Its golden age was the sixteenth century. Then the hands of Garcilaso, Herrera, Cervantes, and Lope de Vega stamped it with the image and superscription of immortality, so far as the changing forms of language are capable of receiving such an impress. By them it was carried to its highest state of perfection; and though, since their day, some words have become obsolete, and forms of orthography have changed, yet he who would read the noble Castilian tongue in all its beauty and sonorous majesty must go back to the writers of the sixteenth century.

The striking characteristics of the Castilian language are its musical terminations, the high-sounding march of its periods, the great copiousness of its vocabulary, and its richness in popular proverbs and vulgar phrases, or *dicharachos*. The first of these are amply proved by all the classic writers of the language; — for the rest, the reader is referred to Sancho Panza, and to the "Cuento de Cuentos" of Quevedo.

The Castilian is spoken in its greatest purity in the province of Old Castile. Most of the other provinces of the realm have something peculiar in their language or pronunciation, by which they are easily distinguished. In Andalusia, for instance, the *ce*, *ci* are pronounced *se*, *si*, and the *z* has invariably the sound of *s*. An *Andaluz cerrado*, or genuine Andalusian, aspirates the mute *h* at the beginning of words; so much so that it has passed into a proverb, and they say, "*El que no diga* jacha, jorno, *y* jiguera (hacha, horno, *y* higuera) *no es de mi tierra*."

Setting aside these provincialisms, which are hardly sufficient to constitute a new dialect, the Castilian may be said to have but one subordinate dialect. This is the *dialecto de los Gitanos*, or Gypsy dialect, a kind of slang, which bears the same resemblance to the Castilian as the flash language of London does to the English. In this slang, or, as the Spaniards call it, *caló*, the word *águila* (eagle) signifies an astute robber; — *buyes* (oxen) are cards; — *ermitaño de camino* (hermit of the highway), a bandit; — *finibusterre* (ends of the earth), a gallows; — *hormigas* (ants), dice; — *lanternas* (lanterns), eyes; &c.‡ Quevedo and other Spanish wits have amused themselves by writing songs in this dialect, in imitation of the old Spanish ballads. These have been collected and published in a volume.*

II. The Lemosin. The Lemosin, or *lengua Lemosina*,† was originally the same as the *langue d'Oc*, or language of the Troubadours of the South of France, though doubtless many local peculiarities distinguished the language as spoken on the northern and the southern slope of the Pyrenees. The fact, that this dialect prevailed so extensively in the eastern provinces of Spain, must be attributed to geographical situation and political causes. From their very situation, there must have been free and constant intercourse, both by sea and land, between the South of France, and the northeastern corner of Spain. Early in the twelfth century (1113), the kingdoms of Provence and Barcelona were united under one crown; and before the middle of the same century (1137), the kingdom of Aragon was joined with them. In the

* Don Quixote. Part II., Cap. 67.

† Remains of Arabic in the Spanish and Portuguese Languages. By Stephen Weston.

* Romances de Germania de varios Autores, con el Vocabulario etc., para Declaracion de sus Términos y Lengua. Compuesto por Juan Hidalgo, etc. Madrid, 1779, 8vo.

† La tercera, ... lengua maestra de las de España, es la Lemosina, y mas general que todas; ..... por ser la que se hablava en Proenza, y toda la Guiyana, y la Francia Gótica, y la que agora se habla en el principado de Cataluña, reyno de Valencia, islas de Mallorca, Minorca, etc. — Escolano. Hist. de Valencia, cited by Raynouard. Tom. I., p. 13.

beginning of the thirteenth century (1220–1238), Majorca, Minorca, and Valencia passed under the same government. These political changes could not have been without their effect upon the language. The court of Provence introduced into Spain the fascinating poetry of the Troubadours. Kings and princes became its admirers and imitators. Among these were Alfonso the Second, king of Aragon, and his son Peter the Second, who died fighting for the Albigenses, many of whom — and amongst them a great multitude of Troubadours — took refuge at his court. During the next century, the same patronage was afforded by the court of Aragon, under Peter the Third, and his son, James the First, who is spoken of as a great admirer of the *poesia Catalana*, and himself no mean poet. It will be readily understood why circumstances of this kind should have established and perpetuated the language of the Troubadours in Spain.

The *lengua Lemosina* exhibits itself in Spain under the form of three separate dialects.* These are, 1. The Catalan; 2. The Valencian; and, 3. The Majorcan, or dialect of the *Islas Baleares*. Of these we shall present examples, in the order in which we have named them.

1. *The Catalan.* This dialect, which is now confined to the province of Catalonia, formerly extended also through the neighbouring province of Aragon, though at the present day the language of that province is the Castilian, with some slight traces of the elder dialect.

2. *The Valencian.* This dialect seems formerly to have been identically the same as the Catalan; and even at the present day, so slight is the difference between them, that the inhabitants of the two provinces understand each other with perfect facility. In the "Notas al Canto de Turia," in the "Diana Enamorada" of Gaspar Gil Polo, we find the following passage, which bears upon this point: "As Maestro Rodriguez has well observed, in his *Bibl. Valent.*, pp. 26, 27, under the name of *Catalanços* are included both Catalonians and Valencians, for both spake the same language from the commencement of the conquest, and for more than two hundred years afterwards; and even at the present day the two languages cannot be distinguished from each other, save in some particular forms and idioms; and this is the reason why many authors have been confounded together, and some who were in reality Valencians have been considered as natives of Catalonia." †

3. *The Majorcan.* This is the name generally given to the dialect spoken in the three islands of Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza. Even this *patois* is not uniform in these three islands, but has some local peculiarities. Dr. Ramis y Ramis, speaking of this dialect, says: "It is evident, that, although our language is derived from the ancient Lemosin, which is spoken alike by Catalonians, Valencians, and Majorcans, this does not excuse us from the necessity of having some elementary reading-book in our own peculiar dialect; since there is a difference between it and that spoken by them, both in the pronunciation and the orthography." *

III. The Galician. The name of this dialect — Gallego or *lingoa Gallega* — sufficiently indicates its native province. Originally, however, it was not confined, as now, to the northwestern corner of Spain, but extended southward along the Atlantic seacoast through what is now the kingdom of Portugal. † From the old Galician Romance the Portuguese language had its origin. The Galician dialect is now confined to a single province, and even there limited to the peasantry and common people; — among the educated classes the Castilian is spoken. A strong resemblance appears to exist between the Gallego and the Catalan. "The bishop of Orense," says Raynouard, ‡ "having been requested to examine the vulgar dialect of Galicia, and to ascertain whether it bore any resemblance to the Catalan, answered, that the common people, by whom alone the vulgar idiom of Galicia is spoken, employ not only nouns and verbs, and other parts of speech, identically the same as those of the Catalan, but even entire phrases." This dialect has been very little employed in literature. Alfonso the Tenth, however, composed in it a book of "Cánticas;" § and Camoens two or three sonnets. ‖ Some other writers are mentioned in the letter of the Marques de Santillana. **

The history of Spanish poetry may be divided into three periods. I. From 1150 to 1500. II. From 1500 to 1700. III. From 1700 to the present time.

I. From 1150 to 1500. The earliest literary production of the Spanish tongue, which has reached our day, is the "Poema del Cid." †† The name of its author is unknown, and its date is not very definitely fixed. It is supposed to have been written about the middle of the twelfth century, and consequently about fifty years after the death of the hero whose name and achievements it celebrates. It is the only literary monument of the twelfth century in Spain now remaining, and exhibits the Castilian language in its rudest state, uncouth in structure, harsh in termination, and unpolished by the uses of song and literary composition, but is full of

* Mayans i Siscar. Tom. I., p. 58.

† La Diana Enamorada. Notas al Canto de Turia. Adicion vii., p. 490.

* Principis de la Lectura Menorquina. Per un Mahonès. Mahó, 1804.

† Aldrete. Lib. II. Cap. 3.

‡ Tome VI. Discours Prélim., p. 36.

§ Sanchez. Tom. I. p. 150.

‖ Obras do Grande Luis de Camões. Tom. III. pp. 148, 149.

** Sanchez. Tom. I. p. 58.

†† It is published in the first volume of Sanchez. Coleccion de Poesías Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV. 4 vols. Madrid, 1779–90. 8vo.

simple beauty and antique Castilian dignity; and is, moreover, remarkable as being the earliest epic in any modern language.

Two poets of very modest pretensions to immortality meet us upon the threshold of the thirteenth century, — Gonzalo de Berceo, and Juan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga. The former sang the lives of saints, the mysteries of the faith, and the miracles of the Virgin, in something more than thirteen thousand unmusical alexandrines;* and the latter immortalized Alexander the Great in a historic poem of about ten thousand, hardly less unpolished.† Their language, though less inharmonious and uncouth than that of the "Poema del Cid," is still rude and barbarous, — though, perhaps, we ought not to use this word without some qualification. "In truth," says Sanchez, the modern editor of these ancient poets, "we ought not to call the style of our old Castilian poets either barbarous or unpolished, since it was not so, when compared with the most polished style and language of the times in which they lived, though it may appear so now in comparison with our own. If Don Gonzalo de Berceo should visit the world again, preserving still the language of his own age, and should read the best of our modern writings, he would doubtless think our style and language rude and barbarous in comparison with his own, and would probably lament that the noble Spanish tongue should have so far degenerated from its original character."

About the middle of the thirteenth century, lived and reigned Alfonso the Tenth, king of Castile and Leon. From his knowledge in the abstruse sciences, particularly chemistry and astrology, he was surnamed the Wise. "He it was," says Quintana, "who raised his native language to its due honors, when he gave command that the public instruments, which until his day had been written in Latin, should thenceforth be engrossed in Spanish." His writings are various, both in verse and prose. In the Castilian language, he either himself compiled, or caused to be compiled under his direction, the earliest code of the Spanish Cortes, giving the work the well known title of "Las Siete Partidas."

In the first half of the fourteenth century, flourished Don Juan Manuel, the grandson of Saint Ferdinand, and nephew of Alfonso the Tenth. He was one of the most celebrated men of his age, both as a warrior and an author. His most remarkable work, "El Conde Lucanor," is a collection of fables and tales, in prose, inculcating various moral and political maxims. It exhibits the Castilian language under its most favorable aspect, at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

Contemporaneously with Juan Manuel flourished Juan Ruiz, Arcipreste de Hita, a poet of a lively imagination, great satirical acuteness, and a poetic talent of a superior order.*

To the latter half of the fourteenth century is generally assigned the great mass of the ancient historic, romantic, and Moorish ballads of Spain; not that they were all written at so late a period, but because the language in which they now exist indicates no higher antiquity. These ancient ballads are, for the most part, anonymous. Lope de Vega calls them "Iliads without a Homer." As we have had occasion to remark elsewhere,† they hold a prominent place in the literary history of Spain. Their number is truly astonishing, and may well startle the most enthusiastic lover of popular song. The "Romancero General"‡ contains upwards of a thousand; and though upon many of these may justly be bestowed the encomium which honest Izaak Walton pronounces upon the old English ballad of "The Passionate Shepherd," — "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good," — yet, as a whole, they are, perhaps, more remarkable for their number than for their beauty. Every great historic event, every marvellous tradition, has its popular ballad. Don Roderick, Bernardo del Carpio, and the Cid Campeador are not more the heroes of ancient chronicle than of ancient song; and the imaginary champions of Christendom, the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, have found a historian in the wandering ballad-singer no less authentic than the good Archbishop Turpin.

Most of these ancient ballads had their origin during the dominion of the Moors in Spain. Many of them, doubtless, are nearly as old as the events they celebrate; though in their present form the greater part belong to the fourteenth century. The language in which they are now preserved indicates no higher antiquity; but who shall say how long they had been handed down by tradition, ere they were taken from the lips of the wandering minstrel, and recorded in a more permanent form?

The seven centuries of the Moorish sovereignty in Spain are the heroic ages of her history and her poetry. What the warrior achieved with his sword the minstrel published in his song. The character of those ages is seen in the character of their literature. History casts its shadow far into the land of song; indeed, the most prominent characteristic of the ancient Spanish ballads is their warlike spirit; they shadow forth the majestic lineaments of the warlike ages; and through every line breathes a high and peculiar tone of chivalrous feeling. It is not the piping sound of peace, but a blast, a loud, long blast, from the war-horn, —

> "A trump with a stern breath,
> Which is cleped the trump of death."

And with this mingles the voice of lamentation,

* Published in SANCHEZ, Vol. II.
† Ibid., Vol. III.

* Published in SANCHEZ, Vol. IV.
† Outre Mer, Vol. II., p. 4.
‡ Romancero General, en que se contiene todos los Romances que andan impresos. Madrid, 1604. 4to.

the requiem for the slain, with a melancholy sweetness: —

Rio Verde, Rio Verde!
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore;
For between the Moors and Christians
Long has been the fight, and sore.

Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.

Another prominent characteristic of these ancient ballads is their energetic and beautiful simplicity. A great historic event is described in the fewest possible words: there is no ornament, no artifice. The poet's intention was to narrate, not to embellish. It is truly wonderful to observe what force, and beauty, and dramatic power are given to the old romances by this single circumstance. When Bernardo del Carpio leads forth his valiant Leonese against the hosts of Charlemagne, he animates their courage by alluding to their battles with the Moors, and exclaims, "Shall the lions that have bathed their paws in Libyan gore now crouch before the Frank?" When he enters the palace of the treacherous Alfonso, to upbraid him for a broken promise, and the king orders him to be arrested for contumely, he lays his hand upon his sword and cries, "Let no one stir! I am Bernardo; and my sword is not subject even to kings!" When the Count Alarcos prepares to put to death his own wife at the king's command, she submits patiently to her fate, asks time to say a prayer, and then exclaims, "Now bring me my infant boy, that I may give him suck, as my last farewell!" Is there in all the writings of Homer an incident more touching, or more true to nature?

The ancient Spanish ballads naturally divide themselves into three classes, — the Historic, the Romantic, and the Moorish. It must be confessed, however, that the line of demarcation between these three classes is not well defined; for many of the Moorish ballads are historic, and many others occupy a kind of debatable ground between the historic and the romantic.

The historic ballads are those which recount the noble deeds of the early heroes of Spain: of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, Martin Pelaez, Garcia Perez de Vargas, Alonso de Aguilar, and many others whose names stand conspicuous in Spanish history. Indeed, these ballads may themselves be regarded in the light of historic documents; they are portraits of long-departed ages, and if at times their features are exaggerated and colored with too bold a contrast of light and shade, yet the free and spirited touches of a master's hand are recognized in all. They are instinct, too, with the spirit of Castilian pride, with the high and dauntless spirit of liberty that burned so bright of old in the heart of the brave hidalgo.

The same gallant spirit breathes through all the historic ballads; but, perhaps, most fervently in those which relate to Bernardo del Carpio. How spirit-stirring are all the speeches which the ballad-writers have put into the mouth of this valiant hero! "Ours is the blood of the Goth," says he to King Alfonso; "sweet to us is liberty, and bondage odious!" "The king may give his castles to the Frank, but not his vassals; for kings themselves hold no dominion over the free will!" He and his followers would rather die freemen than live slaves! If these are the common watchwords of liberty at the present day, they were no less so among the high-born and high-souled Spaniards of the eighth century.

The next class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the romantic, including those which relate to the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne and other imaginary heroes of the days of chivalry. There is an exaggeration in the prowess of these heroes of romance, which is in accordance with the warmth of a Spanish imagination; and the ballads which celebrate their achievements still go from mouth to mouth among the peasantry of Spain, and are hawked about the streets by the blind balladmonger.

Among the romantic ballads, those of the Twelve Peers stand preëminent; not so much for their poetic merit as for the fame of their heroes. In them are sung the valiant knights, whose history is written more at large in the prose romances of chivalry, — Orlando, and Oliver, and Montesinos, and Durandarte, and the Marques de Mantua, and the other paladins, *que en una mesa comian pan.* These ballads are of different length and various degrees of merit. Of some a few lines only remain; they are evidently fragments of larger works: while others, on the contrary, aspire to the length and dignity of epic poems; — witness the ballads of the Conde de Irlos and the Marques de Mantua, each of which consists of nearly a thousand long and sonorous hexameters.

Among these ballads of the Twelve Peers there are many of great beauty; others possess little merit, and are wanting in vigor and conciseness. From the structure of the versification, I should rank them among the oldest of the Spanish ballads. They are all monorhythmic, with full consonant rhymes.

To the romantic ballads belong also a great number which recount the deeds of less celebrated heroes; but among them all, none is so curious as that of Virgil. Like the old French romance-writers of the Middle Ages, the early Spanish poets introduce the Mantuan bard as a knight of chivalry. The ballad informs us that a certain king kept him imprisoned seven years, for what old Brantôme would call *outrecuydance* with a certain Doña Isabel. But being at mass on Sunday, the recollection of

Virgil comes suddenly into his mind, when he ought to be attending to the priest; and turning to his knights, he asks them what has become of Virgil. One of them replies, "Your Highness has him imprisoned in your dungeons"; to which the king makes answer with the greatest coolness, by telling them that the dinner is waiting, and that after they have dined they will pay Virgil a visit in his prison. Then up and spake the queen like a true heroine: quoth she, "I will not dine without him"; and straightway they all repair to the prison, where they find the incarcerated knight engaged in the pleasant pastime of combing his hair and arranging his beard. He tells the king very coolly, that on that very day he has been a prisoner seven years. To this the king replies, "Hush, hush, Virgil; it takes three more to make ten." "Sire," says Virgil, with the same philosophical composure, "if your Highness so ordains, I will pass my whole life here." "As a reward for your patience, you shall dine with me to-day," says the king. "My coat is torn," says Virgil; "I am not in trim to make a leg." But this difficulty is removed by the promise of a new suit from the king; and they go to dinner. Virgil delights both knights and damsels, but most of all Doña Isabel. The archbishop is called in; they are married forthwith; and the ballad closes like a scene in some old play: "he takes her by the hand, and leads her to the garden."

The third class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the Moorish. Here we enter a new world, more gorgeous and more dazzling than that of Gothic chronicle and tradition. The stern spirits of Bernardo, the Cid, and Mudarra have passed away; the mail-clad forms of Guarinos, Orlando, and Durandarte are not here; the scene is changed: it is the bridal of Andalla; the bull-fight of Gazul. The sunshine of Andalusia glances upon the marble halls of Granada, and green are the banks of the Xenil and the Darro. A band of Moorish knights gayly arrayed in gambesons of crimson silk, with scarfs of blue and jewelled tahalies, sweep like the wind through the square of Vivarambla. They ride to the Tournament of Reeds; the Moorish maiden leans from the balcony; bright eyes glisten from many a lattice; and the victorious knight receives the prize of valor from the hand of her whose beauty is like the star-lit night: these are the Xarifas, the Celindas, and Lindaraxas, — the Andallas, Gazules, and Abenzaydes of Moorish song.

Then comes the sound of the silver clarion, and the roll of the Moorish atabal, down from the snowy pass of the Sierra Nevada and across the gardens of the Vega. Alhama has fallen! Woe is me, Alhama! The Christian is at the gates of Granada; the banner of the cross floats from the towers of the Alhambra! And these, too, are themes for the minstrel, — themes sung alike by Moor and Spaniard.

Among the Moorish ballads are included not only those which were originally composed in Arabic, but all which relate to the manners, customs, and history of the Moors in Spain. In most of them the influence of an Oriental taste is clearly visible; their spirit is more refined and effeminate than that of the historic and romantic ballads, in which no trace of such an influence is perceptible. The spirit of the Cid is stern, unbending, steel-clad; his hand grasps his sword Tizona; his heel wounds the flank of his steed Babieca: —

"La mano aprieta á Tizona,
Y el talon fiere á Babieca."

But the spirit of Arbolan the Moor, though resolute in camps, is effeminate in court; he is a diamond among scymitars, yet graceful in the dance: —

"Diamante entre los alfanges,
Gracioso en baylar las zambras."

Such are the ancient ballads of Spain; poems which, like the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages, have outlived the names of their builders. They are the handiwork of wandering, homeless minstrels, who for their daily bread thus "built the lofty rhyme"; and whose names, like their dust and ashes, have long, long been wrapped in a shroud. "These poets," says an anonymous writer, "have left behind them no trace to which the imagination can attach itself; they have 'died and made no sign.' We pass from the infancy of Spanish poetry to the age of Charles through a long vista of monuments without inscriptions, as the traveller approaches the noise and bustle of modern Rome through the lines of silent and unknown tombs that border the Appian Way." *

The fifteenth century was an age of allegories, moral sentences, quaint conceits, mythological rhapsodies, and false, pedantic refinements in Castilian song. Nearly all the Castilian poetry of this century is contained in the "Cancionero General," a collection published at the commencement of the sixteenth century; containing, besides the poems of many anonymous writers, those of one hundred and thirty-six authors whose names are given.†

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* Edinburgh Review, Vol. XXXIX., p. 432.

The following are the best collections of the old Spanish ballads.

Pedro de Flores. Romancero General. Madrid: 1614. 4to.

Depping. Sammlung der besten alten Spanischen Historischen Ritter- und Maurischen Romanzen. Altenburg und Leipzig: 1817. 12mo.

Escobar. Romancero del Cid. Madrid: 1818. 12mo.

Grimm. Silva de Romances Viejos. Vienna: 1815. 12mo.

Duran. Romancero de Romances Moriscos. Madrid: 1828. 8vo.

Duran. Romancero de Romances Caballerescos, &c. Madrid: 1829. 8vo.

Ochoa. Tesoro de los Romanceros y Cancioneros Españoles. Paris: 1838. 8vo.

† Cancionero General de muchos y diversos Autores. This work was first published at Valencia, in 1511. The best edition is that of Antwerp, 1573.

See also Böhl de Faber. Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas. 3 vols. Hamburg: 1821–25. 8vo.

The most distinguished among these are, the Marques de Santillana, the earliest writer of sonnets in Spanish; Juan de Mena, author of "El Laberinto," an imitation of Dante's "Inferno"; Jorge Manrique, author of the celebrated "Coplas" on the death of his father; and Rodrigo de Cota, the most noted of the early Spanish dramatists.

Several of the poets of this period wrote in the Lemosin or Catalonian dialect. The most known among these Spanish Troubadours are, in the twelfth century, Alfonso the Second, and his son, Peter the Third; — in the thirteenth, Mossen Jordi de San Jordi, and Mossen Febrer; — in the fourteenth, the Infante Don Pedro, and Juan Martorel; — and in the fifteenth, the Marques de Villena, Ausias March, and Jaume Roig.

To this period belongs the origin of the Spanish drama. About the year 1414, Enrique, Marques de Villena, wrote a *comedia alegórica*, which was performed at the court of Aragon, and in which the chief characters were Justice, Truth, Peace, and Clemency. This is the earliest dramatic production of Spain. Sixty years later, between 1470 and 1480, flourished Rodrigo de Cota, the supposed author of the satirical dialogue of "Mingo Revulgo," and "Love and the Old Man," a dialogue in a style which at a later period prevailed in England, as in the "Propre Newe Interlude of the Worlde and the Chylde." The Old Man, having renounced pleasure, and betaken himself to solitude and meditations becoming his age, is found out in his retreat by Love, who entices him back to the world again, and then upbraids him for his wantonness with such taunts as these: —

Old Man mournful among old men,
Who with love thyself tormentest,
See how all thy joints projecting
Look like beads of a rosary!
And thy nails so lank and long,
And thy feet so full of corns,
And thy flesh consumed and wasted,
And thy shanks so lean and shrunken,
Even as the legs of horses.

Rodrigo de Cota is also generally looked upon as the author of the first act of the tragi-comedy in prose entitled, "Celestina, or the Tragical Comedy of Calisto and Melibœa," of which the other twenty acts were added by Fernando Rojas. The plot of this singular drama is the seduction of a noble lady "of most serene blood, sublimated in prosperity"; and the catastrophe, her death by suicide. It was very popular in its day; and Caspar Barth, a German philologist, who translated it into Latin, calls it "*Liber planè divinus.*" Mayans i Siscar remarks: "No book has been written in Castilian, in which the language is more natural, more appropriate, and more elegant"; and Cervantes says of it, —

"Celestina,
A book that I should deem divine,
If it concealed the human more."

Next in order of time comes Juan de la Enzina, who belongs in part to this period and in part to the following. He is the author of thirteen dramatic eclogues, which were performed at the courts of various princes on Christmas eve and during Carnival. They are simply dialogues in verse, and display no dramatic art. Each closes with a *villancico*, of which the following is a fair specimen.

Let us drive our flock a-field,
Hurriallá!
Ding, ding, ding, dong, far away!
The folding-time is past and gone,
We may no longer jesting lie,
For the Seven Goats are out in the sky;
The middle of night is past and gone,
And, see! there cometh the rosy dawn.
Hurriallá!
Ding, ding, ding, dong, far away!

In these eclogues Spanish shepherds are represented sitting round a fire, playing for chestnuts and figs, talking of village matters, — such as the death of the sacristan, — and swearing by the saints and the evangelists; when suddenly an angel appears announcing the Saviour's birth, and off they start for Bethlehem, as if it were the next village.*

II. From 1500 to 1700. At the commencement of this period, Juan Boscan de Almogaver, and his friend Garcilaso de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Castilian Poets, produced a revolution in Spanish poetry, by introducing into it the Italian style and measures. This was not effected without violent opposition. "Those who were sufficiently satisfied with the old versification," says Mr. Wiffen, in his "Essay on Spanish Poetry,"† "instantly rose in clamor against the innovation, and treated its favorers as guilty of treason against poetry and their country. At the head of these, Cristóval de Castillejo, in the satires which he wrote against the *Petrarquistas* (for so he called them), compared this novelty to that which Luther was then introducing in religion; and making Boscan and Garcilasso appear in the other world before the tribunal of Juan de Mena, Jorge Manrique, and other Troubadours of earlier time, he puts into their mouth the judgment and condemnation of the new metres. To this end, he supposes that Boscan repeats a sonnet, and Garcilasso an octave, before their judges, and presently adds: —

'Juan de Mena, when he through
Had heard the polished stanza new,
Looked most amused, and smiled as though
He knew this secret long ago;
Then said: "I now have heard rehearse'
This endecasyllabic verse;

* On the history of the Spanish drama, see: —
Casiano Pellicer. Tratado Histórico sobre el Origen y Progresos de la Comedia y del Histrionismo en España. Madrid: 1804. 12mo.
Vicente de la Huerta. Theatro Hespañol. 16 vols. Madrid: 1785. 8vo.
Böhl de Faber. Teatro Español anterior á Lope de Vega. Hamburgo: 1832. 8vo.
Moratin. Orígenes del Teatro Español. In the first volume of his works. 4 vols. Madrid: 1830. 8vo.

† Works of Garcilasso de la Vega. Translated into English Verse, by J. H. Wiffen. London: 1823. 8vo.

Yet can I see no reason why
It should be called a novelty,
When I, long laid upon the shelf,
Oft used the very same myself."
'Don Jorge said; "I do not see
The most remote necessity
To dress up what we wish to say
In such a roundabout fine way;
Our language, every body knows,
Loves a clear brevity; but those
Strange stanzas show, in its despite,
Prolixity obscure as night."
'Cartagena then raised his head
From laughing inwardly, and said:
"As practical for sweet amours,
These self-opinioned Troubadours,
With force of their new-fangled flame,
Will not, it strikes me, gain the game.
Wondrously pitiful this measure
Is in my eyes, a foe to pleasure,
Dull to repeat as Luther's creed,
But most insufferable to read!"'"

But opposition was of little avail. The Prince of Castilian Poets remained master of the field; and thus was ushered in the *Siglo de Oro*, the Golden Age of Spanish Song.

To this period belong the illustrious names of Gaspar Gil Polo, and Jorge Montemayor, the writers of the delicious pastoral of the "Diana"; Fernando de Herrera, surnamed the Divine; Fray Luis de Leon, the meek enthusiast, breathing his sublime and sacred odes from the cloister and the prison; Alonso de Ercilla, the greatest of the Spanish epic poets; Cervantes, whose name is its own best interpreter; Luis de Góngora, the founder of the *Cultoristas* and *Conceptistas;* Lope de Vega, called by his contemporaries the Monster; and the Argensolas, and Quevedo, and Villegas, and Calderon de la Barca. With the splendor of such names this period begins and advances, till its light gradually fades away into the twilight of the poetic *Selvas*, — those dim and unexplored forests of song, through which vast rivers of rhymed prose flow onward in majestic progress toward the sea of oblivion.

During this period, the Spanish drama made rapid advances, and finally rose to its greatest perfection. Juan de la Enzina was succeeded by Gil Vicente, who, though a Portuguese, wrote many of his pieces in Spanish. His *autos* are sacred eclogues of the same general character as Enzina's, but written in a more lively, flowing style, and with more melodious rhymes. They are full, however, of the same anachronisms. Before Christ's birth, the shepherds speak of friars, hermits, breviaries, calendars, and papal bulls, and cross themselves as they lie down to sleep. In one of his pieces, "Auto Pastoral del Nacimiento," as the shepherds are sleeping, the angels sing. Gil wakes and tells Bras he hears the music of angels. Bras suggests it may be crickets. Gil says no; and sends the other shepherds to the village to get presents for the child, enumerating "the pipe of Juan Javato, the guitar of little Paul, all the flageolets in town, and a whistle for the baby."

Contemporary with Gil Vicente flourished Bartolomé de Torres Naharro, author of eight comedies. He made more attempts at plot and intrigue than his predecessors, but shows little skill in their management. He has neither richness of style, nor dramatic power of any kind; he is rude and commonplace; and yet can claim the honor of being the first to bring upon the stage, in its simplest form, the *comedia de capa y espada*, — the comedy of cloak and sword, as the Spanish love-comedies are called. His plays have all an *introito* or prologue, and an *argumento*, in which the story is told.

We come at length to Lope de Rueda, a comic writer worthy the name. The dates of his birth and death are unknown. He flourished, however, between 1544 and 1560. He was a gold-beater by trade, but, like Molière, feeling too strong an inclination for the stage to follow any other course of life, he formed a strolling company, and wrote and performed his own plays. In this way he passed through all the chief cities of Spain, and was received in all with great applause. He died in Córdova, and was buried in the principal nave of the cathedral, between the two choirs. Such an honor, paid to a comedian, shows in what estimation he was held. A century later, in France, the dying Molière could not find a priest to confess him!

Lope de Rueda left behind him four comedies, ten *pasos*, and two *coloquios* in prose. He wrote also *coloquios* in verse, which were esteemed his best productions. Only one of these has remained, as if to give the lie to this opinion.* His comedies are, "Comedia Eufemia," "Comedia Armelina," "Comedia de los Engaños," and "Comedia de Medora." The best of these, beyond comparison, is "Eufemia"; in which the style often rises into the region of genteel comedy. The others are properly farces. The best of the *pasos* is the "Aceitunas"; in which a dispute rises between a peasant and his wife, as to the price at which they shall sell the fruit of some olive-trees which are not yet planted!

The charm of Rueda's pieces consists in their flowing, natural dialogue; their merry-go-mad humor; their quirks and quibbles; their Dogberry mispronunciations; and the waggish turns, which constantly call up the low scenes of Shakspeare and Molière. The secret of Rueda's success is, that he was himself an actor, and one of the people. He walks like one who is sure of himself. He knows the town, and the street you are in; and leads you on, whistling, and laughing, and cracking his joke on every clown, and kissing his hand to every chambermaid.

His characters are mostly from low life. Clowns and servants figure largely He was the first to introduce on the stage the *baladron* or *matasiete*, the boastful, bullying coward;

* Prendas de Amor. See Moratin, I., 630.

the personage so well painted by Pierce Penniless in his "Supplication to the Devil." "Thus walkes hee up and downe in his majestie, taking a yard of ground at every step, and stampes on the earthe so terrible, as if he ment to knocke up a spirite, when (foule drunken bezzle), if an Englishman set his little finger to him, he falls like a hog's trough that is set on one end";— a passage, which not only describes the braggadocio spirit, but illustrates it. The character of Villejo, in the "Eufemia," is in this vein, and is well executed. Sigüenza, in the "Rufian Cobarde," is another instance.

A portrait of Rueda remains; a dark, fine countenance, with large eyes, and a beard. His dress is a round hat, and a jerkin, like a muleteer's. In 1558, this man was performing in Madrid. Among the audience was a schoolboy of eleven years, named Miguel de Cervantes, who has left a description of the scene, and speaks of the chief actor as "the great Lope de Rueda." He says: —

"In the times of this celebrated Spaniard [Lope de Rueda], the whole apparatus of a comedian was carried in a bag; and consisted of four white sheep-skin jackets ornamented with gilt morocco, four beards and wigs, and four shepherd's crooks, more or less. The comedies were mere colloquies, in the form of eclogues, between two or three shepherds and some shepherdess or other. These they garnished and eked out with two or three interludes, now of a negress, now of a pander, or a simpleton, or a Biscayan; — for all these four parts, and many more, this same Lope performed most excellently well, and the most true to nature one can possibly imagine. At that time there was no scenery; no combats of Moors and Christians, either on foot or on horseback. There was no figure which came out, or seemed to come out, from the centre of the earth, through a trap-door in the stage, — which was composed of four benches in a hollow square, with four or six boards placed upon them, so that it was raised up four palms from the floor; nor did there descend from heaven any clouds with angels or ghosts. The decoration of the stage was an old blanket drawn across the room by two cords, forming what is called the *vestuario* (dressing-room); and behind this blanket were the musicians singing, without guitar, some ancient ballad." *

Early in his literary career, Cervantes became a dramatic writer. Speaking of his own plays, he remarks: "I composed, at this time,"— about the age of forty, — "as many as twenty or thirty comedies; all of which were represented without being saluted with cucumbers or any other missile; they ran their race without hisses, cat-calls, or uproar." He goes on to say: "I then found other matters to occupy me, and laid the drama and the pen aside; and then entered that Miracle of Nature, the great Lope de Vega." In the latter part of his life, Cervantes again turned his attention to the drama, but found no theatrical manager to purchase his plays; so he "locked them up in a chest, and consecrated and condemned them to perpetual silence." They were, however, published in 1615, the year before his death. The most celebrated of these plays is the tragedy of "Numancia." Its subject is the siege of that city by Scipio. The inhabitants will not yield. They choose rather to die by each other's hands, or to perish by hunger. In the last *jornadas*, the various scenes in the city of famine are described with much power. A great fire is kindled in the centre of the city, and the inhabitants throw into it all their jewels and valuable furniture. The women and children are put to the sword. Friend fights with friend, and men throw themselves into the flames, till the city becomes a city of the dead. When, at length, Scipio enters, the only living being found within the walls is a boy, who has ascended to the summit of a tower, from which he precipitates himself, rather than be taken prisoner. This closing scene is fine. Indeed, the whole play is dignified and elevated in its character, and full of situations of power and pathos.

In the course of the piece, some allegorical characters are introduced. For example, "Enter a damsel crowned with towers, and bearing a castle in her hand, who represents Spain." And again, "Enter the River Duero, and other boys (*otros muchachos*), dressed as rivers, like him, which represent three brooks that empty into the Duero." In like manner War, Disease, and Famine are introduced, in appropriate costume. Likewise a dead body is conjured from the grave, and speaks. Some of the stage directions are curious; as, for example, "Here let a noise be made under the stage with a barrel full of stones, and have a rocket let off."

In addition to these distinguished names, some thirty more of less note swell the list of dramatists of the sixteenth century. There was, moreover, a host of anonymous writers for the stage; and the two schools of Classic and Romantic arose; the former imitating the ancients, the latter remaining national and popular.

The seventeenth century was the great dramatic age in Spain, as in France and England.* In the year 1632, there were in the single

* Prólogo de las Comedias.

* Taking the middle of this century (1650) as a central point, a circle described with a radius of fifty years embraces or intersects the lives of all the greatest dramatists of England, France, and Spain. In England, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Heywood, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Otway, Dryden, &c. In France, Corneille, Racine, and Molière. In Spain, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Solis, Moreto, Guillen de Castro, Francisco de Rojas, &c. Beaumont, Shakspeare, and Cervantes died in the same year; and, it has been said, Shakspeare and Cervantes on the same day, April 23d, which was Shakspeare's birthday; but the difference of the Spanish and English calendars — the New Style and the Old — makes the day really different, though nominally the same.

province of Castile seventy-six writers for the stage.* Among them Lope de Vega and Calderon stand preëminent. Lope was the most rapid and voluminous of writers. In the prologue to the "Pelegrino," written in the year 1604, he gives a list of three hundred and forty-three plays, of which he was the author; and five years afterwards, in his "Arte de hacer Comedias," he claims the authorship of four hundred and eighty-three: —

"None than myself more barbarous or more wrong,
Who, hurried by the vulgar taste along,
Dare give my precepts in despite of rule;
Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool.
But what am I to do, — who now of plays,
With one complete within these seven days,
Four hundred eighty-three in all have writ,
And all, save six, against the rules of wit?" †

In the "Eclogue to Claudio," written later in life, he says: —

"The number of my fables told
Would seem the greatest of them all;
For, strange, of dramas you behold
Full fifteen hundred mine I call;
And full a hundred times, within a day
Passed from my Muse upon the stage a play.
. . . . . .
"Then spare, indulgent Claudio, spare
The list of all my barbarous plays;
For this with truth I can declare, —
And though 't is truth, it is not praise, —
The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press." ‡

Montalvan, one of Lope's warmest eulogists, says that he wrote eighteen hundred comedies, and four hundred *autos*, or religious plays; but Lope's own account is probably more correct. Less than six hundred now remain.

The life of no poet was ever so filled with fame as that of Lope. He was familiarly spoken of as "The Miracle of Nature." Crowds gazed at him in the street; children followed with shouts of delight; every thing that was fair assumed his name; — a bright day was called a Lope day; a rare diamond, a Lope diamond; a beautiful woman, a Lope woman. And yet he complained of neglect, and his querulous lamentations mingled with the last sighs of Cervantes, who, in the same street, dying in patient poverty, exclaimed: "My life is drawing to a close; and I find, by the daily journal of my pulse, that it will have finished its course by next Sunday at furthest; and I also shall then have finished my career."

Calderon is far less voluminous than Lope; and yet he wrote more than a hundred comedies, and nearly as many farces and *autos sacramentales*. Of these two hundred and fifty-four have been preserved. As a dramatist, Calderon has less force than Lope, and less simplicity and directness; but his imagination is more luxuriant, his style more poetical, and his dramas are wrought out with greater care. In the former, marks of inconsiderate haste are everywhere visible; in the latter, excessive carefulness and elaborate pomp of diction prevail. The German critics place Calderon at the head of the Spanish dramatists. Schlegel* thus contrasts him with Lope de Vega and Shakspeare.

"The stage is entirely a creature of art, and even although hasty and inaccurate writing may be tolerated in plays, unless their plan be clearly laid, and their purpose profoundly considered, they want the very essence of dramatic pieces; unless they be so composed, they may, indeed, amuse us with a view of *the* fleeting and surface part of life, and of the perplexities and passions, but they can have none of that deep sense and import, without which the concerns of life, whether real or imitated, are not worthy of our study. These lower excellencies of the dramatic art are possessed in great abundance by Lope de Vega, and many others of the ordinary Spanish dramatists; the plays of these men display great brilliancy of poetry and imagination; but when we compare them with the profounder pieces of the same or of some other stages, we perceive at once that their beauties are only of a secondary class, and that they afford no real gratification to the higher parts of our intellect. . . . . If we would form a proper opinion of the Spanish drama, we must study it only in its perfection, in Calderon, — the last and greatest of all the Spanish poets.

"Before his time, affectation, on the one hand, and utter carelessness, on the other, were predominant in the Spanish poetry; what is singular enough, these apparently opposite faults were often to be found in the same piece. The evil example of Lope de Vega was not confined to the department of the stage. Elevated by his theatrical success, like many other fluent poets, he had the vanity to suppose that he might easily shine in many other species of writing, for which he possessed, in truth, no sort of genius. Not contented with being considered as the first dramatist of his country, nothing less would serve him but to compete with Cervantes in romance, and with Tasso and Ariosto in the chivalric epic. The influence of his careless and corrupt mode of composition was thus extended beyond the theatre; while the faults from which he was most free, those of excessive artifice and affectation in language and expression, were carried to the highest pitch by Góngora and Quevedo. Calderon survived this age of poetical corruptions; nay, he was born in it; and he had first to free the poetry of his country from the chaos, before

* On this period of the Spanish drama, see articles in the "Quarterly Review," Vol. XXV., and the "American Quarterly Review," Vol. IV.

† Some Account of the Lives and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio and Guillen de Castro. By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. (2 vols., London: 1817. 8vo.) Vol. I., p. 103.

‡ Ibid., pp. 104, 105.

* Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern. From the German of FREDERICK SCHLEGEL. (New York: 1844. 12mo.) pp. 276-284.

he could ennoble it anew, beautify and purify it by the flames of love, and conduct it at last to the utmost limit of its perfection.

* * * * * *

"The chief fault of Calderon — for even he is not without them — is, that he, in other respects the best of all romantic dramatists, carries us too quickly to the great *dénouement* of which I have spoken above; for the effect which this produces on us would have been very much increased by our being kept longer in doubt, had he more frequently characterized the riddle of human life with the profundity of Shakspeare, — had he been less sparing in affording us, at the commencement, glimpses of that light which should be preserved and concentrated upon the conclusion of the drama. Shakspeare has exactly the opposite fault, of too often placing before our eyes, in all its mystery and perplexity, the riddle of life, like a skeptical poet, without giving us any hint of the solution. Even when he does bring his drama to a last and a proper *dénouement*, it is much more frequently to one of utter destruction, after the manner of the old tragedians, or at least to one of an intermediate and half-satisfactory nature, than to that termination of perfect purification which is predominant in Calderon. In the deepest recesses of his feeling and thought, it has always struck me that Shakspeare is far more an ancient — I mean an ancient, not of the Greek, but of the Northern or Scandinavian cast — than a Christian."

Other distinguished dramatists of the seventeenth century are, Guillen de Castro, author of the "Mocedades del Cid," from which Corneille took the design of his tragedy; — Mira de Mescua, author of the "Palacio Confuso," on which Corneille founded his "Don Sanche d'Arragon"; — Tirso de Molina, author of "Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes," and the "Burlador de Sevilla," the progenitor of all the Don Juans, from Molière's downward; — Augustin Moreto, author of "El Desden con el Desden," from which the French comedian borrowed the hint of his "Princesse d'Élide"; — Antonio de Solis, author of "El Amor al Uso," from which came Thomas Corneille's "L'Amour à la Mode"; — and Francisco de Rojas, author of "Donde hay Agravios no hay Zelos," from which Scarron took his "Jodelet," and of the beautiful drama, "Del Rey abajo Ninguno," which would do honor to the genius of Lope or Calderon. The Spanish drama has been a rich quarry for the poets of other nations; and many stately palaces of song have been built with its solid materials, as Saint Mark's and other Roman palaces with the massive stones of the Coliseum.

III. From 1700 to the present time. At the commencement of this period, Ignacio de Luzan attempted to purify the literature of his country from the affectations of Góngora and his followers by introducing the French school. In order to effect this reformation in public taste, he wrote his "Poética," or Art of Poetry, a work in four books, in which he treats successively of the origin and progress of poetry, its usefulness and delights, the drama, and the epic. This work immediately took its place in Spanish literature as the irrefragable code of taste and the last appeal of critics, a position which it held for nearly a whole century. At the present day, the national romantic taste begins again to prevail.

Among the most distinguished names of this period are Ignacio de Luzan, José de Cadalso, Tomas de Yriarte, Juan Melendez Valdes, Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos, Nicasio de Cienfuegos, Manuel José Quintana, Leandro Fernandez de Moratin, Juan Bautista de Arriaza, Francisco Martinez de la Rosa, Angel de Saavedra, Manuel Breton de los Herreros, and José Zorilla. Of the greater part of these more particular notices will be given hereafter, in connection with extracts from their writings. Breton de los Herreros is the most popular of the living dramatists of Spain; and the increasing fame of Zorilla as a political lyric poet, as well as a dramatist, has already reached these distant shores.

For a farther history of Spanish poetry the reader is referred to the following works: — "Histoire Comparée des Littératures Espagnole et Française," par Adolphe de Puibusque, 2 vols., Paris, 1844, 8vo.; — "History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature," by Frederick Bouterwek; translated from the German by Thomasina Ross, 2 vols., London, 1823, 8vo.; — "Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe," by J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi; translated by Thomas Roscoe, 4 vols., London, 1823, 8vo.; republished in New York, 1827, 2 vols., 8vo.; — "Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV.," by Tomas Antonio Sanchez, 4 vols., Madrid, 1779, 8vo.; — "Espagne Poétique: Choix de Poésies Castillanes depuis Charles Quint jusqu' à nos jours," by Juan Maria Maury, 2 vols., Paris, 1826, 8vo.; — "Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas," by Juan Nicolas Böhl de Faber, 3 vols., Hamburg, 1821 – 25, 8vo.; — "Floresta de Rimas Modernas Castellanas," by Fernando José Wolf, 2 vols., Paris, 1837, 8vo.; — "Biblioteca Selecta de Literatura Española," 4 vols., Bordeaux, 1819, 8vo.; — "Orígenes de la Poesía Castellana," by Luis José Velasquez, Málaga, 1754. — See also "Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus," by N. Antonio, 2 vols., Madrid, 1787, fol.; — "Bibliotheca Hispana Nova," by the same, 2 vols., Madrid, 1783, fol.; — "Biblioteca Antigua de los Escritores Aragoneses," by Don Felix de Latassa y Ortin, 2 vols., Zaragoza, 1796, 4to.; — "Biblioteca Nueva de los Escritores Aragoneses," by the same, 5 vols., Pamplona, 1798 – 1801, 4to.; — and "Escritores del Reyno de Valencia," by Vicente Ximeno, 2 vols., Valencia, 1747 – 49, fol.

FIRST PERIOD.—FROM 1150 TO 1500.

FROM THE POEMA DEL CID.

ARGUMENT.

After various successes of inferior importance, the Cid undertakes and achieves the conquest of the city and kingdom of Valencia, where he establishes himself in a species of sovereign authority. In the mean time he obtains the favor of the king; this favor, however, is accompanied by a request on the part of the king that the Cid should bestow his two daughters in marriage upon the Infants of Carrion, whose family were his old adversaries. The Cid, in reply, consents to place his daughters "at the disposition of the king." The wedding is celebrated at Valencia with the greatest possible splendor, and the two young counts remain at Valencia with their father-in-law. Their situation, however, is an invidious one. Some occasions arise in which their courage appears doubtful, and the prudence and authority of the Cid are found insufficient to suppress the contemptuous mirth of his military court. Accordingly, they enter into the resolution of leaving Valencia; but, determining at the same time to execute a project of the basest and most unmanly revenge, they request of the Cid to be allowed to take their brides with them upon a journey to Carrion, under pretence of making them acquainted with the property which had been settled upon them at their marriage. The Cid is aware that their situation is an uneasy one; he readily consents, takes leave of them with great cordiality, loads them with presents, and at their departure bestows upon them the two celebrated swords, Colada and Tison. The Infants pursue their journey till they arrive in a wilderness, where they dismiss their followers, and, being left alone with their brides, proceed to execute their scheme of vengeance, by stripping them and "mangling them with spurs and thongs," till they leave them without signs of life; in this state they are found by a relation of the Cid's, Felez Muñoz, who, suspecting some evil design, had followed them at a distance. They are brought back to Valencia. The Cid demands justice. The king assembles the cortes upon the occasion. The Cid, being called upon to state his grievances, confines himself to the claim of the two swords which he had given to his sons-in-law, and which he now demands back, since they have forfeited that character. The swords are restored without hesitation; and the Cid immediately bestows them upon two of his champions. He then rises again, and, upon the same plea, requires the restitution of the gifts and treasures with which he had honored his sons-in-law at parting. This claim is resisted by his opponents; the cortes, however, decide in favor of the Cid; and, as the Infants plead their immediate inability, it is determined that the property which they have with them shall be taken at an appraisement. This is accordingly done. The Cid then rises a third time, and demands satisfaction for the insult which his daughters had suffered. An altercation arises, in the course of which the Infants of Carrion and one of their partisans are challenged by three champions on the part of the Cid.

THE CID AND THE INFANTES DE CARRION.

Within a little space,
There was many a noble courser brought into the place,
Many a lusty mule with palfreys stout and sure,
And many a goodly sword with all its furniture:
The Cid received them all at an appraisement made,
Besides two hundred marks that to the king were paid.
The Infants give up all they have, their goods are at an end;
They go about in haste to their kindred and their friend;
They borrow as they can, but all will scarce suffice;
The attendants of the Cid take each thing at a price:
But as soon as this was ended, he began a new device.
"Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I beseech you of your grace!
I have yet a grievance left behind, which nothing can efface.
Let all men present in the court attend and judge the case,
Listen to what these counts have done, and pity my disgrace.
Dishonored as I am, I cannot be so base,
But here, before I leave them, to defy them to their face.
Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or in jest,
Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,
That you should rend and tear the heart-strings from my breast?
I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,
I gave you wealth and honors, and treasure at command;

Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
You might have left them with me, in honor and respect.
Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
Why did you mangle them with whips? why did you leave them bare
To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
The court will hear your answer, and judge what you have done:
I say, your name and honor henceforth is lost and gone."
The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
"We crave your favor, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise.
The Cid is come to your court in such an uncouth guise,
He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
We are half of us astonished, the other half afraid.
The blood of the counts of Carrion is of too high a line
To take a daughter from his house, though it were for a concubine:
A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid.
They could have done no other than leave them as they did.
We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."
With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat:
He took his beard in his hand: "If this beard is fair and even,
I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven.
It has been cherished with respect, and therefore it has thriven;
It never suffered an affront since the day it first was worn:
What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn?
It never yet was shaken, nor plucked away, nor torn,
By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,
As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken:
When I was master of Cabra, that beard of yours was shaken;
There was never a footboy in my camp but twitched away a bit;
The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."
Ferran Gonzalez started upon the floor;
He cried with a loud voice: "Cid, let us hear no more.
Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before.
Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you.
We are the counts of Carrion: from them our birth we drew.
Daughters of emperors or kings were a match for our degree:
We hold ourselves too good for a baron's like to thee.
If we abandoned, as you say, and left and gave them o'er,
We vouch that we did right, and prize ourselves the more."
The Cid looked at Bermuez, that was sitting at his foot:
"Speak thou, Peter the Dumb! what ails thee to sit mute?
My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in dispute:
Stand forth and make reply, if you would do them right.
If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."
Peter Bermuez rose; somewhat he had to say:
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay:
"Cid, I 'll tell you what, this always is your way;
You have always served me thus: whenever we have come
To meet here in the cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature: I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word:
You have been honored by the Cid, and favored and preferred.
I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:
Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
You asked leave of the Cid to make the first attack:
You went to meet a Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and killed him, or he would have killed you;
I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour, I never said a word:
You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard
How you had killed the Moor, and done a valiant act;
And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There 's the story of the lion should never be forgot:
Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around;
The cry went forth along the hall, that the lion was unbound.

What did you do, Fernando? like a coward as you were,
You slunk behind the Cid, and crouched beneath his chair.
We pressed around the throne, to shield our lord from harm,
Till the good Cid awoke: he rose without alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm:
The lion was abashed the noble Cid to meet;
He bowed his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
He asked for his sons-in-law; they were neither of them there.
I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are.
For the daughters of the Cid, you have done them great unright:
In the wrong that they have suffered, you stand dishonored quite.
Although they are but women, and each of you a knight,
I hold them worthier far; and here my word I plight,
Before the King Alfonso, upon this plea to fight:
If it be God his will, before the battle part,
Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a traitor as thou art."
Uprose Diego Gonzalez and answered as he stood:
"By our lineage we are counts, and of the purest blood;
This match was too unequal, it never could hold good.
For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge no regret;
We leave them to lament the chastisement they met;
It will follow them through life for a scandal and a jest:
I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
That, having left them as we did, our honor is increased."
Uprose Martin Antolinez, when Diego ceased:
"Peace, thou lying mouth! thou traitor coward, peace!
The story of the lion should have taught you shame, at least:
You rushed out at the door, and ran away so hard,
You fell into the cispool that was open in the yard.
We dragged you forth, in all men's sight, dripping from the drain:
For shame, never wear a mantle nor a knightly robe again!
I fight upon this plea without more ado:
The daughters of the Cid are worthier far than you.
Before the combat part, you shall avow it true,
And that you have been a traitor, and a coward too."
Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.
Asur Gonzalez was entering at the door,
With his ermine mantle trailing along the floor,
With his sauntering pace and his hardy look.
Of manners or of courtesy little heed he took:
He was flushed and hot with breakfast and with drink.
"What ho, my masters! your spirits seem to sink!
Have we no news stirring from the Cid Ruy Diaz of Bivar?
Has he been to Riodovirna to besiege the windmills there?
Does he tax the millers for their toll, or is that practice past?
Will he make a match for his daughters, another like the last?"
Muño Gustioz rose and made reply:
"Traitor! wilt thou never cease to slander and to lie?
You breakfast before mass, you drink before you pray;
There is no honor in your heart, nor truth in what you say;
You cheat your comrade and your lord, you flatter to betray:
Your hatred I despise, your friendship I defy.
False to all mankind, and most to God on high,
I shall force you to confess that what I say is true."
Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt these two.

ALFONSO THE SECOND, KING OF ARAGON.

This king flourished in the latter half of the twelfth century. He succeeded to the crown in 1162. His court was frequented by the Troubadours, who were attracted by his liberality and love of poetry. He died in 1196. Of his poetical compositions one piece only has been preserved. He wrote in the Lemosin dialect.

SONG.

Many the joys my heart has seen,
From varied sources flowing, —
From gardens gay and meadows green,
From leaves and flowerets blowing,
And spring her freshening hours bestowing.
All these delight the bard: but here
Their power to sadden or to cheer
In this my song will not appear,
Where naught but love is glowing.

And though I would not dare despise
The smiling flowers, the herbage springing,
The beauteous spring's unclouded skies,
And all the birds' sweet singing:

Yet my heart's brightest joy is springing
From her, the fairest of the fair;
Beauty and wit are joined there,
And in my song I 'll honor her,
My ready tribute bringing.
. . . . . .
When I remember our farewell,
As from her side I parted,
Sorrow and joy alternate swell,
To think how, broken-hearted,
While from her eyelids tear-drops started,
"O, soon," she said, "my loved one, here,
O, soon, in pity, reappear!"
Then back I 'll fly, for none so dear
As her from whom I parted.

GONZALO DE BERCEO.

Gonzalo de Berceo, the oldest of the Castilian poets whose name has reached us, was born in 1198. He was a monk in the monastery of Saint Millan, in Calahorra, and wrote poems on sacred subjects, in Castilian alexandrines. Nine of these poems have been preserved, and are published in Sanchez (see *ante*, p. 624). He died about the year 1268.

FROM THE VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

And when the kings were in the field, their squadrons in array,
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes, —
These were a numerous army, a little handful those.

And whilst the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward toward heaven they turned their eyes and fixed their thoughts on high;
And there two persons they beheld, all beautiful and bright, —
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen:
The one, he held a crosier, a pontiff's mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix, — such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they, —
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way;
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around:
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high:
The Moors raised up their voices, and by the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers; fast sped the bloody fight;
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half-dead with fright:
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them, — they dreamed not of such woes, —
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

. . . . . .

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighbourhood.

FROM THE MILAGROS DE NUESTRA SEÑORA.

INTRODUCTION.

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle summertide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side:
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide, —
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple, seen;
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between:
None were unpleasant to the taste, and none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the flowers,
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noontide hours:
O, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze:
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the woodland rung:
Ear never listened to a strain, from instrument or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA.

San Miguel de la Tumba is a convent vast and wide;
The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side:
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide
The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,
Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,
And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled,
And, as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child:
The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her side:
Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

. . . . . .

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung,—
A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 't is called in vulgar tongue;
From the feathers of the peacock's wing 't was fashioned bright and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are there.

It chanced, that, for the people's sins, fell the lightning's blasting stroke:
Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming broke:
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book;
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls forsook.

. . . . . .

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not reach the Child;
It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone,
Nor injure in a *farthing's* worth the image or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not burn the screen;
Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I ween:
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more the shrine
Than the bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by hand of mine.

Continens et contentum,—all was in ruins laid;
A heap of smouldering embers that holy pile was made:
But where the sacred image sat, a fathom's length around,
The raging flame dared not approach the consecrated ground.

It was a wondrous miracle to those that thither came,
That the image of the Virgin was safe from smoke and flame,—
That brighter than the brightest star appeared the feathery screen,—
And seated there the Child still fair, and fair the Virgin Queen.

. . . . . .

The Virgin Queen, the sanctified, who from an earthly flame
Preserved the robes that pious hands had hung around her frame,

Thus from an ever-burning fire her servants
shall deliver,
And lead them to that high abode where the
good are blessed for ever.

ALFONSO THE TENTH, KING OF CASTILE.

Alfonso the Tenth, of Castile, was born in 1221. He was surnamed *el Sabio*, the Wise, or rather the Learned, from his love of science. He succeeded to the throne in 1252. He was considered the most learned prince of his age, and the collection of laws made by him, called "Las Siete Partidas," has given him a lasting fame. He aspired to become emperor of Germany, and his claims found supporters among the German princes; but he was defeated by Rodolph of Hapsburg, and disavowed by the pope. He was finally deposed by his son Sancho, in 1282, and died in 1284. His services to the science, language, and literature of Spain were important. He wrote verses, some of which are not deficient in harmony. Among his other literary services, he caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian, and a chronicle of Spain to be written.

FROM THE LIBRO DEL TESORO.

Fame brought this strange intelligence to me,
That in Egyptian lands there lived a sage
Who read the secrets of the coming age,
And could anticipate futurity;
He judged the stars, and all their aspects; he
The darksome veil of hidden things withdrew,
Of unborn days the mysteries he knew,
And saw the future, as the past we see.

An eager thirst for knowledge moved me then;
My pen, my tongue, were humbled; in that hour
I laid my crown in dust: so great the power
Of passionate desire o'er mortal men!
I sent my earnest prayers, with a proud train
Of messengers, who bore him generous measures
Of honors and of lands, and golden treasures, —
And all in holy meekness: 't was in vain!

The sage repelled me, but most courteously:
"You are a mighty monarch, Sire; but these,
These have no gift to charm, no power to please, —
Silver nor gold, — however bright they be.
Sire, I would serve you; but what profits me
That wealth which more abundantly is mine?
Let your possessions bless you, — let them shine,
As Maïs prays, in all prosperity."

I sent the stateliest of my ships, — it sought
The Alexandrian port; the wise man passed
Across the Middle Sea, and came, at last,
With all the gentleness of friendliest thought.
I studied wisdom, and his wisdom taught
Each varied movement of the shifting sphere:
He was most dear, as knowledge should be dear; —
Love, honor, are by truth and wisdom bought.

He made the magic stone, and taught me too:
We toiled together first; but soon alone
I formed the marvellous gold-creating stone,
And oft did I my lessening wealth renew.
Varied the form and fabric, and not few
This treasure's elements, the simplest; — best
And noblest, here ingenuously confessed,
I shall disclose, in this my verse, to you.

And what a list of nations have pursued
This treasure! Need I speak of the Chaldee,
Or the untired sons of learned Araby,
All, all in chase of this most envied good, —
Egypt and Syria, and the tribes so rude
Of the Orient, — Saracens and Indians, — all
Laboring in vain, — though oft the echoes fall
Upon the West, of their songs' amplitude?

If what is passing now I have foretold
In honest truth and calm sincerity,
So will I tell you of the events to be
Without deception, — and the prize I hold
Shall be in literary lore enrolled:
Such power, such empire, never can be won
By ignorance or listlessness; to none
But to the learned state my truths be told.

So, like the Theban Sphinx, will I propound
My mysteries, and in riddles truth will speak:
Deem them not idle words; for, if you seek,
Through their dense darkness, light may oft be found.
Muse, meditate, and look in silence round;
Hold no communion of vain language; learn
And treasure up the lore, — if you discern
What 's here in hieroglyphic letters bound.

My soul hath spoken and foretold; I bring
The voices of the stars to chime with mine:
He, who shall share with me this gift divine,
Shall share with me the privilege of a king.
Mine is no mean, no paltry offering:
Cupidity itself must be content
With such a portion as I here present, —
And Midas' wealth to ours a trifling thing.

So when our work in this our sphere was done,
Deucalion towered sublimely o'er the rest;
And proudly dominant he stood confessed
On the tenth mountain; — thence looked kindly on
The Sovereign Sire, who offered him a crown,
Or empires vast, for his reward; or gold,
From his vast treasure, for his heirs, untold:
So bold and resolute was Deucalion.

I 'll give you honest counsel, if you be
My kinsman or my countryman: if e'er
This gift be yours, its treasures all confer
On him who shall unveil the mystery;
Offer him all, and offer cheerfully,
And offer most sincerely;—weak and small
Is your best offering, though you offer all:
Your recompense may be eternity.

JUAN LORENZO DE ASTORGA.

This poet is supposed to have lived in the early part, or about the middle, of the thirteenth century. He appears to have been a priest. The poem entitled "Poema de Alexandro" is attributed to him, on the authority of the lines at the close of it:

"Si quisierdes saber quien escrebió este ditado,
Johan Lorenzo bon clérigo é ondrado,
Segurá de Astorga," &c.

FROM THE POEMA DE ALEXANDRO.

It was the month of May, in the bright and glorious spring,
When the birds in concert sweet on the budding branches sing;
When the meadows and the plains are robed in vesture green,
And the mateless lady sighs, despairing, o'er the scene.

A gentle tempting time for loving hearts to meet;
For the flowers are blossoming, and the winds are fresh and sweet;
And gathered in a ring, the maidens wear away,
In mirthful talk and song, the blithe and sunny day.

Soft fall the gentle dews, an unfelt freshening rain,
The corn puts forth the hope of harvests rich in grain;
The down-cheeked stripling now is wedded to his love,
And ladies, lightly clad, in bounding dances move.

For love o'er young and old now holds its mightiest sway;
The siesta's hour to grace, they pluck the field-flowers gay,
While each to other tells how love is ever blest,
But the tenderest suit, they own, is the happiest and the best.

The day is long and bright, the fields are green once more,
The birds have ceased to moult, and their mourning time is o'er;
No hornet yet appears, with sting of venom keen,
But the youths in wrestling strive, half naked, on the green.

'T was then that Alexander, of Persia conquering king,
Moved by the fragrant call of that delightful spring,
Throughout his wide domain proclaimed a general court,
And not a lord o' th' land but thither made resort.

MOSSEN JORDÍ DE SAN JORDÍ.

This poet, who wrote in the Lemosin or Catalonian dialect, probably lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Petrarch is supposed to have borrowed from his compositions. An instance is cited by a writer in the "Retrospective Review," (Vol. IV. p. 46, and p. 47, note,) in which the imitation is very obvious.

SONG OF CONTRARIES.

From day to day, I learn but to unlearn;
I live to die; my pleasure is my woe;
In dreary darkness I can light discern;
Though blind, I see; and all but knowledge know.
I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace;
Though bound to earth, o'er highest heaven I fly;
With what 's behind I run an untired race,
And break from that which holds me mightily.

Evil I find, when hurrying after bliss;
Loveless, I love; and doubt of all I see;
All seems a dream, that most substantial is;
I hate myself,—others are dear to me.
Voiceless, I speak; I hear, of hearing void;
My ay is no; truth becomes falsehood strange;
I eat, not hungry; shift, though unannoyed;
Touch without hands; and sense to folly change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall;
When most I seem to sink, then mount I still;
Laughing, I weep; and waking, dreams I call;
And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel.
Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;
Losing, I gain; time fleetest slowliest flows;
Though free from pain, 'neath pain's attacks I groan;
To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

Sinking, I rise; and dressing, I undress;
The heaviest weight too lightly seems to fall;
I swim,—yet rest in perfect quietness;
And sweetest sugar turns to bitterest gall.
The day is night to me,—and darkness day;
The time that 's past is present to my thought;
Strength becomes weakness; hard is softest clay;
I linger, wanting what I wanted not.

I stand unmoved, — yet never, never stop;
And what I seek not, that besets me wholly;
The man I trust not is my firmest prop;
The low is high, — the high runs ever lowly.
I chase what I can never hope to gain;
What 's weak as sand-rope looks like firmest ground;
The whirlpool seems a fountain's surface plain,
And virtue but a weak and empty sound.

My songs are but an infant's uttering slow;
Disgusting in my eyes is all that 's fair;
I turn, because I know not where to go;
I 'm not at peace, but cannot war declare.
And thus it is, and such is my dark doom,
And so the world and so all nature fleets,
And I am curtained in the general gloom;
And I must live, — deceived by these deceits.

TORNADA.

Let each apply what may to each belong,
And by these rules contrarious wisely steer;
For right oft flows from darkness-covered wrong,
And good may spring from seeming evil here.

DON JUAN MANUEL.

This distinguished prince and author was born in 1280. He served Alfonso the Eleventh, who appointed him governor of the Moorish frontiers. He carried on the war against the Moors for twenty years, and gained many victories. He died in 1347.

His most important work is "El Conde Lucanor," which may be regarded not only as the finest monument of Spanish prose in the fourteenth century, but, indeed, as the first successful essay in that department of Spanish literature. It is a work of moral and political philosophy, illustrated in a series of forty-nine moral tales. He wrote, besides, a "Crónica de España," the "Libro del Caballero," the "Libro de los Sabios," and a collection of poems.

It is a contested point whether the following ballad belongs to this poet or to a Portuguese writer of the same name.

BALLAD.

All alone the knight is wandering,
Crying with a heavy tone;
Clad in dark funereal garments,
Lined with serge, he walks alone.
To the dreary, trackless mountains
He retires to weep and mourn, —
Barefoot, lonely, and deserted,
Swearing never to return,
Where the voice of lovely woman
Might betray him to forget
Her, whose ever-blessed memory
Lives within his heart-shrine yet, —
Her, who, promised to his passion,
Ere he had possessed her, died!
Now he seeks some desert country,
There in darkness to abide.
In a distant, gloomy mountain,
Where no human beings dwell,
There he built a house of sadness,
Sadder than the thoughts can tell.
Of a yellow wood he built it,
Of a wood that 's called despair;[1]
Black the stone that formed the dwelling,
Black the blending mortar there.
Roof he raised of gloomy tilings
O'er the beams of ebony;
Sheets of lead he made his flooring,
Heavy as his misery.
Leaden were the doors he sculptured, —
His own chisel carved the door;
His own weary fingers scattered
Faded vine-leaves on the floor.
He who makes his home with sorrow
Should not fly to joy's relief:
Here, in this dark, dolorous mansion,
Dwelt he, votary of grief.
Discipline is his, severer
Than the mouths of stern Paular;
And his bed was made of tendrils,
And his food those tendrils are;
And his drink is tears of sorrow,
Which soon turned to tears again:
Once a day he ate, — once only, —
Sooner to be freed from pain.
Like the wood the walls he painted, —
Like that dark and yellow wood;
There a cloth of silk suspended,
White as snow in solitude;
And an alabaster altar
Even before that emblem stood;
There a taper of bitumen
O'er the altar faintly moved.
And the *image* of his lady,
Of the lady that he loved,
There he placed: her form of silver,
And her cheeks of crystal clear,
Clad in robes of silvery damask,
Such as richest maidens wear;
Next a snow-white convent-garment,
And a flounce of purest white,
Covered o'er with moons, whose brightness
Shed a chaste and gentle light;
On her head a royal coronet,
Such as honored monarchs see, —
'T was adorned with chestnut-branches
Gathered from the chestnut-tree:
Mark! beneath that word mysterious
Hidden sense may chance to be, —
Chestnut-branches may betoken,
May betoken chastity.[2]
Two-and-twenty years the maiden
Lived, — and died so fair, so young:
Tell me how such youth and beauty
Should in fitting words be sung;

[1] *Desesperar.* [2] *Castañas*, chestnuts, — *casta*, chaste.

Tell me how to sing his sorrow,
Who thus mourned his perished maid: —
There he lived in woe and silence,
With her image and her shade.
Pleasure from his house he banished,
While he welcomed pain and woe:
They shall dwell with him for ever,
They from him shall never go.

JUAN RUIZ DE HITA.

Juan Ruiz, *arcipreste*, or arch-priest, of Hita, flourished about 1343. The place of his birth is uncertain, though there is some reason to suppose that he may have been a native of Alcalá. He seems to have travelled, for he speaks of having been at the court of Rome. The Latin poets were familiar to him, particularly Ovid, whom he repeatedly quotes. He died about 1351. He is remarkable for having introduced a variety of metres into Spanish poetry; and his works, consisting of six or seven thousand verses, are distinguished for invention and wit, and abound in poetical expression and animated figures.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

I wish to make my sermon brief, — to shorten my oration, —
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women, — suits at law without procrastination, —
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he 's a fool who 's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:
So I 'll praise the little women, and you 'll find the thing amusing;
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They 're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging;
They 're gay and pleasant in the street, — soft, cheerful, and engaging;
They 're thrifty and discreet at home, — the cares of life assuaging:
All this and more; — try, and you 'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says, — *A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her, —
There 's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there 's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays, —
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat, —
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There 's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth, — our greatest consolation, —
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she 's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less, — said a wise man of the East:
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Thou Flower of Flowers! I 'll follow thee,
And sing thy praise unweariedly:
Best of the best! O, may I ne'er
From thy pure service flee!

Lady! to thee I turn my eyes,
On thee my trusting hope relies;
O, let thy spirit, smiling here,
Chase my anxieties!

Most Holy Virgin! tired and faint,
I pour my melancholy plaint;
Yet lift a tremulous thought to thee,
Even 'midst mortal taint.

Thou Ocean-Star! thou Port of Joy!
From pain, and sadness, and annoy,
O, rescue me! O, comfort me,
Bright Lady of the Sky!

Thy mercy is a boundless mine;
Freedom from care, and life are thine:
He recks not, faints not, fears not, who
Trusts in thy power divine.

I am the slave of woe and wrong,
Despair and darkness guide my song;
Do thou avail me, Virgin! thou
Waft my weak bark along!

LOVE.

Love to the slowest subtilty can teach,
And to the dumb give fair and flowing speech;
It makes the coward daring, and the dull
And idle diligent and promptness-full.

It makes youth ever youthful; takes from age
The heavy burden of time's pilgrimage,
Gives beauty to deformity; is seen
To value what is valueless and mean.

Enamoured once, however vile and rude,
Each seems to each all-wise, all-fair, all-good,
Brightest of nature's works, and loveliest:
Desire, ambition, covet not the rest.

Love spreads its misty veil over all, and when
One sun is fled, another dawns again;
But valor may 'gainst adverse fate contend,
As the hardest fruit is ripened in the end.

RABBI DON SANTOB, OR SANTO.

This poet, a Jew by birth, flourished about 1360. His name is not known, but he seems to have received the title of *Santo* by way of honor; "perhaps," says Sanchez, "for his moral virtues and his learning." He is supposed to have been either a native or a resident of Carrion.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Here begins the general dance, in which it is shown how Death gives advice to all, that they should take due account of the brevity of life, and not to value it more highly than it deserves; and this he orders and requires, that they see and hear attentively what wise preachers tell them and warn them from day to day, giving them good and wholesome counsel that they labor in doing good works to obtain pardon of their sins, and showing them by experience; who, he says, calls and requires from all classes, whether they come willingly or unwillingly; and thus beginning: —

Lo! I am Death! With aim as sure as steady,
All beings that are and shall be I draw near me.
I call thee, — I require thee, man, be ready!
Why build upon this fragile life? — Now hear me!
Where is the power that does not own me, fear me?
Who can escape me, when I bend my bow?
I pull the string, — thou liest in dust below,
Smitten by the barb my ministering angels bear me.

. . . . . .

Come to the dance of Death! Come hither, even
The last, the lowliest, — of all rank and station!
Who will not come shall be by scourges driven:
I hold no parley with disinclination.
List to yon friar who preaches of salvation,
And hie ye to your penitential post!
For who delays, — who lingers, — he is lost,
And handed o'er to hopeless reprobation.

. . . . . .

I to my dance — my mortal dance — have brought
Two nymphs, all bright in beauty and in bloom.
They listened, fear-struck, to my songs, methought;
And, truly, songs like mine are tinged with gloom.
But neither roseate hues nor flowers' perfume
Will now avail them, — nor the thousand charms
Of worldly vanity; — they fill my arms, —
They are my brides, — their bridal bed the tomb.

. . . . . .

And since 't is certain, then, that we must die, —
No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress, —
Be it our constant aim unswervingly
To tread God's narrow path of holiness:
For he is first, last, midst. O, let us press
Onwards! and when Death's monitory glance
Shall summon us to join his mortal dance,
Even then shall hope and joy our footsteps bless.

BALLADS.

I.—HISTORICAL BALLADS.

LAMENTATION OF DON RODERICK.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,—
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame,—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepped to and fro:
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered, faint and sick.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame, Rodrigo showed:—his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climbed unto a hill-top, the highest he could see;
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he:
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn;
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He looked for the brave captains that led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead,—and who could count the slain?
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed run down his cheeks like rain:—

"Last night I was the king of Spain,—to-day no king am I;
Last night fair castles held my train,—to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,—
To-night not one I call mine own, not one pertains to me.

"O, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great seigniory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou? why fearest thou to smite?"

MARCH OF BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

With three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes,—
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight,—
He quits his team for spear and shield and garniture of might;
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist,—he flingeth down his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook.

The youth who shows a maiden's chin, whose brows have ne'er been bound
The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from the sound;
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,
Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ringlets press.

As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain-stream receives the roaring rills;
They round his banner flocked, in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain:—

"Free were we born," 't is thus they cry,
"though to our king we owe
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go;
By God's behest our aid he shares, but God did ne'er command
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslaved land.

"Our breasts are not so timorous, nor are our arms so weak,
Nor are our veins so bloodless, that we our vow should break,

To sell our freedom for the fear of prince or paladin;
At least, we 'll sell our birthright dear, — no bloodless prize they 'll win.

"At least, King Charles, if God decrees he must be lord of Spain,
Shall witness that the Leonese were not aroused in vain;
He shall bear witness that we died as lived our sires of old, —
Nor only of Numantium's pride shall minstrel tales be told.

"The Lion that hath bathed his paws in seas of Lybian gore,
Shall he not battle for the laws and liberties of yore?
Anointed cravens may give gold to whom it likes them well,
But steadfast heart and spirit bold Alfonso ne'er shall sell."

BAVIECA.

The king looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
Then to the king Ruy Diaz spake, after reverence due:
"O King, the thing is shameful, that any man, beside
The liege lord of Castile himself, should Bavieca ride:

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he; and, certes, the best befits my king.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I 'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor."

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them, — they lauded man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapped in twain his hither rein: — "God pity now the Cid! —
God pity Diaz!" cried the lords; — but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding, — and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king: —
But "No!" said Don Alfonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar; — mount, mount again, my Cid!"

THE POUNDER.

The Christians have beleagured the famous walls of Xeres:
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez:
No knight like Don Diego, — no sword like his is found
In all the host, to hew the boast of paynims to the ground.

It fell, one day, when furiously they battled on the plain,
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain:
The Moors that saw it shouted; for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full nigh, —
An olive-tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xeres: —
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth Don Diego Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive strong,
Which o'er his headpiece brandishing, he spurs among the throng:
God wot, full many a pagan must in his saddle reel! —
What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that weight ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, "I 've seen some flail-armed man belabor barley so; —
Sure, mortal mould did ne'er infold such mastery of power:
Let 's call Diego Perez THE POUNDER, from this hour."

THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

HENRY and King Pedro, clasping,
Hold in straining arms each other;
Tugging hard, and closely grasping,
Brother proves his strength with brother.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,
Blends not thus their limbs in strife;
Either aims, with rage infernal,
Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
Pedro holds Don Henry strait, —
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
That, despair and mortal hate.

Sole spectator of the struggle,
Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase who bore his bugle,
And who bore his sword in war.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
Down upon the earth they go;
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,
Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
Aiding thus the fallen man.

"King to place, or to depose him,
Dwelleth not in my desire;
But the duty which he owes him
To his master pays the squire."

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
Now King Pedro lies beneath;
In his heart his brother's poniard
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwelled.

II. — ROMANTIC BALLADS.

COUNT ARNALDOS.

WHO had ever such adventure,
Holy priest, or virgin nun,
As befell the Count Arnaldos
At the rising of the sun?

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,
Forth with horn and hound went he,
When he saw a stately galley
Sailing on the silent sea.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
Burnished poop of beaten gold, —
Many a morn you 'll hood your falcon,
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
Golden poops may come again;
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To yon gray-haired sailor's strain.

Heart may beat, and eye may glisten,
Faith is strong, and Hope is free;
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To the song that rules the sea.

When the gray-haired sailor chanted,
Every wind was hushed to sleep, —
Like a virgin's bosom panted
All the wide reposing deep.

Bright in beauty rose the starfish
From her green cave down below,
Right above the eagle poised him, —
Holy music charmed them so.

"Stately galley! glorious galley!
God hath poured his grace on thee!
Thou alone may'st scorn the perils
Of the dread, devouring sea!

"False Almeria's reefs and shallows,
Black Gibraltar's giant rocks,
Sound and sandbank, gulf and whirlpool,
All, — my glorious galley mocks!"

"For the sake of God, our Maker!" —
Count Arnaldos' cry was strong, —
"Old man, let me be partaker
In the secret of thy song!"

"Count Arnaldos! Count Arnaldos!
Hearts I read, and thoughts I know; —
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,
In our galley thou must go."

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

THE day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France! for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two:

Ye well may curse that rueful field; for many a noble peer,
In fray or fight, the dust did bite, beneath Bernardo's spear.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall:
Seven times, when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize;
Above all the wealth of Araby, he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner: —

"Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us:
Two daughters have I; — all the day thy handmaid one shall be;
The other — and the fairer far — by night shall cherish thee.

"The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave;
The other — she the pretty — shall deck her bridal bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

"If more thou wishest, more I 'll give; speak boldly what thy thought is."
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes.
But not a moment did he take to ponder or to pause;
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian captain was: —

"Now, God forbid, Marlotes, — and Mary, his dear Mother, —
That I should leave the faith of Christ and bind me to another!
For women, — I 've one wife in France, and I 'll wed no more in Spain:
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain."

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded he should be led away, —
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vaults to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands: that sore, unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doomed never more to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

On three high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be, —
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the firstlings of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show: seven years are come and gone;
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage due,
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear, —
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it with the spear;
But 't is so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail;
The whisker trembled on his lip, — his cheek for ire was pale;
And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town, —
"Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled down."

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet's haughty sound,
Did send an echo to the vault where the admiral was bound:
"Now help me, God!" the captive cries; "what means this din so loud?
O Queen of Heaven, be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!

"O, is it that some pagan gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned fair in triumph to his bed?

Or is it that the day is come,— one of the hateful three,—
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me?"

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said:
"These tabours, Lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed;
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight!

"This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearsman's prize do win."

Then out and spake Guarinos: "O, soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed!
O, were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pie,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I 'd hold, whate'er its price may be!

"Give me my horse, mine old gray horse,— so be he is not dead,—
All gallantly caparisoned, with plate on breast and head;
And give the lance I brought from France; and if I win it not,
My life shall be the forfeiture,— I 'll yield it on the spot."

The jailer wondered at his words: thus to the knight said he:
"Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee;
There 's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear;
And if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the king repair."

The jailer put his mantle on, and came unto the king;
He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring:
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win:

That, were he mounted but once more on his own gallant gray,
And armed with the lance he bore on Roncesvalles' day,
What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce it at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king: "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the grange go seek ye for his gray steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall;— seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse has bent his force to be a carrion drudge.

"Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed and draw that rusty sword;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die:
So, jailer, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh."

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they 've clasped,
And they 've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasped;
And they have caught the old gray horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate, caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out, the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the king,
For the horse he pranced and capered and furiously did fling:
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face;
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

O, lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddletree,
And, slowly riding down, made halt before Marlotes' knee:
Again the heathen laughed aloud: "All hail, Sir Knight!" quoth he;
"Now do thy best, thou champion proud! thy blood I look to see!"

With that, Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos, — nor lance nor rowel spare, —
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life: the land of France lies *there!*

COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

Alone, as was her wont, she sat, — within her bower alone;
Alone and very desolate, Solisa made her moan:
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,
And she be never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal day.

Thus said the sad Infanta: "I will not hide my grief;
I 'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief."
The king, when he beheld her near, "Alas! my child," said he,
"What means this melancholy cheer? — reveal thy grief to me."

"Good King," she said, "my mother was buried long ago;
She left me to thy keeping; none else my grief shall know:
I fain would have a husband, — 't is time that I should wed;
Forgive the words I utter, — with mickle shame they 're said."

'T was thus the king made answer: "This fault is none of mine, —
You to the prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;
Yet round us here where lives your peer, — nay, name him if you can, —
Except the Count Alarcos? and he 's a married man."

"Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night;
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break:
Alas! I 've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake."

The good king sat confounded in silence for some space;
At length he made his answer, with very troubled face:
"It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You 've done much wrong, my daughter; we 're shamed, both I and you.

"If it be true that you have said, our honor 's lost and gone;
And while the countess is in life, remeed for us is none:
Though justice were upon our side, ill talkers would not spare; —
Speak, daughter, for your mother 's dead, whose counsel eased my care."

"How can I give you counsel? — but little wit have I;
But, certes, Count Alarcos may make this countess die:
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall our dishonor know, — in honor I shall wed."

The count was standing with his friends, — thus in the midst he spake:
"What fools be men! — what boots our pain for comely woman's sake?
I loved a fair one long ago; — though I 'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego how life and love began."

While yet the count was speaking, the good king came full near;
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer:
"Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret I in your ear must say."

The king came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they served there by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 't was thus the king begun: —

"What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight
To be a husband to my child and love her day and night?
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth;
But shamed is my gray head, alas! and scorned Solisa's youth.

"I have a heavy word to speak: a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place, and, certes, she must die:
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life;
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife.
What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall my dishonor know, — in honor you shall wed."

Thus spake the Count Alarcos: "The truth I 'll not deny, —
I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
I feared my king would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter.
But, O, spare her that 's innocent! — avoid that sinful slaughter!"

"She dies! she dies!" the king replies; — "from thine own sin it springs,
If guiltless blood must wash the blot that stains the blood of kings;
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed, —
Else thou on shameful block must bend: thereof is no remeed."

"Good King, my hand thou may'st command,
else treason blots my name:
I 'll take the life of my dear wife. — God! mine
be not the blame! —
Alas! that young and sinless heart for others'
sin should bleed!
Good King, in sorrow I depart." "May God
your errand speed!"

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place unto his
own abode:
He grieved for his fair countess, — dear as his
life was she;
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his chil-
dren three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's
breast, —
For though it had three nurses, it liked her
milk the best;
The others were young children, that had but
little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee while nurs-
ing she did sit.

"Alas!" he said, when he had come within a
little space, —
"How shall I brook the cheerful look of my
kind lady's face?
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in
my hall,
When she so soon a corpse must be, — and I
the cause of all!"

[redacted] then he saw her at the door with all her
babes appear
(The little page had run before to tell his lord
was near):
"Now welcome home, my lord, my life! —
Alas! you droop your head!
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes
your eyes so red?"

"I 'll tell you all, — I 'll tell you all; it is not
yet the hour;
We 'll sup together in the hall, — I 'll tell you
in your bower."
The lady brought forth what she had, and down
beside him sat;
He sat beside her pale and sad, but neither
drank nor ate.

The children to his side were led, — he loved
to have them so;
Then on the board he laid his head, and out
his tears did flow:
"I fain would sleep, — I fain would sleep," the
Count Alarcos said:
Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night
within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they
were used to rest, —
None with them but the little babe that was
upon the breast:

The count had barred the chamber-doors, —
they ne'er were barred till then:
"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost
of men!"

"Now speak not so, my noble lord, my hus-
band, and my life!
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos'
wife."
"Alas! unhappy lady, 't is but little that you
know;
For in that very word you 've said is gathered
all your woe.

"Long since I loved a lady, — long since I
oaths did plight
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and
night;
Her father is our lord the king, — to him the
thing is known;
And now that I the news should bring! she
claims me for her own.

"Alas! my love! — alas! my life! — the right
is on their side;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was
betrothed my bride;
But, O, that I should speak the word! — since
in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our lord that you this night
must die."

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and
so leal?
O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy
foot I kneel!
But send me to my father's house, where once
I dwelt in glee;
There will I live a lone, chaste life, and rear
my children three."

"It may not be, — mine oath is strong, — ere
dawn of day you die!"
"O, well 't is seen how all alone upon the
earth am I! —
My father is an old, frail man, — my mother 's
in her grave, —
And dead is stout Don Garci, — *alas!* my
brother brave!

"'T was at this coward king's command they
slew my brother dear,
And now I 'm helpless in the land: it is not
death I fear;
But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my
children so; —
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss
them ere I go."

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast, — the rest
thou may'st not see."
"I fain would say an *ave*." "Then say it
speedily."
She knelt her down upon her knee: "O Lord,
behold my case!
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and
great grace!"

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose: —
"Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose;
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold."

"Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep;
Prepare, dear wife, — there is no time, — the dawn begins to peep."
"Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free,
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I 've loved thee; —

"But *they* have not my pardon, the king and his proud daughter;
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!"

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber-floor along;
He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

Then called he for his esquires: — O, deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay.
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong;
But God took heed of their offence, — his vengeance stayed not long.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away;
The cruel king gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed, ere the moon had made her round complete:
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat.

III. — MOORISH BALLADS.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe! —
"What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief come these bewailing?"
"A tower is fallen! a star is set! — Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, — and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing, —
For all have heard the misery, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood, —
'T was at the solemn jousting, — around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share:

But now the nobles all lament, — the ladies are bewailing, —
For he was Granada's darling knight, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

O, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all!
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing, —
Its sound is like no earthly sound, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, — the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still, — then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry, —
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;
'T was she that nursed him at her breast, — that nursed him long ago:
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing, —
"Let me kiss my Celin, ere I die! — Alas! alas for Celin!"

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

King Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

'T is the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black with silver laced, within the tented ring,
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed, in presence of the king.

Eight Moorish lords, of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, as they come rushing through:
The deeds they 've done, the spoils they 've won, fill all with hope and trust;
Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust!

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour:
Make room, make room for Gazul! — throw wide, throw wide the door! —
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still! more loudly strike the drum! —
The alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low;
And next he bowed him to the queen, and the Infantas all a-row;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye:
But firmly he extends his arm, — his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on:
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his *rejon*;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

"Turn, Gazul, — turn!" the people cry: the third comes up behind;
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind; —
The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud alcayde to stun Harpado so?"

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed, — this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil:
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near, —
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old, knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the alcayde's shock.

Now stops the drum: close, close they come;
thrice meet, and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's
breast of black, —
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's
front of dun; —
Once more advance upon his lance, — once
more, thou fearless one!

Once more, once more! — in dust and gore to
ruin must thou reel! —
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with fu-
rious heel! —
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast! — I see, I
see thee stagger! * *
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the
stern alcayde's dagger!

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six
horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and
joyful din.
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the
ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado
low!

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cush-
ion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with
all the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are
flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the
trumpet's lordly blowing;
And banners bright from lattice light are wav-
ing everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bride-
groom floats proudly in the air:
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with
all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face, —
He bends him to the people with a calm and
princely grace;
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of
Guadalquivir
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave
and lovely, never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple
mixed with white,
I guess 't was wreathed by Zara, whom he will
wed to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with
all the town!

"What aileth thee, Xarifa? — what makes thine
eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze
with all the town?
I 've heard you say, on many a day, — and, sure,
you said the truth, —
Andalla rides without a peer among all Grana-
da's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, — and yon milk-white
horse doth go,
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step
and slow:
Then rise, O, rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cush-
ion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze
with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion
down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all
the town;
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain
her fingers strove, —
And though her needle pressed the silk, no
flower Xarifa wove:
One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the
noise drew nigh;
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping
from her eye.
"No, no!" she sighs, — "bid me not rise, nor
lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing
town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cush-
ion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing
town?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how
the people cry!
He stops at Zara's palace-gate; — why sit ye
still, — O, why?"
"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall
I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with
tears, and was my lover?
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my
cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing
town!"

WOE IS ME, ALHAMA!*

The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

* The effect of the original ballad — which existed both in Spanish and Arabic — was such, that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, within Granada, on pain of death.

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain, —
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before:
"Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow, —
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see:
"Good King, thou art justly served, —
Good King, this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee,
Of Córdova the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes;
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings": —
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased; —
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone:
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier! and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, — wives,
Their lords, — and valiant men, their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, — another, wealth or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'T was carried, as the king decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, — for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

POETS OF THE CANCIONEROS.

JUAN II., KING OF CASTILE.

THE reign of this king extended from 1407 to 1454. As a monarch, he displayed but little energy; yet his taste for letters attracted the most distinguished poets to his court. Juan de Mena was his chronicler; and song-writing was the fashionable pastime of his courtiers.

I NEVER KNEW IT, LOVE, TILL NOW.

I NE'ER imagined, Love, that thou
Wert such a mighty one; at will,
Thou canst both faith and conscience bow,
And thy despotic law fulfil:
I never knew it, Love, till now.

I thought I knew thee well, — I thought
That I thy mazes had explored;
But I within thy nets am caught,
And now I own thee sovereign lord.
I ne'er imagined, Love, that thou
Wert such a mighty one; at will,
Thou bidd'st both faith and conscience bow,
And thy despotic law fulfil:
I never knew it, Love, till now.

LOPE DE MENDOZA, MARQUES DE SANTILLANA.

THIS distinguished nobleman and poet was born in 1398. He exercised great influence in public affairs, and united with the business of state the cultivation of poetry. His letter on the ancient poets of Spain is highly valued for its learning and sound criticism. He was created Marques de Santillana after the battle of Olmedo, in 1445, his marquisate being the second in Castile. He died in 1458.

SONG.

FIRST shall the singing spheres be dumb,
And cease their rolling motion,
Alecto pitiful become,
And Pluto move devotion,
Ere to thy virtues, printed deep
Within my heart, I prove
Thoughtless, or leave thine eyes to weep,
My soul, my life, my love!

Successful Cæsar first shall cease
To fight for an ovation,
And force defenced Priamides
To sign a recantation,
Ere, my sweet idol, thou shalt fret,
Neglect in me to trace, —
Ere I one lineament forget
In all that charming face.

Sinon shall guilelessly behave,
Thais with virtue, Cupid
Meekly, Sardanapalus brave,
And Solomon grow stupid,
Ere, gentle creature, from my mind
Thine image flits away,
Whose evermore I am, resigned
Thy biddings to obey.

Swart Ethiopia shall grow chill
With wintry congelation,
Cold Scythia hot, and Scylla still
Her boiling tide's gyration,
Ere my charmed spirit shall have power
To tear itself away,
In freedom, but for one short hour,
From thy celestial sway.

Lions and tigers shall make peace
With lambs, and play together,
Sands shall be counted, and deep seas
Grow dry in rainy weather,
Ere Fortune shall the influence have
To make my soul resign
Its bliss, and call itself the slave
Of any charms but thine.

For thou the magnet art, and I
The needle, O my beauty!
And every hour thou draw'st me nigh,
In voluntary duty:
Nor is this wonderful; for call
The proudest, she will feel
That thou the mirror art of all
The ladies in Castile.

SERRANA.

I NE'ER on the border
Saw girl fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria
Of Calataveño,
From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
'Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
With other fair lasses;

So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses
Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or mild, modest beauty; —
I speak with discreetness.
O, had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The handsome milk-maiden
Of far Finojosa, —

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me
To do as I would!
I have said more, O fair one,
By learning 't was Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

JUAN DE MENA.

Juan de Mena was born in Córdova, about 1400, and belonged to a distinguished family. He studied at Salamanca, and then visited Rome, where he became acquainted with the writings of Dante. On his return, his talents recommended him to the favor of King Juan II. and the Marques de Santillana. His greatest work, "El Laberinto," or "Las Trecientas Coplas," is an allegorical composition in imitation of Dante. Mena died in 1456, at Guadalaxara.

FROM THE LABERINTO.

MACÍAS EL ENAMORADO.

We in this radiant circle looked so long,
That we found out Macías; in a bower
Of cypress was he weeping still the hour
That ended his dark life and love in wrong.
Nearer I drew, for sympathy was strong
In me, when I perceived he was from Spain;
And there I heard him sing the saddest strain
That ere was tuned in elegiac song.

"Love crowned me with his myrtle crown; my name
Will be pronounced by many; but, alas!
When his pangs caused me bliss, not slighter was
The mournful suffering that consumed my frame.
His sweet snares conquer the lorn mind, they tame,
But do not always then continue sweet;
And since they caused me ruin so complete,
Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem his flame.

"Danger so passionate be glad to miss;
Learn to be gay; flee, flee from sorrow's touch;
Learn to disserve him you have served so much;
Your devoirs pay at any shrine but his:
If the short joy that in his service is
Were but proportioned to the long, long pain,
Neither would he that once has loved complain,
Nor he that ne'er has loved despair of bliss.

"But even as some assassin or night-rover,
Seeing his fellow wound upon the wheel,
Awed by the agony, resolves with zeal
His life to amend and character recover;
But when the fearful spectacle is over,
Reacts his crimes with easy unconcern:
So my amours on my despair return,
That I should die, as I have lived, a lover!"

LORENZO DAVALOS.

He whom thou view'st there in the round of Mars,
Who toils to mount, yet treads on empty air, —
Whose face of manly beauty 's seen to bear
The gashing print of two deforming scars, —
Virtuous, but smiled on by no partial stars, —
Is young Lorenzo, loved by all; a chief,
Who waged and finished, in a day too brief,
The first and last of his adventured wars.

He, whom his sire's renown had ever spurred
To worth, the Infante's cherished friend, and pride
Of the most mournful mother that e'er sighed
To see her pleasant offspring first interred! —
O sharp, remorseless Fortune! at thy word,
Two precious things were thrown away in vain, —
His brave existence, and her tears of pain,
By the keen torment of the sword incurred.

Well spoke the mother in the piteous cries
She raised, soon as she saw, with many a tear,
That body stretched upon the gory bier,
Which she had nursed with such unsleeping eyes!
With cruel clamors she upbraids the skies,
Wounds with new sorrows her weak frame, and so
Droops, — weary soul! — that, with the mighty woe,
She faints and falls in death's serene disguise.

Then her fair breast with little ruth or dread
To beat, her flesh with cruel nails to tear,
Kiss his cold lips, and in her mad despair
Curse the fierce hand that smote his helmed head,
And the wild battle where her darling bled,
Is all she does, — whilst, quarrelsome from grief
And busy wrath, she wars with all relief,
Till scarce the living differs from the dead.

Weeping, she murmurs, "It had been more kind,
O cruel murderer of my son, to kill
Me, and leave him, who was not in his will
So fierce a foe! he to a mother's mind
Was much more precious, — and who slays, to bind
The lesser prey? thou never shouldst have bared
Thy blade on him, unless thou wert prepared
To leave me sad and moaning to the wind.

"Had death but struck me first, my darling boy
With these his pious hands mine eyes had closed,
Ere his were sealed, and I had well reposed,
Dying but once; whilst now—alas, the annoy!—
I shall die often; I, whose sole employ
Is thus to bathe his wounds with tears of blood
Unrecognized, though lavished in a flood
Of fondness, dead to every future joy!"

ALONSO DE CARTAGENA.

This poet belongs to the first half of the fifteenth century. He is particularly noted for the fire and passion of his amatory poetry, which he probably wrote in his youth. The latter portion of his life was devoted to spiritual affairs, and he died Archbishop of Burgos, in 1456.

PAIN IN PLEASURE.

O, labor not, impatient will,
With anxious thought and busy care!
Whatever be thy doom, — whate'er
Thy power, or thy perverseness, — still
A germ of sorrow will be there.

If thou wilt think of moments gone,
Of joys as exquisite as brief,
Know, memory, when she lingers on
Past pleasure, turns it all to grief.
The struggling toil for bliss is vain,
The dreams of hope are vainer yet,
The end of glory is regret,
And death is but the goal of pain,
And memory's eye with tears is wet.

NO, THAT CAN NEVER BE!

Yes! I must leave, — O, yes!
But not the thoughts of thee;
For that can never be!

To absence, loneliness,
'T is vain, — 't is vain to flee;
I see thee not the less,
When memory's shades I see;
And how can I repress
The rising thoughts of thee?
No, that can never be!

Yet must I leave; — the grave
Shall be a home for me,
Where fettered grief shall have
A portion with the free.
I other than a slave
To thy strange witchery
Can never, never be!

JORGE MANRIQUE.

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and in accordance with it the style moves on, — calm, dignified, and majestic.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

O, let the soul her slumbers break!
Let thought be quickened, and awake, —
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on, —
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away:
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not; but the past — the past —
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;

And did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that 's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave:
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side,
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise, —
The Eternal Truth, — the Good and Wise:
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place;
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high
For which we wait.

Yes, — the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, — chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all:
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, — the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek, —
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow, —
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage, —
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array, —
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others by guilt and crime maintain
The scutcheon that without a stain
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay, —
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift-revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded bawbles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust, —
They fade and die;

But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase, —
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, — but onward speed,
With loosened rein;
And when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace, —

How busily, each passing hour,
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name, —
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead, —
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages past so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the king, Don Juan? where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume, —
What were they but a pageant scene?
What, but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old, —
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride, —
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But, O, how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, — the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array; —
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dew-drops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign, —
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal, and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of Death
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, — the true
And gallant Master, — whom we knew
Most loved of all, —

Breathe not a whisper of his pride;
He on the gloomy scaffold died, —
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green and cities fair,
His mighty power, —
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high, —
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings, —
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings, —

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light, —
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield, —
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow!

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh, —
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed, —
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep, —
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly!

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when, at last,
The soul is free.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son, —
Roderick Manrique, — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy, —
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; — how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise!
What grace in youthful gayeties!
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness; his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine;
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian;
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;

The faith of Constantine; ay, more,—
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors,—and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare which of old
'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions than before
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,—
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down,—
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown,—

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,—

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armour for the fray,—
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
'T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit
Corrupt with sin,—shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart,—thy hope is certainty;—
The third—the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay!
My spirit longs to flee away
And be at rest;—

The will of Heaven my will shall be, —
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart, —
No thought rebels, — the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth!
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth, —

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently!
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind, —
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind, —

His soul to Him who gave it rose.
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

RODRIGUEZ DEL PADRON.

This poet, the dates of whose birth and death are both unknown, was one of the writers of the reign of Juan II. The place of his nativity was El Padron, in Galicia, from which he is named. He wrote amatory poems in the Castilian, — leaving his native idiom, the Galician. The tragical death of his friend, the Galician poet, Macias, surnamed *el Enamorado*, who was slain by a jealous husband for sending too many love-poems to his wife, had such an effect upon him, that he shut himself up in a Dominican cloister, where he became a monk, and remained until his death.

PRAYER.

Fire of heaven's eternal ray,
Gentle and unscorching flame,
Strength in moments of dismay,
Grief's redress and sorrow's balm, —
Light thy servant on his way!

Teach him all earth's passing folly,
All its dazzling art,
To distrust;
And let thoughts profound and holy
Penetrate his heart,
Low in dust!

Lead him to the realms sublime,
Where thy footsteps tread!
Teach him, Virgin, so to dread
Judgment's soul-tormenting clime,
That he may harvest for the better time!

JUAN DE LA ENZINA.

Juan de la Enzina was born in Salamanca, about 1468, and was distinguished as a poet and musician. He went to Rome, and became Musical Director to Pope Leo the Tenth. In 1519, he visited Jerusalem, in company with the Marques de Tarifa; of which journey he afterwards published a poetical account. He wrote songs, lyric romances, and humorous pieces, called *disparates*. He also wrote sacred and profane eclogues in the form of dialogues, which were dramatically represented. He died at Salamanca, in 1534.

DON'T SHUT YOUR DOOR.

Don't shut your door, — don't shut your door:
If Love should come and call,
'T will be no use at all.

If Love command, you 'd best obey, —
Resistance will but hurt you, —
And make, for that 's the safest way,
Necessity a virtue.
So don't resist his gentle sway,
Nor shut your door if he should call, —
For that 's no use at all.

I 've seen him tame the wildest beast,
And strengthen, too, the weakest:
He loves him most who plagues him least;
His favorites are the meekest.
The privileged guests who grace his feast
Have ne'er opposed his gentle call, —
For that 's no use at all.

He loves to tumble upside down
All classes, all connections;
Of those who fear or wear a crown
He mingles the affections,
Till all by Love is overthrown;
And moated gate or castle-wall
Will be no use at all.

He is a strange and wayward thing, —
Young, blind, and full of malice;
He makes a shepherd of a king,
A cottage of a palace.
'T is vain to murmur; and to fling
Your thoughts away in grief and gall
Will be no use at all.

He makes the coward brave; he wakes
The sleepy with his thunders;
In mirth he revels, and mistakes,
And miracles, and wonders;
And many a man he prisoner makes,
And bolts the door:—you cry and call;
But 't is no use at all.

"LET US EAT AND DRINK, FOR TO-MORROW WE DIE."

Come, let 's enjoy the passing hour;
For mournful thought
Will come unsought.

Come, let 's enjoy the fleeting day,
And banish toil, and laugh at care;
For who would grief and sorrow bear,
When he can throw his griefs away?

Away, away!—begone! I say;
For mournful thought
Will come unsought.

So let 's come forth from misery's cell,
And bury all our whims and woes;
Wherever pleasure flits and goes,
O, there we 'll be! O, there we 'll dwell!
'T is there we 'll dwell! 'T is wise and well;
For mournful thought
Will come unsought.

Yes, open all your heart; be glad,—
Glad as a linnet on the tree;
Laugh, laugh away,—and merrily
Drive every dream away that 's sad.
Who sadness takes for joy is mad;
And mournful thought
Will come unsought.

ANONYMOUS POEMS FROM THE CANCIONEROS AND ROMANCEROS.

WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF YOU AND ME?

What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
Your heart is love and kindness' throne,
And it becomes you to confer it
On him who gave you all his own;
And that as now, both firm and faithful,
So will you ever, ever be.—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I for you all else forgot:
And Heaven's dark vengeance would have scathed me,—
Its darkest vengeance,—had I not.
My love, what envy will pursue us,
Thus linked in softest sympathy!—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
A thousand things, in praises sweet,—
That other maidens may be lovely,
But none so lovely and discreet.
They will wreath for you the crown of beauty,
And you the queen of love shall be.—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I have found a prize divine,—
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,
So trifling as these toils of mine;
And that from heights so proud and lofty
Deeper the fall is wont to be.—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

FOUNT OF FRESHNESS!

Fount of freshness! fount of freshness!
Fount of freshness and of love!
Where the little birds of spring-time
Seek for comfort, as they rove;
All except the widowed turtle,—
Widowed, sorrowing turtle-dove.

There the nightingale—the traitor!—
Lingered on his giddy way;
And these words of hidden treachery
To the dove I heard him say:
"I will be thy servant, lady!
I will ne'er thy love betray."

"Off! false-hearted! vile deceiver!
Leave me, nor insult me so:
Dwell I, then, 'midst gaudy flowerets?
Perch I on the verdant bough?
Even the waters of the fountain
Drink I dark and troubled now.
Never will I think of marriage,—
Never break the widow-vow.

"Had I children, they would grieve me,
They would wean me from my woe:
Leave me, false one! thoughtless traitor!
Base one! vain one! sad one! go!
I can never, never love thee,—
I will never wed thee,—no!"

THE TWO STREAMLETS.

Two little streams o'er plains of green
Roll gently on, — the flowers between;
But each to each defiance hurls, —
All their artillery are pearls:
They foam, they rage, they shout, — and then
Sink in their silent beds again;
And melodies of peace are heard
From many a gay and joyous bird.

I saw a melancholy rill
Burst meekly from a clouded hill:
Another rolled behind, — in speed
An eagle, and in strength a steed;
It reached the vale, and overtook
Its rival in the deepest nook;
And each to each defiance hurls, —
All their artillery are pearls:
They foam, they rage, they shout, — and then
Rest in their silent beds again.

And if two little streamlets break
The law of love for passion's sake,
How, then, should I a rival see,
Nor be inflamed by jealousy?
For is not Love a mightier power
Than mountain stream, or mountain shower?

SHE COMES TO GATHER FLOWERS.

Put on your brightest, richest dress,
Wear all your gems, blest vales of ours!
My fair one comes in her loveliness, —
She comes to gather flowers.

Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale!
Woods of green, your coronets bring!
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,
Come with your fragrant offering!
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,
Which Flora wakes in her springtide hours!
My fair one comes across the dell, —
She comes to gather flowers.

Twilight of morn! from thy misty tower
Scatter the trembling pearls around,
Hang up thy gems on fruits and flower,
Bespangle the dewy ground!
Phœbus! rest on thy ruby wheels, —
Look, and envy this world of ours!
For my fair one now descends the hills, —
She comes to gather flowers.

List! for the breeze on wing serene
Through the light foliage sails;
Hidden amidst the forest green
Warble the nightingales,
Hailing the glorious birth of day
With music's divinest powers!
Hither my fair one bends her way, —
She comes to gather flowers.

DEAR MAID OF HAZEL BROW!

Dear maid of hazel brow!
O, what a sight to see
Thy fingers pull the bough
Of the white jasmine tree!

Delighted I look on,
And watch thy sparkling eye;
And charmed, yet wobegone,
I sigh, and then — I sigh.
O, I 'll retire, and now
I 'll not disquiet thee!
Dear maid of hazel brow,
Do as thou wilt with me,
And pluck the happy bough
Of the white jasmine tree!

Amidst the flowers, sweet maid,
I saw her footsteps trip, —
And, lo, her cheeks arrayed
In crimson from her lip!
Bright, graceful girl! I vow
'T would be heaven's bliss to be,
Dear maid of hazel brow,
Crowned with a wreath by thee, —
A wreath, — the emerald bough
Of the white jasmine tree.

EMBLEM.

What shall the land produce, that thou
Art watering, God, so carefully?
"Thorns to bind around my brow;
Flowers to form a wreath for thee.'
Streams from such a hand that flow
Soon shall form a garden fair.
"Yes; but different wreaths shall grow
From the plants I water there."
Tell me who, my God, shall wear,
Wear the garlands round their brow?
"I the wreath of thorns shall bear,
And the flowery garland thou."

WHO 'LL BUY A HEART?

Poor heart of mine! tormenting heart!
Long hast thou teazed me, — thou and I
May just as well agree to part.
Who 'll buy a heart? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

They offered three testoons, — but, no!
A faithful heart is cheap at more:
'T is not of those that wandering go,
Like mendicants, from door to door.
Here 's prompt possession, — I might tell
A thousand merits, — come and try!
I have a heart, — a heart to sell:
Who 'll buy a heart? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

How oft beneath its folds lay hid
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe! —
Will no one buy? will no one bid?
'T is going now, — yes, it must go!
So little offered, it were well
To keep it yet, — but no, not I!
I have a heart, — a heart to sell:
Who 'll buy a heart? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

I would 't were gone! for I confess
I 'm tired, and longing to be freed.
Come, bid, fair maiden! — more or less; —
So good, — and very cheap indeed.
Once more, — but once; — I cannot dwell
So long, — 't is going, — going: — fie!
No offer? — I 've a heart to sell:
Who 'll buy a heart? who 'll buy? who 'll buy?

THE MAIDEN WAITING HER LOVER.

Ye trees, that make so sweet a shade,
Bend down your waving heads, when he,
The youth ye honor, through your glade,
Comes on Love's messages to me!
Ye stars, that shine o'er heaven's blue deep,
And all its arch with glory fill,
O, wake him, wake him from his sleep,
If that dear youth be slumbering still!

Lark, that hailest the morn above, —
Nightingale, singing on yonder bough, —
Hasten, and tell my lingering love, —
Tell him how long I 've waited now!
Past is the midnight's shade:
Where is he? — where?
Say, can some other maid
His favors share?

THE THRUSH.

Mother of mine! yon tuneful thrush,
That fills with songs the happy grove, —
Tell him those joyous songs to hush;
For, ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

Tell him to sympathize, — for this
Is music's triumph, music's care;
Persuade him that another's bliss
Makes bitter misery bitterer.

Then bid him leave the emerald bough,
Seek her abode, — and warble there;
And if young Love has taught him how,
Be Love's sweet-tongued interpreter.

He thinks his notes are notes of joy, —
That gladness tunes his eager breath:
O, tell him, mother mine, that I
Hear in his songs the tones of death!

If, spite of all those prayers of thine,
He still will stay, — I 'll pray that he
May one day feel these pangs of mine, —
And I, his thoughtless ecstasy.

Then, mother mine, persuade the thrush
To charm no more the verdant grove, —
Bid him his sweetest music hush;
For, ah! my nymph has ceased to love.

'T IS TIME TO RISE!

Long sleep has veiled my spirit's eyes:
'T is time to rise! — 't is time to rise!

O, 't is a dull and heavy sleep!
As if death's robe had wrapped the soul;
As if the poisons, vices steep
In life's deep-dregged and mingled bowl,
Had chilled the blood, and dimmed the eyes:
But, lo! the sun towers o'er the deep:
'T is time to rise! — 't is time to rise!

But angels sang in vain, — above
Their voices blended: "Soul, awake!
Hark to yon babe! — what wondrous love
Bids God an infant's weakness take? —
Long hast thou slept, — that infant's cries
Shall the dark mist of night remove:
'T is time to rise! — 't is time to rise!"

SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

Sweet were the hours, and short as sweet,
Which, lady, I have passed with thee;
But those were dark and infinite
Which rolled when thou wert far from me!

For Time, as has been oft expressed,
Is Fancy's handmaid, — swift or brief:
How short — how short, alas! for rest!
How long — how long, alas! for grief!

How lightning-winged do pleasures fly!
And Love's sweet pleasures fleeter yet, —
On pinions of rapidity,
That leave but terror, or regret!

In mournful strains they roll along,
'Midst hopes deceived and joys bereft;
While memory's departed throng
Are mourned, my joyless memory's left.

I think of days, when morning's flame,
Kindled by thee, shone fair and bright;
And then the dazzling noonday came,
And then — the solitude of night.

'T was then, upon the elms, whose feet
The Betis laves, I saw thee write, —
O raptured hour! — "I love thee, sweet!" —
And my heart sparkled at the sight.

THE PRISONER'S ROMANCE.

Sir gaoler! leave the spirit free, —
The spirit is a wanderer still:
O gaoler! leave the spirit free, —
And chain the body, if you will.

My eyes between the iron bars
Still throw their living glances round, —
And they shall be as Northern Stars,
By which the friendly port is found;
And theirs shall be a tongue to be
Heard when the mortal voice is still.
O gaoler! leave the spirit free, —
And chain the body, if you will.

You cannot, cannot chain the soul,
Although the body you confine:
The spirit bursts through all control,
And soon is free, — and so is mine.
Love has unbounded mastery
In this your prison. You fulfil,
Sir gaoler, Love's supreme decree:
Love is the lord imperial still.
O gaoler! leave the spirit free, —
And chain the body, if you will.

YIELD, THOU CASTLE!

Yield, thou castle! yield! —
I march me to the field.

Thy walls are proud and high,
My thoughts all dwell with thee;
Now yield thee! yield thee! — I
Am come for victory;
I march me to the field.

Thy halls are fair and gay,
And there resides my grief;
Thy bridge, thy covered way,
Prepare for my relief;
I march me to the field.

Thy towers sublimely rise
In beauty's brightest glow;
There, there, my comfort lies, —
O, give me welcome now!
I march me to the field.

AMARYLLIS.

She sleeps; — Amaryllis
'Midst flowerets is laid;
And roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

The maiden is sleeping,
Where, through the green hills,
Manzanares is creeping
Along with his rills.

Wake not Amaryllis,
Ye winds in the glade,
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade!

The sun, while upsoaring,
Yet tarries awhile,
The bright rays adoring
Which stream from her smile.

The wood-music still is, —
To rouse her afraid, —
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

SHARPLY I REPENT OF IT.

He who loses gentle lady,
For a want of ready wit,
Sharply shall repent of it.

Once I lost her in a garden,
Gathering every flower that grows;
And her cheeks were red with blushes,
Red as is the damask rose:
All Love's burning blushes those.
I was dumb, — so short of wit;
Sharply I repent of it.

Once I lost her in a garden,
Gently talking of her love;
I, poor inexperienced shepherd,
Did not answer, — did not move.
If I disappointments prove,
I may thank my frozen wit;
Sharply I repent of it.

THE SIESTA.

Airs! that wander and murmur round,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow, —
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er:
Sweet be her slumbers, — though in my breast
The pain she has waked may slumber no more!
Breathing soft from the blue profound,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs! that over the bending boughs,
And under the shadows of the leaves,
Murmur soft, like my timid vows,
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves, —
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

THE SONG OF THE GALLEY.

Ye mariners of Spain,
Bend strongly on your oars,
And bring my love again, —
For he lies among the Moors!

Ye galleys fairly built,
Like castles on the sea,
O, great will be your guilt,
If ye bring him not to me!

The wind is blowing strong, —
The breeze will aid your oars;
O, swiftly fly along, —
For he lies among the Moors!

The sweet breeze of the sea
Cools every cheek but mine;
Hot is its breath to me,
As I gaze upon the brine.

Lift up, lift up your sail,
And bend upon your oars;
O, lose not the fair gale, —
For he lies among the Moors!

It is a narrow strait, —
I see the blue hills over;
Your coming I 'll await,
And thank you for my lover.

To Mary I will pray,
While ye bend upon your oars;
'T will be a blessed day,
If ye fetch him from the Moors!

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG.

My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea:
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee!

SERENADE.

While my lady sleepeth,
The dark blue heaven is bright;
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
Round her bower all night.

Thou gentle, gentle breeze!
While my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.

Should ye, breathing numbers,
That for her I weave,
Should ye break her slumbers,
All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze,
And gain her lattice' height
O'er yon poplar-trees, —
But be your echoes light
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing
In the gorgeous sky;
In the stream scarce flowing
Mimic lustres lie:
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze!
But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

SONG.

O broad and limpid river!
O banks so fair and gay!
O meadows, verdant ever!
O groves in green array!
O, if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me!

O clear and crystal dews,
That in the morning ray,
All bright with silvery hues,
Make field and forest gay!
O, if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me!

O woods, that to the breeze
With waving branches play!
O sands, where oft at ease
Her careless footsteps stray!
O, if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me!

O warbling birds, that still
Salute the rising day,
And plain and valley fill
With your enchanting lay!
O, if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me!

SECOND PERIOD.—CENTURIES XVI., XVII.

JUAN BOSCAN ALMOGAVER.

This poet was born about the close of the fifteenth century, at Barcelona. He was held in high estimation at the court of Charles the Fifth. At Granada he became acquainted with Andrea Navagero, the Venetian ambassador, by whose influence he was induced to imitate the Italian poets. He was appointed preceptor to the duke of Alba, but passed most of his time in literary pursuits at Barcelona. Among other labors, he undertook the publication of the works of his deceased friend, Garcilaso de la Vega; he also translated from the Greek and Italian. The date of his death is uncertain; but it took place before 1543.

ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASO.

Tell me, dear Garcilaso, — thou
Who ever aim'dst at Good,
And, in the spirit of thy vow,
So swift her course pursued,
That thy few steps sufficed to place
The angel in thy loved embrace,
Won instant, soon as wooed, —
Why took'st thou not, when winged to flee
From this dark world, Boscan with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star
Where now thou sitt'st enshrined,
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
Alas! so far behind?
O, I do think, had it remained
With thee to alter aught ordained
By the Eternal Mind,
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such,
As still to take a pride
In having me so oft and much
Close to thy envied side, —
I cannot doubt, I must believe,
Thou wouldst at least have taken leave
Of me; or, if denied,
Have come back afterwards, unblest
Till I, too, shared thy heavenly rest.

FROM HIS EPISTLE TO MENDOZA.

'T is peace that makes a happy life;
And that is mine through my sweet wife:
Beginning of my soul, and end,
I 've gained new being from this friend, —
She fills each thought and each desire,
Up to the height I would aspire.
This bliss is never found by ranging;
Regret still springs from saddest changing;
Such loves, and their beguiling pleasures,
Are falser still than magic treasures,
Which gleam at eve with golden color,
And change to ashes ere the morrow.
But now each good that I possess,
Rooted in truth and faithfulness,
Imparts delight to every sense;
For erst they were a mere pretence,
And, long before enjoyed they were,
They changed their smiles to grisly care.
Now pleasures please, — love being single;
Evils with its delights ne'er mingle.

. . . . . .

Before, to eat I scarce was able;
Some harpy hovered o'er my table,
Spoiling each dish when I would dine,
And mingling gall with gladsome wine.
Now, the content, that foolish I
Still-missed in my philosophy,
My wife with tender smiles bestows,
And makes me triumph o'er my woes;
While with her finger she effaces
Of my past folly all the traces,
And, graving pleasant thoughts instead,
Bids me rejoice that I am wed.

. . . . . .

And thus, by moderation bounded,
I live by my own goods surrounded:
Among my friends, my table spread
With viands we may eat nor dread;
And at my side my sweetest wife,
Whose gentleness admits no strife, —
Except of jealousy the fear,
Whose soft reproaches more endear;
Our darling children round us gather, —
Children who will make me grandfather.
And thus we pass in town our days,
Till the confinement something weighs;
Then to our village haunt we fly,
Taking some pleasant company, —
While those we love not never come
Anear our rustic, leafy home:
For better 't is t' philosophize,
And learn a lesson truly wise
From lowing herd and bleating flock,
Than from some men of vulgar stock;
And rustics, as they hold the plough,
May often good advice bestow.
Of love, too, we may have the joy:
For Phœbus as a shepherd-boy
Wandered once among the clover,
Of some fair shepherdess the lover;
And Venus wept, in rustic bower,
Adonis turned to purple flower;
And Bacchus, 'midst the mountains drear,
Forgot the pangs of jealous fear;
And Nymphs that in the waters play
('T is thus that ancient fables say),

And Dryads fair among the trees,
Fain the sprightly Fauns would please.
So in their footsteps follow we, —
My wife and I, — as fond and free;
Love in our thoughts and in our talk,
Direct we slow our sauntering walk
To some near murmuring rivulet,
Where, 'neath a shady beech, we sit,
Hand clasped in hand, and side by side, —
With some sweet kisses, too, beside, —
Contending there, in combat kind,
Which best can love with constant mind.

As the stream flows among the grass,
Thus life's clear stream with us does pass:
We take no count of day nor night,
While, ministering to our delight,
Nightingales all sweetly sing,
And loving doves, with folded wing,
Above our heads are heard to coo;
And far 's the ill-betiding crow.
We do not think of cities then,
Nor envy the resorts of men;
Of Italy the softer pleasures, —
Of Asia, too, the golden treasures, —
All these are nothing in our eyes;
The while a book beside us lies,
Which tells the tales of olden time,
Of gods and men the hests sublime, —
Æneas' voyage by Virgil told,
Or song divine of Homer old,
Achilles' wrath and all his glory,
Or wandering Ulysses' story,
Propertius too, who well indites,
And the soft plaints Catullus writes;
These will remind me of past grief,
Till, thinking of the sweet relief
My wedded state confers on me,
My by-gone 'scapes I careless eye:
O, what are all those struggles past,
The fiery pangs which did not last,
Now that I live secure for aye,
In my dear wife's sweet company?
I have no reason to repine, —
My joys are hers, and hers are mine;
Our tranquil hearts their feelings share,
And all our pleasures mutual are.
Our eyes drink in the shady light
Of wood, and vale, and grassy height;
We hear the waters, as they stray,
And from the mountains wend their way,
Leaping all lightly down the steep,
Till at our feet they murmuring creep;
And, fanning us, the evening breeze
Plays gamesomely among the trees;
While bleating flocks, as day grows cold,
Gladly seek their sheltering fold.
And when the sun is on the hill,
And shadows vast the valleys fill,
And waning day, grown near its close,
Sends tired men to their repose;
We to our villa sauntering walk,
And of the things we see we talk.
Our friends come out in gayest cheer,
To welcome us, — and fain would hear
If my sweet wife be tired, — and smile, —
Inviting us to rest the while.
Then to sup we take our seat, —
Our table plentiful and neat,
Our viands without sauces dressed;
Good appetite the healthy zest
To fruits we 've plucked in our own bowers,
And gayly decked with odorous flowers,
And rustic dainties, — many a one.
When this is o'er and supper done,
The evening passes swift along,
In converse gay and sweetest song;
Till slumber, stealing to the eye,
Bids us to our couches hie.

. . . . . .

Thus our village life we live,
And day by day such joys receive;
Till, to change the homely scene,
Lest it pall while too serene,
To the gay city we remove,
Where other things there are to love;
And graced by novelty, we find
The city's concourse to our mind.
While our new coming gives a joy,
Which ever staying might destroy,
We spare all tedious compliment;
Yet courtesy with kind intent,
Which savage tongues alone abuse,
Will often the same language use.
Thus in content we thankful live;
And for one ill for which we grieve,
How much of good our dear home blesses!
Mortals must ever find distresses;
But sorrow loses half its weight,
And every moment has its freight
Of joy, which our dear friends impart,
And with their kindness cheer my heart,
While, never weary us to visit,
They seek our house when we are in it:
If we are out, it gives them pain,
And on the morrow come again.
Noble Dural can cure our sadness,
With the infection of his gladness.
Augustin, too, — well read in pages,
Productions of the ancient sages,
And the romances of our Spain, —
Will give us back our smiles again;
While he, with a noble gravity,
Adorned by the gentlest suavity,
Recounts us many a tale or fable,
Which well to tell he is most able, —
Serious, mingled with jokes and glee,
The which as light and shade agree.
And Monleon, our dearest guest,
Will raise our mirth by many a jest;
For while his laughter rings again,
Can we to echo it refrain?
And other merriment is ours,
To gild with joy the lightsome hours.
But all too trivial would it look,
Written down gravely in a book:
And it is time to say adieu,
Though more I have to write to you.
Another letter this shall tell:
So now, my dearest friend, farewell!

DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA.

Diego Hurtado de Mendoza was born at Granada, about 1503. Being destined to the church, he received a literary education, and at the University of Salamanca became a proficient in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages. Finding the ecclesiastical profession ill-suited to his taste, Mendoza became a soldier and statesman, and enjoyed the favor of Charles the Fifth, who sent him ambassador to Venice. In 1545, he was appointed to attend, as Imperial Plenipotentiary, at the Council of Trent; and in 1547, was made Governor and Captain-General of Siena. He held this station until 1554. The arbitrary character of his administration exposed him to the hatred of the Tuscan Liberals, and several attempts were made to assassinate him. Notwithstanding these troubles, he employed himself in literary labors, particularly in the collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts. After the abdication of Charles the Fifth, he attached himself to the court of Philip the Second. He was imprisoned for having thrown a rival, in an affair of gallantry, from the balcony of the palace into the street, and was afterwards banished to Granada, where he wrote his celebrated history of the "Guerra de Granada." After a retirement of several years, he reappeared at court at Valladolid, but died a few months afterward, in the year 1575.

Mendoza wrote poetical epistles, in imitation of Horace, *canciones*, *redondillas*, *quintillas*, *villancicos*, and *burlescas* or satires. Among his most celebrated prose works is the comic romance entitled "Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes," written while he was a student. This work was the parent of the *gusto picaresco*.

FROM HIS EPISTLE TO LUIS DE ZUÑIGA.

Another world I seek, a resting-place,
Sweet times and seasons, and a happy home,
Where I in peace may close my mortal race.
There shall no evil passions dare presume
To enter, turbulence, nor discontent:
Love to my honored king shall there find room.
And if to me his clemency be sent,
Giving me kindly wherewithal to live,
I will rejoice; if not, will rest content.
My days shall pass all idly fugitive,
Careless my meals, and at no solemn hour;
My sleep and dreams such as content can give.
Then will I tell, how, in my days of power,
Into the East Spain's conquering flag I led,
All undismayed amid the fiery shower;
While young and old around me throng in dread,
Fair dames, and idle monks, a coward race,
And tremble while they hear of foes that fled.
And haply some ambassador may grace
My humble roof, resting upon his way:
His route and many dangers he will trace
Upon my frugal board, and much will say
Of many valiant deeds; but he 'll conceal
His secret purpose from the light of day;
To mortal none that object he 'll reveal:
His secret mission you shall never find,
Though you should search his heart with pointed steel.

SONNET.

Now, by the Muses won, I seize my lyre;
Now, roused by valor's stern and manly call,
I grasp my flaming sword, in storm and fire,
To plant my banner on some hostile wall;
Now sink my wearied limbs to silent rest,
And now I wake and watch the lonely night:
But thy fair form is on my heart impressed,
Through every change, a vision of delight.
Where'er the glorious planet sheds his beams,
Whatever lands his golden orb illumes,
Thy memory ever haunts my blissful dreams,
And a delightful Eden round me blooms:
Fresh radiance clothes the earth, the sea, and skies,
To mark the day that gave thee to mine eyes.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

Garcilaso de la Vega was born at Toledo, in 1500, or, according to others, in 1503, of an ancient and noble family. His love of literature was kindled by the study of the ancients. He lived long in Italy, and in his writings imitated the Italians, like his friend Boscan. He travelled in Germany, in the service of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. He engaged early in the career of arms, and his bravery at the battle of Pavia gained him the cross of Saint Jago. He afterwards served in the expedition against Solyman, and, in 1535, accompanied the forces that laid siege to Tunis. In the following year, he held a command in the imperialist army that invaded France; and in an attempt to take a tower, garrisoned by Moors, near Frejus, received a wound, of which he died twenty days afterward, at Nice.

The gallant and noble character of Garcilaso, crowned by a fine poetical genius, has given occasion to compare him to Lord Surrey. His works are eclogues, epistles, odes, and sonnets. His eclogues, of which the first is considered a masterpiece, mark an epoch in Spanish poetry, and have gained him the title of the Prince of Castilian Poets.

FROM THE FIRST ECLOGUE.

SALICIO.

. . . . . .

Through thee the silence of the shaded glen,
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain,
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;
The breeze, the summer wood, and lucid fountain,

The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
Were sweet for thy sweet sake;
For thee the fragrant primrose, dropped with dew,
Was wished when first it blew.
O, how completely was I in all this
Myself deceiving! O, the different part
That thou wert acting, covering with a kiss
Of seeming love the traitor in thy heart!
This my severe misfortune, long ago,
Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
On the black storm, with hoarse, sinister cry,
Clearly presage! In gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears! — 't is meet that ye
should flow!

How oft, when slumbering in the forest brown,
Deeming it Fancy's mystical deceit,
Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshown!
One day, methought that from the noontide heat
I drove my flocks to drink of Tagus' flood,
And, under curtain of its bordering wood,
Take my cool siesta; but, arrived, the stream,
I know not by what magic, changed its track,
And in new channels, by an unused way,
Rolled its warped waters back;
Whilst I, scorched, melting with the heat extreme,
Went ever following, in their flight astray,
The wizard waves! In gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears! — 't is meet that ye
should flow!

In the charmed ear of what beloved youth
Sounds thy sweet voice? on whom revolvest thou
Thy beautiful blue eyes? on whose proved truth
Anchors thy broken faith? who presses now
Thy laughing lip, and hopes thy heaven of charms,
Locked in the embraces of thy two white arms?
Say thou, — for whom hast thou so rudely left
My love? or stolen, who triumphs in the theft?
I have not yet a bosom so untrue
To feeling, nor a heart of stone, to view
My darling ivy, torn from me, take root
Against another wall or prosperous pine, —
To see my virgin vine
Around another elm in marriage hang
Its curling tendrils and empurpled fruit,
Without the torture of a jealous pang,
Even to the loss of life! In gentle woe,
Flow forth, my tears! — 't is meet that ye
should flow!

. . . . . .

NEMOROSO.

Smooth-sliding waters, pure and crystalline!
Trees, that reflect your image in their breast!
Green pastures, full of fountains and fresh shades!
Birds, that here scatter your sweet serenades!
Mosses, and reverend ivies serpentine,
That wreath your verdurous arms round beech and pine,
And, climbing, crown their crest!
Can I forget, ere grief my spirit changed,
With what delicious ease and pure content
Your peace I wooed, your solitudes I ranged,
Enchanted and refreshed where'er I went?
How many blissful noons I here have spent
In luxury of slumber, couched on flowers,
And with my own fond fancies, from a boy,
Discoursed away the hours, —
Discovering naught in your delightful bowers,
But golden dreams, and memories fraught with joy!

And in this very valley, where I now
Grow sad, and droop, and languish, have I lain
At ease, with happy heart and placid brow:
O pleasure fragile, fugitive, and vain!
Here, I remember, walking once at noon,
I saw Eliza standing at my side:
O cruel fate! O fine-spun web, too soon
By Death's sharp scissors clipped! sweet, suffering bride,
In womanhood's most interesting prime,
Cut off, before thy time!
How much more suited had his surly stroke
Been to the strong thread of my weary life!
Stronger than steel! — since, in the parting strife
From thee, it has not broke.

Where are the eloquent, mild eyes that drew
My heart where'er they wandered? where the hand,
White, delicate, and pure as melting dew, —
Filled with the spoils, that, proud of thy command,
My feelings paid in tribute? the bright hair
That paled the shining gold, that did contemn
The glorious opal as a meaner gem?
The bosom's ivory apples, — where, ah, where?
Where now the neck, to whiteness overwrought,
That like a column with genteelest scorn
Sustained the golden dome of virtuous thought?
Gone! ah, forever gone
To the chill, desolate, and dreary pall!
And mine the grief, — the wormwood and the gall!

Who would have said, my love, when late, through this
Romantic valley, we from bower to bower
Went gathering violets and primroses,
That I should see the melancholy hour
So soon arrive that was to end my bliss,
And of my love destroy both fruit and flower?
Heaven on my head has laid a heavy hand;
Sentencing, without hope, without appeal,
To loneliness and everduring tears
The joyless remnant of my future years:
But that which most I feel
Is, to behold myself obliged to bear
This condemnation to a life of care;
Lone, blind, forsaken, under sorrow's spell,
A gloomy captive in a gloomy cell.

Since thou hast left us, fulness, rest, and peace
Have failed the starveling flocks; the field supplies
To the toiled hind but pitiful increase;
All blessings change to ills; the clinging weed
Chokes the thin corn, and in its stead arise
Pernicious darnel and the fruitless reed.
The enamelled earth, that from her verdant breast
Lavished spontaneously ambrosial flowers,
The very sight of which can soothe to rest
A thousand cares, and charm our sweetest hours,
That late indulgence of her bounty scorns,
And in exchange shoots forth but tangled bowers,
But brambles rough with thorns;
Whilst, with the tears that falling steep their root,
My swollen eyes increase the bitter fruit.

As at the set of sun the shades extend,
And, when its circle sinks, that dark obscure
Rises to shroud the world, on which attend
The images that set our hair on end,
Silence, and shapes mysterious as the grave;
Till the broad sun sheds once more from the wave
His lively lustre, beautiful and pure:
Such shapes were in the night, and such ill gloom,
At thy departure; still tormenting fear
Haunts and must haunt me, until Death shall doom
The so much wished-for sun to reappear
Of thine angelic face, my soul to cheer,
Resurgent from the tomb.

As the sad nightingale, in some green wood
Closely embowered, the cruel hind arraigns
Who from their pleasant nest her plumeless brood
Has stolen, whilst she with pains
Winged the wide forest for their food, and now,
Fluttering with joy, returns to the loved bough, —
The bough where naught remains;
Dying with passion and desire, she flings
A thousand concords from her various bill,
Till the whole melancholy woodland rings
With gurglings sweet, or with philippics shrill;
Throughout the silent night, she not refrains
Her piercing note and her pathetic cry,
But calls, as witness to her wrongs and pains,
The listening stars and the responding sky:

So I in mournful song pour forth my pain;
So I lament — lament, alas! in vain —
The cruelty of Death: untaught to spare,
The ruthless spoiler ravished from my breast
Each pledge of happiness and joy, that there
Had its beloved home and nuptial nest.
Swift-seizing Death! through thy despite I fill
The whole world with my passionate lament,
Importuning the skies and valleys shrill
My tale of wrongs to echo and resent.
A grief so vast no consolation knows;
Ne'er can the agony my brain forsake,
Till suffering consciousness in frenzy close,
Or till the shattered chords of being break.

Poor, lost Eliza! of thy locks of gold,
One treasured ringlet in white silk I keep
For ever at my heart, which when unrolled,
Fresh grief and pity o'er my spirit creep;
And my insatiate eyes, for hours untold,
O'er the dear pledge will, like an infant's, weep:
With sighs more warm than fire anon I dry
The tears from off it, number one by one
The radiant hairs, and with a love-knot tie;
Mine eyes, this duty done,
Give over weeping, and with slight relief
I taste a short forgetfulness of grief.

But soon, with all its first-felt horrors fraught,
That gloomy night returns upon my brain,
Which ever wrings my spirit with the thought
Of my deep loss and thine unaided pain:
Even now, I seem to see thee pale recline
In thy most trying crisis, and to hear
The plaintive murmurs of that voice divine,
Whose tones might touch the ear
Of blustering winds, and silence their dispute;
That gentle voice — now mute —
Which to the merciless Lucina prayed,
In utter agony, for aid, — for aid!
Alas, for thine appeal! Discourteous power,
Where wert thou gone in that momentous hour?

Or wert thou in the gray woods hunting deer?
Or with thy shepherd-boy entranced? Could aught
Palliate thy rigorous cruelty, to turn
Away thy scornful, cold, indifferent ear
From my moist prayers, by no affliction moved,
And sentence one so beauteous and beloved
To the funereal urn?
O, not to mark the throes
Thy Nemoroso suffered, whose concern
It ever was, when pale the morning rose,
To drive the mountain beasts into his toils,
And on thy holy altars heap the spoils;
And thou, ungrateful, smiling with delight,
Could'st leave my nymph to die before my sight!

Divine Eliza! since the sapphire sky
Thou measurest now on angel-wings, and feet
Sandalled with immortality, O, why
Of me forgetful? Wherefore not entreat
To hurry on the time when I shall see
The veil of mortal being rent in twain,
And smile that I am free?
In the third circle of that happy land,
Shall we not seek together, hand in hand,
Another lovelier landscape, a new plain,
Other romantic streams and mountains blue,
Fresh flowery vales, and a new shady shore,
Where I may rest, and ever in my view
Keep thee, without the terror and surprise
Of being sundered more?

FROM THE THIRD ECLOGUE.

In a sweet solitude beside the flood
Is a green grove of willows, trunk-entwined
With ivies climbing to the top, whose hood
Of glossy leaves, with all its boughs combined,
So interchains and canopies the wood,
That the hot sunbeams can no access find;
The water bathes the mead, the flowers around
It glads, and charms the ear with its sweet sound.

The glassy river here so smoothly slid,
With pace so gentle, on its winding road,
The eye, in sweet perplexity misled,
Could scarcely tell which way the current flowed.
Combing her locks of gold, a Nymph her head
Raised from the water where she made abode,
And, as the various landscape she surveyed,
Saw this green meadow, full of flowers and shade.

That wood, the flowery turf, the winds that wide
Diffused its fragrance, filled her with delight;
Birds of all hues in the fresh bowers she spied,
Retired, and resting from their weary flight.
It was the hour when hot the sunbeams dried
Earth's spirit up, — 't was noontide still as night;
Alone, at times, as of o'erbrooding bees,
Mellifluous murmurs sounded from the trees.

Having a long time lingered to behold
The shady place, in meditative mood,
She waved aside her flowing locks of gold,
Dived to the bottom of the crystal flood,
And, when to her sweet sisters she had told
The charming coolness of this vernal wood,
Prayed and advised them to its green retreat
To take their tasks, and pass the hours of heat.

She had not long to sue; — the lovely three
Took up their work, and, looking forth, descried,
Peopled with violets, the sequestered lea,
And toward it hastened: swimming, they divide
The clear glass, wantoning in sportful glee
Through the smooth wave; till, issuing from the tide,
Their white feet dripping to the sands they yield,
And touch the border of that verdant field.

Pressing the elastic moss with graceful tread,
They wrung the moisture from their shining hair,
Which, shaken loose, entirely overspread
Their beauteous shoulders and white bosoms bare;
Then, drawing forth rich webs whose spangled thread
Might in fine beauty with themselves compare,
They sought the shadiest covert of the grove,
And sat them down, conversing as they wove.

Their woof was of the gold which Tagus brings
From the proud mountains in his flow divine,
Well sifted from the sands wherewith it springs,
Of all admixture purified and fine;
And of the green flax fashioned into strings,
Subtile and lithe to follow and combine
With the bright vein of gold, by force of fire
Already drawn into resplendent wire.

The subtile yarn their skill before had stained
With dyes pellucid as the brightest found
On the smooth shells of the blue sea, ingrained
By sunbeams in their warm and radiant round:
Each Nymph, for skill in what her fingers feigned,
Equalled the works of painters most renowned, —
Apelles' Venus, or the famous piece
Wherein Timanthes veils the grief of Greece.

. . . . . .

With these fair scenes and classic histories
The webs of the four sisters were inlaid,
Which, sweetly flushed with variegated dyes,
In clear obscure of sunshine and of shade,
Each figured object to observant eyes
In rich relief so naturally displayed,
That, like the birds deceived by Zeuxis' grapes,
It seemed the hand might grasp their swelling shapes.

But now the setting sun with farewell rays
Played on the purple mountains of the west,
And in the darkening skies gave vacant place
For Dian to display her silver crest;
The little fishes in her loving face
Leaped up, gay lashing with their tails the breast
Of the clear stream, when from their tasks the four
Arose, and arm in arm resought the shore.

Each in the tempered wave had dipped her foot,
And toward the water bowed her swanlike breast,
Down to their crystal hermitage to shoot, —
When suddenly sweet sounds their ears arrest,
Mellowed by distance, of the pipe or flute,
So that to listen they perforce were pressed:
To the mild sounds wherewith the valleys ring
Two shepherd youths alternate ditties sing.

Piping through that green willow wood they roam
Amidst their flocks, which, now that day is spent,
They to the distant folds drive slowly home,
Across the verdurous meadows dew-besprent,
Whitening the dun shades, onward as they come:
Clear and more clear the fingered instrument
Sounds in accord with the melodious voice,
And cheers their task, and makes the woods rejoice.

ODE TO THE FLOWER OF GNIDO.*

Had I the sweet-resounding lyre
Whose voice could in a moment chain
The howling wind's ungoverned ire,
And movement of the raging main,
On savage hills the leopard rein,
The lion's fiery soul entrance,
And lead along with golden tones
The fascinated trees and stones
In voluntary dance, —

Think not, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,
It e'er should celebrate the scars,
Dust raised, blood shed, or laurels dyed
Beneath the gonfalon of Mars;
Or, borne sublime on festal cars,
The chiefs who to submission sank
The rebel German's soul of soul,
And forged the chains that now control
The frenzy of the Frank.

No, no! its harmonies should ring
In vaunt of glories all thine own, —
A discord sometimes from the string
Struck forth to make thy harshness known;
The fingered chords should speak alone
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily clipped in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too contemned,
I speak, — his doom you might deplore, —
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned
To strain for life the heavy oar.
Through thee, no longer, as of yore,
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrains,
Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake
The sword in his accomplished hand,
Nor grapples, like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler on the yellow sand.
The old heroic harp his hand
Consults not now; it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings,
Which murmur forth a thousand things
Of banishment from bliss.

Through thee, my dearest friend and best
Grows harsh, importunate, and grave;
Myself have been his port of rest
From shipwreck on the yawning wave;
Yet now so high his passions rave
Above lost reason's conquered laws,
That not the traveller, ere he slays
The asp, its sting, as he my face,
So dreads or so abhors.

In snows on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,
Thou wert not cradled, wert not born;
She who has not a fault beside
Should ne'er be signalized for scorn;
Else, tremble at the fate forlorn
Of Anaxárete, who spurned
The weeping Iphis from her gate, —
Who, scoffing long, relenting late,
Was to a statue turned.

Whilst yet soft pity she repelled,
Whilst yet she steeled her heart in pride,
From her friezed window she beheld,
Aghast, the lifeless suicide:
Around his lily neck was tied
What freed his spirit from her chains,
And purchased with a few short sighs
For her immortal agonies,
Imperishable pains.

Then first she felt her bosom bleed
With love and pity; vain distress!
O, what deep rigors must succeed
This first, sole touch of tenderness!
Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,
Nailed on his wavering corse; each bone,
Hardening in growth, invades her flesh,
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frosts aspire,
Her vitals curdle with the cold;
The blood forgets its crimson fire,
The veins that e'er its motion rolled;
Till now the virgin's glorious mould
Was wholly into marble changed,
On which the Salaminians gazed,
Less at the prodigy amazed,
Than of the crime avenged.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms
By cruel frown or icy taunt;
But let thy perfect deeds and charms
To poets' harps, Divinest, grant
Themes worthy their immortal vaunt:
Else must our weeping strings presume
To celebrate in strains of woe
The justice of some signal blow
That strikes thee to the tomb.

* This ode was addressed to a lady residing in that quarter of Naples called *Il Seggio de Gnido*; and on this account the poet styles her "The Flower of Gnido."

SONNETS.

As the fond mother, when her suffering child
Asks some sweet object of desire with tears,
Grants it, although her fond affection fears
'T will double all its sufferings; reconciled
To more appalling evils by the mild
Influence of present pity, shuts her ears
To prudence; for an hour's repose, prepares
Long sorrow, grievous pain: I, lost and wild,
Thus feed my foolish and infected thought
That asks for dangerous aliment; in vain
I would withhold it; clamorous, again
It comes, and weeps, and I 'm subdued, — and naught
Can o'er that childish will a victory gain:
So have despair and gloom their triumphs wrought!

Lady, thy face is written in my soul;
And whensoe'er I wish to chant thy praise,
On that illumined manuscript I gaze:
Thou the sweet scribe art, I but read the scroll.
In this dear study all my days shall roll;
And though this book can ne'er the half receive
Of what in thee is charming, I believe
In that I see not, and thus see the whole
With faith's clear eye. I but received my breath
To love thee, my ill genius shaped the rest;
'T is now that soul's mechanic act to love thee:
I love thee, owe thee more than I confessed;
I gained life by thee, cruel though I prove thee;
In thee I live, through thee I bleed to death.

FERNANDO DE HERRERA.

Fernando de Herrera, surnamed the Divine, was born at Seville, about 1510. Little is known of the circumstances of his life. He appears to have been an ecclesiastic, but of what rank is not recorded. He is spoken of as an excellent scholar in Latin, and as having a moderate knowledge of Greek. He read the best authors in the modern languages, and studied profoundly the Castilian, of which he became a distinguished master. He probably died not long after 1590.

Herrera was a vigorous and elegant prose-writer as well as poet. Many of his works, however, are lost. His best productions are lyrical. The ode on the battle of Lepanto, and that on the death of Sebastian of Portugal, are of remarkable excellence. He is praised by Cervantes, who says, "The ivy of his fame will cling to the walls of immortality."

ODE ON THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

The tyrants of the world from hell's abysm
Summoned the demons of revenge and pride,
The countless hosts in whom they did confide, —
And gathering round the flag of despotism
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide, —
All who had bound men's souls within their den, —
Tore down the loftiest cedar of the height,
The tree sublime; and, drunk with anger then,
Threatened in ghastly bands our few astonished men.

The little ones, confounded, trembled then
At their appalling fury; and their brow
Against the Lord of Hosts these impious men
Uplifting, sought, with Heaven-insulting vow,
The triumph of thy people's overthrow, —
Their armed hands extending, and their crest
Moving omnipotent, because that thou
Wert as a tower of refuge, to invest
All whom man's quenchless hope had prompted to resist.

Thus said those insolent and scornful ones:
"Knows not this earth the vengeance of our wrath,
The strength of our illustrious fathers' thrones?
Or did the Roman power avail? or hath
Rebellious Greece, in her triumphant path,
Scattered the seeds of freedom on your land?
Italia! Austria! who shall save you both?
Is it your God? — Ha, ha! Shall he withstand
The glory of our might, our conquering right-hand?

"Our Rome, now tamed and humbled, into tears
And psalms converts her songs of freedom's rights;
And for her sad and conquered children fears
The carnage of more Cannæ's fatal fights.
Now Asia with her discord disunites;
Spain threatens with her horrors to assail
All who still harbour Moorish proselytes;
Each nation's throne a traitor crew doth veil:
And, though in concord joined, what could their might avail?

"Earth's haughtiest nations tremble and obey,
And to our yoke their necks in peace incline,
And peace, for their salvation, of us pray, —
Cry, 'Peace!' but that means death, when monarchs sign.
Vain is their hope! their lights obscurely shine! —
Their valiant gone, — their virgins in our powers, —
Their glory to our sceptres they resign:
From Nile to Euphrates and Tiber's towers,
Whate'er the all-seeing sun looks down on, — all is ours."

Thou, Lord! who wilt not suffer that thy glory
They should usurp who in their might put trust,
Hearing the vauntings of these anarchs hoary,
These holy ones beheld, whose horrid lust
Of triumph did thy sacred altars crust
With blood; nor wouldst thou longer that the base
Should be permitted to oppress thy just,
Then, mocking, cry to Heaven, — "Within what place
Abides the God of these? where hideth he his face?"

For the due glory of thy righteous name,
For the just vengeance of thy race oppressed,
For the deep woes the wretched loud proclaim,
In pieces hast thou dashed the dragon's crest,
And clipped the wings of the destroying pest:
Back to his cave he draws his poisonous fold,
And trembling hisses; then in torpid breast
Buries his fear: for thou, to Babel sold
Captive, no more on earth thy Zion wilt behold.

Portentous Egypt, now with discord riven,
The avenging fire and hostile spear affright;
And the smoke, mounting to the light of heaven,
O'erclouds her cities in its pall of night:

In tears and solitude she mourns the sight.
But thou, O Græcia! the fierce tyrant's stay,
The glory of her excellence and might,
Dost thou lament, old Ocean Queen, thy prey,—
Nor fearing God, dost seek thine own regenerate day?

Wherefore, ingrate, didst thou adorn thy daughters
In foul adultery with an impious race?
Why thus confederate in the unholy slaughters
Of those whose burning hope is thy disgrace?
With mournful heart, yet hypocritic face,
Follow the life abhorred of that vile crew?
God's sharpened sword thy beauty shall efface,
Falling in vengeance on thy neck. O, who,
Thou lost one his right hand in mercy shall subdue?

But thou, O pride of ocean! lofty Tyre!
Who in thy ships so high and glorious stood,
O'ershadowing earth's limits, and whose ire
With trembling filled this orb's vast multitude;
How have ye ended, fierce and haughty brood?
What power hath marked your sins and slaveries foul,
Your neck unto this cruel yoke subdued?
God, to avenge us, clouds thy sunlike soul,
And causes on thy wise this blinding storm to roll.

Howl, ships of Tarsus, howl! for, lo! destroyed
Lies your high hope. Oppressors of the free!
Lost is your strength,—your glory is defied.
Thou tyrant-shielder, who shall pity thee?
And thou, O Asia! who didst bow the knee
To Baal, in vice immerged, who shall atone
For thine idolatries? for God doth see
Thine ancient crimes, whose silent prayers have flown
For vengeance unto Heaven before his judgment-throne.

Those who behold thy mighty arms when shattered,
And Ocean flowing naked of thy pines,
Over his weary waves triumphant scattered
So long, but now wreck-strewn, in awful signs,
Shall say, beholding thy deserted shrines,—
"Who 'gainst the fearful One hath daring striven?
The Lord of our Salvation their designs
O'erturned, and, for the glory of his heaven,
To man's devoted race this victory hath given."

ODE ON THE DEATH OF DON SEBASTIAN.

With sorrowing voice begin the strain,
With fearful breath and sounds of woe,—
Sad prelude to the mournful lay
For Lusitania's fallen sway,
Spurned by the faithless foe!
And let the tale of horror sound
From Libyan Atlas and the burning plain
E'en to the Red Sea's distant bound;
And where, beyond that foaming tide,
The vanquished East, with blushing pride,
And all her nations fierce and brave,
Have seen the Christian banners wave.

O Libya! through thy deserts wide,
With many a steed, and chariot boldly driven,
Thou saw'st Sebastian's warriors sweep the shore:
On rushed they, fierce in martial power,
Nor raised their thoughts to Heaven;
Self-confident, and flushed with pride,—
Their boastful hearts on plunder bent,—
Triumphant o'er the hostile land,
In gorgeous trim the stiff-necked people went.
But the Lord opened his upholding hand,
And left them; down the abyss, with strange uproar,
Horseman and horse amain, and crashing chariots, pour.

Loaded with wrath and terror came
The day, the cruel day,
Which gave the widowed realm to shame,
To solitude, and deep dismay.
Dark lowered the heavens; in garb of woe,
The sun, astonished, ceased to glow.
Jehovah visited the guilty land,
And passed in anger, with his red right-hand
Humbling her pride: he made the force
Of weak barbarians steady in its course;
He made their bosoms firm and bold,
And bade them spurn at baneful gold,
Their ruthless way through yielding legions mow,
Fulfil his vengeful word, and trample on the foe.

O'er thy fair limbs, so long by valor saved,
Sad Lusitania, child of woe!
O'er all that rich and gallant show,
With impious hate the heathen's fearless arm
His flaming falchion waved:
His fury marred thine ancient fame,
And scattered o'er thy squadrons wild alarm,
Fell slaughter, and eternal shame.
A tide of blood o'erflowed the plain;
Like mountains stood the heaps of slain:
Alike, on that ill-fated day,
War's headlong torrent swept away
The trembling voice of fear, the coward breath,
And the high soul of valor, proud in death.

Are those the warriors once renowned;
For deeds of glory justly crowned;
Whose thunder shook the world,
Whene'er their banners were unfurled;
Who many a barbarous tribe subdued,
And many an empire stretching wide and far;
Who sacked each state that proudly stood;
Whose arms laid waste in savage war
What realms lie circled by the Indian tide?—
Where now their ancient pride?

Where is that courage, once in fight secure?
How in one moment is the boast
Of that heroic valor lost!
Without the holy rites of sepulture,
Far from their homes and native land,
Fallen, O, fallen on the desert sand!

Once were they like the cedar fair
Of mighty Lebanon, whose glorious head
With leaves and boughs immeasurably spread.
The rains of heaven bade it grow
Stately and loftiest on the mountain's brow;
And still its branches rose to view
In form and beauty ever new.
High nestled on its head the fowls of air,
And many a forest beast
Beneath its ample boughs increased,
And man found shelter in its goodly shade.
With beauteous limbs unrivalled did it rise,
Lord of the mountain, towering to the skies.

Its verdant head presumptuously grew,
Trusting to wondrous bulk alone,
And vain of its excelling height:
But from the root its trunk the Lord o'erthrew,
To barbarous despite
And foreign hate a hopeless prey.
Now, by the mountain torrent strown,
Its leafless honors naked lie;
And far aloof the frighted wanderers fly,
Whom once it shielded from the burning day:
In the sad ruin of its branches bare
Dwell the wild forest beasts and screaming birds of air.

Thou, hateful Libya, on whose arid sand
Proud Lusitania's glory fell,
And all her boast of wide command, —
Let not thine heart with triumph swell,
Though to thy timid hand by angry Heaven
A praiseless victory was given!
For when the voice of grief shall call
The sons of Spain to venge her fall,
Torn by the lance, thy vitals shall repay
The fatal outrage of that bitter day,
And Luco's flood, impurpled by the slain,
Its mournful tribute roll affrighted to the main.

FROM AN ODE TO DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

When from the vaulted sky,
Struck by the bolt and volleyed fire of Jove,
Enceladus, who proudly strove
To rear to heaven his impious head,
Fell headlong upon Etna's rocky bed;
And she, who long had boldly stood
Against the powers on high,
By thousand deaths undaunted, unsubdued, —
Rebellious Earth, — her fury spent,
Before the sword of Mars unwilling bent:

In heaven's pure serene,
To his bright lyre, whose strings melodious rung,
Unshorn Apollo sweetly sung,
And spread the joyous numbers round,
His youthful brows with gold and laurel bound.
Listening the sweet, immortal strain
Each heavenly power was seen;
And all the lucid spheres, night's wakeful train,
That swift pursue their ceaseless way,
Forgot their course, suspended by his lay.

Hushed was the stormy sea, —
At the sweet sound the boisterous waves were laid,
The noise of rushing winds was stayed;
And with the gentle breath of pleasure
The Muses sung, according with his measure.
In wildest strains of rapture lost,
He sung the victory,
The power and glory, of the heavenly host;
The horrid mien and warlike mood,
The fatal pride, of the Titanian brood:

Of Pallas, Attic maid,
The Gorgon terrors and the fiery spear;
Of him, whose voice the billows fear,
The valor proved in deadly fight;
Of Hercules the strength and vengeful might.
But long he praised thy dauntless heart,
And sweetest prelude made,
Singing, Bistonian Mars, thy force and art;
Thine arm victorious, which o'erthrew
The fiercest of the bold Phlegrean crew!

ODE TO SLEEP.

Sweet Sleep, that through the starry path of night,
With dewy poppies crowned, pursu'st thy flight!
Stiller of human woes,
That shedd'st o'er Nature's breast a soft repose!
O, to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn;
And with thy influence blest
Bathe these love-burdened eyes, that ever burn
And find no moment's rest,
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief!
O, hear my prayer! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.

Sweet power, that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe!
Thrice happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power!
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign?
Why let thy votary all neglected die,
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?
Hear, gentle power, O, hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share!

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might.
Descend, and shed thy healing dew;

Descend, and put to flight
The intruding Dawn, that with her gairish light
My sorrows would renew!
Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face
My many griefs may'st trace:
Turn, then, sweet wanderer of the night, and spread
Thy wings around my head!
Haste, for the unwelcome Morn
Is now on her return!
Let the soft rest the hours of night denied
Be by thy lenient hand supplied!

Fresh from my summer bowers,
A crown of soothing flowers,
Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
I offer thee; won by their odors sweet,
The enamoured air shall greet
Thy advent: O, then, let thy hand
Express their essence bland,
And o'er my eyelids pour delicious rest!
Enchanting power, soft as the breath of Spring
Be the light gale that steers thy dewy wing!
Come, ere the sun ascends the purple east, —
Come, end my woes! So, crowned with heavenly charms,
May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms!

JUAN FERNANDEZ DE HEREDIA.

This poet belonged to Valencia. He flourished in the first half of the sixteenth century, and died in 1549.

PARTING.

To part, to lose thee, was so hard,
So sad, that all besides is naught;
The pangs of death itself, compared
With this, are hardly worth a thought.

There is a wound that never heals, —
'T is folly e'en to dream of healing;
Inquire not what a spirit feels
That aye has lost the sense of feeling.
My heart is callous now, and bared
To every pang with sorrow fraught;
The pangs of death itself, compared
To this, are scarcely worth a thought.

BALTASAR DEL ALCÁZAR.

Baltasar del Alcázar was a native of Seville. He was born early in the sixteenth century, and belonged to a distinguished family. He was well esteemed as a poet in his age; but his works, consisting of epigrams and other short pieces, are not much known. Cervantes, however, in his "Canto de Caliope," speaks of him as having made the Guadalquivir, upon whose banks he resided, equal for glory to the Mincio, the Arno, and the Tiber: —

"Puedes, famoso Betis, dignamente
Al Mincio, al Arno, al Tibre aventajarte,
Y alzar contento la sagrada frente,
Y en nuevos anchos senos dilatarte,
Pues quiso el cielo, que tu bien consiente,
Tal gloria, tal honor, tal fama darte,
Que te la adquiere á tus riberas bellas
Baltasar del Alcázar que está en ellas."

He is also spoken of by his contemporary, Francisco Pacheco, the painter of Seville, in his "Arte de la Pintura."

SLEEP.

Sleep is no servant of the will, —
It has caprices of its own:
When most pursued, 't is swiftly gone;
When courted least, it lingers still.
With its vagaries long perplexed,
I turned and turned my restless sconce,
Till, one bright night, I thought at once
I 'd master it; — so hear my text!

When sleep will tarry, I begin
My long and my accustomed prayer;
And in a twinkling sleep is there,
Through my bed-curtains peeping in:
When sleep hangs heavy on my eyes,
I think of debts I fain would pay;
And then, as flies night's shade from day,
Sleep from my heavy eyelids flies.

And thus controlled, the winged one bends
E'en his fantastic will to me;
And, strange yet true, both I and he
Are friends, — the very best of friends:
We are a happy, wedded pair,
And I the lord and he the dame;
Our bed, our board, our hours the same;
And we 're united everywhere.

I 'll tell you where I learned to school
This wayward sleep: — a whispered word
From a church-going hag I heard, —
And tried it, — for I was no fool.
So from that very hour I knew,
That having ready prayers to pray,
And having many debts to pay,
Will serve for sleep and waking too.

SANTA TERESA DE AVILA.

This singular person was born at Avila, in 1515. At the age of twelve, accompanied by one of her brothers, she fled, in a fit of enthusiasm, from her father's house, for the purpose of seeking the crown of martyrdom among the Moors. They were, however, brought back, and Teresa took the religious habit, and distinguished herself by her pious zeal, particularly in reforming the monastery of Avila. Notwithstanding her religious enthusiasm, we are told she delighted in reading romances, and even wrote one herself. Her death took place in

1582. She was canonized by Paul the Fifth, in 1615.

Teresa wrote, besides the romance mentioned above, two volumes of letters, and a number of poems. Her works are marked by energy of sentiment and grace of style.

SONNET.

'T is not thy terrors, Lord, thy dreadful frown,
Which keep my step in duty's narrow path;
'T is not the awful threatenings of thy wrath, —
But that in virtue's sacred smile alone
I find or peace or happiness. Thy light,
In all its prodigality, is shed
Upon the worthy and the unworthy head:
And thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
The holy as the thankless. All is well;
Thy wisdom has to each his portion given; —
Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven?
'T is vain to murmur, — daring to rebel:
Lord, I would fear thee, though I feared not hell;
And love thee, though I had no hopes of heaven!

GASPAR GIL POLO.

This distinguished Spanish writer was born at Valencia, in 1517. He was destined to the profession of the law, but was drawn away from it by his strong inclination for poetry. His most celebrated work is the "Diana Enamorada," a pastoral romance, designed as a continuation of the "Diana" of Montemayor, and, like that work, written partly in prose and partly in verse. It is saved from burning, in the scrutiny of Don Quixote's library by the curate and the barber. "'Here 's another Diana,' quoth the barber, 'the second of that name, by Salmantino (of Salamanca); nay, and a third, too, by Gil Polo.' 'Pray,' said the curate, 'let Salmantino increase the number of the criminals in the yard; but as for that by Gil Polo, preserve it as charily as if Apollo himself had wrote it.'"

FROM THE DIANA ENAMORADA.

LOVE AND HATE.

Since you have said you loved me not,
I hate myself; and love can do
No more than drive from heart and thought
Whoever is unloved by you.

If you could veil your radiant brow,
Or I could look, and fail to love,
I should not live while dying now,
Or, living, not thy anger move:
But now let fear and woe be brought,
And grief and care their wounds renew;
He should be pierced in heart and thought,
Who, lady, is unloved by you.

Buried in your forgetfulness,
And mouldering under death's dark pall,
And hated by myself, nor less
Hated by thee, the world, and all, —
I 'll wed with misery now, and naught
But your disdain shall meet my view,
And scathed in heart, and scathed in thought,
Lady! because unloved by you.

I CANNOT CEASE TO LOVE.

If it distress thee to be loved,
Why, — as I cannot cease to love thee, —
Learn thou to bear the thought unmoved,
Till death remove me, or remove thee.

O, let me give the feelings vent,
The melancholy thoughts that fill me!
Or send thy mandate; be content
To wound my inner heart, and kill me:
If love, whose smile would fain caress thee,
If love offend, yet why reprove?
I cannot, lady, but distress thee,
Because I cannot cease to love.

If I could check the passion glowing
Within my bosom, — if I could,
On other maids my love bestowing,
Give thy soul peace, sweet girl, I would.
But no! my heart cannot address thee
In aught but love! — then why reprove?
I cannot, lady, but distress thee,
Because I cannot cease to love.

GREGORIO SILVESTRE.

Gregorio Silvestre was a Portuguese by nativity. He was the son of the physician of the king of Portugal, and was born at Lisbon, in 1520. He lived, however, in Spain, and was the organist of a church in Granada, where he died in 1570. His "Obras Poéticas" were published at Lisbon, in 1592, and republished at Granada, in 1599.

TELL ME, LADY! TELL ME! — YES?

Lady! if thou deem me true,
That I love thee, now confess:
Tell me, lady! tell me! — yes?

Since I saw thy beauty, naught
But that beauty fills my mind;
Every passion, every thought,
Is in love of thee enshrined;
In no other thought I find
Peace; — and wilt thou love me less?
Tell me, lady! tell me! — yes?

Wilt thou own that thou alone
Art my heaven, my hope, my bliss?
Light, without thy smile, is none, —
Day, without thee, darkness is:
Dost thou own, beloved one,

Thou my path can cheer and bless?
Tell me, lady! tell me! — yes?

Dost thou know, the radiant sky,
With its comets, suns, and stars,
All in glorious course on high,
Driving their illumined cars, —
Dost thou know, when thou art nigh,
They are dark and valueless?
Tell me, lady! tell me! — yes?

Dost thou know that God has made
Gardens, fields, and banks, and bowers,
Seats of sunshine, and of shade,
Decked with smiles, and gemmed with flowers,
Which repose and peace pervade?
Thither, lady, let us press!
Tell me, lady! tell me! — yes?

INES SENT A KISS TO ME.

Ines sent a kiss to me,
While we danced upon the green;
Let that kiss a blessing be,
And conceal no woes unseen.

How I dared I know not now;
While we danced, I gently said,
Smiling, "Give me, lovely maid,
Give me one sweet kiss!" — when, lo!
Gathering blushes robed her brow;
And, with love and fear afraid,
Thus she spoke, — "I 'll send the kiss
In a calmer day of bliss."

Then I cried, — "Dear maid! what day
Can be half so sweet as this?
Throw not hopes and joys away;
Send, O, send the promised kiss!
Can so bright a gift be mine,
Bought without a pang of pain?
'T is perchance a ray divine,
Darker night to bring again.

"Could I dwell on such a thought,
I of very joy should die;
Naught of earth's enjoyments, naught,
Could be like that ecstasy.
I will pay her interest meet,
When her lips shall breathe on me;
And for every kiss so sweet,
Give her many more than three."

JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR.

The family name of this poet is unknown; he took that of the small town of Montemayor, or Montemor, near Coimbra, in Portugal, where he was born. In youth, he entered upon the military career. He went afterwards to Castile, and, having a talent for music, supported himself by singing in the chapel of Philip the Second. He accompanied the king on a journey through Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, and after his return lived in Leon, where he wrote the celebrated pastoral of "Diana Enamorada." He received an honorable post at the court of Queen Catharine. He is supposed to have died a violent death, about the year 1561, or 1562.

Besides the "Diana," we have a *cancionero*, or collection of his poems.

FROM THE DIANA ENAMORADA.

DIANA'S SONG.

Bright eyes! that now the tender glance no more
Return to him whose mirrors still ye shone,
To give content, O, say, what sights ye see!
O green and flowery fields, where oft alone
Each day for him, my gentle swain, I wore
The sultry hours away, lament with me;
For here he first declared so tenderly
His love! I heard the while,
With more than serpent guile, —
Chiding a thousand times his amorous way,
And sorrowing to delay.
In tears he stood, — his glance methinks I see!
Or is it but fantasy?
Ah! could I hear him now his passion own!
O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

And yonder see the stream, the flowery seat,
The verdant vale, the cool, umbrageous wood,
Where oft he led his wandering flock to feed, —
The noisy, babbling fountain where he stood,
And, 'mid green bowers, hid from the noontide heat,
Under this oak his tender tale would plead!
And see the lawny isle,
Where first he saw me smile,
And fondly knelt! O, sweet, delightful hour,
Had not misfortune's power
Those days serene o'ercast with deepest night!
O tree! O fountain bright!
All, all are here, — but not the youth I moan.
O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

Here in my hand his picture I admire, —
Pleased with the charm, methinks 't is he; although
Deep in my heart his features brighter glow.
When comes the hour of love and soft desire,
To yonder fountain in the vale I go,
My languid limbs beneath the willows throw,
Sit by his side, — O Love, how blind thy ways! —
Then in the waters gaze
On him, and on myself, once more revived,
Like when with me he lived.
Awhile this fancy will my cares abstract,
Then utterly distract.
My fond heart weeps its foolishness to own.
O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

Sometimes I chide, yet will he not reply;
And then I think he pays me scorn for scorn,—
For oft whilom I would no answer deign.
But sorrowing then, I say, "Behold, 't is I!
Sireno, speak! O, leave me not forlorn,
Since thou art here!" Yet still
In silence will he keep immovable
Those bright and sparkling eyes,
That were like twins o' th' skies.
What love! what folly! with this vain pretence,
To ask for life or sense,—
A painted shadow, and this madness own!
O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

Ne'er with my flock at sunset can I go
Into our village, nor depart at morn,
But see I yonder, with unwilling eyes,
My shepherd's hamlet laid in ruins low.
There for a time, in dreams, I linger yet,
And sheep and lambs forget,—
Till shepherd-boys break out
Into a sudden shout,
"Ho, shepherdess! what! are you dreaming now?
While yonder, see, your cow
Feeds in the corn!" My eyes, alas! proclaim
From whom proceeds this shame,
That my starved flock forsake me here alone.
O streams and waving woods, whither has Sireno flown?

Song! go! thou know'st well whither;—
Nay, haste, return thou hither;
For it may be thy fate
To go where they may say thou art importunate.

SIRENO'S SONG.

"SIRENO a shepheard, hauing a locke of his faire nimph's haire, wrapt about with greene silke, mournes thus in a loue-dittie."

WHAT chang's here, O haire,
I see since I saw you?
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due?
Indeede I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare,
No other shepheard should haue scope
Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire! how many dayes,
My Dian made me show,
With thousand prettie childish playes,
If I ware you or no?
Alas, how oft with teares,
(Oh teares of guilefull brest:)
She seemed full of iealous feares,
Whereat I did but iest?

Tell me, O haire of gold,
If I then faultie be?
That hurt those killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me?
Haue you not seene her moode,
What streames of teares she spent:
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene,
In one that changeth so?
Or where one loues so constant beene,
Who euer saw such woe?
Ah haires, you are not grieu'd,
To come from whence you be:
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,
To see me as you see.

On sandie banke of late,
I saw this woman sit:
Where, *sooner die than change my state*,
She with her finger writ.
Thus my beliefe was stay'd,
Behold Loue's mighty hand
On things, were by a woman say'd,
And written in the sand.

CRISTÓVAL DE CASTILLEJO.

THIS poet was born at Ciudad Rodrigo, in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. He went to Vienna in the service of Charles the Fifth, and remained there as secretary of Ferdinand the First. He wrote the greater part of his poems during his residence in that city. He was distinguished as the opponent of the new style introduced by Boscan and Garcilaso, and a warm adherent of the old Spanish national manner. At an advanced age, he became a Cistercian monk, and died in the monastery of Val de Iglesias, near Toledo, in 1596.

WOMEN.

How dreary and lone
The world would appear,
If women were none!
'T would be like a fair,
With neither fun nor business there.

Without their smile,
Life would be tasteless, vain, and vile;
A chaos of perplexity;
A body without a soul 't would be;
A roving spirit, borne
Upon the winds forlorn;
A tree without or flowers or fruit;
A reason with no resting-place,
A castle with no governor to it;
A house without a base.
What are we, what our race,
How good for nothing and base,
Without fair woman to aid us!
What could we do, where should we go,
How should we wander in night and woe,
But for woman to lead us!

How could we love, if woman were not:
Love, — the brightest part of our lot;
Love, — the only charm of living;
Love, — the only gift worth giving?
Who would take charge of your house, — say,
who, —
Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest, —
Who but the women, who guard them best, —
Guard, and adorn them too?
Who like them has a constant smile,
Full of peace, of meekness full,
When life's edge is blunt and dull,
And sorrow and sin, in frowning file,
Stand by the path in which we go
Down to the grave through wasting woe?
All that is good is theirs, is theirs, —
All we give, and all we get;
And if a beam of glory yet
Over the gloomy earth appears,
O, 't is theirs! O, 't is theirs! —
They are the guard, the soul, the seal
Of human hope and human weal;
They, — they, — none but they;
Woman, — sweet woman! — let none say nay!

LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

Foremost among the sacred poets of Spain stands the gentle enthusiast, Luis Ponce de Leon. He was born at Granada, in the year 1527, and died at the mature age of sixty-three, while exercising the high functions of General and Provincial Vicar of Salamanca. Though descended from the noble family of the Ponces de Leon, the pleasures and honors of the great world seem to have had no attractions for him. From early youth, his mind was wrapt up in the study of poetry, and in moral and religious contemplations. At the early age of sixteen, he made his theological profession in the order of St. Augustine, at Salamanca, and in his thirty-third year was invested with the dignity of Doctor of Theology. In 1561, he was appointed Professor in the University. In the retirement of the cloister, his ardent mind gave itself up to its favorite pursuits; and his poetic imagination was purified and exalted by a strong moral sense, and a sincere and elevated piety. His devotional poems, which, according to his own testimony, were composed in his youth, exhibit the amiable enthusiasm of that age, and all the beauty of a religious mind, abstracted from the world, and absorbed in its own meditations and devotions. He seems, however, to have been at no period of his life a bigot. Indeed, he was himself thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition for having translated into the vulgar tongue the Song of Solomon, at a time when all translations of the Holy Scriptures were strictly prohibited. There he remained for nearly five years; but, even in the darkness of his dungeon, enjoying the light of his own pure mind, — free, though imprisoned, — injured, yet unrepining. In one of his letters, he says, "Shut out not only from the conversation and society of men, but from their very sight, for nearly five years I was surrounded by darkness and a dungeon's walls. Then I enjoyed a tranquillity and satisfaction of mind, which I often look for in vain, now that I am restored to the light of day and to the grateful intercourse of friends." On being released from prison, he immediately resumed his professor's chair, as if nothing had happened, and commenced his lecture to a crowded auditory with the words, "We were saying, yesterday ——"

The following sketch of Ponce de Leon's character is from the "Edinburgh Review" (Vol. XL., pp. 467 – 469).

"While he stands alone among his countrymen of this period in the character of his inspiration, the influence of the spirit of the age is still visible in the absence of every thing that betrays any extensive acquaintance or sympathy with actual life. That relief, which other poets sought in the scenery of an imaginary Arcadia, Luis Ponce de Leon, bred in the silence and solitude of the cloister, found in the contemplation of the divine mysteries, and in the indulgence of those rapturous feelings which it is the tendency of Catholicism to create. His mind, naturally gentle and composed, avoided the shock of polemical warfare, and seems to have been in no degree tinctured with that fanaticism which characterizes his brethren. Hence, it was to the delights, rather than to the terrors of religion, that he turned his attention. A profound scholar, and deeply versed in the Grecian philosophy, he had 'unsphered the spirit of Plato,' and embodied in his poetry the lofty views of the Greek philosopher with regard to the original derivation of the soul from a higher existence, but heightened and rendered more distinct and more deeply interesting by the Christian belief, that such was also to be its final destination. Separated from a world, of which he knew neither the evil nor the good, his thoughts had wandered so habitually 'beyond the visible diurnal sphere,' that to him the realities of life had become as visions, the ideal world of his own imagination had assumed the consistency of reality. His whole life looks like a religious reverie, a philosophic dream, which was no more disturbed by trials and persecutions from without than the visions of the sleeper are influenced by the external world by which he is surrounded.

"The character of Luis de Leon is distinguished by another peculiarity. It might naturally be expected, that, with this tendency to mysticism in his ideas, his works would be tinctured with vagueness and obscurity of expression. But no poet ever appears to have subjected the creations of an enthusiastic imagination more strictly to the ordeal of a severe and critical taste, or to have imparted to the language of rapture so deep an air of truth and reality While he had thoroughly imbued him-

self with the lofty idealism of the Platonic philosophy, he exhibits in his style all the clearness and precision of Horace; and, with the exception of Testi among the Italians, is certainly the only modern who has caught the true spirit of the Epicurean poet. In the sententious gravity of his style he resembles him very closely. But the moral odes of Luis de Leon 'have a spell beyond' the lyrics of Horace. That philosophy of indolence which the Roman professed, which looks on life only as a visionary pageant, and death as the deeper and sounder sleep that succeeds the dream, — which places the idea of happiness in passive existence, and parts with indifference from love and friendship, from liberty, from life itself, whenever it costs an effort to retain them, is allied to a principle of universal *mediocrity*, which is destructive of all lofty views, and, when minutely examined, is even inconsistent with those qualified principles of morality which it nominally professes and prescribes. But in the odes of Luis de Leon we recognize the influence of a more animating and ennobling feeling. He looked upon the world,

'Esta lisongera
Vida, con cuanto teme, y cuanto espera,'

with calmness, but not with apathy or selfishness. The shortness of life, the flight of time, the fading of flowers, the silent swiftness of the river, the decay of happiness, the mutability of fortune, — the ideas and images, which, to the Epicurean poet, only afford inducements to devote the present hour to enjoyment, are those which the Spanish moralist holds out as incitements to the cultivation of that enthusiasm which alone appeared to him capable of fully exercising the powers of the soul, of disengaging it from the influence of worldly feelings, and elevating it to that heaven from which it had its birth."

NOCHE SERENA.

When yonder glorious sky,
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate;
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal state,
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate:

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude; —
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks; or thoughts which thus intrude: —

Thou so sublime abode!
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine!
My soul, a spark of God,
Aspiring to thy seats divine, —
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

Why should I ask in vain
For truth's pure lamp, and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One, —
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

Dreams and delusions play
With man, — he thinks not of his mortal fate:
Death treads his silent way;
The earth turns round; and then, too late,
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round, — and ask if spirits born of heaven,
And bound to heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres;
And spurn the vanity
Of time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread,
But a mere point, compared with that vast space,
Around, above you spread, —
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

List to the concert pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light!
See, in his orbit sure,
Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night!

See how the pale Moon rolls
Her silver wheel; and, scattering beams afar
On Earth's benighted souls,
See Wisdom's holy star;
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War;

Or that benignant ray
Which Love hath called its own, and made so fair;
Or that serene display
Of power supernal there,
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air!

And, circling all the rest,
See Saturn, father of the golden hours:
While round him, bright and blest,
The whole empyreum showers
Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours!

But who to these can turn,
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this, —
Nor feel his spirit burn
To grasp so sweet a bliss,
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

For there, and there alone,
Are peace, and joy, and never-dying love, —
There, on a splendid throne,
'Midst all those fires above,
In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

O, wondrous blessedness,
Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can fling!
Day that shall never cease, —
No night there threatening, —
No winter there to chill joy's ever-during spring.

Ye fields of changeless green,
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers!
Thou paradise serene!
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers!

VIRGIN BORNE BY ANGELS.

Lady, thou mountest slowly
O'er the bright cloud, while music sweetly plays!
Blest who thy mantle holy
With outstretched hand may seize,
And rise with thee to the Infinite of Days!

Around, behind, before thee
Bright angels wait, that watched thee from thy birth:
A crown of stars is o'er thee, —
The pale moon of the earth, —
Thou, supernatural queen, nearest in light and worth!

Turn, turn thy mildened gaze,
Sweet bird of gentleness, on earth's dark vale!
What flowerets it displays
Amidst time's twilight pale,
Where many a son of Eve in toils and darkness strays!

O, if thy vision see
The wandering spirits of this earthly sphere, —
Virgin! to thee, to thee,
Thy magnet voice will bear
Their steps, to dwell with bliss through all eternity.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

Region of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight;
And where his feet have stood,
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O love! in thee:

Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day;
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

RETIREMENT.

O, happy, happy he, who flies
Far from the noisy world away, —
Who, with the worthy and the wise,
Hath chosen the narrow way, —
The silence of the secret road
That leads the soul to virtue and to God!

No passions in his breast arise;
Calm in his own unaltered state,
He smiles superior, as he eyes
The splendor of the great;
And his undazzled gaze is proof
Against the glittering hall and gilded roof.

He heeds not, though the trump of fame
Pour forth the loudest of its strains,
To spread the glory of his name;
And his high soul disdains
That flattery's voice should varnish o'er
The deed that truth or virtue would abhor.

Such lot be mine: what boots to me
The cumbrous pageantry of power;
To court the gaze of crowds, and be
The idol of the hour;
To chase an empty shape of air,
That leaves me weak with toil and worn with care?

O streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit longs to fly,—
To fly, and be at rest!
Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O gentle Nature, do I turn to thee!

Be mine the holy calm of night,
Soft sleep and dreams serenely gay,
The freshness of the morning light,
The fulness of the day;
Far from the sternly frowning eye
That pride and riches turn on poverty.

The warbling birds shall bid me wake
With their untutored melodies;
No fearful dream my sleep shall break,
No wakeful cares arise,
Like the sad shapes that hover still
Round him that hangs upon another's will.

Be mine my hopes to Heaven to give,
To taste the bliss that Heaven bestows,
Alone and for myself to live,
And 'scape the many woes
That human hearts are doomed to bear,—
The pangs of love, and hate, and hope, and fear.

A garden by the mountain-side
Is mine, whose flowery blossoming
Shows, even in spring's luxuriant pride,
What autumn's suns shall bring:
And from the mountain's lofty crown
A clear and sparkling rill comes trembling down;

Then pausing in its downward force
The venerable trees among,
It gurgles on its winding course;
And, as it glides along,
Gives freshness to the day, and pranks
With ever changing flowers its mossy banks.

The whisper of the balmy breeze
Scatters a thousand sweets around,
And sweeps in music through the trees,
With an enchanting sound,
That laps the soul in calm delight,
Where crowns and kingdoms are forgotten quite.

Theirs let the dear-bought treasure be,
Who in a treacherous bark confide;
I stand aloof, and changeless see
The changes of the tide,
Nor fear the wail of those that weep,
When angry winds are warring with the deep:

Day turns to night; the timbers rend;
More fierce the ruthless tempest blows;
Confused the varying cries ascend,
As the sad merchant throws
His hoards, to join the stores that lie
In the deep sea's uncounted treasury.

Mine be the peaceful board of old,
From want as from profusion free:
His let the massy cup of gold,
And glittering bawbles be,
Who builds his baseless hope of gain
Upon a brittle bark and stormy main.

While others, thoughtless of the pain
Of hope delayed and long suspense,
Still struggle on to guard or gain
A sad preëminence,
May I, in woody covert laid,
Be gayly chanting in the secret shade,—

At ease within the shade reclined,
With laurel and with ivy crowned,
And my attentive ear inclined
To catch the heavenly sound
Of harp or lyre, when o'er the strings
Some master-hand its practised finger flings.

ANTONIO DE VILLEGAS.

This poet was a native of Medina del Campo, in the province of Valladolid. He flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. He is known by a work entitled "Inventario de Obras en Metro Castellano," published at Medina del Campo in 1565, and again in 1577.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.

On a rock where the moonlight gleamed,
The maiden slept, and the maiden dreamed.

The maiden dreamed; for Love had crept
Within her thoughtless heart, and seemed
To picture him of whom she dreamed.
She dreamed,—and did I say she slept?
O, no! her brain with visions teemed:
The maiden on the rocky ground
Sleeps not, if Love's wild dreams flit round.

Her heart 's perplexed by mystery,
And passing shades, and misty gleams;
And if she see not what she dreams,
She dreams of what she fain would see;
And 't is her woe estranged to be,
While on the rocky mountain laid,
From all that cheers a lovesick maid.

And what is Love, but dreams which thought,
Wild thought, carves out of passion, throwing
Its veil aside, while, winged and growing,
The embryo 's to existence brought,—
False joys, fierce cares, with mysteries fraught?
As who by day of hunger dies,
Dreaming of feasts at midnight lies.

LOVE'S EXTREMES.

Every votary of Love
Needs must pain and pleasure prove:

Love's delights belong to those
Who have felt Love's wants and woes.

Love still bears a double chain,
All his prisoners to bind;
Living, — seek they death in vain;
Dying, — life in death they find.

When he wounds or kills, he cures, —
When he heals, he seems to kill; —
So the love-torn heart endures
All extremes of good and ill.

PEDRO DE PADILLA.

Pedro de Padilla was born at Linares, some time in the first half of the sixteenth century. He was a scholar of various erudition, and a poet highly esteemed by his contemporaries. He was familiar with the Latin and several modern languages. When somewhat advanced in life, in the year 1585, he assumed the religious habit, and entered a monastery at Madrid. His "Tesoro de Varias Poesias" appeared at Madrid in 1575. He wrote, besides, pastoral and sacred eclogues, and various theological works in prose. He died subsequently to the year 1595.

THE CHAINS OF LOVE.

O, blest be he, — O, blest be he, —
Let him all blessings prove, —
Who made the chains, the shining chains,
The holy chains of Love!

There 's many a maiden bright and fair
Upon our village green;
But what bright maiden can compare
With thee, my Geraldine?
O, blest be she! O, blest be she!
Let her all blessings prove! —
A swain there lives whose every thought
Is bound by her control;
His heart, his soul are hers; and naught
Can sever soul from soul:
So sure the chains, the shining chains,
The holy chains of Love!

THE WANDERING KNIGHT.

The mountain towers with haughty brow,
Its paths deserted be;
The streamlets through their currents flow,
And wash the mallows-tree.

O mother mine! O mother mine!
That youth so tall and fair,
With lips that smile, and eyes that shine,
I saw him wandering there:
I saw him there when morning's glow
Was sparkling on the tree, —
With my five fingers, from below,
I beckoned, "Come to me!"
The streamlets through their currents flow,
And wash the mallows-tree.

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA.

Very little is known of this poet. He was a native of Alcalá de Henares, and followed the military career. He lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, and passed the greater part of his life in Italy and Flanders. Lope de Vega calls him "the divine Figueroa." A few hours before his death, he ordered all his poetical works to be burned; but copies of some of them remained in the hands of his friends.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF GARCILASO.

O beauteous scion from the stateliest tree
That e'er in fertile mead or forest grew,
With freshest bloom adorned and vigor new,
Glorious in form, and first in dignity!
The same fell tempest, which by Heaven's decree
Around thy parent stock resistless blew,
And far from Tejo fair its trunk o'erthrew,
In foreign clime has stripped the leaves from thee:
And the same pitying hand has from the spot
Of cheerless ruin raised ye to rejoice,
Where fruit immortal decks the withered stem.
I will not, like the vulgar, mourn your lot;
But, with pure incense and exulting voice,
Praise your high worth, and consecrate your fame.

ALONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZUÑIGA.

Alonso de Ercilla y Zuñiga was born at Madrid, probably in 1533. His father was a lawyer, and a writer of some note in his age, and was called "the subtle Spaniard." Alonso was the youngest of three sons. In early youth, he was appointed page to the Infant Don Philip, and received his education at the palace. At the age of fourteen years, he accompanied the prince on a tour through the principal cities of the Netherlands, and a part of Germany and of Italy, from which he returned in 1551. Two years afterwards, he attended Philip to England, when that prince was married to the English queen, Mary. While they were in London, news arrived, that the Araucanians, an Indian nation in South America, on the coast of Chili, had revolted against the Spanish power. General Alderete was despatched to put down the insurrection, and Ercilla, then about twenty-one years of age, left the service of the prince, and followed the commander to that remote scene of military adventure. Al-

derete died before reaching Arauco, at Tuboga, and Ercilla went alone to Lima, the capital of Peru. The expedition was then intrusted to Don Garcias, the son of the viceroy. In the various battles with the savages, Ercilla distinguished himself by his bravery. In the midst of the hardships of war, the thought occurred to him of making the achievements of his countrymen the subject of an epic poem. He began it immediately, and devoted the hours of the night to recording the deeds of the day, writing sometimes on small scraps of paper, and sometimes on pieces of parchment or leather. In this manner were written the first fifteen cantos of the poem, to which he gave the name of "La Araucana." After the war was over, Ercilla came near losing his life, in consequence of a quarrel with a young Spanish officer in a tournament which was held at the city of La Imperial, to celebrate the accession of Philip the Second to the throne of Spain. A riot ensued, and the general, suspecting that the occasion was seized to carry into execution some plot against his authority, ordered the supposed ringleaders to be imprisoned, and afterwards beheaded. Ercilla relates in the poem, that he was actually taken to the scaffold, and that his neck was already stretched out for the axe, when the general, having been convinced that the disturbance was accidental, revoked the hasty sentence. The poet, however, was obliged to undergo a long imprisonment. Deeply disgusted with this harsh treatment, Ercilla left Chili, and returned to Spain, being now about twenty-nine years old. After a short stay in Madrid, he set out again upon his travels, and visited France, Italy, Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary. Returning to Spain, he married, in 1570, María de Bazan, a noble lady of Madrid, whose mother was attached to the service of the Spanish queen. This lady is celebrated in several passages of his poem. Rudolph Maximilian the Second, emperor of Germany, gave him the office of Chamberlain; but little is known of his connection with the imperial court, and his fortunes seem not to have been at all improved by the appointment. In 1580, he was living in seclusion and poverty at Madrid. The date of his death is uncertain, the last years of his life having been passed in want and obscurity. He lived, however, beyond 1596.

Ercilla is known to the literary world by the poem of the "Araucana." The first part of this work, having been written, as mentioned above, during the war, was published in 1577; and the whole, extending to thirty-seven cantos, appeared in 1590. It was dedicated to King Philip, from whom the author experienced coldness and neglect. Various judgments have been passed upon the character of this poem. The curate, in the scrutiny of Don Quixote's library, speaking of the "Araucana," the "Austriada" of Juan Rufo, and the "Monserrat" of Virués, tells the barber, — "These are the best heroic poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated in Italy; reserve them," says he, "as the most valuable performances which Spain has to boast of in poetry." Voltaire, in his "Essay on Epic Poetry," compares the subject of the second canto, which is a quarrel between the chiefs of the barbarians, to the dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles in the "*Iliad*," and places the speech of the aged cacique Colocolo, who proposes to decide the question by a trial of strength, above that of Nestor, in the first book of the "Iliad"; but declares that the rest of the work is beneath the least of the poets, and that, as a whole, it is as barbarous as the nations of which it treats. The English poet Hayley draws the poetical character of Ercilla in more favorable colors: —

"With warmth more temperate, and in notes more clear,
That with Homeric richness fill the ear,
The brave Ercilla sounds, with potent breath,
His epic trumpet in the fields of death:
In scenes of savage war, when Spain unfurled
Her bloody banner o'er the western world,
With all his country's virtues in his frame,
Without the base alloy that stained her name,
In danger's camp, this military bard,
Whom Cynthia saw on his nocturnal guard,
Recorded in his bold descriptive lay
The various fortunes of the finished day;
Seizing the pen, while night's calm hours afford
A transient slumber to his satiate sword,
With noble justice his warm hand bestows
The meed of honor on his valiant foes.
Howe'er precluded, by his generous aim,
From high pretensions to inventive fame,
His strongly colored scenes of sanguine strife,
His softer pictures, caught from Indian life,
Above the visionary forms of art,
Fire the awakened mind, and melt the heart."

ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY, *Epistle Third*, vv. 237–258.

The work, from its very design, admitted of but little poetic invention; and it is a question whether it can properly be called an epic. The author has adhered strictly to historical truth, with the exception of a few episodes which he introduced into the latter portions, to relieve the monotony of the narrative. The events are related chronologically. The poet made historical truth so great a point, that he challenged any one to detect a single inaccuracy. To several editions of the "Araucana" there is prefixed a sort of certificate by Captain Juan Gomez, who had resided twenty-seven years in Peru, to the effect that he could vouch for the historical accuracy of the poem. The style of the "Araucana" is natural and simple. The descriptive portions are not deficient in poetical coloring. Several of the speeches, also, particularly that of Colocolo, have a high degree of merit. The episodes of the magician Fiton and his garden, of the savage maiden Glaura, whose story is told in the style of a Spanish romance, and of the death of Dido, are out of keeping with the historical accuracy of the rest of the work, and, though written in conformity with the supposed laws of the epic, fail to impart to it a poetical character.

FROM THE ARAUCANA.

A BATTLE WITH THE ARAUCANIANS.

Without more argument, his gallant steed
He spurred, and o'er the border led the way;
His troops, their limbs by one strong effort freed
From terror's chill, followed in close array.
Onward they press.— The opening hills recede,
Spain's chief Araucan fortress to display;—
Over the plain, in scattered ruins, lie
Those walls that seemed destruction to defy!

Valdivia, checking his impetuous course,
Cried, "Spaniards! Constancy's own favorite race!
Fallen is the castle, in whose massive force
My hopes had found their dearest resting-place;
The foe, whose treachery of this chief resource
Has robbed us, on the desolated space
Before us lies; more wherefore should I say?
Battle alone to safety points the way!"
. . . . . .
Danger and present death's convulsive rage
Breed in our soldiers strength of such high strain,
That fear begins the fury to assuage
Of Araucanian bosoms; from the plain
With shame they fly, nor longer battle wage,—
Whilst shouts arise of "Victory! Spain! Spain!"
When, checking Spanish joy, stern Destiny
By wondrous means fulfils her fixed decree!

The son of a cacique, whom friendship's bands
Allied to Spain, had long in page's post
Attended on Valdivia, at his hands
Receiving kindness; in the Spanish host
He came.— Strong passion suddenly expands
His heart, beholding troops, his country's boast,
Forsake the field. With voice and port elate,
Their valor thus he strives to animate:—

"Unhappy nation, whom blind terrors guide!
O, whither turn ye your bewildered breasts?
How many centuries' honor and just pride
Perish upon this field with all your gests!
Forfeiting, what inviolate abide,
Laws, customs, rights, your ancestors' bequests,—
From free-born men, from sovereigns feared by all,
Ye into vassalage and slavery fall.

"Ancestors and posterity ye stain,
Inflicting on the generous stock a wound
Incurable, an everlasting pain,
A shame whose perpetuity knows no bound.
Observe your adversaries' prowess wane;
Mark how their horses, late that spurned the ground,
Now drooping, pant for breath, whilst bathed all o'er
Are their thick heaving flanks with sweat and gore.
. . . . . .
"On memory imprint the words I breathe,
Howe'er by loathsome terror ye're distraught;
A deathless story to the world bequeath,—
Enslaved Arauco's liberation wrought!
Return! reject not victory's offered wreath,
When Fate propitious calls, and prompts high thought!
Or in your rapid flight an instant pause
To see me singly perish in your cause!"

With that the youth a strong and weighty lance
Against Valdivia brandishes on high;
And, yet more from bewildering terror's trance
To rouse Arauco, rushes furiously
Upon the Spaniards' conquering advance:
So eagerly the heated stag will fly
To plunge his body in the coolest stream,
Attempering thus the sun's meridian beam.

One Spaniard his first stroke pierces right through;
Then at another's middle rib he aims,—
And, heavy though the weapon, aims so true,
The point on the far side his force proclaims.
He springs at all with fury ever new;
A soldier's thigh with such fierce blow he maims,
The huge spear breaks,— his hand still grasps the heft,
Whilst quivering in the wound one half is left.

The fragment cast away, he from the ground
Snatches a ponderous and dreadful mace;
He wounds, he slaughters, strikes down all around,
Suddenly clearing the encumbered space:
In him alone the battle's rage is found;
Turned all 'gainst him, the Spaniards leave the chase;
But he so lightly moves, now here, now there,
That in his stead they wound the empty air.

Of whom was ever such stupendous deed
Or heard, or read, in ancient history,
As from the victor's party to secede,
Joining the vanquished even as they fly?
Or that barbarian boy, at utmost need,
By his unaided valor's energy,
Should from the Christian army rend away
A victory, guerdon of a hard-fought day?

—

A STORM AT SEA.

Now bursts with sudden violence the gale:
Earth sudden rocks convulsively and fast;
Labors our ship, caught under press of sail,
And menaces to break her solid mast.
The pilot, when he sees the storm prevail,
Springs forward,— shouting loud, with looks aghast,
"Slacken the ropes there! Slack away!— Alack,
The gale blows heavily!— Slack quickly! Slack!"

The roaring of the sea, the boisterous wind,
The clamor, uproar, vows confused and rash,
Untimely night, closing in darkness blind
Of black and sultry clouds, the lightning's flash,
The thunder's awful rolling, all combined
With pilot's shouts, and many a frightful crash,
Produced a sound, a harmony, so dire,
It seemed the world itself should now expire.

. . . . . .

Roars the tormented sea, open the skies,
The haughty wind groans whilst it fiercer raves;
Sudden the waters in a mountain rise
Above the clouds, and on the ship that braves
Their wrath pour thundering down, — submerged she lies,
A fearful moment's space, beneath the waves:
The crew, amidst their fears, with gasping breath,
Deemed in salt water's stead they swallowed death.

But, by the clemency of Providence, —
As, rising through the sea, some mighty whale
Masters the angry surges' violence,
Spouts them in showers against the vexing gale,
And lifts to sight his back's broad eminence,
Whilst in wide circles round the waters quail, —
So from beneath the ocean rose once more
Our vessel, from whose sides two torrents pour.

. . . . . .

Now, Æolus — by chance if it befell,
Or through compassion for Castilian woes —
Recalled fierce Boreas, and, lest he rebel,
Would safely in his prison cave inclose.
The door he opened: in the selfsame cell
Lay Zephyr unobserved, who instant rose,
Marked his advantage as the bolts withdrew,
And through the opening portal sudden flew.

Then with unlessening rapidity,
Seizing on lurid cloud and fleecy rack,
He bursts on the already troubled sea,
Spreads o'er the midnight gloom a shade more black;
The billows, from the northern blast that flee,
Assaults with irresistible attack,
Whirls them in boiling eddies from their course,
And angry ocean stirs with doubled force.

. . . . . .

The vessel, beaten by the sea and gale,
Now on a mountain-ridge of water rides, —
With keel exposed, now her top-gallant sail
Dips in the threatening waves, against her sides,
Over her deck, that break. Of what avail,
The beating of such storm whilst she abides,
Is pilot's skill? Now a yet fiercer squall
Half opens to the sea her strongest wall.

The crew and passengers wild clamors raise,
Deeming inevitable ruin near;
Upon the pilot anxiously all gaze,
Who knows not what to order, stunned by fear.
Then, 'midst the terrors that all bosoms craze,
Sound opposite commands: — "The ship to veer!"
Some shout; — some, "Make for land!" — some, "Stand to sea!" —
Some, "Starboard!" — some, "Port the helm!" — some, "Helm a-lee!"

The danger grows; the terror, loud uproar,
And wild confusion with the danger grow;
All rush in frenzy, these the sails to lower,
Those seek the boat, whilst overboard some throw
Cask, plank, or spar, as other hope were o'er;
Here rings the hammer's, there the hatchet's blow;
Whilst dash the surges 'gainst a neighbouring rock,
Flinging white foam to heaven from every shock.

VICENTE ESPINEL.

Vicente Espinel was born at Ronda, a city of Granada, in 1544. Being poor, he left his native place early to seek his fortune. He entered the church, and afterwards sought preferment at court, but without success. He became known as a musician, and perfected the Spanish guitar by adding a fifth string. He died in great poverty at Madrid, in the ninetieth year of his age.

Espinel wrote both poetry and prose. His poetical pieces belong to the period of his youth. They consist of canciones, idyls, and elegies; and, though not distinguished by originality, are pleasing and melodious, and abound in beautiful images and descriptions.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

He who is both brave and bold
Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
Never did, and never could.

Modesty, in women's game,
Is a wide and shielding veil:
They are tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold,
He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er could win, and never should.

If you love a lady bright,
Seek, and you shall find a way
All that love would say to say, —
If you watch the occasion right.

Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er have conquered, — never could.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, the immortal author of "Don Quixote," was born at Alcalá de Henares, in October, 1547. Of his early life little is known, except that he manifested from his most tender years a love of poetry and letters. In his boyhood, he was accustomed to attend the representations of the player, Lope de Rueda. At a suitable age, he entered the University of Salamanca, where he studied two years. After this, he returned to Madrid, and studied with a learned theologian, Juan Lopez de Hoyos, Professor of Literature. His love of poetry was encouraged by his instructer, and among his first productions were elegies, ballads, sonnets, and a pastoral, called "Filena." The death of Isabella of Valois, wife of Philip the Second, called forth a multitude of elegiac tributes; and, among the rest, Lopez de Hoyos published a book containing several poems on the occasion, one of which was written by his "dear and beloved pupil," Miguel de Cervantes. At the age of twenty-two, he left Madrid, and entered the service of the Cardinal Giulio Aquaviva, at Rome, who had just visited Madrid as the pope's nuncio, and is supposed to have become acquainted with Cervantes there. Before he had been a year at Rome, he enlisted under the command of Marco Antonio Colonna, the leader of the Christian forces in the Turkish war which broke out in 1570. In the sanguinary battle of Lepanto, fought between the combined Venetian, Spanish, and Papal fleets, and the Turks, on the 7th of October, 1571, Cervantes, demanding the post of danger, though suffering from an intermittent fever, boarded, with his soldiers, the Captain of Alexandria, took the royal standard of Egypt, and in the conflict received three arquebuse wounds, one of which shattered his left hand. He often speaks of this mutilation with pride, and says that the glory of having fought at Lepanto was cheaply purchased by the wounds he received there.

Cervantes was confined to the hospital more than six months. He served in the unsuccessful campaign of the following year, took part in the assault on the castle of Navarino, and in the next year, after the peace with Selim was signed, accompanied the Marques de Santa Cruz in his descent upon Tunis. In June, 1575, he obtained leave to return to Spain, after an absence of seven years; but the galley on board which he had embarked was captured, on the 26th of September, by an Algerine squadron, commanded by the Arnaout Mami, and carried into port, and Cervantes fell to the share of the captain. For five years he remained in slavery. The details of his captivity, — his bold, but unsuccessful, attempts to escape, — the unshaken firmness with which, rather than betray his companions, he braved the perils of death by the most cruel tortures, so often inflicted by the Algerines upon their prisoners, — the patience with which he bore the hardships of his horrible bondage, — display the courage, the honor, and the magnanimity of Cervantes in the most interesting light. These details are supposed to be contained in the story of the Captive in "Don Quixote," and in his play of "Life in Algiers." He was at length, though with much difficulty, ransomed by his friends and relations, and returned to Spain in 1581. He reëntered the military service, embarked in the squadron of Don Pedro Valdes, destined to the expedition against the Azores, the next year served under the Marques de Santa Cruz in the battle which he gained over the French fleet, and in 1583 was engaged in the assault and taking of Terceira.

In 1584, Cervantes began his career as an author with the pastoral novel of "Galatea"; soon after the publication of which, he married Doña Catilina de Palacios y Salazar, and took up his abode at Esquivias, the residence of his wife. He now began to write for the stage, the condition of which he endeavoured to improve. In the course of the next ten years he had finished about thirty dramas. In 1588, he received the appointment of Commissary from Antonio de Guevara, the purveyor at Seville to the Indian squadrons, who was at that time employed in fitting out the Invincible Armada. Cervantes removed to Seville, and remained there in the discharge of his official duties several years. The office was at length abolished, and he became agent to various corporations and wealthy individuals. According to one of his biographers, Viardôt, he wrote most of his tales during this residence at Seville. He seems to have lived several years in La Mancha, where he was thrown into prison. At this time he began the composition of "Don Quixote." In 1604, he returned to court, which was then held at Valladolid, and the next year published the first part of "Don Quixote," which at first excited little attention, but afterwards acquired a sudden popularity, and ran through four editions in one year. He himself says of it (Part II., c. 16), "Thirty thousand copies of my History have been printed, and thirty thousand thousand will be, unless God forbids." Of the circumstances under which it was written, he says, in the Preface: "Every production must resemble its author; and my barren and unpolished understanding can produce nothing but what is very dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond imagination. You may suppose it the child of Disturbance, engendered in some dismal prison, where Wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Rest, and ease, and a convenient place, pleasant fields and groves, murmuring springs, and a sweet repose of mind, are helps that raise the fancy, and impregnate

even the most barren Muses with conceptions that fill the world with admiration and delight." Montesquieu, in his "Lettres Persanes," says, with amusing exaggeration, "The Spaniards have but one good book, — that one which has made all the others ridiculous."

In 1605, the court returned to Madrid. Cervantes followed it thither, and is supposed to have passed the remainder of his life in that city. In 1608, he brought out a new and corrected edition of "Don Quixote." In 1613, he published his "Novelas Exemplares," or Didactic Tales, consisting of twelve stories; and the next year, his "Viage al Parnaso," and the volume of "Comedias y Entremeses." About this time, a writer, under the pseudonym of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, published a continuation of "Don Quixote," — a shameless work, which so excited the indignation of Cervantes, that he hastened to bring out the Second Part, on which he had been some time engaged. This appeared in 1615, and is the last of his works that were printed in his lifetime. The romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda" was finished at the time of his death. Speaking of his illness, in the Preface to that work, he says: —

"It happened, dear reader, that as two friends and I were returning from Esquivias, — a place famous on many accounts, — in the first place, for its illustrious families, and, secondly, for its excellent wines, — being arrived near Madrid, we heard, behind, a man on horseback, who was spurring his animal to its speed, and appeared to wish to get up to us, of which he gave proof soon after, calling out and begging us to stop; on which we reined up, and saw arrive a country-bred student, mounted on an ass, dressed in gray, with gaiters and round shoes, a sword and scabbard, and a smooth ruff, with strings; true it is that of these he had but two, so that his ruff was always falling on one side, and he was at great trouble to put it right. When he reached us, he said, — 'Without doubt, your Honors are seeking some office or prebend at court, from the archbishop of Toledo or the king, neither more nor less, to judge by the speed you make; for, truly, my ass has been counted the winner of the course more than once.' One of my companions replied, — 'The horse of Señor Miguel de Cervantes is the cause, — he steps out so well.' Scarcely had the student heard the name of Cervantes than he threw himself off his ass, so that his bag and portmanteau fell to right and left, — for he travelled with all this luggage, — and rushing towards me, and seizing my left arm, exclaimed, 'Yes, yes! this is the able hand, the famous being, the delightful writer, and, finally, the joy of the Muses!' As for me, hearing him accumulate praises so rapidly, I thought myself obliged in politeness to reply, and, taking him round the neck in a manner which caused his ruff to fall off altogether, I said, — 'I am, indeed, Cervantes, Sir; but I am not the joy of the Muses, nor any of the fine things you say: but go back to your ass, mount again, and let us converse, for the short distance we have before us.' The good student did as I desired; we reined in a little, and continued our journey at a more moderate pace. Meanwhile, my illness was mentioned, and the good student soon gave me over, saying, — 'This is a dropsy, which not all the water of the ocean, could you turn it fresh and drink it, would cure. Señor Cervantes, drink moderately, and do not forget to eat; for thus you will be cured, without the aid of other medicine.' 'Many others have told me the same thing,' I replied; 'but I can no more leave off drinking till I am satisfied, than if I were born for this end only. My life is drawing to its close; and, if I may judge by the quickness of my pulse, it will cease to beat by next Sunday, and I shall cease to live. You have begun your acquaintance with me in an evil hour, since I have not time left to show my gratitude for the kindness you have displayed.' At this moment we arrived at the bridge of Toledo, by which I entered the town, while he followed the road of the bridge of Segovia. What after that happened to me fame will recount: my friends will publish it, and I shall be desirous to hear. I embraced him again; he made me offers of service, and, spurring his ass, left me as ill as he was well disposed to pursue his journey. Nevertheless, he gave me an excellent subject for pleasantry; but all times are not alike. Perhaps the hour may come when I can join again this broken thread, and shall be able to say what here I leave out, and which I ought to say. Now, farewell, pleasure! farewell, joy! farewell, my many friends! I am about to die; and I leave you, desirous of meeting you soon again, happy, in another life." * Cervantes died April 23d, 1616, at the age of sixty-nine.

Viardôt, in his excellent memoir of Cervantes, translated and prefixed to Jarvis's "Don Quixote" (London, 1842), thus sums up the events of his life: —

"All has now been stated that could be collected of this illustrious man, one of those who pay by suffering, through a whole life, for the tardy honors of posthumous fame. Born of a family honorable, but poor; receiving, in the first instance, a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, valet-de-chambre, and afterwards soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave dépôts of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with a woman noble and poor like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and

* Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Italy, Spain, and Portugal (3 vols., London, 1837, 16mo.). Vol. III. pp. 172, 173.

talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualling-board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers; released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; become a poet by profession, and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negotiations by commission, and writing dramas for the theatre; discovering, when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book, at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate and could not comprehend; finding, also, jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last in solitude and poverty; — such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. It was not till after the lapse of two centuries, that his admirers thought of seeking for his cradle and his tomb; that they adorned with a medallion in marble the last house in which he lived; that they raised a statue to his memory in the public square; and that, effacing the cognomen of some obscure but more fortunate individual, his countrymen inscribed, at the corner of a little street in Madrid, that great name, the celebrity of which resounds through the civilized world."

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF NUMANCIA.

MORANDRO.

Why so swiftly art thou flying?
Go not, Lira, — let me still
Taste what may my spirit fill
With glad life, even while I 'm dying.
Lira, let mine eyes awhile
Gaze upon thy loveliness;
Since so deep is my distress,
Thus it would its pangs beguile.
O sweetest Lyre, that soundest so,
For ever in my phantasy,
With such delicious harmony
It turns to glory all my woe!
What now? What stand'st thou mutely thinking?
Thou of my thought the only treasure!

LIRA.

I 'm thinking how thy dream of pleasure,
And mine, so fast away is sinking:
It will not fall beneath the hand
Of him who wastes our native land;
For long, or e'er the war be o'er,
My hapless life will be no more.

MORANDRO.

Joy of my soul, what hast thou said?

LIRA.

That I am worn with hunger so,
That quickly will the o'erpowering woe
For ever break my vital thread.
What bridal rapture dost thou dream
From one at such a sad extreme?
For, trust me, ere an hour be past,
I fear I shall have breathed my last.
My brother fainted yesterday,
By wasting hunger overborne;
And then my mother, all outworn
By hunger, slowly sunk away.
And if my health can struggle yet
With hunger's cruel power, in truth
It is because my stronger youth
Its wasting force hath better met.
But now so many a day hath passed,
Since aught I 've had its powers to strengthen,
It can no more the conflict lengthen,
But it must faint and fail at last.

MORANDRO.

Lira, dry thy weeping eyes;
But, ah! let mine, my love, the more
Their overflowing rivers pour,
Wailing thy wretched agonies.
But though thou still art held in strife
With hunger thus incessantly,
Of hunger still thou shalt not die,
So long as I retain my life.
I offer here, from yon high wall,
To leap o'er ditch and battlement:
Thy death one instant to prevent,
I fear not on mine own to fall:
The bread the Roman eateth now
I 'll snatch away, and bear to thee;
For, O, 't is worse than death to see,
Lady, thy dreadful state of woe!

LIRA.

Thou speakest like a lover: — still,
Morandro, surely, 't were not good
That I should find a joy in food
For which thy life-blood thou may'st spill.
But little will that succour be,
Whate'er of booty thou canst make;
While thou a surer way dost take
To lose thyself, than win for me.
Enjoy thou still thy youthful prime,
In fresh and blooming years elate:
My life is nothing to the state, —
Thine, every thing at such a time.
Its noblest bulwark thou canst be
Against the fierce and crafty foe:
What can the feeble prowess do
Of such a wretched maid as me?

. . . . . .

MORANDRO.

Vainly thou laborest for my stay!
Lira, in vain thou hold'st me still!
Thither, like some glad sign, my will
Invites and hurries me away.
But thou the while with earnest prayer
Beseech the gods to send me home
With spoil, that may delay thy doom
Of misery, and my despair.

LIRA.

My dearest friend, thou shalt not go!
Morandro, — lo! even now before

Mine eyes, ensanguined with thy gore,
I see the falchion of the foe.
Seek not this desperate deed of war!
Joy of my life, Morandro, stay!
If peril waits thy onward way,
Return will be more perilous far.
Thy rashness could I but repress,
I call the Heavens to witness here
That for the loss of thee I fear, —
I reck not of mine own distress.
But if, dear friend, it still must be,
Thou still wilt run thy fatal race,
Take as a pledge this fond embrace,
And feel that I am still with thee.

MORANDRO.

Be Heaven thy close companion still,
Lira! — Behold Leoncio near!

LIRA.

Without the dreadful loss I fear,
May'st thou thy frantic wish fulfil!
[Exit.

LEONCIO.

A fearful offer hast thou made, Morandro, —
And clearly hast thou shown, the enamoured heart
Knows not of cowardice. Though of thy virtue
And most rare valor there might well be hope,
I fear the unhappy Fates will still be jealous.
Attentively I heard the sad extremity
To which thy Lira said she was reduced, —
Unworthy, truly, of her lofty worth! —
And heard thy noble promise to deliver her
From her o'erpowering grief, and cast thyself
With bold assault upon the Roman army;
And I, good friend, would bear thee company,
In thy so noble and perilous exploit,
With all my feeble powers to succour thee.

MORANDRO.

O my soul's half! O most adventurous friendship,
Still undivided even in toil and danger,
As in most glad prosperity! — Leoncio,
Do thou enjoy thy precious life, — remain
Within the city, — for I will not be
The murderer of thy green and tender years.
Alone I 'm fixed to go, — alone I hope
Here to return, with spoil well merited
By my inviolate faith and love sincere.

LEONCIO.

Since thou hast known, Morandro, all my wishes
Blended with thine in good or evil fortune,
Thou know'st that fear of death will ne'er divide us, —
Nor aught, if aught there be, more terrible.
With thee I 'm fixed to go, — and home with thee
Shall I return, if Heaven hath not ordained
That I remain and perish, rescuing thee.

MORANDRO.

O, stay, my friend, and I will bless the hour!
For should I lose my life in this adventure
Of darkest peril, then wilt thou be able
To be a comfort to my woful mother,
And to my spouse, so fervently beloved.

LEONCIO.

In truth, my friend, thou art most bountiful,
To think, when thou art dead, of my remaining
In such calm quiet and tranquillity,
That I should fill the place of comforter
To thy sad mother and most wretched wife!
Since that thy death most surely will be mine,
I 'm fixed to follow thee at this dark time
Of doubt and peril, — thus it must be, friend!
Morandro, speak no word of my remaining.

MORANDRO

Then, since I cannot shake thy steadfast purpose
Of sallying with me, — at the dead dark night
We 'll issue.

POEMS FROM DON QUIXOTE.

CARDENIO'S SONG.

What causes all my grief and pain?
Cruel disdain.
What aggravates my misery?
Accursed jealousy.
How has my soul its patience lost?
By tedious absence crossed.
Alas! no balsam can be found
To heal the grief of such a wound,
When absence, jealousy, and scorn
Have left me hopeless and forlorn.

What in my breast this grief could move?
Neglected Love.
What doth my fond desires withstand?
Fate's cruel hand.
And what confirms my misery?
Heaven's fixed decree.
Ah me! my boding fears portend
This strange disease my life will end;
For die I must, when three such foes,
Heaven, Fate, and Love, my bliss oppose.

My peace of mind what can restore?
Death's welcome hour.
What gains Love's joys most readily?
Fickle inconstancy.
Its pains what medicine can assuage?
Wild frenzy's rage.
'T is, therefore, little wisdom, sure,
For such a grief to seek a cure,
As knows no better remedy
Than frenzy, death, inconstancy.

SONG.

If woman 's glass, why should we try
Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise such brittle ware
Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which, broken, nothing can repair,
Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,
And reason vouches what I say,—
Wherever Danaës abound,
There golden showers will make their way.

—

SONNET.

In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
When others' cares are hushed in soft repose,
The sad account of my neglected woes
To conscious Heaven and Chloris I recite.
And when the sun, with his returning light,
Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
With accents such as sorrow only knows,
My griefs to tell, is all my poor delight.
And when bright Phœbus, from his starry throne,
Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
Still in the mournful tale I persevere.
Returning night renews my sorrow's toil.
And though from morn to night I weep and moan,
Nor Heaven nor Chloris my complainings hear.

—

SONG.

A MARINER I am of Love,
And in his seas profound,
Tossed betwixt doubts and fears, I rove,
And see no port around.

At distance I behold a star,
Whose beams my senses draw,
Brighter and more resplendent far
Than Palinure e'er saw.

Yet still, uncertain of my way,
I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray
My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I most would see,
Benighted most I sail;
Like clouds, reserve and modesty
Its shrouded lustre veil.

O lovely star, by whose bright ray
My love and faith I try,
If thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
In night of death I lie!

LOPEZ MALDONADO.

THIS poet lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century, being a contemporary of Cervantes. "'Here 's a book of songs by Lopez Maldonado,' cried the barber (in the review of Don Quixote's library). 'He 's also my particular friend,' said the curate; 'his verses are very well liked, when he reads them himself; and his voice is so excellent, that they charm us, whenever he sings them.'"

A collection of his poems, entitled "Cancionero, ó Coleccion de Varias Poesias," was published at Madrid, in 1586.

SONG.

AH, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee!
Woe is me!
The falcon has the eyes of the dove!
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats,—
Thorns below, and flowers above!
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

JUAN DE TIMONEDA.

THIS author was by birth a Valencian, and by trade a printer. He flourished during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and, in imitation of his friend, Lope de Rueda, was a writer of comedies. His principal work is his "Patrañuelo," or Story-teller,—a collection of twenty *patrañas*, or stories, imitated from Boccaccio and others.

NAY, SHEPHERD! NAY!

"NAY, shepherd! nay!—thou art unwary;
Thy flocks are wandering far away."
"Alas! I know it well;—'t is Mary
Who leads my troubled thoughts astray."

"Look, shepherd! look, how far they rove!
Why so forgetful?—call them yet."
"O, he who is forgot by Love
Will soon, too soon, all else forget!"
"Come, leave those thoughts so dark and dreary,
And with your browsing flocks be gay."
"Ah, no! 't is vain, 't is vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray."

"'T is Love, then, shepherd! O, depart,
And drive away the cheating boy!"
"Alas! he 's seated in my heart,
And rules it with tumultuous joy."
"Nay, shepherd! wake thee, dare not tarry,—
For thou art in a thorny way."
"Ah, no! 't is vain, 't is vain,—for Mary
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray."

"Throw off this yoke, young shepherd! be
Joyous and mirthsome as before."
"O, what are mirth and joy to me?
They on my woes no balm can pour."
"Thou didst refuse to dance,—didst tarry,
When laughing maidens were at play."
"I know I did;—alas! 't is Mary
That leads my troubled thoughts astray."

"Then tell thy love, — perchance 't is hid, —
And send a missive scribbled o'er."
"Alas! my friend, I did, I did, —
Which, ere the maid had read, she tore."
"Then hang the maid! — the foul fiend carry
A pestilence through all her flocks!"
"O, no! forbear! — nor threaten Mary
With sorrow's frowns, nor misery's shocks!"

ALONSO DE LEDESMA.

This elegant poet was born at Segovia, about the year 1551. He wrote chiefly on sacred subjects. His "Conceptos Espirituales," divided into three parts, were published respectively at Madrid, in 1600, 1606, and 1616. Among his works were "Juegos de Noche Buena," and "El Monstro Imaginado." He died in 1622, at the age of seventy-one.

SLEEP.

O gentle Sleep! my welcoming breath
Shall hail thee 'midst our mortal strife,
Who art the very thief of life,
The very portraiture of death!
'T is sweet to feel thy downy wing
Light hovering o'er our wonted bed;
But who has heard thy lightsome trend,
Thou blind, and deaf, and silent thing?
Thou dost a secret pathway keep,
Where all is darkest mystery.
For me, to sleep is but to die, —
For thee, thy very life is sleep.

LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARGOTE.

This poet, famous for having introduced into Spain the whimsical and euphuistic manner, called the *estilo culto*, or cultivated style, was born at Córdova, July 11th, 1561. At the age of fifteen, he was sent to the University of Salamanca; but, instead of studying the law, for which he was destined, occupied himself entirely with literature and poetry. After a short residence at the University, he returned to his native city. He wrote, while yet a youth, many amatory and satirical poems; and was well known, and highly esteemed, as a man of letters and a poet, in Córdova. At the age of forty-five, he entered the church, having been disappointed in his hopes of official employments. Soon after this, he went to Madrid, to improve his fortunes; but, though he received many promises of promotion, and was held in great regard, in the capital, he attained no higher place than that of honorary chaplain to the king, Philip the Third. As he advanced in life, he changed the simple elegance of his early style for one full of contortions, fantastic turns, enigmatic expressions, and far-fetched allusions. He was followed by numerous imitators, who adhered with bigoted zeal to these elaborate absurdities. He has been called the 'Marino of Spain. Góngora was suddenly taken ill, while accompanying the king to Valencia. He returned to Córdova, during an interval of convalescence, and died May 24th, 1627.

Lope de Vega writes as follows of Góngora and his system: —

"I have known this gentleman for eight-and-twenty years, and I hold him to be possessed of the rarest and most excellent talent of any in Córdova; so that he need not yield even to Seneca or Lucan, who were natives of the same town. Pedro Linan de Riaza, his contemporary at Salamanca, told me much of his proficiency in study, so that I cultivated his acquaintance, and improved it by the intercourse we had when I visited Andalusia; and it always appeared as if he liked and esteemed me more than my poor merits deserve. Many other distinguished men of letters at that time competed with him, — Herrera, Vicente Espinel, the two Argensolas, and others; among whom this gentleman held such place, that Fame said the same of him as the Delphic oracle did of Socrates.

"He wrote in all styles with elegance, and in gay and festive compositions his wit was not less celebrated than Martial's, while it was far more decent. We have several of his works composed in a pure style, which he continued for the greater part of his life. But, not content with having reached the highest step of fame in sweetness and softness, he sought — I have always believed, with good and sincere intentions, and not with presumption, as his enemies have asserted — to enrich the art, and even language, with such ornaments and figures as were never before imagined nor seen. In my opinion, he fulfilled his aim, if this was his intent; the difficulty rests in receiving his system: and so many obstacles have arisen, that I doubt they will never cease, except with their cause; for I think the obscurity and ambiguity of his expressions must be disagreeable to many. By some he is said to have raised this new style into a peculiar class of poetry; and they are not mistaken: for, as in the old manner of writing it took a life to become a poet, in this new one it requires but a day: for, with these transpositions, four rules, and six Latin words or emphatic phrases, they rise so high, that they do not know — far less understand — themselves. Lipsius wrote a new Latin, which those who are learned in such things say Cicero and Quintilian laugh at in the other world; and those who have imitated him are so wise, that they lose themselves. And I know others who have invented a language and style so different from Lipsius, that they require a new dictionary. And thus those who imitate this gentleman produce monstrous births, — and fancy, that, by imitating his style, they inherit his genius. Would to God they imitated him in that part which is worthy of adoption! for every one must be aware that there is much

that is deserving of admiration; while the rest is wrapt in the darkness of such ambiguity, as I have found the cleverest men at fault, when they tried to understand it. The foundation of this edifice is transposition, rendered the more harsh by the disjoining of substantives from adjectives, where no parenthesis is possible, so that even to pronounce it is difficult: tropes and figures are the ornaments, — so little to the purpose, that it is as if a woman, when painting herself, instead of putting the rouge on her cheeks, should apply it to her nose, forehead, and ears. Transpositions may be allowed, and there are common examples; but they must be appropriate. Boscan, Garcilaso, and Herrera use them. Look at the elegance, softness, and beauty of the divine Herrera, worthy of imitation and admiration! for it is not to enrich a language to reject its natural idiom, and adopt instead phrases borrowed from a foreign tongue; but, now, they write in the style of the curate who asked his servant for the 'anserine reed,' telling her that 'the Ethiopian licour was wanting in the Cornelian vase.' These people do not attend to clearness or dignity of style, but to the novelty of these exquisite modes of expression, in which there is neither truth nor propriety, nor enlargement of the powers of language; but an odious invention that renders it barbarous, imitated from one who might have been an object of just admiration to us all." *

The following pieces are in Góngora's earlier and simpler manner.

THE SONG OF CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

O, TAKE a lesson, flowers, from me,
How in a dawn all charms decay, —
Less than my shadow doomed to be,
Who was a wonder yesterday!

I, with the early twilight born,
Found, ere the evening shades, a bier;
And I should die in darkness lorn,
But that the moon is shining here:
So must ye die, — though ye appear
So fair, — and night your curtain be.
O, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

My fleeting being was consoled,
When the carnation met my view;
One hurrying day my doom has told, —
Heaven gave that lovely flower but two:
Ephemeral monarch of the weld, —
I clad in gloom, — in scarlet he.
O, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

The jasmine, sweetest flower of flowers,
The soonest is its radiance fled;
It scarce perfumes as many hours
As there are star-beams round its head:
If living amber fragrance shed,
The jasmine, sure, its shrine must be.
O, take a lesson, flowers, from me!

The bloody-warrior fragrance gives;
It towers unblushing, proud, and gay;
More days than other flowers it lives, —
It blooms through all the days of May:
I 'd rather like a shade decay,
Than such a gaudy being be.
O, take a lesson, flowers! from me.

COME, WANDERING SHEEP! O, COME!

COME, wandering sheep! O, come!
I 'll bind thee to my breast,
I 'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.

I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn,
For thee, I deigned to die:
What greater proof could I
Give, than to seek the tomb?
Come, wandering sheep! O, come!

I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest?
I bear thee in my arms, —
Thou bear me in thy breast!
O, this is love! — Come, rest!
This is a blissful doom.
Come, wandering sheep! O, come!

NOT ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES.

THEY are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the flowery vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells, —
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

Think not the voices in the air
Are from the winged Sirens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees,
Chanting their morning mysteries:
O, if you listen, delighted there,
To their music scattered o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the flowery vales!
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells, —
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

O, 't was a lovely song, — of art
To charm, — of nature to touch the heart!
Sure 't was some shepherd's pipe, which, played
By passion, fills the forest shade. —
No! 't is music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails.
They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the flowery vales;

* Discurso sobre la Nueva Poesia, por Lope de Vega. — Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Vol. III., pp. 248-250.

But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells,—
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

In the eye of love, which all things sees,
The fragrance-breathing jasmine-trees,
And the golden flowers, and the sloping hill,
And the ever melancholy rill,
Are full of holiest sympathies,
And tell of love a thousand tales.
They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the cheerful vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells,—
Bells of gold in the secret grove,
Making music for her I love.

LET ME GO WARM.

Let me go warm and merry still;
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things,—
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
And those whose fame the world doth fill;
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill:
On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands;
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over:
I cross, without the fear of ill,
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yepes' tides;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart
The tooth that bites the crust apart;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

HIERÓNIMO DE CONTRERAS.

Hierónimo de Contreras lived in the last half of the sixteenth century. He belonged to Saragossa.

SIGHS.

When hearts are sad, the remedy
That 's sweetest is to sigh.

No torment e'er oppressed the heart,
Which was *not* softened by the dew
Of melancholy thought,—whose smart
Is light and salutary too:
A breathed "Alas!" will oft renew
A broken link of sympathy.
O, 't is most sweet to sigh!

When deepest in the pensive breast
Some sacred, secret sorrow lies,
The spirit drags it from its rest
By the strong alchemy of sighs,
And tears, their natural allies:
There 's magic in a tearful eye.
O, 't is most sweet to sigh!

But when the wound has pierced so deep
That hope can neither cure nor cheer,
'T were better far in death to sleep
Than to live on despairing here:
But if he will live on, a tear
Or sigh some comfort may supply.
O, 't is most sweet to sigh!

There are insufferable woes
Which must be suffered,—man must bear
Terrors, and terror-waking throes,
Which language dares not, nor could dare,
To compass. Let his heart beware:
He may not speak,—but he may die.
O, 't is most sweet to sigh!

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA.

This poet lived about the end of the sixteenth century. He wrote on sacred subjects. The *Cancionero* containing his pieces was published at Alcalá, in 1603.

OPEN THE DOOR!

O porter, ope the door to me!
I 'm shivering in the cold and rain:—
Take pity on the strangers' pain!

I and this poor old man have come
  Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,
And here we stray without a home.
  His weariness o'erwhelms me more
  Than my own woe. O, ope your door
To shelter us from cold and rain! —
Take pity on the strangers' pain!

The night is dark, and dull, and cold;
  No inn is open on the road;
The dreary midnight bell hath tolled,
  And not a straggler walks abroad:
We naught but solitude behold,
Pelted by driving hail and rain: —
Take pity on the strangers' pain!

Be kind, be generous, friend! thy door
  Throw open, for the love of Heaven!
We are but two, — but two, — no more, —
  I, and my poor old husband, driven
For refuge here; and we implore
A shelter. Shall we ask in vain? —
Take pity on the strangers' pain!

Here give us welcome: — thou wilt be
  Rewarded by God's grace, which can
Shower unexpected joys; though he
  May be an old, defenceless man,
Yet God has recompense for thee;
Thou may'st a noble guerdon gain: —
Take pity on the strangers' pain!

Let us not tarry longer, — ope!
  We 're chilled with cold, — so ope, I pray!
Ope to the wanderers now, and hope
  They well thy kindness may repay:
Time and eternity give scope
For recompense. The wind and rain
Beat on: — relieve the strangers' pain!

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

This wonderful man, who has been sometimes called the Prodigy of Nature, the Phœnix of Spain, and the Potosi of Rhymes, was born November 25, 1562, at Madrid. He inherited from his father, Felix de Vega, an inclination for poetry. His biographers assert, that, at two years old, his genius was shown by the vivacity of his eyes; that he knew his letters before he could speak, and repeated his lessons by signs. He is said to have composed verses when he was only five years old, and before he knew how to write; and before the age of twelve, he had produced several theatrical pieces, and had become a master of grammar, rhetoric, and Latin composition. Such are the marvels of his boyhood. He was early left an orphan. At the age of fourteen, he ran away from school with a friend, in order to see the world. They reached Segovia on foot, where they bought a mule, and then proceeded to Astorga. Not being quite satisfied with the specimens of the world they had thus far seen, they made up their minds to go back again. When they had got as far as Segovia, they stopped at a silversmith's, one to sell a chain, and the other to get change for a doubloon. The silversmith was suspicious, and called in a judge, who honestly sent them back to Madrid.

Lope was enabled to prosecute his studies by the kindness of the grand inquisitor, Gerónimo Manrique, bishop of Avila, whom he commemorates in one of his earliest productions, entitled, "La Pastoral de Jacinto." At the age of seventeen or eighteen, Lope entered the University of Alcalá de Henares, where he remained four years, and is said to have made immense progress in the studies of the place. He then returned to his native city, and immediately entered the service of the duke of Alba, at whose request he wrote the "Arcadia," a work composed in the pastoral style of the "Diana" of Montemayor, and the "Galatea" of Cervantes. In this work he is supposed by some to have shadowed forth the history of the duke of Alba's early life. The duke died soon after, and, about the same time, Lope married Doña Isabella de Urbino; but his domestic felicity was soon interrupted by a quarrel with a gentleman, which ended in a duel. Lope had the misfortune to inflict a severe wound upon his antagonist. He was obliged to flee from Madrid, and took refuge in Valencia, where he passed two weary years, separated from his wife. At the end of this period, he was allowed to return to Madrid; but the death of his wife, which happened almost immediately thereupon, reduced him to despair. To dissipate his sorrow, he determined to become a soldier. Philip the Second was then making formidable preparations for the invasion of England, and Lope obtained permission to accompany the duke of Medina Sidonia in the Invincible Armada. The fate of this expedition is well known. Lope endured every possible hardship, but found time to compose a poem, in twenty cantos, entitled, "La Hermosura de Angélica," being a continuation of the adventures of Angelica, from the point where Ariosto had left her.

In 1588, Lope, now twenty-six years old, returned to Madrid, and again devoted himself to poetry. He became secretary to the Marques de Malpica, and afterwards entered the service of the Conde de Lemos, the viceroy of Naples. About this time he married again. The name of his second wife was Doña Juana de Guardio. He had the misfortune to lose her also, in a few years. This second bereavement induced him to take the vows and be ordained as a priest, and he entered the order of St. Francis. He was soon named head chaplain, and became a familiar of the Inquisition, and is said to have taken part in an *auto-da-fé*, when a Lutheran was burned alive. In 1598, he gained a prize by some verses written for the canonization of San Isidro, a native of Madrid. He had already become famous as a dramatic poet. In-

deed, the most brilliant period of his life began after he had become a Franciscan. Pope Urban the Eighth made him Doctor of Theology, and appointed him Fiscal of the Apostolical Chamber, Lope having dedicated to his Holiness the tragedy of "Mary Stuart." The number of works he produced at this time almost surpasses belief, and the popularity he acquired was unrivalled. His health continued good until within a short time of his death, which took place August 26, 1635.

Lope de Vega was, perhaps, the most prolific author who ever lived. He poured out, with inexhaustible profusion, works in every department of poetical composition, and his influence over the literary taste of his countrymen was unbounded. Persons of the highest distinction were proud to number themselves among his worshippers. His friend and biographer, Montalvan, calls him "the portent of the world; the glory of the land; the light of his country; the oracle of language; the centre of fame; the object of envy; the darling of fortune; the phœnix of ages; prince of poetry; Orpheus of sciences; Apollo of the Muses; Horace of poets; Virgil of epics; Homer of heroics; Pindar of lyrics; the Sophocles of tragedy, and the Terence of comedy; single among the excellent, and excellent among the great; great in every way and in every manner." Whenever he made his appearance in public, he was received with signal marks of respect. His name became a proverbial expression for whatever was most excellent. A brilliant diamond was called a Lope diamond; a fine day, a Lope day; a beautiful woman, a Lope woman; and when he died, his splendid obsequies were attended by the principal grandees and nobles of the Spanish court, the windows and balconies on the streets through which the procession passed were densely thronged with spectators, and a woman in the crowd was heard to exclaim, "This is a Lope funeral," not knowing that it was the funeral of the great poet himself.

The best life of Lope de Vega is that by Lord Holland, entitled, "Some Account of the Lives and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio and Guillen de Castro" (London, 1817, 2 vols.). His miscellaneous works were collected, and published with the title, "Coleccion de las Obras Sueltas de D. Frey Lope Felix de Carpio" (Madrid, 1776–79, 21 vols., 8vo.). Besides these, his dramatic works, printed at Madrid, according to N. Antonio, who gives a list of them, filled twenty-five volumes, and amounted to three hundred. These, however, are but a small part of what he actually produced; for when he died, he had written eighteen hundred dramas and four hundred *autos*. As a proof of his extraordinary facility in composition, it is said that more than one hundred of these were each written in a single day. In one of his poems, written in 1609, he says that he has already written four hundred and eighty-three,

"And all, save six, against the rules of wit";

and in one of his eclogues, he declares,

"The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press."

It is difficult to find a complete set of the twenty-five volumes of plays. Lord Holland gives a list of "plays still extant," amounting to four hundred and ninety-seven.

FROM THE ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA.

THE KING AND SANCHO ORTIZ.

SANCHO.

I KISS thy feet.

KING.

Rise, Sancho! rise, and know
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.

SANCHO.

My liege, confounded with thy grace I stand;
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command
To tell the thanks I feel.

KING.

Why, what in me
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?

SANCHO.

Courage and majesty that strikes with awe;
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,
Never so honored as I feel to-day.

KING.

Much I applaud thy wisdom, much thy zeal;
And now, to try thy courage, will reveal
That which you covet so to learn, — the cause
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.
Much it imports the safety of my reign
A man should die, — in secret should be slain;
This must some friend perform; search Seville through,
None can I find to trust so fit as you.

SANCHO.

Guilty he needs must be.

KING.

He is.

SANCHO.

Then why,
My sovereign liege, in secret should he die?
If public law demands the culprit's head,
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.
Shall Justice's sword, which strikes in face of day,
Stoop to dark deeds, — a man in secret slay?
The world will think, who kills by means unknown
No guilt avenges, but implies his own.
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.

KING.

Sancho, attend; — you came not here to-day
An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,

To slay a man; — and why the culprit bleed
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed;
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.
But say, — to draw against my life who dares,
Deserves he death?

SANCHO.

O, yes! a thousand times.

KING.

Then strike without remorse: these are the wretch's crimes.

SANCHO.

So let him die; for sentence Ortiz pleads:
Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.

KING.

Give me thy hand.

SANCHO.

With that my heart I pledge.

KING.

So, while he heeds not, shall thy rapier's edge
Reach his proud heart.

SANCHO.

My liege! my sovereign lord!
Sancho 's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.
Would you with treacherous acts, and deeds of shame,
Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name?
Shall I, — shall I, to shrink from open strife,
Like some base coward, point the assassin's knife?
No, — face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,
Or in the crowded mart, or public street, —
Defy and combat him in open light.
Curse the mean wretch who slays, but does not fight!
Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow;
Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe, —
With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,
To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.

KING.

E'en as thou wilt; but in this paper read,
Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.

[Sancho reads the paper aloud, which promises the king's protection, if he is brought into any jeopardy in consequence of killing the person alluded to, and is signed, *Yo el Rey*, I the king.

KING.

Act as you may, my name shall set you free.

SANCHO.

Does, then, my liege so meanly deem of me?
I know his power, which can the earth control, —
Know his unshaken faith, and steadfast soul.
Shall seals, shall parchments, then, to me afford
A surer warrant than my sovereign's word?
To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,
I ask no surety but my king's command.
Perish such deeds! [Tears the paper] — they serve but to record
Some doubt, some question, of a monarch's word.
What need of bonds? By honor bound are we;
I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me.
One price I ask, — the maid I name for bride.

KING.

Were she the richest and the best allied
In Spain, I grant her.

SANCHO.

So throughout the world,
May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled!

KING.

Nor shall thy actions pass without a meed.
This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed.
But, reading, be not startled at a name;
Great is his prowess; Seville speaks his fame.

SANCHO.

I 'll put that prowess to the proof ere long.

KING.

None know but I that you avenge my wrong;
So force must guide your arm, but prudence check your tongue. [Exit.

—

BUSTOS TABERA AND SANCHO ORTIZ.

BUSTOS.

In meeting thus, my fortune do I greet.

SANCHO (aside).

Alas! I curse the chance that makes us meet.
You come to make a friend, a brother, blest, —
And I, to plunge a dagger in thy breast.

BUSTOS.

Brother, the hour of long-sought bliss is come.

SANCHO (aside).

My hour of grief, of all my woes the doom!
O God! did man e'er bear such weight of ill?
Him whom I love next heaven my sword must kill:
And with the very blow that stabs my friend,
My love is lost, and all my visions end.

BUSTOS.

The deeds are drawn; to tell the news I came;
They only wait for Sancho Ortiz' name.

SANCHO (aloud).

Once, it is true, by fickle fancy led,
Tabera's sister Ortiz fain would wed;
But now, though drawn the strict agreements stand,
I scorn the offer, and reject her hand.

BUSTOS.

Know'st thou to whom, or what thou speak'st?

SANCHO.

I know
To whom I speak, and therefore speak I so.

BUSTOS.

How, knowing me, can words of insult dwell
On Ortiz' tongue?

SANCHO.

Because he knows thee well.

BUSTOS.

And knows he aught but generous pride of blood,
And honor such as prompts the brave and good?
Virtue and genuine honor are the same:
Pride, uninspired by her, usurps the name.
But yet, though slow of anger to a friend,
Thy words my virtue as my pride offend.

SANCHO.

Not more offended can thy virtue be,
Than I so long to talk with one like thee.

BUSTOS.

Is 't come to this? and dost thou brand my fame
With aught that bears not honor's sacred name?
Prove, then, this sword, which dares thy rage defy, —
My foe a villain, and his charge a lie.
[Draw, and fight.

SANCHO.

What can the swords of traitorous villains prove?
Pardon me, sacred friendship! pardon, love!
My king impels; I madden as I fight,
And frenzy lends my arm resistless might.

BUSTOS.

Enough, nor further press thy blow, — I bleed, —
My hour is come!
[Bustos falls.

SANCHO.

Then am I mad, indeed!
Yes, when I struck thy death, my sense was gone;
Restored, I from thy arm implore my own.
Sheathe in this breast, — for pity, sheathe thy sword,
And to my troubled soul an instant flight afford.

BUSTOS.

My motives Fate denies the time to tell; —
Wed thou my sister, Ortiz, and —— farewell!
[Dies.

SANCHO.

Come, then, destructive, unrelenting blade,
Despatch the life thy work has wretched made!
Come, while Tabera's gore is reeking yet,
With a fresh wound to close the bloody debt!
[Enter Farfan and Pedro, Alcaldes mayores.

PEDRO.

Wretch! stay that weapon, raised thyself to kill!

SANCHO.

'T was raised against a life yet dearer still.
[Enter Arias.

ARIAS.

What 's this disorder?

SANCHO.

The disorder 's plain:
I 've killed a brother, like another Cain, —
Ruthless and fierce, a guiltless Abel slain.
Here, here he lies, — survey each mangled limb;
And as he died for me, so let me die for him.

ARIAS.

Why, what is this?

SANCHO.

What is it, do you ask?
'T is a kept promise, an accomplished task;
'T is honor in a fiery trial proved, —
Honor, that slew the man he dearly loved.
Yes, tell the king, that, for our plighted words,
We sons of Seville bear them on our swords;
Tell him for them we do our stars [1] defy;
For them our laws expire, our brothers die.

PEDRO.

He 's killed Tabera.

ARIAS.

Rash, flagitious deed!

SANCHO.

Then seize me, — bind me, — let his murderer bleed!
Where are we? Do not law and reason say,
Ruffians shall die, and blood shall blood repay?
But marked you how the mighty crime was done?
No hate was here; 't was love, and love alone;
And love, that did the crime, shall for the crime atone.
Bustos I slew: I now for Bustos plead,
And beg of justice — that his murderer bleed.
Thy friend that tribute to thy memory pays!

ARIAS.

The man is mad, and knows not what he says.

PEDRO.

Then to Triana's tower the culprit lead, —
Lest, at the noise of such a lawless deed,
Seville should rise, and some new tumult breed.

SANCHO.

Yet I would raise my brother from the ground,
Clasp his cold limbs, and kiss the sacred wound,
And wash the noble blood that streams his corpse around.
So I 'll his Atlas be; nor would repine,
The life I 've taken to redeem with mine.

PEDRO.

'T is madness, this.

SANCHO.

When I from friendship swerved,
Against my pleasure I the laws observed;
That 's a king's part, — in that I 'm king alone;
But in this act, alas! I am not one:
The riddle 's easy, when the clew is found;
But 't is not mine the riddle to expound.
'T is true I slew him, — I not that deny;
I own I slew him, — but I say not why:
That why — let others, if they like it, plead;
Enough for me that I confess the dead.
[Exit guarded.

ESTRELLA AND THEODORA.

ESTRELLA.

So quick my toilet was, I scarce can guess
How set my garments and how looks my dress.
Give me the glass.

THEODORA.

All glass is needless here;
Look on thyself, — no mirror is so clear;

[1] This, in the original, is a quibble on the name *Estrella*, which in the Spanish signifies *a star*.

Nor can in mimic forms reflected shine
Such matchless charms, and beauty bright as thine. [Holds the looking-glass.

ESTRELLA.

Whence can such crimson colors fire my cheek?

THEODORA.

Thy joy, and yet thy modesty, they speak.
Yes, to thy face contending passions rush,
Thy bliss betraying with a maiden blush.

ESTRELLA.

'T is true he comes; the youth my heart approves
Comes fraught with joy, and led by smiling Loves.
He claims my hand; I hear his soft caress,
See his soul's bliss come beaming from his eye.
O partial stars! unlooked-for happiness!
Can it be true? — is this my destiny? [2]

THEODORA.

Hark! some one rings! — but, lo! with envy smit,
One mirror into thousand mirrors split!

ESTRELLA.

Is 't broken?

THEODORA.

Yes.

ESTRELLA.

And sure with reason too;
Since soon, without its aid, I hope to view
Another self: with him before my eyes,
I need no glass, and can its use despise.
[Enter Clarindo.

CLARINDO.

All, lady, all is merriment and cheer,
And the plumed hats announce the wedding near.
I gave the letter, and received a ring.

ESTRELLA.

Take, too, this diamond for the news you bring.

CLARINDO.

Alas! the precious gem is split in two! —
Is it for grief?

ESTRELLA.

O, no, Clarindo! no!
It burst for joy, — the very gems have caught
My heart's content, my gayety of thought.
Thrice happy day, and kind, indulgent sky!
Can it be true? — is this my destiny? [3]

THEODORA.

Hark! steps below!

CLARINDO.

And now the noise draws near.

ESTRELLA.

My joy o'ercomes me! —
[Enter Alcaldes with the dead body of Bustos.
Gracious God! what 's here?

PEDRO.

Grief, naught but grief, was made for man below:
Life is itself one troubled sea of woe.
Lady, Tabera 's slain!

ESTRELLA.

O sad, O cruel blow!

PEDRO.

One comfort, still, — in chains his murderer lies:
To-morrow, judged by law, the guilty Ortiz dies.

ESTRELLA.

Hence, fiends! I 'll hear no more, — your tidings bear
The blasts of hell, the warrant of despair!
My brother 's slain! by Sancho's arm he fell!
What! are there tongues the dismal tale to tell?
Can I, too, know it, and the blow survive?
O, I am stone, to hear that sound and live!
If ever pity dwelt in human breast, —
Kill, murder, stab me!

PEDRO.

With such grief oppressed,
Well may she rave.

ESTRELLA.

O sentence fraught with pain!
My brother dead! by Sancho Ortiz slain!
[Going.
That cruel stroke has rent three hearts in one;
Then leave a wretch who 's hopeless and undone.

PEDRO.

Ah! who can wonder at her wild despair? —
Follow her steps.

FARFAN.

Alas! ill-fated fair!

CLARINDO.

Lady, one instant, ——

ESTRELLA.

Would you have me stay
For him, the wretch, that did my brother slay?
My love, my hopes, my all for ever gone, —
Perish life, too, — for life is hateful grown!
Inhuman stars! unheard-of misery!
Can it be so? — is this my destiny? [4]

SONNETS.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD, that with thine amorous sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me, —
That mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

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2 Here, again, the word *Estrella* is used for the sake of a pun. I have been obliged to render it by the word *destiny*.

3 See note 2.

4 See note 2.

Hear, Shepherd! — thou who for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins! for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait! — to thee my weary soul is crying, —
Wait for me! — Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting still for me?

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, — that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and, O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
"To-morrow."

COUNTRY LIFE.

Let the vain courtier waste his days,
Lured by the charms that wealth displays,
The couch of down, the board of costly fare;
Be his to kiss the ungrateful hand
That waves the sceptre of command,
And rear full many a palace in the air:
Whilst I enjoy, all unconfined,
The glowing sun, the genial wind,
And tranquil hours, to rustic toil assigned;
And prize far more, in peace and health,
Contented indigence, than joyless wealth.
Not mine in Fortune's face to bend,
At Grandeur's altar to attend,
Reflect his smile, and tremble at his frown;
Nor mine a fond aspiring thought,
A wish, a sigh, a vision, fraught
With Fame's bright phantom, Glory's deathless crown!
Nectareous draughts and viands pure
Luxuriant nature will insure;
These the clear fount and fertile field
Still to the wearied shepherd yield;
And when repose and visions reign,
Then we are equals all, the monarch and the swain.

LUPERCIO LEONARDO ARGENSOLA.

This poet, and his brother Bartolomé, belonged to a noble family, which originated from Ravenna. Lupercio was born at Barbastro, in 1565. He studied first at the University of Huesca, and afterwards in Salamanca. Having completed his studies, he went to Madrid, where he became chamberlain to the archbishop of Toledo, and secretary to Maria of Austria, the widow of the Emperor Maximilian the Second. He was afterwards appointed by the court Historiographer of Aragon. The Count de Lemos, when named Viceroy of Naples, took Argensola with him in the capacity of Secretary of State and of War. He died at Naples, in 1613. He wrote sonnets, canciones, and satires, which were published after his death. While in Naples, he founded the *Accademia degli Oziosi*, which afterwards became famous.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down to Him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged brier should change; the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry, dead tree:
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise
For ever towards the skies.

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO ARGENSOLA.

Bartolomé Leonardo Argensola was born at Barbastro, in 1566. On the completion of his studies, he became almoner of the Empress Maria, and then accompanied his brother Lupercio to Naples. After the death of the latter, Bartolomé was made Historiographer of Aragon, and returned to Saragossa in 1616, where he wrote a historical work from the materials which had been collected by his brother. He was appointed canon of the cathedral in Saragossa, by Paul the Third. He died in 1633.

Saavedra calls him "the glory of Aragon, and oracle of Apollo; whose eloquence, erudition, and gravity, — whose pure and sublime spirit, excellent choice of words, and judgment in the arrangement of sentences, will be for ever admired of all, and imitated by few."

The poetical works of the two Argensolas were not published until after their death.

SONNET.

"PARENT of good! since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to fraud and lust?
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?
Amid the din of joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls."
Thus I; — when radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said:
"Blind moralist! is Earth the sphere of souls?"

JUAN DE RIBERA.

THIS poet lived about the end of the sixteenth century. His "Nueve Romances" were published in 1605.

THE GOOD OLD COUNT IN SADNESS STRAYED.

THE good old count in sadness strayed
Backwards, forwards, pensively;
He bent his head, — he said his prayers
Upon his beads of ebony;
And dark and gloomy were his thoughts,
And all his words of misery:
"O daughter fair, to woman grown,
Say, who shall come to marry thee?
For I am poor, — though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be."
"Be silent, father mine, I pray;
For what avails a dower to me?
A virtuous child is more than wealth:
O, fear not, — fear not poverty!
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free, —
And they defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me;
For if no husband should be mine,
I 'll seek a convent's purity."

ROMANCE.

"KNIGHT, that comest from afar,
Tarry here, and here recline;
Couch thy lance upon the floor,
Stop that weary steed of thine:
I would fain inquire of thee
News of wandering husband mine."
"Lady, thou must first describe
Him, thy husband, sign by sign."
"Knight, my husband 's young and fair, —
In him grace and beauty shine;
At the tablets dexterous he,
And at chess; the honored line
Of a marquis on his sword,
Well engraved, you might divine;
All his garments of brocade,
Felted crimson, fair and fine;
At his lance's point he bears
Flag from Tagus' banks, where shine
Victories that he won of old
From a valiant Gaul." "That sign
Tells me, lady, he is dead:
Murdered is that lord of thine.
In Valencia was he killed,
Where there lived a Genovine.
Playing at the tablets, he
There was murdered. At his shrine
Many a noble lady wept,
Many a knight of valiant line:
One mourned more than all the rest, —
Daughter of the Genovine;
For they said, and that was true,
She was his. So, lady mine,
Give me now thy heart, I pray,
For my heart is only thine."
"Nay, Sir Knight, it cannot be;
Nay, I must not thus incline:
To a convent first I 'll go,
Vow me to that life divine."
"No, that cannot, cannot be!
Check that hasty vow of thine;
For I am thy husband dear, —
Thou the unstained wife of mine."

FRANCISCO DE VELASCO.

FRANCISCO DE VELASCO was a religious poet, and belonged to the last part of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth, century. His "Coplas del Nacimiento," &c., were printed at Burgos, in 1604.

THE WORLD AND ITS FLOWERS.

TRUST not, man, earth's flowers, — but keep
Busy watch; they fade, they bow:
Watch, I say, — for thou may'st weep
O'er the things thou smil'st on now.

Man! thou art a foolish child,
Playing with a flying ball, —
Trifling sports, and fancies wild:
But the earth-worm swallows all.
Wherefore in a senseless sleep,
Careless dreaming, thoughtless vow,
Waste existence? — thou wilt weep
O'er the days thou smil'st on now.

Earth, that passes like a shade,
Vain as lightest shade can be;
Soon, in dust and darkness laid,
Crumbles in obscurity:
Insects of destruction creep
O'er its fairest, greenest bough.
Watch, I say, or thou shalt weep
O'er the flowers thou smil'st on now.

Watch, I say; the dying worm,
That lifts up its voice to thee,
Dreads the over-threatening storm,
Fain in sheltered port would be.
Laugh not, scorn not, tempt not,—keep
Smiling folly from thy brow;
Lest in misery thou shouldst weep
O'er the thoughts thou smil'st on now.

I TOLD THEE SO!

I told thee, soul, that joy and woe
Were but a gust, a passing dew:
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

This mortal life,—a fleeting thing,—
When most we love it, swiftest flies;
It passes like a shade and dies:
And while it flaps its busy wing,
It scatters every mist that lies
Round human hopes,—all air and dew.
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

Like the dry leaf that autumn's breath
Sweeps from the tree, the mourning tree,—
So swiftly and so certainly
Our days are blown about by death:
For life is built on vanity;
Renewing days but death renew.
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

O, let us seize on what is stable,
And not on what is shifting! All
Rushes down life's vast waterfall,
On to that sea interminable
Which has no shore. Earth's pleasures pall;
But heaven is safe, and sacred too.
I told thee so,—I told thee so,—
And, O my soul, the tale was true!

ALONSO DE BONILLA.

This poet was a native of Baeza, in Andalusia. He lived in the last part of the sixteenth, and the first part of the seventeenth, century. His poems are on sacred subjects. His "Jardin de Flores Divinas" was published in 1617.

LET 'S HOLD SWEET CONVERSE.

"Let 's hold sweet converse, ere we part,
Beloved fair!" "'T is sweet to be
With thee, the husband of my heart!"
"I 'll in the garden wait for thee."
"When?" "At the sacred vesper-bell."
"That is the hour in which I dwell
Within the souls I love, and there
Fill the pure shrine with praise and prayer."
"But if, when dawns the vesper hour,
I should be absent——" "Nay, my soul!
Lose not the holy, hallowing power
Of evening's serene control!"
"I 'll *come*;—that hour shall not depart
Without thy smile who hold'st my heart!"
"I 'll in the garden wait for thee."
"When?" "At the sacred vesper-bell."
"Yes, come! O, come!—my breast shall be
A garden of fair flowers for thee,
Where thou the fairest flowers shalt cull."
"And wilt thou give a flower to me?"
"Yes! flowers more bright, more beautiful,
Than ever in earth's gardens grew,
If thou wilt trust and love me too."
"Yes! I will trust and love thee well!"
"I 'll in the garden wait for thee."
"When?" "At the sacred vesper-bell."

ALVARO DE HINOJOSA Y CARBAJAL.

This poet was a native of Piacenza. He lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and belonged to the order of Saint Benedict. His "Vida y Milagros de Santa Ines, y otras Obras de Poesia," was published at Braga, in 1611.

THE VIRGIN AND HER BABE.

Virgin, that like Morn appears,
With her babe,—a floweret too,
Sprinkled with the sparkling dew
Of his pure and holy tears.

When across the mountain's height
Lovely Daybreak flings her robe,
And with smiles of love and light
Decorates the awakening globe;
Joy and gladness fill the heaven,
When Night's curtains are withdrawn:
Virgin! thou those smiles hast given,—
Thou, earth's brightest, fairest dawn!

All the rainbow's tints are spread
Over clouds, and fields, and bowers:
Lo, the proud carnation red!
Lo, that royal king of flowers!
Fragrant as 't is glorious,—sweet
As 't is stately,—ever true
To the dawn;—an emblem meet
Of this babe,—a floweret too!

Yes! that heavenly floweret fell
From its father's breast,—concealed
In its mother's breast to dwell;
In a mortal vestment veiled,—

Heavenly image, — earthly mould, —
Beautiful as bright to view:
O, what charms its leaves unfold,
Drenched with suffering's sparkling dew!

In the valley see it sleep! —
On its brow the death-sweats lie;
O'er its wreck the tempests sweep,
And the herds pass careless by.
Know, that, though its darkened orb
Dimmed in earth's low valley lies,
Every tear earth's clods absorb
In a dew of paradise.

FRANCISCO DE BORJA Y ESQUILACHE.

This poet was a native of Madrid, and was born about the year 1580. He bore the title of Esquilache, which he received from his wife, who was heiress of the principality of Esquilache, or rather Squillace, in the kingdom of Naples. The greater part of his life was passed in the discharge of high official duties; but he found time to cultivate poetry, to which he was passionately attached. He wrote a heroic poem, entitled, "Nápoles Recuperada por el Rey Don Alonso," which was published after his death. His other poetical works, which were printed at Madrid, under the title of "Las Obras en Verso de Don Francisco de Borja, Príncipe de Esquilache," are better known; and some of them, particularly the eclogues, are of distinguished excellence. He died at Madrid, September 26, 1658.

SYLVIA'S SMILE.

When bright and gay the waters roll
In crystal rivers to the sea,
'Midst shining pearls, they take, my soul,
Their sweetest, loveliest smile from thee;
And when their dimpling currents flow,
They imitate thy laughing brow.

When Morning from his dusky bed
Awakes with cold and slumbering eye,
Ere yet he wears his tints of red,
He looks to see if thou art nigh, —
To offer thee a diadem
Of every ruby, every gem.

When Spring leads on the joyous sun,
He brightens on thy eyes, and takes
A nobler lustre: when the dun
And darksome April first awakes,
And gives his better smiles to May,
He keeps for thee his fairest day.

There are some idle bards who dream
That they have seen, with raptured eyes,
The smiling field, the dimpled stream,
And (strange deceit!) the laughing skies:
My Sylvia! field, nor stream, nor sky
E'er smiled, but when thy smile was nigh.

Tyrants there are: — but when they slay,
They smile not. O, my Sylvia! thou
Art far more cruel, far, than they.
The Aurora, on the mountain's brow,
When it destroys the dying Night,
Mourns o'er its tomb in tears of light.

But thou canst smile, and yet destroy;
And oft within thy eyes I see
A radiant throne of love and joy,
Which is — but cruel mockery:
That smile, which such fair dimples wears,
Is for *my* thoughts a fount of tears.

EPITAPH.

Slumbering on earth's cold breast, serene beneath,
Youth (all its fire and glory dim) reposes:
And this pale, peaceful monument discloses
Life's weakness, and the omnipotence of Death!

Love sits with tearful eye upon the tomb,
And speeds his erring shafts; — his thoughtful care,
In memory of his sorrow and his gloom,
Hath raised this dear, this sad memorial here.

He scarce had passed life's portals on the wing
Of youthful joy, — while hope expectant hung
Upon his talents and his silver tongue, —
Ere Fate's dark mandate, fierce and threatening,
Tore him away, — and, reckless, with him tore
All that had taught us to bear woe before.

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS.

Don Francisco de Quevedo belonged to a noble family attached to the court of Spain. He was born at Madrid, in September, 1580. He studied at Alcalá de Henares, comprehending in his course not only the ancient languages, but a wide range of the sciences. On leaving the University, he went to Italy, where he acquired the friendship of the duke of Osuna, the viceroy of Naples, who employed him confidentially in several important negotiations. He afterwards travelled in France and Germany, and, returning to Spain, was made a knight of the order of Santiago, on the recommendation of the duke. When his patron fell into disgrace, Quevedo, as his confidential friend, shared his downfall, and was imprisoned three years. His health having suffered from this imprisonment, he made journeys through Spain, and then lived in retirement at Madrid. The reputation he enjoyed induced Philip the Second to offer him a secretaryship. In 1634, he mar-

ried Doña Esperanza de Aragon y la Cabra, but she died soon after. In 1641, he was imprisoned on suspicion of having written a satire upon the government, and did not regain his liberty until two years afterwards. But his health being broken down by the extraordinary cruelty with which he was treated in prison, he retired to his estate of La Torre, and again, in a short time, was compelled to remove to Villa Nueva de los Infantes, where he died, September 8, 1645.

His writings are various, both in prose and poetry; but his fame rests chiefly upon his humorous and satirical works, the principal of which are "Vida del Gran Tacaño," "Cartas del Cavallero de la Tenaza," and his six "Sueños," or Visions. His poetical works were published under the names of six Muses. The following excellent summary of his character as a writer is from Bouterwek.*

"A man, who, like Quevedo, reaped the bitterest fruits from political justice, cannot be very heavily reproached for seizing in his satires every opportunity of more severely chastising and ridiculing the ministers of that justice, than any other enemies of truth and equity. But Quevedo was not a mere satirist. He may, without hesitation, be pronounced the most ingenious of all Spanish writers, next to Cervantes; and his mind was, moreover, endowed with a degree of practical judgment, which is seldom found combined with that versatility for which he was distinguished. Could Quevedo have ruled the taste and genius of his nation and his age in the same degree in which that taste and genius influenced him, his versatility, joined to his talent for composing verses with no less rapidity than Lope de Vega, might have rendered him, if not a poet of the first rank in the loftier region of art, at least a classic writer of almost unrivalled merit. But this scholar and man of the world was too early wedded to conventional forms of every kind. It may, indeed, be said, that he was steeped in all the colors of his age. A true feeling of the independence of genius never animated him, lofty as his spirit in other respects was. His taste imbibed some portion of all the conflicting tastes, which, at that period, existed in Spain. His style never acquired originality, and his mind was only half cultivated.

"Quevedo's writings, taken altogether, in verse and in prose, resemble a massy ornament of jewelry, in which the setting of some parts is exquisitely skilful, — of others, extremely rude; and in which the number of false stones and of gems of inestimable value are nearly equal. His most numerous, and unquestionably his best productions, are those of the satirical and comic kind. Though Quevedo did not strike into a totally new course, yet, by a union, peculiar to himself, of sports of fancy with the maxims of reason and morality, he evidently enlarged the sphere of satirical and comic poetry in Spanish literature. He occasionally approached, though he never equalled, the delicacy and correctness of Cervantes. His wit is sufficiently caustic; but it is accompanied by a coarseness which would be surprising, considering his situation in life, were it not that Quevedo, as an author, sought to indemnify himself for the constraint, to which, as a man of the world, he was compelled to submit. For this reason, perhaps, he bestowed but little pains on the correction of his satires. His ideas are striking; and are thrown together sometimes with absolute carelessness, sometimes with refined precision; but, for the most part, in a distorted and mannered strain of language. This mixed character of cultivation and rudeness peculiarly characterizes his satirical and comic works in verse, in which, as he himself says, he has exhibited 'truth in her smock, but not quite naked':

'Verdades diré en camisa,
Poco menos que desnudas.'

He appears as the rival of Góngora in numerous comic canciones and romances in the old national style. In these compositions he humorously parodied the extravagant images of the Marinists, and the affected singularity of the Gongorists."

* History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, by Frederick Bouterwek. Translated by Thomasina Ross (2 vols., London, 1823, 8vo.). Vol. I., pp. 464-467.

SONNETS.

ROME.

Amidst these scenes, O pilgrim, seek'st thou Rome?
Vain is thy search; — the pomp of Rome is fled;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb;
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.
That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken, mourns, where once it towered sublime;
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium, than by Time.
Tiber alone survives; — the passing wave,
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing, with plaintive sounds, her fallen fanes.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last; —
Naught but the wave, a fugitive, remains.

RUTHLESS TIME.

Zephyr returns, and sheds with liberal hand
Foliage and buds around, and odorous flowers;
Nurses the purple rose with dewy showers,
Gilds the bright sky, and clothes the verdant land:
The stream flows clear, by temperate breezes fanned;
And sweetly sing the birds in shady bowers, —
Cheerless and mute, while angry winter lowers, —
Now blithely ringing with the feathered band.
Never, O ruthless Time, implored in vain,
Beams forth thy spring to my unaltered fate,

Nor decks my withered hopes with bloom again!
Some fondly dread the changes of thy state,
Who hold the treasure which they strove to gain:
I mourn thy steadfast, unrelenting hate.

MY FORTUNE.

Since, then, my planet has looked on
With such a dark and scowling eye,
My fortune, if my ink were gone,
Might lend my pen as black a dye.

No lucky or unlucky turn
Did fortune ever seem to play,
But, ere I 'd time to laugh or mourn,
'T was sure to turn the other way.

Ye childless great, who want an heir,
Leave all your vast domains to me,
And Heaven will bless you with a fair,
Alas! and numerous progeny.

They bear my effigy about
The village, as a charm of power;
If clothed, to bring the sunshine out, —
If naked, to call down the shower.

When friends request my company,
No feasts and banquets meet my eye;
To holy mass they carry me,
And ask me alms, and bid good-bye.

Should bravos chance to lie *perdu*,
To break some happy lover's head,
I am their man, while he in view
His beauty serenades in bed.

A loosened tile is sure to fall
In contact with my head below,
Just as I doff my hat; — 'mong all
The crowd, a stone still lays me low.

The doctor's remedies alone
Ne'er reach the cause for which they 're given.
And if I ask my friends a loan,
They wish the poet's soul in heaven:

So far from granting aught, 't is I
Who lend my patience to their spleen.
Mine is each fool's loquacity,
Each ancient dame will be my queen.

The poor man's eye, amidst the crowd,
Still turns its asking looks on mine;
Jostled by all the rich and proud,
No path is clear, whate'er my line.

Where'er I go, I miss my way;
I lose, still lose, at every game;
No friend I ever had would stay,
No foe but still remained the same.

I get no water out at sea,
Nothing but water at my inn;
My pleasures, like my wine, must be
Still mixed with what should *not* be in.

ESTÉVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS.

This most agreeable and graceful poet was born at Naxera, in 1595. The ease and liveliness of his poetical style gave him the name of the Anacreon of Spain. His family was noble. After having spent his boyish years at Madrid, he entered the University of Salamanca, and studied the law. But his taste for polite literature was strong, and he gave much of his time to poetical composition. He acquired the Latin and Greek, and translated from Anacreon with exquisite beauty. On his father's death, he returned to Naxera, and lived with his mother, dedicating himself to letters and poetry. In 1626, he married, and, finding his means too straitened for the support of his increasing family, endeavoured to obtain some *public* employment. He received one of but little value, and finally retired to his estate, where he died poor, in 1669.

Villegas was one of the best lyric poets of Spain. His style is harmonious and finished. His works were published under the title of "Eróticas de Don Estévan Manuel de Villegas." They contain odes, and imitations of Anacreon and Horace; translations from Anacreon and Horace; elegies, idyls, sonnets, epigrams; and a series of poems, called "Latinas," in which he attempted to reproduce the ancient classical metres.

ODE.

'T is sweet, in the green spring,
To gaze upon the wakening fields around;
Birds in the thicket sing,
Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground;
A thousand odors rise,
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy, and close, and cool,
The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook;
For ever fresh and full,
Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook;
And the soft herbage seems
Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,
And whom alone I love, art far away:
Unless thy smile be there,
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay;
I care not if the train
Of leaves, and flowers, and zephyrs go again.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

I have seen a nightingale,
On a sprig of thyme, bewail,
Seeing the dear nest, which was
Hers alone, borne off, alas!
By a laborer. I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird
Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind, which, on its wings,
From her to the guardian sky,
Bore her melancholy cry,

Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break:
One while, in a sad, sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh for her dear brood
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round;
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now, from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude, —
Give me back my pretty brood!"
And I saw the rustic still
Answered, "*That I never will!*"

TO THE ZEPHYR.

Sweet neighbour of the green, leaf-shaking grove,
Eternal guest of April, frolic child
Of a sad sire, life-breath of Mother Love,
Favonius, zephyr mild!

If thou hast learned like me to love, — away!
Thou who hast borne the murmurs of my cry!
Hence! — no demur! — and to my Flora say,
Say that "I die!

"Flora once knew what bitter tears I shed;
Flora once wept to see my sorrows flow;
Flora once loved me; — but I dread, I dread
Her anger now."

So may the gods, so may the calm blue sky,
For the fair time that thou, in gentle mirth,
Sport'st in the air, with love benign deny
Snows to the earth!

So never may the gray cloud's cumbrous sail,
When from on high the rosy daybreak springs,
Beat on thy shoulders, nor its evil hail
Wound thy fine wings!

FRANCISCO DE RIOJA.

Francisco de Rioja was born at Seville, about the year 1600. He studied the law, but having gained the favor and patronage of the count-duke de Olivares, the prime minister of Philip the Fourth, he passed rapidly through a succession of offices, until he became Inquisitor-General. He was involved in the fall of his protector. According to Antonio, he was restored, a few years before his death, to the favor of Philip, who appointed him Royal Librarian. He died at Madrid, in 1659.

Rioja was not only a poet, but a scholar of varied attainments. He wrote works on theology and politics.

EPISTLE TO FABIO.

Fabio! the courtier's hopes are chains that wind
With fatal strength around the ambitious mind;
And he who breaks or files them not away,
Till life ebbs from him, or his locks turn gray,
Nor feels, methinks, a freeman's generous fires,
Nor wins the honor that his soul desires.
Rather than fall, the timid may remain
In base suspense, and still caress the chain;
But noble hearts their fate will sooner face,
And, ere they stoop to bondage, hail disgrace.
Such storms roar round us with the earliest sigh
Heaved from our cradles, — leave them to pass by,
Like the proud Bætis, whose impetuous wave,
Spread from the mountains, soon forgets to rave.
Not he who gains, but who deserves the prize,
Is classed with heroes by the great and wise;
But there, where state from flattery takes the word,
On skilful favorites see all place conferred; —
Gold, crime, intrigue, their path obliquely wind
Through the thick crowd, and leave the good behind.
Who trusts for power to virtue? virtue still
Yields to the strong supremacy of ill.
Come, then, — once more to the maternal seat
Of ancient Seville guide thy weary feet;
This clime, these skies, shall every care serene,
And make thy future what the past has been; —
Here, where, at least, if dust falls on us, nigh
Kind lips will whisper, "Lightly may it lie!"
Here, where my friend no angry look shall cast,
Nor rise unsated from the noon's repast,
Though no rare peacock on my board be seen,
Nor spicy turtle grace the gold tureen.
Come, seek soft quiet, as at dead of night
The Ægean pilot hails his watchtower's light;
Then, if some old court-friend, as wit requires,
Smile at thy modest home and curbed desires,
Thou, smiling too, shalt say, "I live possessed
Of all I sought for, and despise the rest!"
Safe in her simple nest of moss to brood,
And talk to Echo in her wildest wood,
More charms the nightingale, than, caged, to cheer
With flattering songs a monarch's curious ear,
Trellised in gold. Cease, then, thine anxious care
And thirst for office, — shun the insidious snare;
The idol of thy daily sacrifice
Accepts the incense, but the grant denies,
Smiling in secret at thy dreams; but bound
Thy restless hopes to life's restricted round,
And thou shalt pine no more from day to day,
Nor fret thy manhood unimproved away.
For what is life? at best, a brief delight;
A sun scarce brightening, ere it sets in night;
A flower, — at morning fresh, at noon decayed;
A still, swift river, gliding into shade.
Shall it be said, that, with true peace at strife,
I, even whilst living, lose the zest of life?
Ask of the past its fruits, — the past is dumb;
And have I surety for the good to come?

No! seeing, then, how fast our years consume,
Ere age comes on and tints us for the tomb,
In the calm shade let sober thoughts supply
Their moral charm, and teach us how to die.
Passed is the vernal leaf, the summer rose,
Autumn's sweet grapes, and winter's fleecy snows;
All fades, all fleets, whilst we still live at ease
On idle hopes and airy reveries.

With me 't is o'er! me Reason calls away,
And warms my bosom with her sacred ray;
I go, my friend, — I follow where she calls, —
I leave the illusion which thy soul inthralls,
Content to walk with those who nobly claim
To live at ease, and die without a name.
The Eastern tyrant, who so proudly shines,
And hoards in towers the wealth of various mines,
Has scarce enough for crimes that quickly pall;
Virtue costs less, — within the reach of all.
Poor is the man that roves o'er lands and seas
In chase of treasures that soon cease to please;
Me smaller things suffice, — a simple seat
'Midst my loved Lares in some green retreat, —
A book, — a friend, — and slumbers that declare
A tranquil bliss and vacancy from care.
In dress the people's choice would I obey, —
In manners only more refined than they, —
Free from the brilliant hues, the glittering lace,
That gives the stage-musician all his grace.
Modest my style of life, — nor mean, nor high,
To fix the notice of the passer-by;
And if no myrrhine cup nor porcelain vase
Shine on my board to draw the guests' applause,
The Etruscan jug, or maple bowl, at worst,
Can hold the wine that soothes my summer thirst.
Not that in writing thus I would pretend
To practise all the good I recommend; —
This *would* I do, and Heaven its aid supplies
Still to press on, and scorn the shows of vice.
But not at once its fruit the vine receives;
First spring the flowers, the tendrils, and the leaves;
Then the young grape, — austere, till mellowing noons
To perfect nectar turn the tinged festoons:
As gradual grows each habit that survives
To rule, compose, and charm our little lives.
But Heaven forbid I e'er should ape the airs
Of the grim stoics that disturb our squares,
Truth's tragic mountebanks, content to live
On the poor praise a mob consents to give:
No! as through canes and reeds the breezes roar,
But mildly whisper on the thymy more,
Sweet-breathing as they pass, — Pride's vacant throng
Bluster where Virtue meekly steals along.
Thus would I live; and silent thus may Death
Sound the mild call that steals away my breath, —
Not with the thunder that salutes the great; —
No burnished metals grace my lowly gate!

'T is thus I seem to have obtained, in sooth,
The very essence and the zest of truth.
Smile not, my friend, nor think that I confide
In painted words, the eloquence of pride, —
That brooding study the grave strain inspires,
That fancy only fills me with her fires.
Is Virtue's less than Error's force? declare;
Her smile less winning, and her face less fair?
And I, whilst Anger on the tented plain,
Pride in the court, and Avarice on the main,
Each hour face death, — shall I not tempt the wings
Of nobler motives, fraught with brighter things?

Yes! surely, yes! Thou, too, escape, and join
Thy thoughts, thy manners, and thy life with mine:
Freed from thy chains, come, follow, and acquire
That perfect good to which our souls aspire;
Ere with us Wisdom lose her tranquil charms,
And Time, late cherished, die within our arms.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

Scarcely less a prodigy of nature than Lope de Vega was the second great dramatist of Spain, Pedro Calderon de la Barca. With Spanish pomp and circumstance, his eulogist and biographer, Don Juan de Vera Tasis y Villarroel, says, in swelling phrase, — "Not easily can be circumscribed in the brief sphere of my lip he who so generously occupies all the tongues of fame; and not easily can be limited by so short an epilogue he who is too great for the dilated space of centuries: for he who sets a limit to the light rather insults than flatters its clearness. Yet, trusting in my affection, which shall supply the capacity of its theme, I hurry my pen forward to describe, in an abbreviated sigh, a permanent sob, which shall be raised in the vast temple of memory, by all who, in after times, record his name."

According to this biographer, Calderon was a most remarkable child; for, "even before he trod the pleasant threshold of life, it seems that with sad echoes he announced that glorious noise which he was to make in the distant periods of the world: for, before opening the oriental gates, he cried in the maternal bosom; and thus entered the world with a shade of sadness he, who, like a new sun, was to fill it with immense joys. Dorotea Calderon de la Barca, his sister, a most exemplary nun in the royal convent of Santa Clara de Toledo, used to declare, that she had heard her parents say many times, that three times he had cried before he was born."

To descend from this hyperbolical style of the biographer to matters of fact. Pedro Calderon de la Barca, sprung from an ancient and noble family, was born at Madrid, the first day of the year 1601. He received his earliest instruction in the Jesuits' College, and at the age of fourteen entered the University of Sala-

manca, where he remained five years, and made great progress in literature and the sciences. He left the University at the age of nineteen. Soon after this, he became known as a poet, and his merits were acknowledged by persons of distinction. Ten years of his life were spent in the military service, and he gained much reputation in the wars of Milan and the Low Countries. He was recalled to court in 1637, by an order of his sovereign, Philip the Fourth, a monarch devoted to pleasure, and himself the author of pieces for the stage. Lope de Vega had just died, and Calderon succeeded him as the favorite of the theatre. The year after his return to the court, the king conferred on him the order of Santiago. When, in 1640, all the orders were required to take the field in the campaign to Catalonia, Calderon served under the colors of the count-duke of Olivares. At the peace, he returned to court, and received from the king a pension of thirty crowns a month. In 1650, he was required to superintend the festivities, and to plan the splendid triumphal arches, with which the Austrian princess, Maria Ana, was received, on her marriage with the king. In the mean time, he wrote indefatigably for the stage. In 1651, he left the military order to which he belonged, was ordained a priest, and, in 1654, was made chaplain in the chapel de los Señores Reyes Nuevos, at Toledo; but the king, desirous of having him near at hand to assist at the royal festivals, gave him a chaplaincy at court, and recalled him to Madrid. Other preferments were from time to time granted him, and his income was increased by a pension taken out of the revenues from Sicily, and by the growing profits of his labors. He died May 29, 1687, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Calderon is second only to Lope de Vega in the amount of his works; and not second, even to him, in the affluence of his genius. He is said to have written one hundred and twenty three-act dramas; two hundred *loas*, or dramatic prologues; a hundred *entremeses*, or interludes; and a hundred *autos sacramentales*, or sacramental acts. He also wrote lyrical and other poems. The most complete edition of his works is that of 1760, in seventeen volumes, quarto; containing seventy-three *autos*, seventy-four *loas*, and one hundred and seven three-act dramas.

Calderon is a great favorite with the able critic, Augustus William Schlegel. The following is part of the brilliant, but too highly colored, portrait which he has drawn in his "Lectures on Dramatic Literature."*

"His mind is most distinctly expressed in the religious subjects which he handled. He paints love with general features merely; he speaks her technical poetical language. Religion is his peculiar love, the heart of his heart. For religion alone he excites the most overpowering emotions, which penetrate into the inmost recesses of the soul. It would rather appear that he did not wish to enter with the same fervor into worldly events. However turbid they may be in themselves, from the religious medium through which he views them, they appear to him perfectly bright. This fortunate man escaped from the wild labyrinths of doubt into the citadel of belief, from whence he viewed and portrayed the storms of the world with undisturbed tranquillity of soul; human life was to him no longer a dark riddle. Even his tears reflect the image of heaven, like dewdrops on a flower in the sun. His poetry, whatever its object may apparently be, is an incessant hymn of joy on the majesty of the creation: he celebrates the productions of nature and human art with an astonishment always joyful and always new, as if he saw them for the first time in an unworn festal splendor. It is the first waking of Adam, coupled with an eloquence and skill of expression, with a thorough acquaintance with the most mysterious relations of nature, such as high mental cultivation and mature contemplation can alone give. When he compares the most remote, the greatest and the smallest, stars and flowers, the sense of all his metaphors is the mutual attraction of created things to one another, on account of their common origin; and this delightful harmony and unity of the world is again with him merely a refulgence of the eternal love which embraces the universe.

"Calderon still flourished at a time when a strong inclination began to manifest itself in the other countries of Europe to that mannerism of taste in the arts, and those prosaic views in literature, which in the eighteenth century obtained such universal dominion. He is consequently to be considered as the last summit of the romantic poetry. All its magnificence is lavished in his works; as, in fireworks, the most gaudy colors, the most dazzling cascades and circles, are usually reserved for the last explosion."

For a more temperate estimate of Calderon, see "Blackwood's Magazine" for December, 1839, and January, 1840.

The state of the Spanish theatre in the time of Lope and Calderon is well described by a writer in the "American Quarterly Review" (Vol. IV., pp. 347, 348).

"The theatre did not depend in Spain so much on the full-length dramas, as it did in other countries. There were, besides the *loas*, or long dramatic prologues, the *entremeses* between the acts; the *saynetes*, or farces, at the end; the *xácaras*, which were a sort of old ballads, sung where they were needed; and lyrical dances, or dances with song, like the *zarabandas*, which were put in for the same general purpose of increasing the zest of the entertainment. They were all, however, in one tone and spirit, and constitute the dramatic literature of the public popular theatres in Spain during

* A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, by Augustus William Schlegel. Translated by John Black (Philadelphia, 1833, 8vo.). pp. 418, 419.

the seventeenth century. The genuine and exclusive nationality of this literature is its most prominent characteristic. It was a more popular amusement, it belonged more to all classes of the nation, than any theatre since the Greek. Its actors were almost always strolling companies, with a person at their head, called *El Autor*, because, from the time of Lope de Rueda, the manager often wrote the pieces he caused to be represented; and this *author*, as he was called, when he came to a place where he intended to act, went round in person and posted his bills announcing the entertainment. When dramatic representations were not so common as they afterwards became, such occasions were eagerly seized, and pieces performed both morning and afternoon. Even later, when they grew common, they were still always given in the day-time, beginning, in the winter, at two o'clock, and in the summer at three, so that every body might return home unmolested before dark. The place of representation was almost uniformly an open court-yard,* at one end of which was a covered and sheltered stage, and, on its sides, rows of seats, as in an amphitheatre; but the best places were the rooms and windows of the houses that opened into the area; and such was the passion for scenic representation, that the right to particular seats was often preserved and transmitted, as an inheritance, from generation to generation. When the audience was collected, the *author* came forward, and, according to the technical phrase, threw out the *loa* (*echó la loa*), in which he, perhaps, complimented some of the persons present, or, perhaps, boasted how strong his company was, and how many new plays they had ready for representation. Then followed a dance, or a ballad; afterwards, the first act of the play, with its *entremes;* then the second, and the second *entremes;* and finally, the last; after which another farce was given (the *sayncte*); and the whole concluded with dancing, which was often interspersed in other parts of the entertainment, and accompanied with singing. The costume of the actors was always purely and richly Spanish, though they might represent Greek or Roman characters. The women sat separate from the men, and were veiled; and officers of justice had seats on the stage to preserve order, — one of whom was once so deluded by the representation of one of Calderon's most extravagant pieces, that he interfered, sword in hand, to prevent what he believed an outrage, and drove the actors from the boards. The audiences, when Lope began to write, seem to have been very quiet and orderly; but soon after 1600, they began to decide on the merits of the plays, and the acting, with little ceremony; and before 1615, they took the character, which, in Madrid at least, they maintained to the end of the century, of being the most violent and rude audiences in Europe."

* The two theatres in Madrid are still called *corrales*.

FROM EL MAGICO PRODIGIOSO.

SCENE FIRST.

[Cyprian as a student; Clarin and Moscon as poor scholars, with books.]

CYPRIAN.

In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society.
And whilst with glorious festival and song
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth the labor; and return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; — and here
I shall expect you.

MOSCON.

I cannot bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival
Certainly is, to leave you, Sir, without
Just saying some three or four hundred words.
How is it possible, that, on a day
Of such festivity, you can bring your mind
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth?

CLARIN.

My master 's in the right;
There is not any thing more tiresome
Than a procession-day, with troops of men
And dances, and all that.

MOSCON.

From first to last,
Clarin, you are a temporizing flatterer;
You praise not what you feel, but what he does; —
Toad-eater!

CLARIN.

You lie — under a mistake, —
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

CYPRIAN.

Enough, you foolish fellows!
Puffed up with your own doting ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go, and, as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.

MOSCON.

How happens it, although you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?

CLARIN.

Nay, the consequence
Is clear; — who ever did what he advises
Others to do?

MOSCON.

Would that my feet were wings!
So would I fly to Livia.

[Exit.

CLARIN.

To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
But he is more than half-way there. — Soho!
Livia, I come! good sport, Livia! soho!

[Exit.

CYPRIAN.

Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs
Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth,
Which I must fathom. [Reads.

[Enter the Devil, as a fine gentleman.

DÆMON.

Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

CYPRIAN.

What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
What art thou?

DÆMON.

'T is a foreign gentleman.
Even from this morning, I have lost my way
In this wild place; and my poor horse, at last
Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch, upon business
Of some importance; but, wrapt up in cares,
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

CYPRIAN.

'T is singular, that, even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch, you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood, there is not one but leads,
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will, you cannot miss your road.

DÆMON.

And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it.
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see,
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student; — for my part, I feel
Much sympathy with such pursuits.

CYPRIAN.

Have you
Studied much?

DÆMON.

No, — and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

CYPRIAN.

Pray, Sir,
What science may you know?

DÆMON.

Many.

CYPRIAN.

Alas!
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not; — but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.

DÆMON.

And with truth;
For in the country whence I come, sciences
Require no learning, — they are known.

CYPRIAN.

O, would
I were of that bright country! for in this,
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.

DÆMON.

It is so true, that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high professorship,
And obtained many votes; and though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious than the failure
Could be dishonorable: if you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know best; and although I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

CYPRIAN.

The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is racked with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.

DÆMON.

It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, couched in these words:
"God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands."

CYPRIAN.

'T is true.

DÆMON.

What difficulty find you here?

CYPRIAN.

I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius: if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see

His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness: in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?

DÆMON.

The wisdom
Of the old world masked with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man:
A sort of popular philosophy.

CYPRIAN.

This reply will not satisfy me; for
Such awe is due to the high name of God,
That ill should never be imputed. Then,
Examining the question with more care,
It follows that the Gods should always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How, then, does one will one thing, — one, another?
And you may not say that I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning:
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; *from* two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? and being opposite,
If one be good, is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods,
Without their union.

DÆMON.

I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam;
They are the work of Providence; and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage those who win.

CYPRIAN.

That I admit, and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat: if God
Be all sight, — God, who beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplished. Thus, although
The Deity may, according to his attributes,
Be well distinguished into persons, yet,
Even in the minutest circumstance,
His essence must be one.

DÆMON.

To attain the end,
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

CYPRIAN.

But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed *genii*, good or evil, —
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality: —
Thus God might easily, without descending
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.

DÆMON.

These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous: consider
That glorious fabric, man, — his workmanship
Is stamped with one conception.

CYPRIAN.

Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work; and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power, and only unequal
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?

DÆMON.

On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

CYPRIAN.

That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival;
The cause of all things, and the effect of nothing;
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence;
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguished, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause. [They rise.

DÆMON.

How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

CYPRIAN.

Do you regret
My victory?

DÆMON.

Who but regrets a check
In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart; for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

CYPRIAN.

Go in peace!

DÆMON.

Remain in peace! — Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeances. [Exit.

CYPRIAN.

I never
Met a more learned person. Let me now
Revolve this doubt again with careful mind.
[He reads.
[Enter Lelio and Floro.

LELIO.

Here stop. These toppling rocks and tangled boughs,
Impenetrable by the noonday beam,
Shall be sole witnesses of what we ——

FLORO.

Draw!
If there were words, here is the place for deeds.

LELIO.

Thou needest not instruct me: well I know
That in the field the silent tongue of steel
Speaks thus. [They fight.

CYPRIAN.

Ha! what is this? Lelio, Floro,
Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,
Although unarmed.

LELIO.

Whence comest thou, to stand
Between me and my vengeance?

FLORO.

From what rocks
And desert cells?
[Enter Moscon and Clarin.

MOSCON.

Run, run! for where we left my master,
We hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN.

I never
Run to approach things of this sort, but only
To avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! Sir!

CYPRIAN.

Be silent, fellows! What! two friends, who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch, —
One, of the noble men of the Colatti,
The other, son of the governor, — adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause, no doubt,
Two lives, the honor of their country?

LELIO.

Cyprian,
Although my high respect towards your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of its scabbard.
Thou knowest more of science than the duel:
For when two men of honor take the field,
No counsel nor respect can make them friends;
But one must die in the pursuit.

FLORO.

I pray
That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun
Without advantage.

CYPRIAN.

Though you may imagine
That I know little of the laws of duel,
Which vanity and valor instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honor and of infamy, nor has study
Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them;
And thus to me, as one well experienced
In the false quicksands of the sea of honor,
You may refer the merits of the case;
And if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honor
To leave you.

LELIO.

Under this condition, then,
I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess the impossibility
Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.

FLORO.

It seems
Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart; — but he ——
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.

CYPRIAN.

Permit one question further: is the lady
Impossible to hope, or not?

LELIO.

She is
So excellent, that, if the light of day
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were
Without just cause; for even the light of day
Trembles to gaze on her.

CYPRIAN.

Would you, for your
Part, marry her?

FLORO.

Such is my confidence.

CYPRIAN.

And you?

LELIO.

O, would that I could lift my hope
So high! for, though she is extremely poor,
Her virtue is her dowry.

CYPRIAN.

And if you both
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
To slur her honor? What would the world say,
If one should slay the other, and if she
Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

[The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to Cyprian; who, in consequence, visits Justina, and becomes enamoured of her: she disdains him, and he retires to a solitary seashore.

—

SCENE SECOND.

CYPRIAN.

O MEMORY! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will, —

That would refuse, but can no more,
To bend, to tremble, and adore.
Vain idolatry! — I saw,
And, gazing, became blind with error;
Weak ambition, which the awe
Of her presence bound to terror!
So beautiful she was, — and I,
Between my love and jealousy,
Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
Unworthy as it may appear, —
So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul, for ever to inherit,
To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.
Hear'st thou, Hell? dost thou reject it?
My soul is offered!

DÆMON (unseen).

I accept it.

[Tempest, with thunder and lightning.

CYPRIAN.

What is this? ye heavens for ever pure,
At once intensely radiant and obscure!
Athwart the ethereal halls
The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls
The day affright,
As from the horizon round
Burst with earthquake sound
In mighty torrents the electric fountains: —
Clouds quench the sun, and thunder-smoke
Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
Philosophy, thou canst not even
Compel their causes underneath thy yoke:
From yonder clouds, even to the waves below,
The fragments of a single ruin choke
Imagination's flight;
For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
The ashes of the desolation cast
Upon the gloomy blast
Tell of the footsteps of the storm.
And nearer see the melancholy form
Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
Drives miserably!
And it must fly the pity of the port,
Or perish, — and its last and sole resort
Is its own raging enemy.
The terror of the thrilling cry
Was a fatal prophecy
Of coming death, who hovers now
Upon that shattered prow,
That they who die not may be dying still.
And not alone the insane elements
Are populous with wild portents:
But that sad ship is as a miracle
Of sudden ruin; for it drives so fast,
It seems as if it had arrayed its form
With the headlong storm.
It strikes! — I almost feel the shock! —
It stumbles on a jagged rock! —
Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast!

[A tempest. — All exclaim within,

We are all lost!

DÆMON (within).

Now from this plank will I
Pass to the land, and thus fulfil my scheme.

CYPRIAN.

As in contempt of the elemental rage,
A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's
Great form is in a watery eclipse
Obliterated from the Ocean's page,
And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
Are heaped over its carcass, like a grave.

[The Dæmon enters, as escaped from the sea.

DÆMON (aside).

It was essential to my purposes
To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,
That in this unknown form I might at length
Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
Sustained upon the mountain, and assail
With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
Forging the instruments of his destruction
Even from his love and from his wisdom. — O
Beloved earth! dear mother! in thy bosom
I seek a refuge from the monster who
Precipitates itself upon me.

CYPRIAN.

Friend,
Collect thyself; and be the memory
Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow,
But as a shadow of the past, — for nothing
Beneath the circle of the moon, but flows
And changes and can never know repose.

DÆMON.

And who art thou, before whose feet my fate
Has prostrated me?

CYPRIAN.

One who, moved with pity,
Would soothe its stings.

DÆMON.

O, that can never be!
No solace can my lasting sorrows find.

CYPRIAN.

Wherefore?

DÆMON.

Because my happiness is lost.
Yet I lament what has long ceased to be
The object of desire or memory,
And my life is not life.

CYPRIAN.

Now, since the fury
Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,
And the crystalline heaven has reassumed
Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
As if its heavy wrath had been awakened
Only to overwhelm that vessel, — speak!
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

DÆMON.

Far more
My coming hither costs than thou hast seen
Or I can tell. Among my misadventures,
This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear?

CYPRIAN.

Speak.

DÆMON.

Since thou desirest, I will, then, unveil
Myself to thee; for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery:
This I have lost, and that I must lament
For ever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
A king—whom I may call the King of Kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace, roofed with brightest gems
Of living light—call them the stars of heaven—
Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones: Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls. Too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed:
Therefore I chose this ruin, with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns
By coward cession. Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope;
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more, perchance, shall be.
Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage. Then I sailed
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,
A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
The expanse of these wide wildernesses
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,—
Seeking ever a mountain, through whose forests
I seek a man, whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
In tempest; and although my power could well
Bridle the forest winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to favonian gentleness;
I could and would not. (Thus I wake in him [Aside.
A love of magic art.) Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm, excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister, with unwonted fear.
And in my wisdom are the orbs of heaven
Written as in a record; I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres,
And know them as thou knowest every corner
Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly: wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with a horror
Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
Of these wild oaks and pines,—and as from thee
I have received the hospitality
Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
As object of desire, that shall be thine.

. . . . . .

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
'Twixt thou and me be, that neither Fortune,
The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
That careful miser, that free prodigal,
Who ever alternates, with changeful hand,
Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
That loadstar of the ages, to whose beam
The winged years speed o'er the intervals
Of their unequal revolutions; nor
Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
The least division between thee and me,
Since now I find a refuge in thy favor.

—

SCENE THIRD.

[The Dæmon tempts Justina, who is a Christian.]

DÆMON.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts.
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless phantasy
Full to overflowing be;
And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love,—only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow:
So that from faith no succour may she borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind,
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin,—while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A VOICE WITHIN.

What is the glory far above
All else in human life?

ALL.

Love! love!

[While these words are sung, the Dæmon goes out at one door, and Justina enters at another.

THE FIRST VOICE.

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impressed not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possessed not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent, to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is ——

ALL.

Love! O, love!

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought, which art
So fluttering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now,
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses?

ALL.

Love! O, love!

JUSTINA.

'T is that enamoured nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, — who rapt and fond
Listening sits, a bough beyond.
Be silent, Nightingale! — no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous Vine! O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin, —
No more, with green embraces, Vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest; —
For, whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted Sunflower! thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor, —
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep. — O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale!
Leafy Vine, unwreathe thy bower!
Restless Sunflower, cease to move! —
Or tell me, all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me!

ALL.

Love! love! love!

JUSTINA.

It cannot be! — Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian? —

[She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.

Did I not requite him
With such severity, that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again? —
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
"Cyprian is absent," O miserable me!
I know not what I feel! —
It must be pity, [More calmly.
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause. —

[She again becomes troubled.

And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share;
For they are both imprisoned for my sake. —

[Calmly.

Alas! what reasonings are these? It is
Enough I pity him, and that in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
And, woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world.

[Enter Dæmon.

DÆMON.

Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

JUSTINA.

And who art thou who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber, through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

DÆMON.

No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

JUSTINA.

So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

DÆMON.

Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains:
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.

JUSTINA.

I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 't is true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed;
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

DÆMON.

But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines,
That it shall force thy step: how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

JUSTINA.

By my free will.

DÆMON.

I
Must force thy will.

JUSTINA.

It is invincible:
It were not free, if thou hadst power upon it.

[He draws, but cannot move her.

DÆMON.

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA.

It were bought
Too dear.

DÆMON.

'T will soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA.

'T is dread captivity.

DÆMON.

'T is joy, 't is glory.

JUSTINA.

'T is shame, 't is torment, 't is despair.

DÆMON.

But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?

JUSTINA.

My defence
Consists in God.

[He vainly endeavours to force her, and at last releases her.

DÆMON.

Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defence in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form,
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss:
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [Exit.

JUSTINA.

I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never —— But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak? — Did not a man but now
Stand here before me? — No, I am alone;
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lysander! father! lord!
Livia! — [Enter Lysander and Livia.

LYSANDER.

O my daughter! what?

LIVIA.

What?

JUSTINA.

Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now? —
I scarce sustain myself!

LYSANDER.

A man here!

JUSTINA.

Have you not seen him?

LIVIA.

No, lady.

JUSTINA.

I saw him.

LYSANDER.

'T is impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all locked.

LIVIA (aside).

I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw;
For he was locked up in my room.

LYSANDER.

It must
Have been some image of thy phantasy
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skilful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

LIVIA.

My master 's in the right.

JUSTINA.

O, would it were
Delusion! but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments. Ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame:
So potent was the charm, that, had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps. — Livia, quick bring my cloak;
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God,
Which secretly the faithful worship.

LIVIA.

Here.

JUSTINA (putting on her cloak).

In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!

LYSANDER.

And I will go with thee.

LIVIA.

When I once see them safe out of the house,
I shall breathe freely.

JUSTINA.

So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!

LYSANDER.

Let us go.

JUSTINA.

Thine is the cause, great God! turn, for my sake,
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA.

This poet lived in the first half of the seventeenth century. Nothing further is known of him, except that he wrote a work, entitled "Auroras de Diana."

THE RIVULET.

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee!
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the noonbeams look,
Usurping, as thou downward driftest,
Its crystal from the clearest brook,
Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah, what wild haste! — and all to be
A river and expire in ocean!
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 't were to linger still
In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

THIRD PERIOD.—FROM 1700 TO 1844.

IGNACIO DE LUZAN.

Ignacio de Luzan was born at Saragossa, March 28, 1702. The death of his parents, and the disturbed state of the country, caused him to be placed with a relative at Barcelona, where he remained until 1715. His uncle, Don José Luzan, then took him to Genoa and Milan, and afterwards to Sicily, where he pursued his studies, and took his degree in 1727. His favorite occupations were literature and poetry. He made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and German. His uncle dying in 1729, he went to Naples, and joined his brother, the Count de Luzan, who was governor of the castle of Sant Elmo. Four years afterwards, he was sent to Spain, to attend to his brother's affairs. He went to Madrid, and, in 1741, was elected into the Royal Spanish Academy. His learning, abilities, and agreeable manners gained him the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Paris, in 1747, and of Chargé d'Affaires, the year following. In 1750, he returned to Madrid, and established himself there with his family. He continued to fill various public offices of high importance until his death, which took place March 19, 1754.

Luzan is more distinguished as a critic than as an original writer, his principal work being his "Poética." He enjoys the questionable glory of being the Coryphæus of French taste in Spain.

FROM THE ADDRESS TO LA ACADEMIA DE LAS NOBLES ARTES.

VIRTUE.

Its ever-varying sway
Inconstant Fate exerts o'er all.
Born subject to successive fall
Each earthly state! — Fleeting the ancient glory
Of early Greece and Rome's immortal name:
Ruins whose grandeur yet survives in story,
And treasured fondly still by long-recording Fame.
Even at the touch of years that pass away,
Cities and empires crumble to decay! —
Virtue sole remains, —
Fair daughter of the Mighty, in whose mind
Perfection of all goodness rests enshrined, —
And, changeless still, her steadfastness maintains.
How vainly Chance
With desperate wrath that peaceful reign would mar!
So 'gainst the rock, 'midst raging ocean stance,
In idle war the headlong waves advance;
While, as the unvarying star
That to the trembling pilot points his course,
Though Aquilo and Notus try their force,
She guides our wandering bark to sheltering havens far.

PAINTING.

Light and mingling shade
Being and birth on Painting first bestowed;
Beneath her hand the varying colors glowed,
And fair design in long perspective showed.
Touch alone could tell,
In the warm tablets' flowing lines, inwrought
With brightest hues, from living nature caught,
How deeply treasured there deception's spell.
All that the eyes surveyed,
All that imagination's power could trace,
Breathed in the Pencil's imitative grace:
O'er the cold canvass form, and soul, and feeling
That wondrous art infused, with power of life;

Portrayed each pulse, each passion's might revealing,
Sorrow and joy, love, hatred, fear, and strife.
Though haply mute, the eternal doubt upsprung,
Can such perfection be denied a tongue?

NICOLAS FERNANDEZ DE MORATIN.

Nicolas Fernandez de Moratin was born at Madrid, in 1737. He studied first at San Ildefonso, and afterwards at the Jesuits' College in Calatayud. Thence he went to Valladolid to study the law, diversifying his pursuits by reading the Greek and Latin classics. He returned to San Ildefonso, where he married. He went afterwards to Madrid, where he soon became distinguished among the literary men of the time. He wrote for the theatre, which he endeavoured to reform. He received many literary honors, and enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent men in his own and in foreign countries. His miscellaneous poems were first published in a periodical form, and entitled "El Poeta." He composed three tragedies, the best of which, "La Hormesinda," was first acted in 1770. Shortly after this, he returned temporarily to the law, without, however, renouncing his poetical pursuits. Having received an appointment as substitute for Ayala in the chair of Poetry at Madrid, he retired from his profession. The rest of his life was spent in literature, and he died at Madrid, May 11, 1780.

FROM AN ODE TO PEDRO ROMERO, THE BULL-FIGHTER.

Along the Plaza moved the gallant youth,
With head erect, and manly pride;
Nor is there one from out the crowd, in sooth,
Who may his boding fears and pity hide.
Yet with smooth brow, and beauteous face,
He scorns the danger that awaits him there:
Scarce had the down begun to grace
His lip, yet conscious courage bids him dare
The fierce encounter; for he feels inspired,
E'en as of old Pelides young was fired.
Then onward doth he to the combat go,—
With what a gait of lordliness,
And manly grace and gentleness!—
And in the midst the Spanish athlete low
Bends to the fair,—whose eyes all-joyous glow
With hopes,—while cymbals loudly sound and trumpets blow.

More valiant looked not Æson's godlike son,
When first in Colchian lands he stepped,
And, breathing fury, tamed the beasts of Mars,—
When from his covert close impetuous leaped
The fierce and pain-bemaddened bull,
Fed where the Jarama's blue waters flow.
Thou, like a god, of valor full,
Await'st the onset,—in that listed field,
Thy sole defence a simple shield,—
Weak safeguard 'gainst so fierce a foe!
With left foot fixed in the ground,
And breast exposed, thou proudly look'st around!
And in thy ample, sinewy right hand
(Flung nobly back,—while smiles irradiant play
Around thy lips) a flaming brand
Is waved,—which Mars might covet in the battle-fray!

Save that the hearts of all are throbbing loud,
Within each pale spectator's breast,—
Deep silence hovered o'er the astonished crowd;
And on each lady's cheek had fear impressed
A mark,—to make their lovers frown,
And feel the pangs of jealousy:
With breath suppressed and strained eye,
The crowd in deep attention wait,
To see their youthful champion's fate.
Called at the signal, forth the bull hath flown,
Bellowing with fury, breathing fire,
And mad with ire.
'Midst his career he sudden stops to look
Upon the matadore's wind-wafted cloak,—
In shape as huge as the Phalarian brute:
He snorts, recoils,—and eager to assail,
He proudly shakes aloft his ample front,
And scatters wide the sand, and points his lengthened tail.

JOSÉ DE CADALSO.

This author was born at Cadiz, October 8, 1741. His parents sent him to Paris very young, where he studied literature and the sciences. Having travelled through France, England, Germany, Italy, and Portugal, he returned to Spain, took the military order of Santiago, and entered the service in 1762, joining the Spanish forces then employed against Portugal. He greatly distinguished himself in the profession of arms, and rose to a high rank. But in the midst of his military occupations he found time for the cultivation of letters, and formed acquaintance with the principal literary men of his time, among whom his advice and example exercised much influence. He died, February 27, 1782, of a wound he received at the siege of Gibraltar.

Cadalso wrote a tragedy after the French models, entitled "Sancho Garcia"; his lyrical poems were first published in 1773, under the title of "Los Ocios de mi Juventud." He is chiefly known by his "Cartas Marruecas," or Moorish Letters, written in the character of a Moor travelling in Spain, on the model of the "Lettres Persanes," and by "Los Eruditos á la Violeta," a satirical work, in which he ridicules the pretensions of literary charlatans.

ANACREONTIC.

Who, crowned with ivy
And vine leaves, descends
From yonder green mountain,
And hitherward wends, —

A flask in his hand
And a smile in his eye,
Surrounded by shepherds
And nymphs, who, with joy,

To the sound of their cymbals
His high deeds record,
Applauding and singing
The gifts of their lord?

'T is certainly Bacchus,
The monarch of vines: —
O, no, 't is the poet
Who fancied these lines!

IMITATION OF GÓNGORA.

That much a widowed wife will moan,
When her old husband 's dead and gone,
I may conceive it:
But that she won't be brisk and gay,
If another offer the next day,
I won't believe it.

That Chloris will repeat to me,
"Of all men, I adore but thee,"
I may conceive it:
But that she has not often sent
To fifty more the compliment,
I won't believe it.

That Celia will accept the choice
Elected by her parents' voice,
I may conceive it:
But that, as soon as all is over,
She won't elect a younger lover,
I won't believe it.

That, when she sees her marriage gown,
Inez will modestly look down,
I may conceive it:
But that she does not, from that hour,
Resolve to amplify her power,
I won't believe it.

That a kind husband to his wife
Permits each pleasure of this life,
I may conceive it:
But that the man so blind should be
As not to see what all else see,
I won't believe it.

That in a mirror young coquettes
Should study all their traps and nets,
I may conceive it:
But that the mirror, above all,
Should be the object principal,
I won't believe it.

GASPAR MELCHIOR DE JOVELLANOS.

This distinguished Spaniard was born at Gijon, in Asturia, January 5, 1744. He studied at Oviedo, Alcalá de Henares, and Ávila. He rose rapidly in the profession of the law, and became a member of various learned societies. He occupied himself with poetry, and wrote a play, entitled, "El Delinquente Honrado," the tragedy of "Pelayo," a translation of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and various poems, which he entitled, "Ocios Juveniles." He enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished among his contemporaries. But his prosperity was suddenly interrupted by the downfall of his friend, the Count de Cabarrus, in whose disgrace he was involved. Being banished from the court, he retired to his native place, where he lived from 1790 to 1797, wholly occupied with literature, and with projects of practical utility. At the end of this period, he was nominated Ambassador to Russia, and soon after was called to Madrid, and appointed Minister of Grace and Justice. He did not long remain in the ministry. The intrigues of the favorite, Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, drove him, in 1798, again to Gijon. In 1801, he was arrested and sent to a Carthusian monastery in the island of Majorca; thence, in 1802, transferred to the castle of Belver, where he endured a close imprisonment for seven years. The change of public affairs in 1808 led to his liberation. Joseph Bonaparte offered him a place in his cabinet, but Jovellanos refused it, and embracing the cause of the insurgents, became a member of the Central Junta, which had the direction of the patriotic forces in defence of the throne and of independence. The junta was dissolved in 1810, in the island of Leon, and Jovellanos embarked at Cadiz for Asturia. But he was driven by a storm to Muros de Noya, in Galicia, where he was detained more than a year, Asturia being then occupied by the French. He finally reached Gijon in 1811, and was received with acclamations by the inhabitants. But the enemy again invaded Asturia, and he was forced to make his escape by sea. Having encountered violent tempests, he died of an acute pulmonary complaint, in the small port of Vega, November 27, 1811.

TO THE SUN.

Great parent of the universe!
Bright ruler of the lucid day!
Thou glorious Sun! whose influence
The endless swarms of life obey,
Drinking existence from thy ray! —
Thou, who from forth the opening womb
Of the fair dawning crystalline
Com'st radiant to thine eastern shrine,
Pouring thy golden floods in light
O'er humblest veil and proudest height;

Whilst thy resplendent car reveals
Its rolling adamantine wheels,
That speed sublime, nor leave a trace,
Through all the airy realms of space:
Welcome thy reign!
Thy morning beams
And crown of rays,
Whose glory never more decays;
While every gladdening bosom feels the gleams
Of joy and peace again!—
Dark-shading Night,
Parent of treasons, perfidies, and guile,
Flies from thy sight,
And far in deep abysses hides the while;
And lazy Sleep,
Her shadows, lying phantasms, and alarms,
A hateful train,
Melt into air; and in their place the charms
Of lucid light and joy gay vigil keep;
And peace and pleasure visit us again.

TOMAS DE YRIARTE.

Tomas de Yriarte was a native of the island of Teneriffe, where he was born September 18, 1750. He studied first at Orotava, and afterwards at Madrid. He wrote much for the stage, furnishing both original plays and translations from the French. He held various public employments, and wrote constantly for the public; but he owes his literary fame chiefly to a poem, entitled, "Música," which he published in 1780, and the "Fábulas Literarias," which appeared in 1782. In 1786, he fell under the censures of the Inquisition, on a charge of inculcating infidel principles, and was obliged to perform a secret penance to obtain absolution. His laborious and sedentary habits aggravated the gout with which he was afflicted, and he died September 17, 1791.

FROM THE FÁBULAS LITERARIAS.

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

You must know that this ditty,
This little romance,
Be it dull, be it witty,
Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain inclosure,
Not far from my manse,
An ass, with composure,
Was passing by chance.

As he went along prying,
With sober advance,
A shepherd's flute lying,
He found there by chance.

Our amateur started
And eyed it askance,
Drew nearer, and snorted
Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, Sir,
Drew music for once;
It entered the flute, Sir,
And blew it by chance.

"Ah!" cried he, in wonder,
"How comes this to pass?
Who will now dare to slander
The skill of an ass?"

And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed by mere chance.

THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

A bear, with whom a Piedmontese
Joined company to earn their bread,
Essayed on half his legs to please
The public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claimed applause,
He asked the ape, "Sir, what think you?"
The ape was skilled in dancing-laws,
And answered, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"
Bruin rejoined; "you are not civil!
Were these legs given for you to mend
The ease and grace with which they swivel?"

It chanced a pig was standing by:
"Bravo! astonishing! encore!"
Exclaimed the critic of the sty;
"Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
Began an inward calculation;
Then, with a face that spoke repentance,
Expressed aloud his meditation:—

"When the sly monkey called me dunce,
I entertained some slight misgiving;
But, Pig, thy praise has proved at once
That dancing will not earn my living."

Let every candidate for fame
Rely upon this wholesome rule:—
Your work is bad, if wise men blame;
But worse, if lauded by a fool.

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA.

José Iglesias was born at Salamanca, in 1753. He studied in the University of that city. He devoted himself particularly to the ancient Spanish poets, and to humorous and satirical composition. He became a priest in the neighbourhood of Salamanca, and discharged the duties of his office with great fidelity. Having thus consecrated himself to the church, he abandoned the light and humorous style of his early writings, and wrote in a more serious vein. He died August 26, 1791.

SONG.

Alexis calls me cruel;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold:

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame;
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

JUAN MELENDEZ VALDES.

This writer was born at Ribera, in the bishopric of Badajoz, March 11, 1754. He studied at Madrid, Segovia, and Salamanca. At the last named city, he had the good fortune to gain the friendship of Cadalso, who directed his studies, and formed his taste to such an extent, that it was said, "Melendez is Cadalso's best work.' In 1781, he went to Madrid, where he became acquainted with Jovellanos, who had already formed a very favorable opinion of his talents. Jovellanos took him into his house, introduced him to his friends, and did all that the most generous friendship could suggest, to promote his success. In 1784, he wrote the pastoral comedy, entitled, "Las Bodas de Camacho el Rico," and in 1785, published his "Poesías Liricas," which were received with extraordinary applause, and established his reputation as a poet. In 1789, he received an appointment in Saragossa, and in 1791, was transferred to Valladolid. In 1797, he was called to Madrid, where his friend and protector, Jovellanos, was at the height of his power; but in the next year he shared in the fall of his illustrious friend, and was banished to Medina del Campo, and in 1800, to Zamora. Having passed through a series of vicissitudes, caused by the political and military occurrences of the times, he returned to Madrid, after the capitulation of Baylen, in 1808. With the final overthrow of the intrusive government of the French, under which he had accepted office, he left Spain, and passed the remainder of his life in France. He died at Montpellier, May 24, 1817.

SACRED ODE.

Lord! in whose sight a thousand years but seem
A fleeting moment, — O Eternal Being!
Turn towards me thy clemency,
Lest like a shadow vain my brief existence flee!

Thou who dost swell with thine ineffable
Spirit the world, — O Being Infinite!
Regard me graciously,
Since than an atom more invisible am I!

Thou in whose mighty, all-protecting hand
The firmament of heaven abides, — O Power!
Since of my soul thou know'st
The fallen and abject state, unveil the virtuous boast!

Thou who dost feed the world's immensity,
O Fount of Life, still inexhaustible!
Hear my despised breath,
Since before thee my life will seem but wretched death!

Thou who dost see within thy boundless mind
Whatever was or will be! — knowledge vast! —
Thy light I now implore,
That I in error's shades may wander lost no more!

Thou, who upon the sacred throne of heaven
In glorious light dost sit, Immutable!
For thine eternal rest,
Exchange, my Lord, the thoughts of this unstable breast!

Thou, whose right hand, if from the abyss withdrawn,
Doth cause the stars to fall, — Omnipotent!
Since I am nothing, take
Sweet mercy upon me, for thy dear Jesus' sake!

Thou, by whose hand the sparrow is sustained,
Father of all, God of the universe!
Thy gifts with gracious speed
Scatter upon my head, since I am poor indeed!

Being Eternal, Infinite! Soul! Life!
Father all-knowing! wise, omniscient Power!
From thine exalted throne,
Since I thy creature am, look down upon thine own!

NOON.

The Sun, 'midst shining glory now concealed
Upon heaven's highest seat,
Darts straightway down upon the parched field
His fierce and burning heat;

And on revolving Noonday calls, that he
His flushed and glowing face
May show the world, and, rising from the sea,
Aurora's reign displace.

The wandering Wind now rests his weary wings,
And hushed in silence broods;
And all the vocal choir of songsters sings
Among the whispering woods.

And sweetly warbling on his oaten pipe,
His own dear shepherd-maid,
The herdboy leads along his flock of sheep
To the sequestered shade;

Where shepherd youths and maids in secret bowers
In song and feast unite,
In joyful band, to pass the sultry hours
Of their siesta light.

The sturdy hunter, bathed in moisture well,
Beneath an oak-tree's boughs,
Beside his faithful dog, his sentinel,
Now yields him to repose.

All, all is calm and silent. O, how sweet,
On this enamelled ground,
At ease recumbent, from its flowery seat
To cast your eyes around!

The busy bee, that round your listening ear
Murmurs with drowsy hum;
The faithful turtles, perched on oak-trees near,
Moaning their mates' sad doom.

And ever in the distance her sweet song
Murmurs lorn Philomel;
While the hoar forest's echoing glades prolong
Her love and music well.

And 'midst the grass slow creeps the rivulet,
In whose bright, limpid stream
The blue sky and the world of boughs are met,
Mirrored in one bright gleam.

And of the elm the hoar and silvery leaves
The slumbering winds scarce blow;
Which, pictured in the bright and tremulous waves,
Follow their motion slow.

These airy mountains, and this fragrant seat,
Bright with a thousand flowers;
These interwoven forests, where the heat
Is tempered in their bowers!

The dark, umbrageous wood, the dense array
Of trunks, through which there peers
Perchance the town; which, in the glow of day,
Like crystal bright appears!

These cooling grottoes! — O retirement blest!
Within thy calm abode,
My mind alone can from her troubles rest
With solitude and God.

Thou giv'st me life, and liberty, and love,
And all I now admire;
And from the winter of my soul dost move
The deep enthusiast fire.

O bounteous Nature, 't is thy healing womb
Alone can peace procure!
Thither all ye, the weary, laden, come,
From storms of life secure!

TO DON GASPAR MELCHIOR JOVELLANOS.

FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

A TRUCE now, dear Jové, to care for a season!
Come, — Easter is nigh, — to the lute let us sing,
Whilst the March wind pines sadly, gay strains such as Teos
Heard warbled 'midst grapes to her bard's Attic string.
Or, beside the mild fire, bid with exquisite converse
The fugitive hours pass in brilliant relief:
They go, — but from night's shady keeping return not;
Why, then, by lost dreams should we make them more brief?

As to gold the white down on the summer peach changes,
So the bloom that my cheek early feathered is fled,
And the years that have passed, bringing wisdom but slowly,
With thousand gray ringlets have mantled my head.
I have seen the vale smile beneath April's sweet blossoms,
Beneath burning June have I seen them decay,
And the pomp and profusion of viny October
Before dull December waste coldly away.

Yes! the days and winged months escape from us like shadows,
And years follow months, as the sea-billows pass:
Mind it not, — we 've a charm against Time's revolutions,
In the bright golden liquor that laughs in the glass.
Pour it out; crowned with myrtle and rose, we will frighten
Chagrin far away with our long, merry shout,
And in pledges quaffed off to wit, wine, and dear woman,
Disregard the rude elements warring without.

For what are they to us, if our bosoms beat lightly,
And beauty and song set our prisoned souls free,
Whilst the bliss which a king would exchange for a sceptre,
Love, the holy enchantress, consigns me in thee?
I remember, one eve, when the sun, half in shadow,
Sank slow to his own western island afar,

Whilst the peasants and peasant-girls danced near my trellis,
And I in the porch touched my festal guitar;

How I sang the rich treasure which Heaven, in its bounty,
Had lent, to console me in pleasure and pain,
And in prayers for thy welfare implored all its angels, —
Thy welfare, so dear to our own native Spain;
Smit with passionate thirst, in my right hand the beaker
I filled till the bright bubbles danced o'er the top,
And to thee and to thine, in a frenzy of feeling,
Drained it manfully off to the last purple drop;

And whilst maiden and youth stood in loud admiration
Applauding the feat, how I filled it again,
And with yet deeper rapture a second time emptied
Its bowl of the glory that brightened my brain;
Singing still, singing still, in my zeal for thy glory,
As now to my lute in its ardent excess,
Thy virtues, thy fame in the land's future story,
And the bliss, more than all, that in thee we possess!

LEANDRO FERNANDEZ MORATIN.

Leandro Fernandez Moratin, the son of the poet Nicolas, was born at Madrid, March 10, 1760. His father destined him to a life of business, and was not a little surprised to find, that, at the age of eighteen, he ventured to compete for the Royal Academy's poetical prize, by offering, in 1779, a heroic ballad on the taking of Granada. The next year his father died, and, in order to support his mother, he continued to work several years at the trade of jeweller, in which he had been brought up. He did not, however, renounce his literary occupations. In 1782, he again offered a poem to the Royal Academy; but it was not until 1786 that he was able to find a position suitable to his taste and talents. In that year, the Count de Cabarrus, being sent to Paris on important business, appointed Moratin his secretary, by the advice of Jovellanos. There he became acquainted with Goldoni, who contributed to the formation of his taste in comedy. Returning to Spain, he received from the government an ecclesiastical benefice, and was ordained in 1789. His situation was greatly improved, soon after, by a promotion to a much more valuable benefice in Montoro, which enabled him to follow his literary occupations uninterruptedly. Having obtained leave to travel, he visited France, England, Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and then fixed his residence at Bologna, where he remained until 1796, when he returned to Spain. In 1808, he withdrew from Madrid, but returning with the French, was appointed librarian in 1811. Again, when the French evacuated Madrid in 1812, he was forced to leave the capital, and was, for a time, reduced to a state of the most lamentable destitution; but at length, his property, which had been sequestrated, was restored to him. In 1817, he went to France, and remained in Paris until 1820, and thence returned to Barcelona, where, in 1821, he published an edition of his father's writings. Once more he took up his residence in Paris, where he died June 21, 1828, at the age of sixty-eight.

FROM EL VIEJO Y LA NIÑA.

DON ROQUE.

This, Muñoz, is our opportunity.

MUÑOZ.

Go to! go to!

DON ROQUE.

But look ye, now, Muñoz, —
This is our opportunity; while I
Keep watch to see if any one approach,
Do thou go hide, as we have settled it.
Bestir! Why, how now, man? How slow thou art!

MUÑOZ.

I am not very lively, it is true.

DON ROQUE.

Come, come, — despatch! On this side you can enter.

[He walks to the canopy. Muñoz remains still.

MUÑOZ.

Sooth to say, an excellent contrivance!

DON ROQUE.

How now?

MUÑOZ.

Go to! — I say, 't is useless all.
What, think you, shall we do by hiding here?
'T is labor lost, — in vain, — if I have eyes.
I hope, — nay, take for granted, — that to-day
They go, — and we remain. What then? Why, that
Trouble and jealousies will never cease.

DON ROQUE.

And, prithee, wherefore?

MUÑOZ.

Canst thou not divine?
Because dull, frozen age and May-tide youth
Can never meet in dalliance. If she live
In constant fear, — to solitude condemned, —
Each day to play the nurse, and mend your hose, —
To see this face and form, for aye, — to hear
The endless growling of your phthisicky cough, —
To warm o' winter nights your woollen wrappers, —
To cook your herbs, prepare rank ointments, and

Your powders, plasters, cataplasms; — how shall
Her delicate hands take pleasure in such work?
'T is mingling oil and vinegar! Go to!
Believe me, master, though she smile, her face
Portrays her heart's dissemblance.

DON ROQUE.

Thou mistak'st, —
Prate is thy pleasure. Come, now, to our purpose!

MUÑOZ.

I will not crouch me like a spaniel hound;
And thou art sore beset with gins and traps.
Look to hear tender whisperings at each step;
Your movements will be watched by prying eyes,
And juggling hands will dexterously convey
The billet-doux, for assignations sweet,
When they may carry on their vile intrigues.

DON ROQUE.

Ay, now, in part I take thy meaning, Muñoz, —
Her inclination *hankers for such fare*!

MUÑOZ.

No, no, — you understand not, — 't is not so:
Her age — her age is that wherein lies hid
The mystery. Men and women — more or less —
Have minds o' th' selfsame metal, mould, and form.
Doth not the infant love to sport and laugh,
And tie a kettle to a *puppy's* tail?
Doth not the dimpled girl her kerchief don
(Mocking her elder) mantilla-wise, — then speed
To mass and noontide visits, where are bandied
Smooth gossip-words of sugared *compliment*?
But when at budding womanhood arrived,
She casts aside all childish games, nor thinks
Of aught save some gay paranymph, — who, caught
In Love's stout meshes, flutters round the door,
And fondly beckons her away from home;
The whilst, her lady mother fain would cage
The foolish bird within its narrow cell!
And then the grandam idly wastes her breath
In venting saws 'bout maiden modesty
And strict decorum, — from some musty volume:
But the clipped wings will quickly sprout again;
And whilst the doting father thinks his child
A paragon of worth and bashfulness,
Her thoughts are hovering round the precious form
Of her sweet furnace-breathing Don Diego; —
And he, all proof 'gainst dews and nightly blasts,
In breathless expectation waits to see
His panting Rosa at the postern-door;
While she sighs forth, "My gentle cavalier!"
And then they straightway fall to kissing hands,
And antic gestures, — such as lovers use, —
Expressive of their wish quickly to tie
The Gordian knot of marriage; pretty creatures!
But why not earlier to have thought of this, —
When he, the innocent youth, was wont to play
At *coscogilla;* and the prattling girl,
Amid her nursery companions, toiled
In sempstress labors for her wooden dolls?
Ah! wherefore, did I ask? Because, forsooth,
Their ways are changed with their increasing years!
For when for gallantry the time be come,
And when the stagnant blood begins to boil
Within the veins, my Master, — then the lads
Cast longing looks on damosels; — for nature
Defies restraint, — and kin-birds flock together.
And think not, Master, Chance disposes thus;
Or were it so, then Chance directs us all,
Whene'er we have attained the important age.
I — thy Muñoz — am a living instance!
Was I not once a lively, laughing boy?
And, in my stripling age, did I not love
The pastimes suited to those madcap days?
O, would to Heaven those times were present still!
But wherefore fret myself with hopes so vain?
The silly thought doth find no shelter here, —
That any beauty, with dark, roguish eyes,
With sparkling blood, and rising warmth of youth,
Would e'er affect this wrinkled face of mine:
The very thought doth smack of foolishness!
And though the truth may be a bitter pill,
Yet, Señor Don Roque de Urrutia,
It is most fitting that we know ourselves.

DON ROQUE.

Peace, peace, good Muñoz, for the love of Heaven!
No more of this, — for every word
Is a sharp dagger to my heart.

MUÑOZ.

'T is meet
That I explain myself in phrases such
As my poor wit can furnish.

FROM THE EPISTLE TO LASO.

SWEET peace of mind, that only mortal joy,
Can ne'er be found, until ambitious rage
Is quelled, and vicious bonds are boldly severed.
Nor hope the charm to find in poverty,
Which squalid fevers, and despair, and crime
Accompany, — nor is it gained by all
The wealth which royal coffers can bestow.
The unenlightened vulgar and the vain
To Fortune's luring idol homage bring;
But prudent moderation is alone
The virtue of the wise. O, blest is he
Who in the golden mean, from both extremes
Removed, enjoys that calm so little known!
He envies not his neighbour's happiness;
He neither fears the proud man's anger, nor
His favor courts; truth falling from his tongue,
He Vice abhors, — and though earth's sceptre she
Should grasp, and servile slaves should bow before her,
Free, innocent, retired, and happy lives,
Of none the master, and of none the slave.

O thou, fair wandering Arlas' humble shore,
So rich in Ceres' gifts, her fruits and vines!
Thou verdant plain, that giv'st a pasture to
The wandering flock! thou lofty-towering hill!
Thou forest dark and cool! — ah! when shall I,
A blest inhabitant, be here possessed
Of one small, rural, and convenient spot,
A temple sacred to the Muses and
To friendship, — grateful unto Heaven and man, —
And see my fleeting years roll gently by
In a delicious peace? A frugal board;
A lovely garden rich in fruits and flowers,
Which I myself shall till; melodious streams
From summits gliding downward to the vale,
And forming there a smooth, transparent lake
For Venus' swans; a hidden grotto, decked
With moss and laurel; tuneful birds, that flit
Around as free as I; the gentle sound
Of humming bees around the honeycomb;
And light winds breathing odoriferous balm:
This is sufficient for my heart, — and when
At length the silence of the eternal night
In gloom envelopes me, I shall repose
A happy shade, if but some tender tears
Should sweetly bathe my sepulchre.

JUAN BAUTISTA DE ARRIAZA Y SUPERVIELA.

Juan Bautista de Arriaza was born at Madrid, in 1770. He acquired the rudiments of education in the Seminary of Nobles there, and studied the sciences in the military school at Segovia. Having completed his studies, he entered the service of the royal navy. He continued in this career until 1798, when a severe disease of the eyes compelled him to retire. He had already published some of his poems, which showed to the world his uncommon talents. He now entered upon diplomacy, and was appointed Secretary of Legation in London, where he finished, in 1802, his descriptive and moral poem, "Emilia," which was published the following year at Madrid. In 1805, he went to Paris, and on his return, two years afterward, to Spain, took part in the political movements of the following years, and maintained the cause of the king and of absolutism, both against Joseph Bonaparte and the French faction, and against the constitutional party of 1812. At the Restoration, his services were rewarded by the king with several high appointments in the court. Thenceforward, he gave much of his time to poetry. The best edition of his lyrical poems was published at Madrid, in 1829, and reprinted at Paris, in 1834. His works are distinguished for clearness, harmony, and elegance of style. He has shown great fertility of invention, and richness of genius. Maury says, "Since Lope de Vega, Arriaza is the only one of our poets who seems to think in verse."

THE VAIN RESOLUTION.

In fair Elfrida's chains I once was bound;
She proudly with my faithful homage bore,
Then scorned my vows: — but time has closed the wound,
And now, O Love, I swear to love no more!

Love, in these latter days is lost in art,
And with the frost of falsehood it is hoar;
It has no charms to fascinate the heart,
Its better reign is done: — I 'll love no more!

"Say," asked the little god, "what fears affright thee?
All thy fair fortunes I will soon restore;
The Graces, three in one, shall now delight thee." —
No matter, Love, I wish to love no more!

Delina then he set before my eyes, —
One like the fair ideals known of yore;
A star she seemed, just fallen from the skies: —
But still I swore that I would love no more!

At her fair side the rose would lose its smile,
And pale would burn the beacon on the shore;
Full many a heart her charms may well beguile,
But never mine: — for I will love no more!

She walks, — and, springing up to kiss her feet,
The flowerets seem to me from earth to soar;
She sings, with voice most musically sweet: —
Still, still I swear that I will love no more!

Many the lovers who their homage bring;
Her conquests I would surely not deplore, —
Nay, her fair praises I would gladly sing:
I give my verse, — but I will love no more!

"Join her gay train," the blind boy softly cried,
"Nor weakly fear her beauty to adore;
If in its light thy heart is truly tried,
Thou canst renew thy vow to love no more."

Strange as it seems, I heeded not the wile
By which I had been led away before,
Nor even marked Love's bright malicious smile,
As, once again, I swore to love no more!

In my lost heart there rises every hour
A purer flame than that which burned of yore:
Delina, thou hast taught me all Love's power!
To see thee is to love thee evermore!

FRANCISCO MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA.

This distinguished man was born at Granada, March 10, 1789. He studied at the University, and afterwards became Professor in the College of San Miguel. When Spain was invaded in 1808, he enlisted under the standard of the national party, which he encouraged and supported

by his patriotic writings. He was obliged to take refuge in Cadiz from the victorious arms of the French. He was intrusted with various diplomatic negotiations, and, among the rest, was sent to London, where he published his poem of "Zaragoza." On his return to Cadiz, in 1812, he composed his tragedy of "La Viuda de Padilla," which was represented in the midst of the siege of that city, so that the spectators, on their way to the theatre, were exposed to danger from the bursting of the bombs which were continually thrown into the city by the French. In 1814, he was appointed a member, from Granada, of the cortes convoked at Madrid. At the Restoration, he was sent to Africa, and imprisoned in consequence of the zeal with which he had supported the constitutional party. The revolution of 1820 restored him to liberty, and he was a member of the extraordinary cortes of 1820 and 1821, in which he distinguished himself by his eloquence and his moderation. In 1822, he became, against his will, a member of the cabinet; but was driven from office by the crisis of the 7th of July, and came near losing his life. The Restoration of 1823 again drove him into banishment. After travelling through Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, he fixed his residence in Paris, where he remained, devoted to poetry and letters, and occupied with the publication of his "Obras Literarias," until 1831, when, by the king's permission, he returned to his country, and lived in Malaga. Here he collected and revised his "Poesías Líricas," which were printed in 1833, at Madrid. Since then, he has written a variety of historical, lyrical, and dramatic works. His poetical style is marked by ease, picturesqueness, and harmony.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Come to my bidding, gentle damsels fair,
That haunt the banks of Douro and Genil!
Come, crowned with roses in your fragrant hair,
More fresh and pure than April balms distil!

With long, dark locks adown your shoulders straying;
With eyes of fire, and lips of honeyed power;
Uncinctured robes, the bosom bare displaying,
Let songs of love escort me to the bower.

With love resounds the murmur of the stream;
With love the nightingale awakes the grove;
O'er wood and mountain love inspires the theme,
And Earth and Heaven repeat the strain of love.

Even there, where, 'midst the Alcazar's Moorish pride,
Three centuries of ruin sleep profound,
From marble walls, with gold diversified,
The sullen echoes murmur love around.

Where are its glories now?—the pomps, the charms,
The triumph, the emprise of proud display,
The song, the dance, the feast, the deeds of arms,
The gardens, baths, and fountains,—where are they?

Round jasper columns thorns and ivy creep;
Where roses blossomed, brambles now o'erspread:
The mournful ruins bid the spirit weep;
The broken fragments stay the passing tread.

Ye nymphs of Douro! to my words give heed;
Behold how transient pride and glory prove;
Then, while the headlong moments urge their speed,
Taste happiness, and try the joys of love.

ÁNGEL DE SAAVEDRA, DUQUE DE RIVAS.

This nobleman, who unites the qualities of the soldier, patriot, and statesman to the genius of the poet and painter, was born at Córdova, March 1, 1791. He studied in the Seminary of Nobles at Madrid, and in 1807 entered the royal guards. He fought in the battles of Rio Seco, Tudela, Uclés, Ciudad Real, Talavera, and Ocaña. In the last he received eleven severe wounds, and was borne from the field by a soldier of cavalry. He was made prisoner at Malaga by General Sebastiani, but succeeded in escaping to Gibraltar, and afterwards to Cadiz. He was present during the whole siege of Cadiz, and took part in the battle of Chiclana. In 1820, he supported the constitutional party with great zeal, and about this time published two volumes of "Poesías." He also represented Córdova in the cortes, and when that body was dissolved by the French in 1823, he went to London, where he occupied himself with literary labors. His love of painting attracted him to Italy. He reached Leghorn in July, 1825, but, not being allowed to remain there, crossed over to Malta, where he was received, both by the English and the natives, with great distinction. While here, he studied painting and literature, and finished his epic poem of "Florinda." He remained in Malta until 1830. Not being permitted by the government of Charles the Tenth to reside in Paris, he opened a school of drawing in Orléans; but after the July revolution, he lived in Paris, with his wife and children. In 1832, he finished a work, entitled "El Moro Expósito," written in the romantic, as distinguished from the classical style, to which he had adhered in his former productions. In 1834, he was restored to his country, and having succeeded to the dukedom of Rivas, by the death of his elder brother, took rank among the chief grandees of Spain. Since then, he has written several dramatic pieces.

ODE TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AT MALTA.

The world in dreary darkness sleeps profound;
The storm-clouds hurry on, by hoarse winds driven;
And night's dull shades and spectral mists confound
Earth, sea, and heaven!

King of surrounding Chaos! thy dim form
Rises with fiery crown upon thy brow,
To scatter light and peace amid the storm,
And life bestow.

In vain the sea with thundering waves may peal
And burst beneath thy feet in giant sport,
Till the white foam in snowy clouds conceal
The sheltering port:

Thy flaming tongue proclaims, "Behold the shore!"
And voiceless hails the weary pilot back,
Whose watchful eyes, like worshippers, explore
Thy shining track.

Now silent night a gorgeous mantle wears, —
By sportive winds the clouds are scattered far,
And, lo! with starry train the moon appears
In circling car.

While the pale mist, that thy tall brow enshrouds,
In vain would veil thy diadem from sight,
Whose form colossal seems to touch the clouds
With starlike light.

Ocean's perfidious waves may calmly sleep,
Yet hide sharp rocks, — the cliff, false signs display, —
And luring lights, far flashing o'er the deep,
The ship betray:

But thou, whose splendor dims each lesser beam, —
Whose firm, unmoved position might declare
Thy throne a monarch's, — like the North Star's gleam,
Reveal'st each snare.

So Reason's steady torch, with light as pure,
Dispels the gloom, when stormy passions rise,
Or Fortune's cheating phantoms would obscure
The soul's dim eyes.

Since I am cast by adverse fortunes here,
Where thou presidest o'er this scanty soil,
And bounteous Heaven a shelter grants to cheer
My spirit's toil;

Frequent I turn to thee, with homage mute,
Ere yet each troubled thought is calmed in sleep,
And still thy gem-like brow my eyes salute
Above the deep.

How many now may gaze on this seashore,
Alas! like me, as exiles doomed to roam!
Some who, perchance, would greet a wife once more,
Or children's home!

Wanderers, by poverty or despots driven
To seek a refuge, as I do, afar,
Here find, at last, the sign of welcome given, —
A hospitable star!

And still, to guide the bark, it calmly shines, —
The bark that from my native land oft bears
Tidings of bitter griefs, and mournful lines
Written with tears.

When first thy vision flashed upon my eyes,
And all its dazzling glory I beheld,
O, how my heart, long used to miseries,
With rapture swelled!

Inhospitable Latium's shores were lost,
And, as amid the threatening waves we steered,
When near to dangerous shoals, by tempests tossed,
Thy light appeared.

No saints the fickle mariners then praised,
But vows and prayers forgot they with the night,
While from the silent gloom the cry was raised,
"Malta in sight!"

And thou wert like a sainted image crowned,
Whose forehead bears a shower of golden rays,
Which pilgrims, seeking health and peace, surround
With holy praise.

Never may I forget thee! One alone
Of cherished objects shall with thee aspire,
King of the Night! to match thy lofty throne
And friendly fire:

That vision still with sparkling light appears
In the sun's dazzling beams at matin hour,
And is the golden angel memory rears
On Córdova's proud tower.

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA.

This poet was a native of the island of Cuba. During a residence in the United States, in the year 1825, he published at New York a collection of pieces, entitled, "Poesias de José Maria Heredia," some of which are of distinguished merit. He died in 1839, at the age of thirty-five years.

NIAGARA.

My lyre! give me my lyre! my bosom feels
The glow of inspiration. O, how long
Have I been left in darkness, since this light

Last visited my brow! Niagara!
Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore
The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
For from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage, —
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
Meet there and madden, — waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap the barrier, — the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks my restless eye? Why are not here,
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms, —
Ah, the delicious palms, — that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun,
And, in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue?

But no, Ningara, — thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle, and frail rose may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name.

God of all truth! in other lands I 've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness,
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent, that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself, —
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So pass of man —
Pass, like a noonday dream — the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!
Feel that my youth is withered, and my brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and care.

Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
Be happy without love? I would that one,
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me, now shared my lonely walk
On this tremendous brink. 'T were sweet to see
Her dear face touched with paleness, and become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile while clinging to my side.
Dreams, — dreams! I am an exile, and for me
There is no country and there is no love.

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse,
Might be, like thee, immortal! I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

PORTUGUESE LANGUAGE AND POETRY.

The Portuguese language is that form which the Romance assumed on the Atlantic seaboard of the Peninsula, and was originally one and the same with the Galician dialect of Spain. It is a sister dialect of the Spanish or Castilian, to which it bears a striking resemblance. "Daughters of the same country," says a Portuguese writer,* "but differently educated, they have distinct features, and a different genius, gait, and manner; and yet there is in the features of both that family likeness (*ar de familia*), which is recognized at the first glance." The Portuguese is softer and more musical than the Spanish, but wants the Spanish strength and majesty. It has discarded the Arabic guttural, but has adopted the equally unmusical nasal of the French.† Sismondi calls it *un Castillan désossé*, "boned Castilian."

The history of Portuguese poetry may be divided into three periods, corresponding with those of the Spanish. I. From 1150 to 1500. II. From 1500 to 1700. III. From 1700 to the present time.

I. From 1150 to 1500. The first names recorded in the annals of Portuguese poetry are those of Gonzalo Hermiguez, and Egaz Moniz. They flourished about the middle of the twelfth century, during the reign of Alfonso the First. They were knights of his court, and, like all poetic knights, since knighthood first began, sang of love and its despairs, — "the sweet pains and pleasant woes of true love." Some specimens of their songs have been published by Faria y Souza.* To the same period belongs also the first essay in Portuguese epic poetry; the fragment of an old chronicle of the conquest of Spain by the Moors, from the hand of an unknown author.

During the thirteenth century, no advance was made in Portuguese poetry, though the language became more fixed and subject to rules. In the last half of this century, King Diniz (Dionysius), like his contemporary, Alfonso the Wise, of Spain, displayed himself as a poet and the friend of poets. He likewise founded, in 1290, the National University. His poems are preserved in *Cancioneiros*, as yet unpublished.

In the fourteenth century, the entire Portuguese Parnassus seems to have escheated to the crown. Hardly a poetic name of that century survives, which does not belong to the royal family. Alfonso the Fourth, son of King Diniz, was a poet; so was his brother, Alfonso Sanchez; so was Pedro the First, the poetical part of whose history is not in what he wrote, but in what he did, in the romantic episode of "Ignez de Castro."

The Portuguese poetry of the fifteenth century, like the Spanish, is preserved, for the most part, in the Song-books, or *Cancioneiros Geraes*.† That of Garcia de Resende is said to contain the names of more authors than the Spanish collection, that is, more than one hundred and thirty-six. Among these, the most distinguished are Bernardim Ribeyro, and Christovaõ Falcaõ. Ribeyro is called the Portuguese Ennius; and his fame rests chiefly upon his eclogues, and his pastoral romance in prose, "Menina e Moça" (The Innocent Maiden), the prototype of Montemayor's "Diana." Falcaõ

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* Bosquejo da Historia da Poesia e Lingua Portugueza (by Almeida Garrett), in Fonseca's Parnaso Lusitano. 5 vols. Paris. 32mo.

† "The Romance, out of which the present Portuguese language has grown" (says Bouterwek, in the Introduction to his History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, Vol. I, pp. 12–14), "was probably spoken along the coast of the Atlantic long before a kingdom of Portugal was founded. Though far more nearly allied to the Castilian dialect than to the Catalonian, it resembles the latter in the remarkable abbreviation of words, both in the grammatical structure and in the pronunciation. At the same time, it is strikingly distinguished from the Castilian by the total rejection of the guttural, by the great abundance of its hissing sounds, and by a nasal pronunciation common to no people in Europe except the French and the Portuguese. In the Spanish province of Galicia, only politically separated from Portugal, this dialect, known under the name of *lingoa Gallega*, is still as indigenous as in Portugal itself, and was, at an early period, so highly esteemed, that Alfonso the Tenth, king of Castile, surnamed the Wise (*el Sabio*), composed verses in it. But the Galician modification of this dialect of the western shores of the Peninsula has sunk, like the Catalonian Romance of the opposite coast, into a mere provincial idiom, in consequence of the language of the Castilian court being adopted by the higher classes in Galicia. Indeed, the Portuguese language, which, in its present state of improvement, must no longer be confounded with the popular idiom of Galicia, would have experienced great difficulty in obtaining a literary cultivation, had not Portugal, which, even in the twelfth century, formed an independent kingdom, constantly vied in arts and in arms with Castile, and during the sixty years of her union with Spain, from 1580 to 1640, zealously maintained her particular national character."

* Europa Portuguesa. Por Manuel de Faria y Souza. 3 vols. Lisboa. 1678–80. fol.

† The *Cancioneiro* usually spoken of is that of Garcia de Resende, published in 1516. Another was made in 1577, by Father Pedro Ribeyro, but never printed. One of the series of the "Bibliothek des Literarischen Vereins," in Stuttgart, now in press, is entitled "Der Portugiesische Cancioneiro, herausgegeben von Archivrath Kausler." The full title is not given.

was a knight of the order of Christ, an admiral, and a governor of Madeira, as well as a poet. His principal work is the eclogue of "Crisfal," in which, as in the writings of Ribeyro, the Tagus, the Mondego, and the rocks and groves of Cintra form the scenery, and the heroine is the poet's mistress. At the conclusion of this pastoral, a wood nymph, who has overheard the lover's complaints, "inscribes them on a poplar, in order, as it is said, that they may grow with the tree to a height beyond the reach of vulgar ideas." *

To this century belong, doubtless, many of the Portuguese ballads, of which no collection has yet been published. This was the heroic age of Portugal, when "a tender as well as heroic spirit, a fiery activity and a soft enthusiasm, war and love, poetry and glory, filled the whole nation; which was carried, by its courage and spirit of chivalrous enterprise, far over the ocean to Africa and India. This separation from home, and the dangers encountered on the ocean, in distant climes, and unknown regions, gave their songs a tone of melancholy and complaining love, which strangely contrasts with their enthusiasm for action, their heroic fire, and even cruelty." †

II. From 1500 to 1700. This is the most illustrious period of Portuguese literature. At its commencement, the classic or Italian taste was introduced by Saa de Miranda, and Antonio Ferreira, as it was in Spain by Boscan and Garcilaso. Saa de Miranda is called the Portuguese Theocritus, as indicating his supremacy in bucolic poetry. Living for the most part in the seclusion of the country, he made his song an image of his life; for he divided his hours between domestic ease, hunting the wolf through the forests of Entre Douro e Minho, and, as he himself expresses it, "culling flowers with the Muses, the Loves, and the Graces." From his solitude he sang to his countrymen the charms of a simple life, the dangers of foreign luxuries, and the enervating effects of "the perfumes of Indian spices." Antonio Ferreira was surnamed the Portuguese Horace. He is distinguished for the beauty of his odes, which have become the models for the poets of his nation, as those of Herrera and Luis de Leon are for those of Spain. To these distinguished names may be added a third, of equal, if not greater, distinction, that of Gil Vicente, the Portuguese Plautus. Had he been born later, or under more auspicious dramatic influences, he might have stood beside the great Lope de Vega; as it is, his fame is by no means inconsiderable, and Erasmus is said to have studied Portuguese for the purpose of reading his comedies. He persevered to the last in adhering to the old national taste, in opposition to the new school of Saa de Miranda and Ferreira.

But the greatest poet of the sixteenth century, as of all others in Portuguese poetry, is he who sang of

> "the renowned men,
> Who, from the western Lusitanian shore,
> Sailing through seas man never sailed before,
> Passed beyond Taprobane," —

Luis de Camoens, author of the national epic, "Os Lusiadas," who lived in poverty and wretchedness, died in the Lisbon hospital, and, after death, was surnamed the Great, — a title never given before, save to popes and emperors. The life of no poet is so full of vicissitude and romantic adventure as that of Camoens. In youth, he was banished from Lisbon on account of a love affair with Catharina de Attayda, a *dama do paço*, or lady of honor at court; he served against the Moors as a volunteer on board the fleet in the Mediterranean, and lost his right eye by a gun-shot wound in a battle off Ceuta; he returned to Lisbon, proud and poor, but found no favor at court, and no means of a livelihood in the city; he abandoned his native land for India, indignantly exclaiming with Scipio, "*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!*" three ships of the squadron were lost in a storm, he reached Goa safely in the fourth; he fought under the king of Cochin against the king of Pimenta; he fought against the Arabian corsairs in the Red Sea; he was banished from Goa to the island of Macao, where he became administrator of the effects of deceased persons, and where he wrote the greater part of the "Lusiad"; he was shipwrecked on the coast of Camboya, saving only his life and his poem, the manuscript of which he brought ashore saturated with sea-water; he was accused of malversation in office, and thrown into prison at Goa; after an absence of sixteen years, he returned in abject poverty to Lisbon, then ravaged by the plague; he lived a few years on a wretched pension granted him by King Sebastian when the "Lusiad" was published, and on the alms which a slave he had brought with him from India collected at night in the streets of Lisbon; and finally died in the hospital, exclaiming, "Who could believe that on so small a stage as that of one poor bed Fortune would choose to represent so great a tragedy?" Thus was completed the Iliad of his woes. Fifteen years afterward, a splendid monument was erected to his memory; so that, as has been said of another, "he asked for bread, and they gave him a stone."

The other poets of this century are eclipsed and rendered almost invisible by the superior splendor of Camoens. Those most worthy of mention among them are Pedro de Andrade Caminha, and Diogo Bernardes, both admirers and disciples of Ferreira and the classic school; and Francisco Rodriguez Lobo, whose "Corte na Aldea, e Noites de Inverno" (The Court in the Country, and Winter Nights), with its stately phrases and Ciceronian fulness of periods, is one of the earliest specimens of elegant and cultivated prose in Portuguese literature, and

* Ross's Bouterwek, Vol. II., p. 42.

† Encyclopædia Americana, Art. *Portuguese Language and Literature.*

in whose three pastoral romances, "Primavera" (Spring), "O Pastor Peregrino" (The Wandering Shepherd), and "O Desenganado" (The Disenchanted), the whole bucolic passion of the nation seems to have reached its perfect blossom and most luxuriant expansion, till, overpowered by excess, in dreamy mazes lost, the reader begins to "envy no man's nightingale or spring," and exclaims, with George Herbert, —

"Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veiled, while he that reads divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?"

To the sixteenth century belongs the origin of the Portuguese drama, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, its entire history. It begins with Saa de Miranda; for, if any dramatic works were produced before his day, they are now lost and forgotten. He is the author of two comedies in prose, which are imitations of Plautus and Terence, and in their general character not unlike the Italian imitations of these classic models, of the same age, the "Calandria" of Cardinal Bibbiena, and Ariosto's "Cassaria." Ferreira also wrote plays; and notwithstanding he was called the Portuguese Horace for the excellence of his odes, his fame at the present day rests chiefly upon his tragedy of "Ignez de Castro." The subject of this tragedy is drawn from Portuguese history, being the well known tale of Dom Pedro's wife. In style and management it is an imitation of the Greek tragedy, with choruses of Coimbrian women.

But the greatest of the old playwrights, and, in truth, the greatest dramatic genius that Portugal has produced, is Gil Vicente, who, as has already been remarked, is surnamed the Portuguese Plautus. He belongs to the national or romantic, not to the classic school; and has left behind him thirty-four pieces in his native tongue, and several others in Spanish. They are divided into Christmas plays, or *autos sacramentales*, comedies, tragi-comedies, and farces. Of these, the *autos* are the most important, and display most prominently the author's characteristic beauties and defects. The following analysis of some of his pieces is from Bouterwek's excellent "History of Portuguese Literature" (pp. 92–99), and shows with what gaudy colors, and on how large a canvass, this ancient scene-painter illustrated his art.

"The invention and the execution of Gil Vicente's *autos* present an equal degree of rudeness. The least artificial are also those in which the most decided traits of national character appear. The shepherds and shepherdesses who are introduced into these *autos* are Portuguese and Spanish both in their names and manners. Their simple phrases and turns of language are similar to those employed by the characters in Saa de Miranda's eclogues, except that their discourse is more negligent, and occasionally more coarse. In combining the appearance of angels, the Devil, the Holy Virgin, and allegorical characters, with popular scenes, an effect perfectly consistent with the ideas of the audience was produced; for, according to the Catholic doctrine, the miracles with which Christianity commenced are continued without intermission; through the mysteries of faith, the connection between the terrestrial, celestial, and infernal worlds is declared; and by allegory, that connection is rendered perceptible. The critic would therefore judge very unfairly, were he to regard as proofs of bad taste the consequences which a poet naturally entails on himself in writing according to the spirit of his religion. Making allowance, however, for that spirit, the rudeness of Gil Vicente's *autos* must be acknowledged even by him, who, measuring them by the rule of critical judgment, is *perfectly disposed* to view every system of religion only on its poetic side. For instance, in one of the simplest of these *autos*, some shepherds, who discourse in Spanish, enter a chapel, which is decorated with all the apparatus necessary for the celebration of the festival of Christmas. The shepherds cannot sufficiently express their rustic admiration of the pomp exhibited in the chapel. Faith (*La Fé*) enters as an allegorical character. She speaks Portuguese, and, after announcing herself to the shepherds as True Faith, she explains to them the nature of faith, and enters into an historical relation of the mysteries of the incarnation. This is the whole subject of the piece. Another *auto*, in which the poet's fancy has taken a wider range, presents scenes of a more varied nature. Mercury enters as an allegorical character, and as the representative of the planet which bears his name. He explains the theory of the planetary system and the zodiac, and cites astronomical facts from Regiomontanus, in a long series of stanzas in the old national style. A seraph then appears, who is sent down from heaven by God in compliance with the prayers of Time. The seraph, in the quality of a herald, proclaims a large yearly fair in honor of the Holy Virgin, and invites customers to it. A devil next makes his appearance with a little stall which he carries before him. He gets into a dispute with Time and the seraph, and asserts that among men such as they are he shall be sure to find purchasers for his wares. He therefore leaves to every customer his free choice. Mercury then summons Eternal Rome as the representative of the church. She appears, and offers for sale peace of mind, as the most precious of her merchandise. The devil remonstrates, and Rome retires. Two Portuguese peasants now appear in the market. One is very anxious to sell his wife, and observes, that, if he cannot sell her, he will give her away for nothing, as she is a wicked spendthrift. Amidst this kind of conversation, a party of peasant women enter, one of whom, with considerable comic warmth, vents bitter

complaints against her husband. The man who has already been inveighing against his wife immediately recognizes her, and says, 'That is my slippery helpmate.' During this succession of comic scenes, the action does not advance. The devil at last opens his little stall, and displays his stock of goods to the female peasants; but one of them, who is the most pious of the party, seems to suspect that all is not quite right with regard to the merchandise, and she exclaims, 'Jesus! Jesus! True God and man!' The devil immediately takes to flight, and does not reappear; but the seraph again comes forward and mingles with the rustic groups. The throng continues to increase; other countrywomen, with baskets on their heads, arrive; and the market is stored with vegetables, poultry, and other articles of rural produce. The seraph offers virtues for sale; but they find no purchasers. The peasant girls observe, that in their village money is more sought after than virtue, when a young man wants a wife. One of the party, however, says, that she wished to come to the market, because it happened to fall on the festival of the Mother of God; and because the Virgin does not sell her gifts of grace (*as graças*), but she distributes them *gratis* (*de graça*). This observation crowns the theological morality of the piece, which terminates with a hymn of praise, in the popular style, in honor of the Holy Virgin.

"These specimens will afford an adequate idea of the spirit and style of Gil Vicente's *autos*. His largest work of this class may, however, be referred to, in proof of the little attention he bestowed on dramatic plan in the composition of his spiritual comedies. It purports to be 'A Summary of the History of God.' After the prologue, which is spoken by an angel, Sir Lucifer (*Senhor Lucifer*) enters, attended by a numerous retinue of devils. Belial is president of his court of justice (*meirinho de corte*), and Satan gentleman of his privy council (*fidalgo do conselho*). After this privy councillor has performed his part in the temptation of Adam and Eve in Paradise, the whole details of which are represented on the stage, Lucifer confers on him the dignities of duke and captain of the kingdoms of the world. Next succeeds a series of scenes which summarily represent the history of the Christian redemption. The World, accompanied by Time and angels, enters as a king. The representation of the fall of man is followed by the history of Abel, by whom a beautiful and simple hymn is sung. The next scenes exhibit the histories of Abraham, Job, and David; and thus the *auto* proceeds through the incidents of the Old and New Testaments, until the ascension of Christ, which is represented on the stage amidst an accompaniment of drums and trumpets.

"On comparing the *autos* of Gil Vicente with those of Calderon, the difference appears not much less considerable than that which exists between the works of Hans Sachs and Shakspeare. But the graceful simplicity with which many of the scenes of these spiritual dramas are executed raises the Portuguese poet infinitely above the poetic shoemaker of Nuremberg."

Camoens, also, was a dramatic writer, and has left behind him three comedies, which were probably written in his youth, and rather show the versatility of his talent than increase his fame. In the latter half of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese stage, like the Portuguese monarchy, was subdued by the Spanish, and Lope de Vega took possession of the theatre, as Philip did of the throne. There was no longer a national court nor a national drama.

In the seventeenth century, the national taste became more and more corrupted, and the influences of the Spanish language and literature were more extensive and obvious. Few names are recorded, and these few, like words written with phosphorus, burn with a pale light, and are visible only from the surrounding darkness. This century has been called *The Age of Sonnets*. Manoel de Faria e Souza, the commentator of the "Lusiad," opened the poetic cannonade with six hundred, or, as he expresses it, "Six Centuries of Sonnets." He was followed by Barbosa Bacellar, noted for his *Saudades*, or "Complaints of a Lovelorn Heart, vented in Solitude"; then came Torrezaõ Coelho, Ribeiro de Macedo, Correa de la Cerda, Violante do Ceo, Jeronymo Bahia, and Alvares da Cunha, all infected with Italian Marinism and the Spanish Gongorism. Bahia wrote an idyl, of fifty octavo pages, on a chandelier which the duchess of Savoy presented to the queen of Portugal; and Da Cunha says, in one of his epistles, "Though the pen touch softly the guitar of the paper, rude thunder resounds from that guitar." One poet, however, Freire de Andrada, arose in determined opposition to this bad taste, and opposed it with ineffectual sallies of wit, and a comic power, which, had it been employed upon themes of more general interest, would have given him a more prominent station in the literature of his country. The writings of the most celebrated of these poets may be found in a collection entitled "A Fenix Renascida," edited by Matthias Pereira da Sylva.*

III. From 1700 to the present time. At length, the long caravan of sonneteers, crossing the desert of the seventeenth century, disappears, and the tinkling of their little rhymes is heard no more; but the barren waste is around us still, and at the commencement of the eighteenth century, like the Sphinx half buried in the sand, lies the "Henriqueida" of Ericeyra, in all its epic ponderosity. Francisco Xavier de Menezes, Conde da Ericeyra, was president of the Spanish Academy, and a man of distinction and letters. He was mainly instrumental in introducing into Portuguese literature the

* A Fenix Renascida, ou Obras Poeticas dos melhores engenhos Portugueses. Segunda Ediçaõ. 3 vols. Lisboa: 1746. 8vo.

French taste, which prevailed extensively, though not universally, during the first part of this period. His principal work is the "Henriqueida," an epic poem, of which Henry of Burgundy, the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, is the hero. "In his theoretical introduction," says Bouterwek, "Ericeyra declares, that he has, in a certain measure, endeavoured to imitate all epic poets, and to imbibe a portion of the manner of each; but had he withheld this acknowledgment, no reader acquainted with other epic poems could have failed to recognize in the 'Henriqueida' the styles of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, and, progressively, of Lucan, Silius Italicus, and Statius, but without ever discerning the animating spirit of genuine poetry. The tedious coldness which pervades the whole poem destroys the effect of those incidental beauties of style which it must be allowed to possess." * Five counts of Ericeyra, in succession, were distinguished as men of letters; till at length a degenerate scion of the race scattered the magnificent library that five generations had accumulated, and even bartered a portion of its treasures for "a great Spanish ass!" †

This was the iron age of Portuguese song. But in the latter half of the eighteenth century, sublime and more harmonious strains were heard, welcome as music at night, in the odes of Pedro Antonio Correa Garçaõ. He was the founder of the Arcadian Society, and the first to renovate the spirit of poetry in his benighted country; and he perished miserably in a dungeon. He was followed by Antonio Diniz da Cruz, also an Arcadian, who wrote a "Century of Sonnets," and a heroi-comic poem, entitled "O Hysope," the Hyssop, or Holy-water Sprinkler. Then came Domingos dos Reis Quita, the barber's apprentice, and author of eclogues, idyls, odes, and a new tragedy of "Ignez de Castro." Then Claudio Manoel da Costa, the earliest of the Brazilian poets, who, first as a student under the cork-trees of Coimbra, and afterwards among the gold and diamond mines of his native country, imitated the songs of Petrarch and Metastasio, and sang so melodiously, that "the reader cannot fail sometimes to fancy he recognizes the simple tone of the old Portuguese lyric poetry, reflected by an Italian echo." Then the reckless and dissolute improvvisatore, Barbosa du Bocage, the gay Lothario of Setubal, who, like Byron, died old at thirty-nine; and finally, Francisco Manoel do Nascimento, who probably did more for Portuguese poetry than any man since Camoens, and who, from the bosom of wealth and literary ease, was driven into exile by the Inquisition, and died in Paris, a poor old man, of more than eighty years. Surely, if ever a country dishonored itself by stoning its prophets, that country is Portugal.

* History of Portuguese Literature, p. 342.

† Quarterly Review, Vol. I., p. 255.

The state of Portuguese literature since the commencement of the present century is far from brilliant. Among the most distinguished of the living poets are Curvo Semedo, J. A. de Macedo, Evangelista Moraes Sarmento, the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, Silva Mozinho de Albuquerque, Pina Leitaõ, a Brazilian, and Medina e Vasconcellos, a native of Madeira. To these may be added the names of four female writers who have distinguished themselves in poetry, Dona Marianna Maldonado, Dona Francisca da Costa, Dona Leonor de Almeida, and the Viscondessa de Balsemaõ, an ancient lady, whom we lose sight of between the ages of seventy and eighty, still warbling songs of love. Many of these writers have a mournful destiny, and are of that class which Dante thought most of all men to be pitied, "who, being in exile and affliction, behold their native land in dreams only."

Speaking of the Portuguese poetry, and that of the other Romance languages, Sismondi gracefully remarks: "Its writers do not attempt to engage our attention with ideas, but with images richly colored, which incessantly pass before our view. Neither do they ever name any object that they do not paint to the eye. The whole creation seems to grow brighter around us, and the world always appears to us through the medium of this poetry as when we gaze on it near the beautiful waterfalls of Switzerland, while the sun is upon their waves. The landscape suddenly brightens under the bow of heaven, and all the objects of nature are tinged with its colors. It is quite impossible for any translation to convey a feeling of this pleasure. The romantic poet seizes the most bold and lofty image, and is little solicitous to convey its full meaning, provided it glows brightly in his verse. In order to translate it into another language, it would first of all be requisite to soften it down, that it might not stand forward out of all proportion with the other figures; to combine it with what precedes and follows, that it might neither strike the reader unexpectedly, nor throw the least obscurity over the style."

For a farther account of Portuguese poetry, the reader is referred to the following works: — "History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature," by Frederick Bouterwek; translated by Thomasina Ross, 2 vols., London, 1823, 8vo.; — "Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe," by J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi; translated by Thomas Roscoe, 4 vols., London, 1823, 8vo.; republished in New York, 1827, 2 vols., 8vo.; — "Bosquejo da Historia da Poesia e Lingua Portugueza," by Almeida Garrett, in Fonseca's "Parnaso Lusitano," 5 vols., Paris, 1826, 32mo.; — Articles in the "Quarterly Review," Vol I., p. 235, and the "Foreign Quarterly Review," Vol. X., p. 437. See, also, "Bibliotheca Lusitana Historica, Critica, e Cronologica," by Diogo Barbosa Machado, 4 vols., Lisboa, 1741 – 59, folio.

FIRST PERIOD.—CENTURIES XII.-XV.

ANONYMOUS.

FRAGMENT OF AN OLD HISTORIC POEM.

"In his 'Europa Portuguesa,'" says Sismondi, "Manuel de Faria y Sousa presents us with fragments of an historical poem, in verses of *arte mayor*, and which he asserts had been discovered, in the beginning of the twelfth century, in the castle of Lousam, when it was taken from the Moors. The manuscript containing them appeared, even then, he observes, to have been defaced by time; from which he would infer that the poem may be attributed to the period of the conquest of the Arabs. But the fact itself seems to rest on very doubtful authority, and the verses do not appear, either in their construction, in their language, or even in their ideas, to lay claim to so high an antiquity. This earliest monument of the Romance language is, however, sufficiently curious to merit attention, and three stanzas are therefore here subjoined."

—

Julian and Horpas, with the adulterous blood
Of Agar, fiercest spoilers of the land,
These changes wrought. They called fierce Islam's brood
'Neath the Miramolin's sway; a numerous band
Of shameless priests and nobles. Musa stood,
And Zariph there, upon the Iberian strand,
Hailed by the false count, who betrayed the power
Of Bœtica, and yielded shrine and tower.

He led them safely to that rocky pile,
Gibraltar's strength. Though stored with rich resource
Of full supplies, though men and arms the while
Bristled its walls, its keys without remorse
Or strife he gave, a prey, by shameless guile,
To that vile, unbelieving herd, the curse
Of Christian lands, who, rifling all its pride,
To slavery doomed the fair; the valiant died.

And died those martyrs to the truth, who clung
To their dear faith, 'midst every threatening ill;
Nor pity for the aged or the young
Stayed their fierce swords, till they had drunk their fill;
No sex found mercy, though, unarmed, they hung
Round their assassins' knees, rejoiced to kill;
And Moors, within the temples of the Lord,
Worshipped their prophet false with rites abhorred.

BERNARDIM RIBEYRO.

Bernardim Ribeyro is one of the best poets of Portugal. He flourished in the reign of Emmanuel, between 1495 and 1521. He was born at Torraõ, in the province of Alemtejo, and after having studied the law entered the service of the king. A passion for one of the ladies of the court, said by some to have been Dona Beatrix, the daughter of the king, absorbed him to such a degree, that he often retired into the solitude of the fields and the woods, or wandered along the banks of some stream, mourning all night long his woes But, as Bouterwek says, it is a comfort to know "that he was married, and was affectionately attached to his consort"; and yet some expressions in one of his *cantigas* seem to prove that "ancient recollections still agitated him during this union."

Bernardim was the first Portuguese writer who gained a high reputation as a pastoral poet. His most celebrated pieces are five eclogues, the scenes of which are laid on the banks of the Tagus and the Mondego. They are written, for the most part, in *redondilhas*. The poet gives utterance in them to the monotonous accents of despairing love; but the subject is rendered less fatiguing by the graces of his poetry. Ribeyro was the author of another work, entitled "Menina e Moça," which is remarkable for being the earliest Portuguese prose work which aims at the expression of impassioned sentiment in an elevated style. Although fragmentary and obscure, it was the model of the pastoral romances with which the literature of Spain afterwards abounded.

—

FROM THE THIRD ECLOGUE.

O wretched lover! whither flee?
What refuge from the ills I bear?
None to console me, or to free,
And none with whom my griefs to share!
Sad, to the wild waves of the sea
I tell the tale of my despair
In broken accents, passion-fraught,
As wandering by some rocky steep,
I teach the echoes how to weep
In dying strains, strains dying Love hath taught.

There is not one of all I loved
But failed me in my suffering hour,
And saw my silent tears unmoved.
Soon may these throbbing griefs o'erpower
Both life and love, so Heaven approved!
For she hath bade me hope no more.

I would not wish her such a doom:
No! though she break this bruised heart,
I could not wish her so to part
From all she loved, to seek, like me, the tomb.

How long these wretched days appear,
Consumed in vain and weak desires,
Imagined joys that end in fear,
And baffled hopes and wild Love's fires!
At last, then, let me cease to bear
The lot my sorrowing spirit tires!
For length of days fresh sorrow brings:
I meet the coming hours with grief,—
Hours that can bring me no relief,
But deeper anguish on their silent wings.

FRANCISCO DE PORTUGAL, CONDE DO VIMIOSO.

This nobleman held a high rank at the court of Manoel, being connected with the royal family. He was born in the last half of the fifteenth century, at Evora, was elevated to the dignity of Count in 1515, and died in 1549. His "Obras Poeticas" were published in the *Cancioneiro* of 1516.

LOVE AND DESIRE.

O Love! sweet Love! I love you so,
That my desire dares not aspire
Even to Desire.

For if I dared desire, sweet Hope
Would follow in its train; and how
Could I with thy displeasure cope,
Who wilt no glance of Hope allow?
And so to Death I turn me now,
For my desire dare not aspire
Even to Desire.

FERNANDO DE ALMEYDA.

This poet was born at Alberca, in 1459. His poetical pieces are mostly of a religious character.

THE TIMBREL.

When I strike thee, O my timbrel,
Think not that I think of thee!

Couldst thou know, ungentle timbrel,
Couldst thou know my misery,
All thy notes of mirth and gladness
Soon transformed to gloom would be,—
Couldst thou know that when I strike thee
'T is in sorrow's agony,
To escape the recollection
Of the woes that visit me.

Sirs! my heart is now the mansion
Of a clamorous misery:
Timbrel! dost thou hear my sadness?—
Think not that I think of thee!

SECOND PERIOD.—CENTURIES XVI., XVII.

GIL VICENTE.

This famous poet, the founder of the theatre in Spain and Portugal, was born at Barcellos, about the year 1480. He studied the law, but abandoned it for dramatic poetry, in which he acquired such distinction that he has been called the Portuguese Plautus. His pieces were represented before the court of King Emmanuel, and afterwards of Joaõ III., and one was printed in 1504. As a dramatist, Gil Vicente stood alone in that age; for he preceded all the great dramatic poets of England, France, and Spain. Erasmus is said to have studied Portuguese that he might read his works in the original. Vicente died at Evora, in 1557.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake, and open thy door:
'T is the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet:
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

HOW FAIR THE MAIDEN!

How fair the maiden! what can be
So fair, so beautiful, as she?

Ask the mariner who sails
Over the joyous sea,
If wave, or star, or friendly gales,
Are half so fair as she.

Ask the knight on his prancing steed
Returning from victory,
If weapon, or war, or arrow's speed,
Is half so fair as she.

Ask the shepherd who leads his flocks
Along the flowery lea,
If the valley's lap, or the sun-crowned rocks,
Are half so fair as she.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go, —
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side,
Culling the lemons pale:
Thither, — yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
'T is for her lover all:
Thither, — yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale:
Thither, — yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

FRANCISCO DE SAA DE MIRANDA.

This poet, one of the first that distinguished themselves at the court of John the Third, was born at Coimbra, in 1495. He studied the law at the University in that city, in compliance with the wishes of his father, though his own taste inclined him strongly to poetry. After his father's death, he left the law, and travelled, visiting the principal cities of Spain and Italy. On his return, he was well received by the king, and attached himself for a time to the court; but having given offence to a powerful court lady, by a passage in one of his poems, he soon retired, dissatisfied and disappointed, to his estate of Tapada, near Ponte de Lima, where he passed the rest of his life. He married Dona Briolanja de Azevedo, a lady who had neither youth nor beauty, but whose amiable qualities attached him so strongly to her that he never recovered from the shock occasioned by her death. After this event, he never trimmed his beard, nor pared his nails, nor answered a letter, nor left his house, except to go to church. He survived her three years, in a state of the deepest melancholy, and died in the year 1558, at the age of sixty-three.

Saa de Miranda, after the custom of the literary men of his time, wrote both in Castilian and Portuguese, and some of his best eclogues are in the former language, two of them only being in his native tongue. He is remarkable for being the first who introduced poetical epistles to the Portuguese. "Saa de Miranda," says Garrett, in his "Historia da Lingua e da Poesia Portugueza," prefixed to the "Parnaso Lusitano," — "the true father of our poetry, one of the greatest men of his age, was the poet of reason and of virtue; he philosophized with the Muses, and poetized with philosophy. His great knowledge, his experience, his affable manners, and even the nobility of his birth, gave him an undisputed superiority over all the writers of that time, by whom he was listened to, consulted, and imitated. Saa de Miranda exercised over all the poets of that epoch the same species of power which Boileau succeeded in acquiring in France."

SONNETS.

I know not, lady, by what nameless charm
Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power
Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more
Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm,
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm;
And when with tears your absence I deplore,
Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,
Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.
Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,
Through every land, and on the pathless sea?
Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,
Subject to laws I move by and revere;
Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay? —
But what I know not, why attempt to say?

—

As now the sun glows broader in the west,
Birds cease to sing, and cooler breezes blow,
And from yon rocky heights hoarse waters flow,
Whose music wild chases the thoughts of rest;
With mournful fancies and deep cares oppressed,
I gaze upon this fleeting worldly show,
Whose vain and empty pomps like shadows go,
Or swift as light sails o'er the ocean's breast.
Day after day, hope after hope, expires!
Here once I wandered, 'mid these shades and flowers,
Along these winding banks and greenwood bowers,
Filled with the wild-bird's song, that never tires:
Now all seems mute, — all fled! But these shall live,
And bloom again: alone unchanged, I grieve.

—

The sun is high, — the birds oppressed with heat
Fly to the shade, until refreshing airs
Lure them again to leave their cool retreat.
The falls of water but of wearying cares
To me the memory give. Things changeful all
And vain! what heart in you its trust may place?
While day succeeds to day with rapid pace,
Far more uncertain we, than whether squall
Or favoring breeze the ships betide. I see
About me shady groves with flowerets decked,
Waters and fountains, fields with verdure gay,
The birds are singing of their loves the lay.
Now, like myself, is all grown dry and checked:
Yet all shall change again, save only me!

That spirit pure, which from this world of woe
Contented journeyed, in exalted spheres
Justly rewarded for its well spent years,
Left us, as weary grown of scenes below:
That noble mind a harbour safe hath gained,
Through life's vexed sea its voyage performed at last;
Leaving the track by which it fleeting passed
To that pure glory rightfully obtained.
Thou soul, that cam'st in this our iron age,
By deeds, which with humanity were fraught,
Fain hadst restored the olden time, of sage
The theme, and hoards of purer treasure brought,
Designed to everlast, — presumption bold! —
While Tejo's sands are rich, and Douro's shores, with gold.

FROM HIS EPISTLE TO KING JOHN.

Great king of kings, one single day,
One hour of yours, in idle mood
Should I consume, it would betray,
That, guiltily, I did not pay
Due reverence to the general good.

For in a distant hemisphere,
Where other stars gem other skies,
Nations of various form and cheer, —
By God till now hid from our eyes, —
Submiss, your mandates wait to hear.

You in all subject hearts abide,
O monarch powerful as just, —
You who will knots the hardest tied
Untangle, or with sword divide, —
Great living law in whom we trust!

Where men are, Covetise is ever;
All she bewilders, all deceives;
Less foiled by Justice's firm endeavour,
The web that fraudful Malice weaves,
Or to unravel or dissever.

. . . . . .

Your ships that boldly navigate,
Sailing this solid globe around,
'Midst their discoveries, no state
Ungoverned by some king have found.
What were a headless body's fate?

Kingdoms confessing two kings' right
Inevitable ills o'erwhelm.
Earth from one sun receives her light,
One God upholds her by his might:
One monarch only suits one realm.

. . . . . .

With privileges high as these,
Conscientiously should kings beware
Of looks deceptive, arts to please,
Practised their justice to ensnare,
And cobweb laws to break with ease.

Who cannot 'gainst the law prevail
By force, or art, or favor, Sire,
Is deemed in interest to fail:
If valueless at public sale,
None will to favoritism aspire.

. . . . . .

The man who bears a single mind,
A single face, a single truth,
Uptorn, not bent, by stormiest wind,
For all besides on earth 's designed;
But for a courtier, — no, in sooth!

O BASE GALICIAN!

O base Galician! lone and lost,
Thou 'st left me on the desert coast,
Vile, base Galician!

I went where once thou didst abide, —
There thou abid'st not;
The valley to my cries replied, —
But thou repliedst not.
Sad, melancholy, mortified,
I wander weeping, while
Thou dost but smile.

Say where thy mother's dwelling is, —
I will go to her.
Galician! who could dream of this,
Thou — *thou* no truer!
Eyes filled with tears of bitterness,
A heart where flames of anguish burn, —
O, when shall peace return?

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

Luis de Camoens, the glory of Portugal, and one of the most illustrious poets of modern times, was born of a noble family, at Lisbon, in 1524. He studied at the University of Coimbra, which he entered in 1537 or 1538. In 1545, he left the University for Lisbon and the court, having accomplished himself in elegant literature, and, contrary to the customs of the time and place, having assiduously cultivated the art of writing in his mother tongue. While he was residing in Lisbon, he fell deeply in love with a lady of the palace, Dona Catharina de Attayda, whose charms are celebrated in his poems. This passion involved him in some difficulties, and he was banished from the court to Santarem. Here he wrote an elegy bewailing the hardship of his lot, and comparing his own exile to that of Ovid: —

"Thus fancy paints me, thus, like him, forlorn,
Condemned the hapless exile's fate to prove;
In life-consuming pain thus doomed to mourn
The loss of all I prized, — of her *I love.*"

Like Ovid, he beguiled the weariness of banishment with study and composition. He is supposed to have conceived the idea of his great poem at this period; but at length, despairing of a restoration to the favor of the court, he determined to become a soldier. His first plan was

to go to India, and he actually took passage on board the vessel in which Dom Affonso de Noronha, the Portuguese viceroy, sailed; but he changed his mind, and, with his friend, Dom Antonio de Noronha, joined the troops at Ceuta, which were assembled for an expedition to Africa. He displayed great bravery, and, in a naval engagement in the Straits of Gibraltar, received a wound from a splinter, which deprived him of his right eye. He remained some time in Africa, and then returned to Lisbon, and finding his fortunes at a low ebb, being hopelessly separated from the object of his attachment, and his father having died at Goa, after a disastrous shipwreck on the coast of Malabar, he now, having reached the twenty-ninth year of his age, embarked for India. The ship in which he sailed was the only one out of the whole squadron which reached its destination.

Immediately on his arrival at Goa, he joined an expedition against the king of Pimenta, returning from which, he received the sorrowful news of the death of his friend, Antonio de Noronha, who fell in battle with the Moors near Tetuan, in Africa. In 1554, he served as a volunteer against the Mahometans, who cruised in the straits of Mecca, and inflicted much injury on the Portuguese trade. The hardships he endured in this expedition are described in one of his poems. When he returned to Goa, he is said to have made enemies among the persons composing the Portuguese administration of India, by writing a satire, in which their infamous conduct was severely reprobated. They applied for redress to Barreto, who was then exercising the powers of viceroy, and Camoens was sent, or, as it is sometimes expressed, banished, to China. Arriving at Macao, he held the office of *Provedor dos Defuntos*, or commissary for the effects of persons deceased. The situation appears to have been both profitable and easy, for he amassed a small fortune, and found much leisure from the details of business, which he devoted to his poem. He spent much of his time in a grotto overlooking the sea, and there the greater part of the "Lusiad" is said to have been written. The place is still shown to strangers as the Grotto of Camoens.

After a few years passed in this manner, he was invited by Constantino de Braganza, the new viceroy, to return to Goa. He embarked with the little fortune he had accumulated, but his evil destiny still pursued him, and he was wrecked at the mouth of the river Mecon, escaping with his life, and saving only the manuscript of his "Lusiad," which he justly regarded as the most precious of his possessions. He thus alludes to his misfortune in the seventh canto of the poem: —

"Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost; — myself escaped alone,
On the wild shore all friendless, hopeless, thrown;
My life, like Judah's Heaven-doomed king of yore,
By miracle prolonged."

He was kindly treated by the natives of the country, among whom he remained some days. He is said to have written, at this time, his paraphrase of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. Arriving at Goa in 1561, he was well received by the viceroy, to whom he addressed a poem, in imitation of the epistle of Horace to Augustus. The departure of Constantino, the same year, again exposed Camoens to the machinations of his enemies. He was arrested and imprisoned, on a charge of malversation in the office he had held at Macao.

"Woes, succeeding woes,
Belied my earnest hope of sweet repose;
In place of bays around my brows to shed
Their sacred honors o'er my destined head,
Foul calumny proclaimed the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary jail."

He proved his innocence, but was still detained in custody by a hard creditor, named Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho, to whom he owed a trifling debt. From his prison he addressed some playful verses to the viceroy, praying to be released, and he was at length liberated. He remained in India several years longer, occupying his winters in composition, and the spring and summer serving as a volunteer in the military and naval expeditions, always displaying a bravery in danger, and a cheerful fortitude under hardships and misfortunes, which won for him the love and admiration of his companions in arms.

About this time he is said to have heard of the death of Catharina de Attayda. He laments her loss and commemorates her virtues in several of his most beautiful poems. The following sonnet on that subject was translated by Hayley: —

"While, pressed with woes from which it cannot flee,
My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
Who was in life but as a dream to me.
O'er the drear waste, so wide no eye can see
How far its sense-evading limit lies,
I follow her quick step; but, ah, she flies!
Our distance widening by fate's stern decree.
'Fly not from me, kind shadow!' I exclaim; —
She, with fixed eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seemed to say, 'Forbear thy fond design,' —
Still flies. I call her, but her half-formed name
Dies on my faltering tongue; — I wake, and feel
Not e'en one short delusion can be mine."

Having at length completed the "Lusiad," Camoens determined to return to Europe, and lay the work at the feet of his sovereign, the youthful Dom Sebastian; but not having the means in his power, he accepted an invitation to accompany Pedro Barreto, who was on the point of embarking to assume the government of Sofala. This vain, mean, and tyrannical man soon made the condition of Camoens intolerable; and when some of his friends, who had newly arrived, relieved his pressing wants, and invited him to join them on their return to Portugal, Barreto refused to let him go until he had paid two hundred ducats, which he asserted Camo-

ens owed him. The money was contributed by the gentlemen, and Camoens continued his homeward voyage. He reached Portugal in 1569. King Sebastian was at this time making preparations for his disastrous expedition to Africa, and had but little time or thought for the merits and services of a man like Camoens. The "Lusiad" was not published until two years afterwards; and the king is said to have granted the poet an insignificant pension. The poem was received with enthusiasm, and was reprinted within a year. The situation of Camoens, however, became more and more disheartening. He was poor, and no further favor or assistance was offered him by the court. His health was so broken by the hardships he had undergone and by the climate of India, that he was unable to write; and he is said to have sunk into such extreme and utter poverty, that his existence was maintained from day to day by his servant Antonio, a native of Java, whom he had brought home from India, and who begged by night for the bread which kept his master from starving the following day. At length, he was reduced so low that he lost all power of exertion. He closed his days in a hospital, dying in 1579, at the age of fifty-five. The very sheet in which he was shrouded was the gift of charity. His deathbed was watched by a friar, Josepe Indio, who wrote in a copy of the first edition of the "Lusiad" these words: — "How miserable a thing to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without possessing a shroud to cover his remains, after having borne arms victoriously in India, and having sailed five thousand five hundred leagues; — a warning for those who weary themselves by studying night and day without profit, as the spider who spins his web to catch flies."

Besides the "Lusiad," Camoens wrote sonnets, songs, odes, elegies, eclogues, *redondilhas*, epigrams, epistles, and three comedies. They all exhibit an exalted genius, and the noblest traits of character. But his great national epic, the "Lusiad," is the crowning glory of his life, and the highest literary claim that his country has to urge upon the respect of foreign nations. In it are immortalized the grand discoveries of Vasco de Gama, and the illustrious deeds that adorn the annals of the great age of Portugal, — the age of enthusiasm, adventure, and gigantic enterprise. In spirit and style it is more national than any other heroic poem of modern times; and notwithstanding the incongruities of the supernatural machinery, introduced by the poet in compliance with the pedantic views that prevailed in his age, it must be considered an admirable monument of genius. It displays great powers of invention, the most plastic command of style, and, at times, a wonderful sublimity of conception. Many passages are adorned with the most exquisite beauties and the most melting tenderness of sentiment, the richest music of language and the most glowing imagery. Above all, it is informed with the profound and impassioned feelings of the poet's heart.

The "Lusiad" has been translated into nearly all the languages of modern Europe, not to mention the versions into Hebrew and Latin. The best account of the author is found in the "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens," by John Adamson, London, 1820, 2 vols., 8vo.

FROM THE LUSIAD.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorned,
To Lisboa's shores the happy chief returned,
In glorious peace and well deserved repose
His course of fame and honored age to close.
When now, O king, a damsel's fate severe,[1]
A fate which ever claims the woful tear,
Disgraced his honors. On the nymph's lorn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancor shed:
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.
'T was thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts control
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,
'T was thou thy lovely votary destroyed.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast, that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs! — Thou, O Nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender scenes by lovesick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languished away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sighed thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms;
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invoked his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move:
For thee alone his constant passion burned,
For thee the proffered royal maids he scorned.
Ah, hope of bliss too high! — the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames:

[1] Dona Ignez de Castro, daughter of a Castilian gentleman who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal, and privately married to Dom Pedro; she was, however, cruelly murdered, at the instigation of the politicians, on account of her partiality to Castilians.

He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day;
(Alas! the nuptial day was passed unknown,
Which but when crowned the prince could dare to own;)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
O thou dread sword, oft stained with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarmed, by softness and by love possessed?

Dragged from her bower by murderous, ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Ignez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal:
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possessed,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confessed.
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread;
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes;
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drowned,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;
Then on her infants turned the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe: the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native, heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—"O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,—
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine,—shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply?
O, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould! superfluous were my prayer;
Thou couldst not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confessed,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
O, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valor glows;
That thou art brave let vanquished Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah! let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lion's roaring, and the tiger's yell,
There with mine infant race consigned to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
Ill vain by me implored from human-kind:
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,—
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy."

In tears she uttered. As the frozen snow,
Touched by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,—
So just began to melt his stubborn soul,
As mild-rayed pity o'er the tyrant stole:
But destiny forbade. With eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheathed around her brandished shine.
O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfilled the mandate of his furious sire:
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rushed, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dashed the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resigned her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Ignez, while her eyes to Heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustained
The loveliest face, where all the Graces reigned,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaimed,—
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore;
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers, that glistened with her tears bedewed,
Now shrunk and languished with her blood imbrued.
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Ignez lay.

With dreadful smiles, and crimsoned with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, — as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied? — Yet you, ye vales,
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales,
When, pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And "Pedro! Pedro!" mournful, sighed around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewailed the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transformed their tears, which weeps and murmurs still:
To give immortal pity to her woe,
They taught the rivulet through her bowers to flow;
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly;
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injured lover's and the monarch's ire,
And stern-browed justice, in their doom conspire:
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in fire.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

Now prosperous gales the bending canvass swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held.
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star:
So deep a gloom the lowering vapor cast,
Transfixed with awe, the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood. — "O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God!" I cried.
"Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore."

I spoke; — when, rising through the darkened air,
Appalled we saw an hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread;
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scarred,
The inward anguish of his soul declared;
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold-gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed
Wild dread; — the while, with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began: —

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired;
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway;
Who, 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves, explore
Where never hero braved my rage before; —
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view:
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend!

"With every bounding keel that dares my rage
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
The next proud fleet[1] that through my drear domain,
With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane, —
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tossed,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast;
Then he, who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus, oft shalt thou thy children wail;

[1] On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen sail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was sent out on the second voyage to India, where the admiral, with only six ships, arrived. The rest were mostly destroyed by a terrible tempest at the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted twenty days.

Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

"With trophies plumed behold a hero come![2]
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb!
Though smiling fortune blessed his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurelled brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thundered in the rear,—
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here:
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laurelled head to me;
While, proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

"The howling blast, ye slumbering storms, prepare!
A youthful lover and his beauteous fair
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shattered wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escaped, despoiled by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,
Shall now no more an hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds, where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
By night unsheltered, and forlorn by day.
In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain;
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parched by the sun, and shrivelled by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.
Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpassed,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.

"Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell
How blasted by my frown your heroes fell."

He paused, in act still further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes;
When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And 'midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:

"What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air?
By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare!"
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose;
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, "In me, behold," he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eye-balls rolled,
"In me, the Spirit of the Cape behold,—
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-stretched piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand:
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar,
E'er dashed the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale;—
You, you alone, have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view:
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High to the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watched, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread King implore,—"As o'er our head
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled;
So may his curses by the winds of heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven!"

With sacred horror thrilled, Melinda's lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word:
"O wondrous faith of ancient days," he cries,
"Concealed in mystic lore and dark disguise!
Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant spectre fell,
What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown:
And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears
O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells controlled,
His fate mysterious thus the spectre told:—

"'By forceful Titan's warm embrace compressed,
The rock-ribbed mother Earth his love confessed;
The hundred-handed giant, at a birth,
And me she bore. Nor slept my hopes on earth;
My heart avowed my sire's ethereal flame:
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name.
In my bold brothers' glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war against the gods I waged:

[2] Dom Francisco de Almeyda, first Portuguese viceroy of India, where he obtained several great victories over the Mohammedans and pagans.

Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the sky;
To me the conquest of the seas befell,
In his green realm the second Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my passions hold;
'T was love that prompted an attempt so bold.
Ah me! one summer, in the cool of day,
I saw the Nereids on the sandy bay,
With lovely Thetis, from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic and the naked dance:
In all her charms revealed the goddess trode.
With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glowed:
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeless languish with the raging smart.
For her, each goddess of the heavens I scorned;
For her alone my fervent ardor burned.
In vain I wooed her to the lover's bed;
From my grim form with horror mute she fled.
Maddening with love, by force I ween to gain
The silver goddess of the blue domain;
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band
I tell my purpose, and her aid command:
By fear impelled, old Doris tries to move
And win the spouse of Peleus to my love.
The silver goddess with a smile replies,
"What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize?
Yet from the horrors of a war to save,
And guard in peace, our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honor he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wish shall soon attain."
The promised grace infused a bolder fire,
And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.
But, ah, what error spreads its dreamful might!
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight!
The war resigned, my steps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind, with open arms I sprung,
And round her waist with joy delirious clung;
In all the transports of the warm embrace,
An hundred kisses on her angel face,
On all its various charms, my rage bestows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows:
When — O, what anguish, while my shame I tell!
What fixed despair, what rage my bosom swell! —
Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms;
A rugged mountain filled my eager arms,
Whose rocky top, o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kisses of my amorous fire.
Waked from my dream, cold horror freezed my blood;
Fixed as a rock before the rock I stood;
"O fairest goddess of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain!
Yet why," I cried, "with all I wished decoy,
And, when exulting in the dream of joy,
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey?"
Maddening I spoke, and furious sprung away.
Far to the south I sought the world unknown,
Where I, unheard, unscorned, might wail alone,
My foul dishonor and my tears to hide,
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.
My brothers now, by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;
And I, who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my sorrows to the desert shore, —
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue:
My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew;
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warmed,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transformed,
Yon dark-browed cape of monstrous size became;
Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,
The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.'"

CANÇAÕ.

CANST thou forget the silent tears
Which I have shed for thee, —
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears,
Which scattered o'er my bloom of years
The blights of misery?

I never close my languid eye,
Unless to dream of thee;
My every breath is but the sigh,
My every sound the broken cry,
Of lasting misery.

O, when in boyhood's happier scene
I pledged my love to thee,
How very little did I ween
My recompense should now have been
So much of misery!

CANZONET.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green;
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene:
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope that buds in lover's heart
Lives not through the scorn of years:
Time makes Love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind;
Looks unkind
Freeze Affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green,
Time dissolve the winter snow,
Winds be soft, and skies serene,
Linnets sing their wonted strain:
But again
Blighted Love shall never blow!

STANZAS.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes;
And he was poor, — without a friend, —
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave, —
His life, a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train, —
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding power
Which rightly suffers wrong, —
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour, —
But Virtue, late and long.

CANÇAÕ.

When day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view;
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly!

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart, and thence be still
Reëchoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses pressed, —
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight;
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew
I wandered silently.

CANÇAÕ.

O, weep not thus! — we both shall know
Ere long a happier doom:
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, released from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of Care,
And Sorrow rocked me in it:
Fate seemed her saddest robe to wear,
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadowed with despair
My earliest minute.

Even then the griefs I now possess
As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of Happiness,
Which hovered round, intent to bless,
Scared by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven.

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave.

STANZAS.

TO NIGHT.

Night! to thee my vows are paid;
Not that e'er thy quiet shade
Me, in bower of dalliance laid
Blest and blessing, covers:
No, — for thy friendly veil was made
To shroud successful lovers;
And I, Heaven knows,
Have never yet been one of those
Whose love has proved a thornless rose!

But since, as piteous of my pain,
Goddess! when I to thee complain
Of truth despised and hard disdain,
Thou dost so mutely listen;
For this, around thy solemn fane
Young buds I strew, that glisten
With tears of woe
By jealous Tithon made to flow,
From Morning, — thine eternal foe!

CANZONET.

How sprightly were the roundelays
I sang in Love's beginning days!
Now, alas, I but deplore
Death of all that blessed before!

Then my heart was in its prime, —
'T was Affection's budding-time!
It is broken now, and knows
One sense only, — sense of woes!

Joy was whilom dashed with ill,
Yet my songs were cheerful still;
They were like the captive's strains,
Chanted to the sound of chains!

CANZONET.

Since in this dreary vale of tears
No certainty but death appears,
Why should we waste our vernal years
In hoarding useless treasure?

No, — let the young and ardent mind
Become the friend of human-kind,
And in the generous service find
A source of purer pleasure!

Better to live despised and poor,
Than guilt's eternal stings endure;
The future smile of God shall cure
The wound of earthly woes.

Vain world! did we but rightly feel
What ills thy treacherous charms conceal,
How would we long from thee to steal
To death, — and sweet repose!

CANÇAÕ.

'T is done! by human hopes and human aid
Abandoned, and unpitied left to mourn,
I weep o'er all my wrongs; o'er friends fast sworn,
Whose friendship but betrayed,
But whose firm hatred not so soon decayed.
The land that witnessed my return,
The land I loved above all lands on earth,
Twice cast me like a weed away;
And the world left me to the storm a prey:
While the sweet airs I first drank at my birth,
My native airs, once round me wont to blow,
No more were doomed to fan the exile's feverish brow.
O strange, unhappy sport of mortal things!
To live, yet live in vain;
Bereft of all that Nature's bounty brings,
That life to sweeten or sustain;
Doomed still to draw my painful breath,
Though borne so often to the gates of death.
For, ah, not mine — like the glad mariner
To his long-wished-for home restored at last,
Telling his chances to his babes, and her
Whose hope had ceased — to paint misfortunes past:
Through the dread deep my bark, still onwards borne,
As the fierce waves drive o'er it tempest-torn,
Speeds 'midst strange horrors to its fatal bourn.
Yet shall not storms or flattering calms delude
My voyage more; no mortal port is mine:
So may the Sovereign Ruler of the flood
Quell the loud surge, and with a voice divine
Hush the fierce tempest of my soul to rest, —
The last dear hope of the distressed,
And the lost voyager's last unerring sign.
But man — weak man! — will ever fondly cast
A forward glance on beckoning forms of bliss;
And when he deems the beauteous vision his,
Grasps but the painful memory of the past.
In tears my bread is steeped; the cup I drain
Is filled with tears, that never cease to flow,
Save when with dreams of pleasure short and vain
I chase the conscious pangs of present woe.

SONNETS.

Few years I number, — years of anxious care,
Sad hours and seasons of unceasing woe;
My fifth short lustre saw my youth laid low:
So soon was overcast life's morning fair!
Far lands and seas I roamed, some hope to share
Of solace for the cares that stamped my brow:
But they, whom fortune fails, in vain bestow
Stern toils, and imminent hazards vainly dare.
Beside Alanquer first my painful breath
I drew, 'midst pleasant fields of fruits and flowers;
But fate hath driven me on, and dooms that here
These wretched limbs be rendered up to death,
A prey to monsters of the sea, where lowers
The Abyssinian steep, far from my country dear.

Ah, vain desires, weak wishes, hopes that fade!
Why with your shadowy forms still mock my view?
The hours return not; nor could Time renew,
Though he should now return, my youth decayed:
But lengthened years roll on in deepening shade,
And warn you hence. The pleasures we pursue
Vary, with every fleeting day, their hue;
And our frail wishes alter soon as made.
The forms I loved, all once most dear, are fled,
Or changed, or no more the same semblance wear
To me, whose thoughts are changed, whose joys are dead:
For evil times and fortunes what small share
Of bliss was mine with daily cares consume,
Nor leave a hope to gild the hours to come.

What is there left in this vain world to crave,
To love, to see, more than I yet have seen?
Still wearying cares, disgusts and coldness, spleen,
Hate, and despair, and death, whose banners wave
Alike o'er all! Yet, ere I reach the grave,
'T is mine to learn, no woes nor anguish keen
Hasten the hour of rest; woes that have been,
And worse to come, if worse, 't is mine to brave.
I hold the future frowns of fate in scorn;
Against them all hath death a stern relief
Afforded, since my best-loved friend was torn
From this sad breast. In life I find but grief;
By death with deepest woe my heart was riven:
For this alone I drew the breath of heaven!

Sweetly was heard the anthem's choral strain,
And myriads bowed before the sainted shrine,
In solemn reverence to their Sire Divine,
Who gave the Lamb, for guilty mortals slain:
When, in the midst of God's eternal fane, —
Ah, little weening of his fell design! —
Love bore the heart, which since hath ne'er been mine,
To one who seemed of Heaven's elected train!
For sanctity of place or time were vain,
'Gainst that blind archer's soul-consuming power,
Which scorns, and soars all circumstance above.
O lady! since I 've worn thy gentle chain,
How oft have I deplored each wasted hour,
When I was free, and had not learned to love!

Silent and cool, now freshening breezes blow
Where groves of chestnut crown yon shadowy steep;
And all around the tears of evening weep
For closing day, whose vast orb, westering slow,
Flings o'er the embattled clouds a mellower glow;
While hum of folded herds, and murmuring deep,
And falling rills, such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe.
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murmuring sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her who in absence turns my joy to cares,
And, as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain?

—

ON THE DEATH OF CATHARINA DE ATTAYDA.

Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours away, —
Those braids of light, that shamed the beams of day, —
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere, —
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scattered with the blooms of May,
Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone, for ever gone, and perished here, —
But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!
Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given:
Love saw the deed, — and, as he lingered near,
Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to heaven!

—

High in the glowing heavens, with cloudless beam,
The sun had reached the zenith of his reign,
And for the living fount, the gelid stream,
Each flock forsook the herbage of the plain;
'Midst the dark foliage of the forest-shade,
The birds had sheltered from the scorching ray, —
Hushed were their melodies, and grove and glade
Resounded but the shrill cicada's lay; —
When through the glassy vale a lovelorn swain,
To seek the maid who but despised his pain,
Breathing vain sighs of fruitless passion, roved:
"Why pine for her," the slighted wanderer cried,
"By whom thou art not loved?" — and thus replied
An echo's murmuring voice, — "Thou art not loved!"

—

Fair Tejo! thou, whose calmly flowing tide
Bathes the fresh verdure of these lovely plains,
Enlivening all where'er thy waves may glide, —
Flowers, herbage, flocks, and sylvan nymphs and swains:
Sweet stream! I know not when my steps again
Shall tread thy shores; and while to part I mourn,
I have no hope to meliorate my pain,
No dream that whispers, — I may yet return!
My frowning destiny, whose watchful care
Forbids me blessings, and ordains despair,
Commands me thus to leave thee and repine:
And I must vainly mourn the scenes I fly,
And breathe on other gales my plaintive sigh,
And blend my tears with other waves than thine!

—

Spirit beloved! whose wing so soon hath flown
The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,
Now is yon heaven eternally thine own, —
Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here.
O, if allowed in thy divine abode
Of aught on earth an image to retain,
Remember still the fervent love which glowed
In my fond bosom, pure from every stain!
And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,
Caused by thy loss, and hopeless of relief,
Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies, —
O, ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away,
That I may join thee in those realms of day,
Swiftly as thou hast vanished from mine eyes!

—

Saved from the perils of the stormy wave,
And faint with toil, the wanderer of the main,
But just escaped from shipwreck's billowy grave,
Trembles to hear its horrors named again.
How warm his vow, that Ocean's fairest mien
No more shall lure him from the smiles of home!
Yet soon, forgetting each terrific scene,
Once more he turns, o'er boundless deeps to roam.
Lady! thus I, who vainly oft in flight
Seek refuge from the dangers of thy sight,
Make the firm vow to shun thee and be free:
But my fond heart, devoted to its chain,
Still draws me back where countless perils reign,
And grief and ruin spread their snares for me.

—

Waves of Mondego, brilliant and serene!
Haunts of my thought, where Memory fondly strays;
Where Hope allured me with perfidious mien,
Witching my soul, in long-departed days;
Yes! I forsake your banks: but still my heart
Shall bid remembrance all your charms restore,
And, suffering not one image to depart,
Find lengthening distance but endear you more.
Let fortune's will, through many a future day,
To distant realms this mortal frame convey,
Sport of each wind, and tossed on every wave;
Yet my fond soul, to pensive memory true,
On thought's light passion still shall fly to you,
And still, bright waters, in your current lave!

ANTONIO FERREIRA.

This elegant and classical poet has been called the Horace of Portugal. He was born at Lisbon, in 1528, and was educated at the University of Coimbra, where he afterwards became a professor. He followed the example of Saa de Miranda in studying the Italian poets, and in writing exclusively in the Portuguese, notwithstanding the custom of the place to compose Latin verses. He was subsequently appointed to a place at court, and gained a high reputation by his literary acquirements and his critical ability. He died suddenly of the plague, in 1569, in the forty-first year of his age.

The reputation of Ferreira rests chiefly on his tragedy of "Ignez de Castro," written after the antique model, with a chorus of Coimbrian women. The subject is the murder of Ignez de Castro, the wife of Dom Pedro, whose story is so beautifully told in the "Lusiad." In point of time, this is the second regular drama in modern literature; the "Sofonisba" of Trissino having appeared a few years earlier. Ferreira composed also sonnets, epigrams, odes, poetical epistles, and various other minor poems, together with two comedies.

SONNETS.

O spirit pure, purer in realms above
Than whilst thou tarriedst in this vale of pain,
Why hast thou treated me with cold disdain,
Nor, as thou ought'st, returned my faithful love?
Was it for this, thou hast so oft professed, —
And thee believing was my heart secure, —
That the same moment of death's night obscure
Should lead us both to days of happy rest?
Ah, why, then, leave me thus imprisoned here?
And how didst thou alone thy course pursue,
My body lingering in existence drear
Without its soul? — Too clear the reason true! —
Thy virtues rare the glorious palm obtain,
While I, unworthy, sorrowful remain.

To thy clear streams, Mondego, I return
With renovated life and eyes now clear.
How fruitless in thy waters fell the tear,
When Love's delirium did with me sojourn, —
When I, with face betraying anguish deep,
And hollow voice, and unsuspecting ear,
Knew not the danger of the mountain steep
Whereon I stood, — of which my soul with fear
The memory chills! Seducing wiles of Love!
'Neath what vain shadows did you hide my fate, —
Shadows that swiftly passed the happier state
Which now this breast enjoys! Now peace I prove;
For smiling day succeeds the clouds of night,
And sweet repose, and joys, and prospects bright.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

SEMI-CHORUS.

When first young Love was born,
Earth was with life imbued;
The sun acquired his beams, the stars their light;
Heaven shone in Nature's morn;
And, by the light subdued,
Darkness revealed long-hidden charms to sight;
And she, the rosy-hued,
Who rules heaven's fairest sphere,
Daughter of Ocean rude, —
She to the world gave Love, her offspring dear.

'T is Love adorns our earth
With verdure and soft dews;
With colors decks the flowers, with leaves the groves;
Turns war to peace and mirth;
O'er harshness softness strews;
And melts a thousand hates in thousand loves.
Incessant he renews
The lives stern Death consumes,
And gives the brilliant hues
In which earth's beauteous picture ever blooms.

The raging of his flames
'T were cowardice to fear;
For Love is soft and tender as a child.
His rage entreaty tames;
And passion's starting tear
He kisses from the eyes, tenderly mild.
Within his quiver hear
The golden arrows ring;
They deadly shafts appear;
But love-fraught, love-impelled, their flight they wing.

Love sounds in every lay,
In every tuneful choir;
Tempestuous winds are lulled by his sweet voice;
Sorrow is chased away;
And in his genial fire
The limpid streams, the hills and vales rejoice.
Love's own harmonious lyre
In heaven is heard to sound;
And whilst his flames inspire
Thy heart, thou, Castro, by Love's God art crowned.

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

Rather, a tyrant blind,
Forged by the poet's brain;
Desire, deceit unkind,
Offspring of idleness, god of the vain;
The never-failing bane
Of all high thoughts inspire.
His arrows, tipped with fire,
Madly he hurls around:
Apollo, Mars, groan with the scorching wound.

Aloft in air he flies,
And the earth burns below;
His deadly shafts he plies,
And, when he misses, causes bitterest woe.
He glories foe with foe

In passion's chains to bind;
And those by Fate designed
For union, those he parts:
Unsated he with tears, blood, breaking hearts.

Into the tender breast
Of chastely blushing maid,
As time and chance suggest,
He 'll steal, or furiously her heart invade.
The fire, by reason's aid
Extinguished, will revive;
In cold blood, scarce alive,
In age's snows will blaze,
Kindling the inmost soul with beauty's rays.

From thence the venom streams
Through the erst healthy frame:
The slumbering spirit dreams
In self-delusion, weaving webs of flame.
Then disappear chaste shame
And generous constancy;
Then death and misery
Enter in softness' guise,
The heart is hardened, and the reason dies.

From great Alcides' hand
Who snatched the iron mace,
At foot of maiden bland
Marking the lion-conqueror's maid-like place?
The spoils of that dread chase
Who turned to delicate
Attire of female state;
And fingers, wont to hurl
War's weapons round, the distaff forced to twirl?

. . . . . .

What other fire consumed
The glories of old Troy?
Or Spain, the mighty, doomed
To groan beneath a paynim yoke's annoy?
A blind and wanton boy
The noblest minds o'erthrew,
Mangled, and maimed, and slew;
Triumphing over lives and blood,
The prey of appetite's remorseless mood.

Blest, O, how wondrous blest,
Who 'gainst the fatal dart
Has known to guard his breast,
Or quench the flames whilst kindling in his heart!
Such grace doth Heaven impart
But to a favored few.
Vain joys, that quickly flew,
Thousands with tears lament,
And their submission to Love's power repent.

—

DOM PEDRO'S LAMENT.

MESSENGER.

O, HEAVY tidings! — A sad messenger,
My lord, thou seest.

DOM PEDRO.

What tidings bring'st thou?

MESSENGER.

Tidings
So cruel, that, in bearing them, myself
Towards thee am cruel. But first calm thy spirit,
And in it fashion of calamities
The worst that could befall. A soul thus armed
Is the best remedy against ill fortune.

DOM PEDRO.

Thou hold'st me in suspense. I pray thee, speak!
Procrastination aggravates the ill.

MESSENGER.

That Dona Ignez, thou so lov'st, is dead!

DOM PEDRO.

O God! O Heavens! What say'st thou?

MESSENGER.

By a death
So cruel, to relate it were fresh sorrow.

DOM PEDRO.

Is dead?

MESSENGER.

She is.

DOM PEDRO.

Who murdered her?

MESSENGER.

This day,
Thy father with armed followers surprised her.
Secure in innocence, she did not fly;
But naught availed her, nor her love for thee,
Nor yet thy sons, in whom she sought defence,
No, nor the innocence and piety
With which, down falling at thy father's feet,
So forcefully for pardon she entreated,
That weeping he pronounced it. But even then
His cruel ministers and counsellors
Against a pardon so well merited
Unsheathed their swords, and plunged them in her breast.
They murdered her as she embraced her babes,
Who there remained discolored with her blood.

DOM PEDRO.

What should I say? what do? what shriek or groan?
O fortune! O barbarity! O grief!
O mine own Dona Ignez! O my soul!
And art thou slain? Hath death the audacity
To touch thee? Do I hear it, and survive?
I live, and thou art dead! O cruel death!
My life thou 'st slain, and yet I am not dead!
Open, thou earth, and swallow me at once!
Burst, burst away, my soul, from this evil body,
Whose weight by force detains thee!
O mine own Dona Ignez! O my soul!
My love, my passion, my desire, my care,
Mine only hope, my joy, and art thou murdered?
They 've murdered thee! Thy soul, so innocent,
So beautiful, so humble, and so holy,
Has left its home! Thy blood has drenched their swords!
Thy blood! What cruel swords! What cruel hands!

How could they move against thee? Those
hard weapons,
How had they strength or edge, turned against
thee?
How, cruel king, couldst thou allow the deed?
Mine enemy, — not father, — enemy!
Wherefore *thus* murder me? Ye savage lions,
Ye tigers, serpents! why, if for my blood
Athirst, glutted ye not on me your rage?
Me had you slain, I might survive. Barbarians,
Wherefore not murder me? If wronged by me,
Mine enemies, why not on me revenge
Your wrongs? She had not wronged you, that
meek lamb,
Innocent, beautiful, sincere, and chaste;
But you, as rancorous enemies, would slay me, —
Not in my life, but soul. Ye heavens, that saw
Such monstrous cruelty, how fell ye not?
Ye mountains of Coimbra, 'neath your rocks
Why overwhelmed ye not such ministers?
Why trembles not the earth? why opens not?
Wherefore supports it such barbarity?

MESSENGER.

My lord, for weeping there is ample leisure;
But what can tears 'gainst death? I pray thee,
now,
Visit the corse, and render it due honors.

DOM PEDRO.

Sad honors! Other honors, lady mine,
I had in store for thee, — honors thy due!
. . . . .
How look upon those eyes, for ever closed?
Upon those tresses, now not gold, but blood?
Upon those hands, so cold and livid now,
That used to be so white and delicate?
On that fair bosom, pierced with cruel wounds?
Upon that form, so often in mine arms
Clasped living, beautiful, now dead and cold?
How shall I see the pledges of our loves?
O cruel father, didst thou not in them
Behold thy son? Thou hear'st not, my be-
loved!
I ne'er shall see thee more! throughout the
world
Shall never find thee! — Weep my griefs with
me,
All you who hear me! Weep with me, ye
rocks,
Since in men's hearts dwells such barbarity!
And thou, Coimbra, shroud thyself for ever
In melancholy! Ne'er within thy walls
Be laughter heard, or aught save tears and sighs!
Be thy Mondego's waters changed to blood!
Withered thy trees, thy flowers! Help me to
call
Upon Heaven's justice to avenge my woes! —
I slew thee, lady mine! 'T was I destroyed
thee!
With death I recompensed thy tenderness!
But far more cruelly than thee they slew
Will I destroy myself, if I avenge not
Thy murder with unheard-of cruelties!
For this alone does God prolong my life!
With mine own hands their breasts I 'll open;
thence
I 'll tear out the ferocious hearts that durst
Conceive such cruelty: then let them die!
Thee, too, I 'll persecute, thou king, my foe!
Quickly shall wasting fires work ravages
Amidst thy friends, thy kingdom! Thy slain
friends
Shall look on others' deaths, whose blood shall
drown
The plains, with whose blood shall the rivers
stream,
For hers in retribution! Slay me thou,
Or fly my rage! No longer as my father
Do I acknowledge thee! Thine enemy
I call myself, — thine enemy! My father
Thou 'rt not, — I 'm no son, — I 'm an enemy! —
Thou, Ignez, art in heaven! I remain
Till I 've revenged thee; then I there rejoin
thee!
Here shalt thou be a queen, as was thy due;
Thy sons shall, only as thy sons, be princes;
Thine innocent body shall in royal state
Be placed on high! Thy tenderness shall be
Mine indivisible associate,
Until I leave with thine my weary body,
And my soul hastes to rest with thine for ever!

PEDRO DE ANDRADE CAMINHA.

This poet was a native of Oporto. His family came originally from Castile. He was the friend of Ferreira and Bernardes. He held the post of Gentleman of the Chamber to Dom Duarte, brother of King Joao III., and afterwards enjoyed the favor of Sebastian. Caminha was not a poet of a high order of genius, but his style is elegant and correct. He has been called the Fontenelle of Portuguese literature.

Caminha died in 1594, at Villa Viçosa; but his works were not collected and printed until 1791.

SONNET.

With equal force should sweep the poet's lyre
As filled the spirits of those sons of fame
Whose valorous deeds secured the world's ac-
claim.
The hero's ardor and the warrior's fire
Should in the cadence of his measures gleam:
Harmonious sounds, unknown in vulgar song,
Justly to deeds of bold emprise belong,
When such brave actions form the poet's theme.
Full well thy lay, Jeronimo, portrays
In lively tints, revealing to the eye,
The achievements grand which bear thy Muse
praise;
And for that praise, from all who can
The beauties of thy verse and feel its
Is due the approving meed, the bard's
dower.

DIOGO BERNARDES.

Diogo Bernardes, who has been pronounced by Mr. Southey one of the best Portuguese poets, was born at Ponte de Barca, on the river Lima, in the province of Entre Douro e Minho. He was secretary of the embassy to Spain, and afterwards accompanied Sebastian in his expedition for the conquest of Africa. He was made prisoner in the disastrous battle of Alcaçar, remained some time in captivity, and wrote several pieces describing his misfortunes. Though he had encouraged Sebastian in the rash enterprise, he complained bitterly of the king's folly, when he himself had to share in its consequences. After obtaining his liberty, he returned to Lisbon, where he died in 1596.

The character of Bernardes has suffered from a charge of plagiarism that has been sometimes brought against him. He is accused of having printed several of Camoens's sonnets as his own. Upon this, Mr. Southey remarks, in his Notes to "Roderick": — "To obtain any proofs upon this subject would be very difficult; this, however, is certain, that his own undisputed productions resemble them so closely, in unaffected tenderness and in sweetness of diction, that the whole appear like the works of one author."

SONNETS.

O Lima! thou that in this valley's sweep
Now murmuring glid'st, with soothing sounds, the while
That western skies obscure Sol's gilded smile,
Luring the neighbours of thy stream to sleep:
I, now lovelorn, of other sounds than thine
Catch but the whispers as thy waters flow,
And, in the loved one's absence sunk in woe,
Increase thy wave with gushing tears of mine.
And whilst meandering gently to the sea,
Seemeth, methinks, — so sweet the moan thou makest, —
That thou a share in all my griefs partakest:
Yet I 'm deceived; thou but complain'st of me,
That the intrusion of my falling tear
Should break the surface of thy waters clear.

—

If thee, my friend, should Love, of nature kind,
Like to a tyrant treat, and e'er impose
Upon thee, blameless, all his host of woes, —
And well thy mien betrays what now thy mind
In sorrow feels, — contented suffer all
The cruel pangs which she thou lov'st ordains;
For gentle calm succeeds the direful squall,
And gilded mornings follow nights' dark reigns.
As well I hope, when these thy torments end,
Thou 'lt gather the sweet fruit of all thy toil;
Thy dear will be the memory of the past:
And e'en should fate thine ardent wishes foil, —
For the loved cause that did thy bloom o'ercast,
Pride shouldst thou in the tears which thou didst so misspend.

Since, now that Lusitania's king benign,
To wage thy battle, Christ, to arms resorts,
And high aloft — his guide — the standard sports,
Bearing the picture of thy death divine:
What, Afric, canst thou hope, but by such host
To see thyself o'erwhelmed; e'en could that chief,
Thy Hannibal, and other warriors lost,
Come to thy succour and attempt relief?
Wouldst thou avert a desolation new,
Such as thy Carthage still in memory bears,
Then bow submissive, where no chance appears;
Accept Sebastian's sway, — God's ordinance true:
If Lusian valor ne'er was known to quail,
With such a king and God how must its force prevail!

FROM THE FIRST ECLOGUE.

SERRANO.

O bright Adonis! brightest of our train!
For thee our mountain pastures greenest sprung,
Transparent fountains watered every plain,
And lavish Nature poured, as once when young,
Spontaneous fruits, that asked no fostering care;
With thee our flocks from dangers wandered free
Along the hills, nor did the fierce wolf dare
To snatch by stealth thy timorous charge from thee.

SYLVIO.

Come, pour with me your never-ceasing tears!
Come, every nation, join our sad lament
For woes that fill our souls with pains and fears;
Woes, at which savage nations might relent!

SERRANO.

Let every living thing that walks the earth,
Or wings the heavens, or sails the oozy deep,
Unite their sighs to ours! Adieu to mirth!
Pleasures, and joys, adieu! for we must weep.

SYLVIO.

O ill-starred day! O day that brought our woe,
Sacred to grief! that saw those bright eyes close,
And Death's cold hand from the unsullied snow
Of thy fair cheek pluck forth the blooming rose!

SERRANO.

Faint and more faint, the tender colors died,
Like the sweet lily of the summer day, —
Found by the ploughshare in its fragrant pride,
And torn, unsparing, from its stem away.

FROM THE ECLOGUE OF MARILIA.

How sweetly 'midst these hazel-bushes rose
E'en now the nightingale's melodious lay,
Whilst the unhappy Phyllis mourned her woes!
I came to drive my lambs, idly that stray,
From yonder wheat, and caught, as I drew near,
Either's last cadence, ere both fled away.

Sad Phyllis cried, "Alas!" in tone so drear,
So inly felt, that sorrow's voice I knew,
And my heart bled such suffering to hear:
Complaining thus, she mournfully withdrew;
The bird flew off, and my regrets are vain.
. . . . . .
"Those nymphs who from their bosoms Love exclude
Are happy, — O, how enviable their state!
How wretched those whose hearts he has subdued!
"How often do they vainly call on Fate!
How often cruel Love invoke, and wail,
And lavish sighs and tears on an ingrate!
"Vainly their eyes disclose the tender tale
Of a lost heart. In us, foredoomed to grief,
Beauty and grace, alas! of what avail?
"If we 're disdained, 't is sorrow past relief;
In which if carelessly the heart must pine,
The term of life and suffering will be brief.
. . . . . .
"I loved thee holily as the chaste dove:
If other thoughts within thy bosom dwell,
Thine own heart must that wrongful thought reprove.
"But wherefore do I here my sorrows tell,
Where Echo only to my sad lament
Can answer, and not he I love so well?
"Across these mountains since his course he bent,
Never again revisiting our plains,
By what dark jealousies my heart is rent!
"So little room for hope to me remains,
Despair were haply lesser misery:
But Love resists despair, and Love still reigns."

FRA AGOSTINHO DA CRUZ.

This religious poet was the brother of Diogo Bernardes, and took the name of Da Cruz, from the convent of Santa Cruz, where he served his novitiate. He was born in 1540, and early manifested the devotional and pious feelings which led him to consecrate his life to religion. The order to which he joined himself was one of the most austere in Portugal; but, not satisfied with the ordinary rigors of ascetic life, he obtained permission to retire and become a hermit on the Serra de Arrabida. Here he took up his abode in a small hut, and lived until 1619; when, being attacked by a fever, he was carried to a hospital at Setubal, and died there, May 14 of the same year.

The works of Fra Agostinho, entitled "Varias Poesias," consisting of sonnets, eclogues, and elegies, were published at Lisbon, in 1771.

SONNETS.

TO HIS SORROWFUL STATE.

Of lively spring this vale displays the charms;
The birds here sing, and plants and flowers are seen
With joy to deck the fields; the ivy green
Around the loftiest laurel twines its arms.
Calm is the sea, and from the river's flow,
Now gently ebbing, asks a smaller due, —
Whilst loveliest dawnings waken to the view:
But not for me, who ne'er a change must know.
In tears I fearful wait my coming fate,
And mourn the memory of my former state,
And naught have I to lose, nor aught to hope.
Useless to him a change, for whom nor joy
Nor pleasure may his future time employ,
Whose sorrows can admit no wider scope.

TO HIS BROTHER, DIOGO BERNARDES.

Of Lima, whence I bent my pilgrim way
In this lone mount my sepulchre to make,
I may not to the beauties tune my lay;
For thoughts would rise which I should now forsake.
The humble garb of wool about me bound,
Formed to no fashion but a lowly vest,
And feet which naked tread the stony ground,
From worldly converse long have closed my breast.
The gaysome throng, who loudly laud thy name,
Seeing thy gentle Lima 'neath the care
Of one, a noble prince and monarch's heir,
The more thou writ'st, the more will sound thy fame.
Brother, though I on thee less praise bestow,
Jointly let ours to God eternal flow!

FERNAÕ ALVARES DO ORIENTE.

This poet was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, in Goa. He is supposed to have passed his life in the Portuguese possessions in India, and never to have visited Portugal. He bore arms under the command of Fernaõ Tellez, in an expedition undertaken by that officer to the North. He lived until after 1607. His principal work is a pastoral, partly in prose and partly in verse, entitled "Lusitania Transformada."

SONNET.

Placed in the spangled sky, with visage bright,
The full-orbed moon her radiant beams displays;
But 'neath the vivid sun's more splendid rays
Sink all her charms, and fades her lovely light.
Spring with the rose and flowers adorns the field,
Yet they are doomed to doff their gay attire; —
The murmuring fountain to Sol's parching fire,
The sparkling stream from rock distilled, must yield.
And he who founds on earth his hopes of ease
Ill knows the order which this earth obeys:
Nor sky, nor sun, nor moon, a lasting peace
Enjoy, but ever change; and so the days
Of man precarious are, that, though he seem
To flourish long, yet falls the fabric like a dream.

FRANCISCO RODRIGUEZ LOBO.

This poet, who has been called the Portuguese Theocritus, was born about 1550, at Leiria, in Portuguese Estremadura. He was distinguished while yet at the University. But little is known of his life. He is said to have travelled; but he passed the greater portion of his time in the country, occupied with study. He was drowned in attempting to cross the Tagus, which he had so often celebrated in his writings.

As a poet, Lobo has been ranked next to Saa de Miranda and Camoens. He was a scholar of great erudition, and the services he rendered to the Portuguese language and style make an era in that literature. His principal prose work is the "Corte na Aldea, e Noites de Inverno" (the Court in the Country, and Winter Nights). He also wrote pastoral romances, in which were introduced sonnets, songs, *redondilhas*, &c., of great beauty; and an epic poem, entitled, "O Condestable de Portugal," in which he chronicled, in twenty mortal cantos, the exploits of Nuno Alvares Pereyra, the renowned constable of Portugal. He also composed a hundred romances, or occasional poems, the greater portion of which are in the Spanish language.

SONNETS.

Waters, which, pendent from your airy height,
Dash on the heedless rocks and stones below,
Whilst in your white uplifted foam ye show,
Though vexed yourselves, your beauties much more bright,—
Why, as ye know that changeless is their doom,
Do ye, if weary, strive against them still?
Year after year, as ye your course fulfil,
Ye find them rugged nor less hard become.
Return ye back unto the leafy grove,
Through which your way ye may at pleasure roam,
Until ye reach at last your longed-for home.
How hid in mystery are the ways of Love!
Ye, if ye wished, yet could not wander free:—
Freedom, in my lorn state, is valueless to me.

—

How, lovely Tagus, different to our view
Our past and present states do now appear!
Muddy the stream, which I have seen so clear,—
And sad the breast, which you contented knew.
Thy banks o'erflowed, through unresisting plains
Thy waters stray, by fitful tempests driven,—
Lost is to me the object which had given
A life of pleasures or a life of pains.
As thus our sorrows such resemblance bear,
May we of joy an equal cup partake!
But, ah, what favoring power to me can make
Our fates alike?—for spring, with soothing air,
Shall to its former state thy stream restore;
Whilst hid if I again may be as heretofore.

MANOEL DE FARIA E SOUZA.

This voluminous author, whose writings belong more to Spanish than to Portuguese literature, was born in 1590. At the age of fifteen, he was appointed secretary by one of his relations who held an office, and he soon displayed a remarkable capacity for business. Not having, however, obtained an appointment commensurate with his desires, he left his native country and went to Madrid. He was appointed to a place in the embassy to Rome; but on his return to Madrid, withdrew from public affairs and devoted himself to literature. He boasted that he filled every day twelve sheets of paper, each page containing thirty lines. He died in 1649.

Souza's historical works were written in Spanish; the greater part of his poems are also in that language. In Portuguese he wrote only sonnets and eclogues. Some of the sonnets are of great beauty, but most of them abound in conceits, and extravagant figures of speech. He is also known in literature as the author of several critical treatises.

SONNET.

Now past for me are April's maddening hours,
Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth;
A spring so utterly devoid of truth,
Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.
Gone, too, for me, is summer's sultry time,
When idly, reasonless, I sowed those seeds
Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds,
With gaudy colors, poisoning as they climb.
And well I fancy that they both are flown,
And that beyond their tyrant reach I 'm placed;
But yet I know not if I yet must taste
Their vain attacks: my thoughts still make me own,
That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,
When feelings sober not as years pass by.

VIOLANTE DO CEO.

This poetess, who has been somewhat extravagantly called the Tenth Muse of Portugal, was born at Lisbon, in 1601. At the age of eighteen, she wrote a comedy in verse. She is said to have been a good singer and performer on the harp. Afterwards she devoted herself to a religious life, and entered a cloister. She lived to the age of ninety-two, dying in 1693.

Violante do Ceo wrote in Portuguese and Spanish. Her poems were not collected until after her death. Her writings are marked by the characteristic faults of her age. They are full of far-fetched antitheses, conceits, and, in general, of the affectations of the Góngora and Marini schools.

SONNET.

Thou, who amidst the world's alluring toil
Liv'st joyous, and neglectful of thy state, —
Take here a warning, ere it be too late,
Which thy expected conquests all should foil.
Ponder; again to earth resigned the trust,
Lies one whose beauty bore the praise of all; —
Think that whate'er has life is naught but dust, —
That thy existence, too, is less than small.
Let this-my tomb instruct, — Death comes, and then
E'en beauty bows before his rigorous power;
And skill avails not to avert the hour,
To all appointed, but uncertain when.
Live as thou ought'st; be mindful that thy fate
Is fixed, — although unknown if soon or late.

WHILE TO BETHLEM WE ARE GOING.

"While to Bethlem we are going,
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely infant
Quitted his divine abode."
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

"Wherefore from his throne exalted
Came he on this earth to dwell, —
All his pomp a humble manger,
All his court a narrow cell?"
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

"Why did he, the Lord Eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be, —
He who fashioned for his glory
Boundless immortality?"
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well, then, let us haste to Bethlem, —
Thither let us haste and rest:
For, of all Heaven's gifts, the sweetest,
Sure, is peace, — the sweetest, best.

NIGHT OF MARVELS.

In such a marvellous night, so fair,
And full of wonder strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare,
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

FIRST.

I saw the trembling fire look wan.

SECOND.

I saw the sun shed tears of blood.

THIRD.

I saw a God become a man.

FOURTH.

I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels! at the thought,
The bosom's awe and reverence move.
But who such prodigies has wrought?
What gave such wonders birth? 'T was love!

What called from heaven that flame divine
Which streams in glory from above;
And bid it o'er earth's bosom shine,
And bless us with its brightness? Love!

Who bid the glorious sun arrest
His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
In tears, — the saddest, loneliest,
Of the celestial orbs? 'T was love!

Who raised the human race so high,
E'en to the starry seats above,
That, for our mortal progeny,
A man became a God? 'T was love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day to night;
And made of God a man? 'T was love!

Yes! love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all, — beneath, above;
And earth and heaven shall shout, as one,
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud:
The trembling fire that looked so wan, —
The weeping sun behind the cloud, —
A God — a God — become a man! —
A mortal man become a God!

ANTONIO BARBOSA BACELLAR.

Antonio Barbosa Bacellar was born at Lisbon, about 1610. He gave early manifestations of talent, and acquired in his youth a knowledge of several sciences and languages. He was particularly noted for the excellence of his memory. He wrote with equal facility in Spanish and Portuguese. He studied the law at Coimbra, went afterwards to Lisbon, and was appointed to several high judicial stations in succession. He died at Lisbon, in 1663.

Bacellar was an admirer and imitator of Camoens. His works, having long remained in manuscript, were published in 1716, in a collection entitled "A Fenix Renascida, ou Obras Poeticas dos melhores engenhos Portugueses." He wrote many poems, called *Saudades*, or Complaints in Solitude.

SONNET.

Gay, gentle bird! thou pour'st forth sweetest strains,
Although a captive, yet as thou wert free;
Like Orpheus singing to the winds with glee,
And as of old Amphion charmed the plains.

Near where the brooklet's cooling waters lave
The meads around, the traitorous snare was laid,
Which thee, unconscious of thy lot, betrayed,
And to thy free enjoyment fetters gave.
Just so with me, — my liberty I lost; —
For Love, in ambush of soft beaming eyes,
Seized on my heart, and I became his prize.
Yet liv'st thou gladsome, — whilst, with sorrow crossed,
I linger sad. How different do we bear
The chains which Fate has fixed that we alike must wear!

THIRD PERIOD.—FROM 1700 TO 1844.

FRANCISCO DE VASCONCELLOS COUTINHO.

This poet was born at Funchal, in Madeira. He belongs to the last part of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century. He studied at the University of Coimbra, and took the degree of Bachelor of Canon Law. His writings are less infected with extravagant mannerisms than those of most of his contemporaries. He wrote a poem on the story of Polyphemus and Galatea. Many of his sonnets were published in "A Fenix Renascida."

SONNETS.

To tell of sorrows doth the pangs increase,
While silence dulls such feelings as oppress;
So, if remembrance doubles loss of peace,
The man who stifles thought will suffer less
Silence may still the memory of pain, —
Thus grief may be divested of its sting;
But if of woe the image back we bring,
The wounds of sorrow become green again.
If memory thus augments the force of woes,
He, who that memory wakes, the more will feel
Than he who puts upon his tongue the seal.
In silence sorrows oftimes find repose;
While he, whose feelings will not brook restraint,
Renews his sorrows when he makes complaint.

—

O thoughtless bird, that thus, with carol sweet,
From airy bough pour'st forth thy joyous tale,
Regardless of the ills which may assail,
When thou art absent from thy lone retreat!
Fly, quickly haste, — give heed, while I protest,
If still thou tarriest here, that, sunk in woe,
Thy tears eternally are doomed to flow,
And wail thy young ones stolen, and spoiled thy nest.
Ah, let my griefs thy slumbering feelings wake!
For I, while absent, trusting all to Fate,
Lost the reward which I had sought to gain.
Why dost thou yet delay, nor counsel take?
Soon by thy loss convinced, thou 'lt mourn too late,
Though happy now thou pour'st thy lively strain.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

O Nature's sweet enchanter! Flower of Song!
E'en joyous seem the notes you sing of grief, —
Those plaintive strains afford to you relief;
Whilst weepings still my hapless loves prolong.
For mine 's the grief that must in patience wait,
While you your sorrows tell to whom you love;
You hope each hour some happy bliss to prove,
While I each moment dread disastrous fate.
We both now suffer from Love's tyrant sway;
But cruel, ah, my lot, compared with thine!
'T is I whom reason teaches to repine,
But thou unconscious pourest forth thy lay;
Thou sing'st of sorrows which do now assail,
I present ills and those I fear bewail.

PEDRO ANTONIO CORREA GARÇAÕ.

This poet is noted in the literary history of Portugal for his instrumentality in the formation of the Portuguese Arcadian Society, which was established about 1756. He belongs, therefore, to the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century. He formed his style on the model of Horace, and, since Ferreira, no writer had approached so near the ancient prototype, so that he was called the Second Portuguese Horace. He even introduced into the Portuguese the ancient metres. Besides lyric poems, he wrote several plays, by which he endeavoured to form a more correct dramatic taste than then prevailed among his countrymen. Having given offence to the government, which was at that time administered by the rigid Pombal, he was thrown into prison, where he died miserably.

The writings of Garçaõ are distinguished by purity of language, delicacy of taste, and fineness of tact. His "Cantata de Dido" is pronounced by Almeida Garrett "one of the most sublime conceptions of human genius, one of the most perfect works executed by the hand of man"; a judgment far more patriotic than discriminating.

SONNETS.

The gentle youth, who reads my hapless strain,
And ne'er hath felt the shafts of frenzied Love,

Nor knows the anguish he is doomed to prove,
Whom vile deceit, when kept in beauty's chain,
Torments, — if than a stone less hard his heart,
Would fly the sad recital of my woes;
For faces firm the tale would discompose
Of Love's deceptions causing so much smart.
O, list, ye doomed to weep! while I display
The drear and mournful scene in saddest plaint,
The scaffold base and platform's bloody way, —
Where, dragged to death, behold a martyred saint; —
And where to shameful pain unto your view
Love faithful and sincere condemned I show.

—

In Moorish galley chained, unhappy slave,
Poor, weary Corydon, with grief oppressed,
Upon his oar had crossed his hands in rest,
Tired by the breeze which roughly kissed the wave.
What time he slept and fondly thought him free, —
Folded in sweet oblivion all his woes, —
The beauteous Lilia on his view arose,
Cleaving with snowy breast the rippled sea.
The wishing lover trembled, as he strove
To rise and meet the object of his love,
To greet the maid, and catch the fond embrace:
His cruel chains still fixed him to the place.
In vain amidst the crew he sought relief:
Each had to wail his own peculiar grief.

DIDO. — A CANTATA.

Already in the ruddy east shine white
The pregnant sails that speed the Trojan fleet:
Now wafted on the pinions of the wind,
They vanish 'midst the golden sea's blue waves.
The miserable Dido
Wanders loud shrieking through her regal halls,
With dim and turbid eyes seeking in vain
The fugitive Æneas.
Only deserted streets and lonesome squares
Her new-built Carthage offers to her gaze;
And frightfully along the naked shore
The solitary billows roar i' th' night;
And 'midst the gilded vanes
Crowning the splendid domes
Nocturnal birds hoot their ill auguries.
In fancy now she hears,
Amazed, the ashes cold
Of dead Sichæus, from his marble tomb,
In feeble accents mixed with heavy sighs,
"Eliza! mine Eliza!" ceaseless call.
To the dread gods of hell
A solemn sacrifice
Prepares she; but, dismayed,
Upon the incense-fuming altars sees
The sacred vases mantling with black scum,
And the libation wine
Transformed into abhorrent lakes of blood.
Deliriously she raves;
Pale is her beauteous face,
Her silken tresses all dishevelled stream,
And with uncertain foot, scarce conscious, she
That happy chamber seeks,
Where she with melting heart
Her faithless lover heard
Whisper impassioned sighs and soft complaints.

There the inhuman Fates before her sight,
Hung o'er the gilded nuptial couch, displayed
The Teucrian mantles, whose loose folds disclosed
The lustrous shield and the Dardanian sword.
She started; — suddenly, with hand convulsed,
From out the sheath the glittering blade she snatched,
And on the tempered, penetrating steel
Her delicate, transparent bosom cast;
And murmuring, gushing, foaming, the warm blood
Bursts in a fearful torrent from the wound;
And, from the encrimsoned rushes spotted red,
Tremble the Doric columns of the hall.

Thrice she essayed to rise;
Thrice fainting on the bed she prostrate fell,
And, writhing as she lay, to heaven upraised
Her quenched and failing eyes.
Then earnestly upon the lustrous mail
Of Ilium's fugitive
Fixing her look, she uttered these last words;
And hovering 'midst the golden vaulted roofs,
The tones, lugubrious and pitiful,
In after days were often heard to moan: —

"Ye precious memorials,
Dear source of delight,
Enrapturing my sight,
Whilst relentless Fate,
Whilst the gods above,
Seemed to bless my love,
Of the wretched Dido
The spirit receive!
From sorrows whose burden
Her strength overpowers
The lost one relieve!
The hapless Dido
Not timelessly dies:
The walls of her Carthage,
Loved child of her care,
High towering rise.
Now a spirit bare,
She flies the sun's beam;
And Phlegethon's dark
And horrible stream,
In Charon's foul bark,
She lonesomely ploughs."

DOMINGOS DOS REIS QUITA.

This poet, the son of a tradesman, was born in 1717, at Lisbon. His father, being unfortunate in business, left Portugal for America when Domingos was only seven years old. For a time, the family was supported humbly by the remittances which Quita was able to send home from America. But these at length failing

Domingos was apprenticed to a hair-dresser, at the age of thirteen. Having always been fond of reading and poetry, he studied diligently the works of Camoens and Lobo, and imitated the best models in the language. His modesty was so great that he did not venture to show his verses to his friends as his own, but produced them as the composition of a monk in the Azores. His talents became known to the Conde de San Lourenço, whose patronage enabled him to acquire the Spanish, Italian, and French languages; and he studied all the best authors in them, and as many of the Latin, German, and English, as were translated. He was elected into the Portuguese Arcadia, a society formed for the restoration of polite literature. The archbishop of Braga was desirous of taking him into his household, but some stupid bigot persuaded him that it would be unbecoming to have a man of wit about his person, and so the place was lost to the poet. The marquis of Pombal, the great minister of Portugal, proposed to reward him for his excellent character and abilities; but some malignant influence interfered, and deprived him of the statesman's favor. The earthquake of Lisbon stripped him of the little he possessed; but he was kindly received into the house of Dona Theresa Theodora de Aloim, the wife of a physician, named Balthazar Tara, and every attention was bestowed upon him by these affectionate friends. He lived with them many years; but finally, from a sense of duty to his infirm and aged mother, Domingos left the hospitable roof of his benefactors, and took a house, that she might reside with him. He removed to his new home in 1770, but in a few weeks he was seized with a severe illness, which ended his life, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Domingos wrote eclogues, idyls, odes, sonnets, and tragedies, one of which, founded on the story of Ignez de Castro, has been translated into English.

SONNETS.

The wretches, Love, who of thy laws complain,
And, bold, conspire against thy fixed decree,
Have never felt the pleasure of that chain
Whose sweet endearment binds my soul to thee.
Those callous breasts, unbending to thy sway,
Which ne'er have heaved with throbs of soft desire,
Have never seen those fond allurements play
Which fill my heart with flames of living fire.
O, come, ye hapless railers! come, and see
The bliss for which are raised my constant sighs,
And ye shall taste of Love the golden prize: —
But hold, ye railers! hold! — there must not be
A change in your hard fate, until those eyes
On their Alcino only shine with glee.

—

'T was on a time,—the sun's last glimmering ray
In ocean sunk, — that, sore by Fate dismayed,
Along the shore Alcino lovelorn strayed,
His woes the lone companions of his way;
And o'er the vast expanse of waters drear
His eyes he cast, for there he found relief.
Whilst heaved his sighs, and fast the trickling tear
Paced his sad cheek, the youth thus told his grief:
"Ye waves, transport the tears which now I weep, —
Ye winds, upon your breezes waft my sighs
To where my fondest hopes of comfort sleep,
Where ye have borne the form of her I prize.
O, if ye can, have pity on my care;
Restore the bliss which ye removed so far!"

—

Amidst the storms which chilling winter brings,
All horror seems,—the gladsome hours are past;
The laboring sky, with darkening clouds o'ercast,
In mingling wind and rain its fury flings;
Spoiled of their mantles green, the meadows mourn;
And headlong rushing o'er its bed, the stream
Its turbid course pursues. I equal deem
The gloom of nature and my state forlorn.
But winter's reign is o'er; again the sky
Beams forth its lustre, and its crystal range
The river takes; no more the meadows sigh,
But smiling Nature greets the lovely change.
Not thus with me; no rest these eyes may know
From tears of sadness, caused by ceaseless woe.

CLAUDIO MANOEL DA COSTA.

This poet flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century. He was born in Brazil, in the province of Minas Geraes, where the principal occupation is the working of the mines. He spent five years at the University of Coimbra. While there, he applied himself to the study of the older Italian poets, and composed sonnets in imitation of Petrarch, in the Italian language. On his return to Brazil, he continued his poetic studies. He wrote sonnets, elegies, eclogues, imitations of the Italian *canzoni*, and various other lyrical pieces.

The style of this poet, unlike the literary fashion of his day, is free from exaggeration and affectation: his language is simple and elegant, and some of his sonnets have been ranked among the best in Portuguese literature. His works were published at Coimbra, in 1768.

SONNET.

Short were the hours which were so gayly passed,
When, Love, in thee my trust I fondly placed;
Possessed of all my soul desired to taste,
I careless deemed they would for ever last.
Quite unsuspecting any fraud of thine,
In that blessed state my time was thus employed;

Each passing scene I proudly thus enjoyed,
Thinking what truly happy lot was mine.
The glittering veil removed, no joys remain;
The brilliant structure, which thou bad'st arise,
Which fed my vanity, in ruin lies.
What hapless end! in Love to trust how vain!
But why surprised?—the fate may soon be guessed
Of hopes which in the hands of fickle beauty rest.

THE LYRE.

Yes! I have loved thee, O my Lyre!
My day, my night-dream, loved thee long!
When thou wouldst pour thy soul of song,
When did I turn away?

'T is thine, with thy bewitching wire,
To charm my sorrow's wildest mood,
To calm again my feverish blood,
Till peace resumes her sway.

How oft with fond and flattering tone
I wooed thee through the still midnight,
And chasing slumbers with delight,
Would vigils hold with thee;

Would tell thee I am all thine own;
That thou, sweet Lyre, shalt rule me still;
My love, my pride, through every ill,
My world of bliss to me!

Thine are those quenchless thoughts of fire,
The beamings of a burning soul,
That cannot brook the world's control,
Or breathe its sickening air;

And thine the raptures that inspire
With antique glow my trembling frame,
That bid me nurse the wasting flame,
And court my own despair.

JOAÕ XAVIER DE MATOS.

This poet belongs to the latter half of the eighteenth century. He was highly esteemed at Lisbon. His works consist of sonnets, odes, and other miscellaneous pieces, together with a translation of a tragedy by the Abbé Genest, and an original tragedy, entitled "Viriacia," on a subject drawn from the early history of Portugal.

SONNET.

The sun now sets; whilst twilight's misty hue
Closes with slow approach the light of day;
And sober night, with hand of mantling gray,
In gathering clouds obscures the fading view:
Scarce do I see my villa through the gloom,
Or from the beech discern the cypress grave.
All wears the stilly silence of the tomb,
Save that the sound is heard of measured wave
Upon the neighbouring sand. With face erect,
Looks raised to heaven, in anguish of my soul,
From my sad eyes the frequent tear-drops roll;
And if a comfort I might now select,
'T would be that night usurp so long a reign,
That never more should day appear again.

PAULINO CABRAL DE VASCONCELLOS.

Paulino Cabral de Vasconcellos is known as the abbot of Jacente. He belongs to the latter part of the eighteenth century. His works, consisting of sonnets and other poems, are written with polished elegance, and contributed to reclaim his countrymen from the extravagances of the prevailing bad taste, to a clear and classical style. They were published at Oporto, in two volumes, 1786–87.

SONNET.

Love is a power which all controlling spurns,
Nor youth nor age escape, nor high nor low;
When most concealed, more lively still it burns,
And, least expected, strikes the fatal blow.
E'en conquering heroes to its sway must yield,
Disdains not it the humble cottage roof,
Nor will it from the palace keep aloof,
Nor offers wisdom's mantle any shield.
Against its shafts the convent's awful fane
No sacred shelter can to beauty give;
Naught is so strong against its force to live;
It combats honor, and would virtue gain.
Where'er its cruel banner is unfurled,
It as its vassal binds the universal world.

J. A. DA CUNHA.

J. A. da Cunha is known chiefly as an eminent mathematician of the latter part of the eighteenth century. He is also placed high among the poets of his age. His poetical writings were collected in 1778, but remained in manuscript. Sismondi says, "The manuscripts have been in my possession; and so far from detecting in them any traces of that tameness, or want of vigor and imagination, which might be supposed to result from a long application to the exact sciences, I was surprised by their tender and imaginative character, and in particular by that deep tone of melancholy which seems peculiar to the Portuguese poetry above that of all the languages of the South."

LINES WRITTEN DURING SEVERE ILLNESS.

O grief beyond all other grief,
Com'st thou the messenger of Death?
Then come! I court thy wished relief,
And pour with joy this painful breath.

But thou, my soul, what art thou? Where
Wing'st thou thy flight, immortal flame?
Or fad'st thou into empty air,
A lamp burnt out, a sigh, a name?

I reck not life, nor that with life
The world and the world's toys are o'er:
But, ah, 't is more than mortal strife
To leave the loved, and love no more!

To leave her thus! — my fond soul torn
From hers, without e'en time to tell
Hers are these tears and sighs that burn,
And hers this last and wild farewell!

Yes! while, upon the awful brink
Of fate, I look to worlds above,
How happy, did I dare to think
These last faint words might greet my love:

"O ever loved, though loved in vain,
With such a pure and ardent truth
As grows but once, and ne'er again
Renews the blossom of its youth!

"To breathe the oft repeated vow,
To say my soul was always thine,
Were idle here. Live happy thou, —
As I had been, hadst thou been mine!"

Now grief and anguish drown my voice,
Fresh pangs invade my breast; more dim
Earth's objects on my senses rise,
And forms receding round me swim.

Shroud me with thy dear guardian wings,
Father of universal love!
Be near me now, with faith that springs
And joys that bloom in worlds above!

A mourner at thine awful throne,
I bring the sacrifice required, —
A laden heart, its duties done,
By simple truth and love inspired:

Love, such as Heaven may well approve,
Delighting most in others' joy,
Though mixed with errors such as love
May pardon, when no crimes alloy.

Come, friendship, with thy last sad rite,
Thy pious office now fulfil!
One tear and one plain stone requite
Life's tale of misery and ill.

And thou, whose name is mingled thus
With these last trembling thoughts and sighs,
Though love his fond regrets refuse,
Let the soft voice of friendship rise,

And gently whisper in thine ear,
"He loves no more who loved so well!"
And when thou wanderest through those dear,
Delicious scenes, where, first to tell

The secrets of my glowing breast,
I led thee to the shadiest bower,
And at thy feet, absorbed, oppressed,
With faltering tongue confessed thy power, —

Then own no truer, holier vow
Was ever breathed in woman's ear;
And let one gush of tears avow
That he who loved thee once was dear.

Yet weep not bitterly, but say,
"He loved me not as others love;
Mine, only mine, ere called away, —
Mine, only mine in heaven above!"

JOAQUIM FORTUNATO DE VALADARES GAMBOA.

This poet belonged to the latter half of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. His poems were first published at Lisbon in 1779, and again in 1791. A second volume appeared in 1804.

SONNETS.

My gentle love, — to bid this valley smile,
Which now in sadness droops, thy steps retrace;
Denied the gladdening influence of thy face,
Unjoyous hours and sadness reign the while.
Now slowly falling drops alone employ
The fountain pure, which flowed with copious stream;
And parched and languishing the meadows seem,
That showed before the laughing garb of joy.
E'en, at the dawning hour, in gleams less bright
The purple east emits its cheering rays;
All nature, mourning, signs of grief displays,
And weeps the memory of her past delight.
Judge, then, what pangs my stricken heart must prove,
Which ceaseless pours for thee the sighs of faithful love!

—

How calm and how serene yon river glides
Through verdant meads, that smiling meet my view!
And upland slopes, which glow with sunny hue,
And vales, with flowerets gemmed, adorn its sides.
Now basking in yon elm, from loftiest spray
A little songster, careless, pours his strain
And decks his plumes; while to his woodland lay,
From willow-bough, a chorister again
Returns the lively song. All bears around
Accordant joy and signs of sweet repose;
And he may well rejoice and glad appear,
Who ne'er of female tyranny hath found
The smart; — but woe to him, who hapless knows
Its cruel wrongs, and base deceit, and care!

—

Adieu, ye Nine! O, how much woe I prove,
To quit your service, and your charms forsake!
How deep the wound which distance far can make
In those together joined by so much love!
Inspired by you, in gay and joyous strain,

Of Love's delights I sang the pleasing lay;
But griefs, to which my soul is now a prey,
Usurp their place, and fill my breast with pain.
Thrice envied he whom your endearments bless,
Happy to live, nor feel the torments dire
Which now so close and cruel round me press!
With such a host of ills have I to strive,
That, quitting you, I discontented live,
And give to sad repose my silent lyre.

ANTONIO DINIZ DA CRUZ.

Among the most distinguished of the Portuguese poets who flourished about the end of the last century is Antonio Diniz da Cruz. He belonged to the Arcadian Society, in which he was known by the name of Elpino Nonacriense. He cultivated poetry in the midst of his duties as a magistrate; for he held the office of a *desembargador* or judge. His successful imitations of the style of the Theban poet have gained for him the name of the Portuguese Pindar. He is chiefly known to foreigners by a heroi-comic poem in eight cantos, entitled "O Hysope," the Hyssop. Garrett affirms that "'The Hyssop' is the most perfect heroi-comic poem, of its kind, that has ever been written in any language; if the 'Lutrin' exceeds it in severe correctness of diction, yet, in the design of the work, in the regularity of the structure, the disciple of Boileau was much in advance of his master." The occasion which gave rise to it is thus explained by a writer in the "Quarterly Review" (Vol. I., p. 244): — "José Carlos de Lara, dean of Elvas, used, for the sake of ingratiating himself with his bishop, to attend him in person, with the hyssop, at the door of the chapter-house, whenever he officiated. After a while, some quarrel arose between them, and he then discontinued this act of supererogatory respect; but he had practised it so long, that the bishop, and his party in the chapter, insisted upon it as a right, and commanded him to continue it as a service he was bound to perform. He appealed to the metropolitan, and sentence was given against him." This is the story of the poem. "After his death, the dean's successor, who happened to be his nephew, tried the cause again, and obtained a reversal of the decree. A prophetic hope of this eventual triumph is given to the unsuccessful hero."

SONNETS.

One time, when Love, his beauteous mother lost,
Wandered through fields where Tejo's soft streams wind,
Sighing to each fair nymph whose path he crossed,
Inquiring still where he might Venus find, —
Undone the brace, his golden quiver fell:
He, who not now for bow or arrow cares,
Sobs out what thousand pleasures shall be theirs
Who may some tidings of the goddess tell.
It chanced her flock that Jonia tended there;
His tears she dried, and with a cheerful air
Proffered to lead him to the wished-for sight:
When, rising on his wings, the urchin said,
While her sweet face he kissed, — "Ah, gentle maid,
Who sees those eyes forgetteth Venus quite!"

—

Here, lonely in this cool and verdant seat,
Gemmed with bright flowers the smiling meadow yields,
While herds depasture in the neighbouring fields,
I long to see my torments all retreat.
How pure and fresh this eve! how soft the wind
Now moving o'er the river's surface clear,
As in yon poplar high the turtle near
In soothing murmurs mourneth forth her mind!
Joyous meanwhile, as if to banish grief,
The tuneful birds their sweetest carols sing,
And lovely flowers their choicest fragrance fling:
But to my sorrows they give no relief;
For cruel tortures all my thoughts employ,
Nor grant to hapless me but one short hour of joy.

FROM O HYSOPE.

[The Dean and the Padre Jubilado, in the garden, discourse of the statues of Monsieur Paris and Madama Pena Lopez (Penelope).]

"Who is this *Monsieur* Paris, as he 's called
In the inscription on *his* pedestal?
If from appearances I judge, *the* name,
Countenance, and well dressed hair bespeak this beau
A Frenchman, and perhaps a cavalier,
The great inventor of his own *toupée*."
The learned father cautiously replied, —
"Nor Frenchman, as you judge, nor cavalier,
Was he this statue represents. In Troy,
One of Troy's royal family, he lived."
"If Frenchman he was not," the dean rejoined,
"Why called *Monsieur?*" And the ex-doctor thus,
Smiling, made answer: — "Let not that surprise,
Since at each step recurring. Now-a-days,
At every corner, are we Portuguese
Shamelessly treated as *Monsieurs*. This, Sir,
Is now the fashion, and the fashion must
Be followed. Above all, is 't requisite
We should convince the world that we speak French."
"O Padre Jubilado," asked the dean,
"Is 't, then, of such importance to speak French,
That your proficiency your reverences
Must thus display? Without this sacrament,
Were neither wisdom nor salvation yours?
For I must tell you here, under the rose,
The savage Boticudo's jargon 's not
More unintelligible to me than French."
"Do not confess it, Sir; for in these times, —
O times! O morals! — French is all in all,"
The father said.

. . . . . .

"Of this audacity, this impudence,
Raging unchecked amongst us, Sir, the effects
Most terrible, most noxious, those appear
That fall on our chaste mother-tongue; that tongue,
Wasted upon translations meriting
Most richly to be burnt, is there defiled
With thousand Gallicisms of word and phrase.
. . . . . .
As though our language, beautiful and rich,
The eldest born of Latin, stood in need
Of foreign ornament."
. . . . . .
"And at the loom, all weavers of those days
Surpassing, on one web ten years she spent."
"What say you, father-master? Do you jest?"
The astonished dean exclaimed. "What! ten whole years,
Warping and weaving at one single web,
Did this *Madama* spend? And will you say
She was a famous weaver? Why, my nurse —
And she 's decrepid — spends not on one web
More than nine months."
. . . . . .
"Even in this her great ability,"
The father said, "consisted; since by night
She carefully unravelled each day's work."
"Still worse and worse," rejoined the dean; "why, this
Is going, crab-like, backwards. I would swear
Upon an hundred pair of Gospels, she,
Your famed Penelope, had lost her wits."

FRANCISCO MANOEL DO NASCIMENTO.

This poet belonged to a distinguished Portuguese family, and was born at Lisbon, in 1734. His taste for poetry was early manifested, and a youthful passion favored its further development. He was one of the number of Portuguese scholars, who, about the middle of the last century, contributed to reform the national literature. The most remarkable incident in the life of Francisco Manoel was his escape in the great earthquake of 1755. "He found himself," says his biographer, Sané, "at this awful moment, in the patriarchal church, and owed his safety entirely to his speed, and to the fortunate rashness, with which, to gain the country, he leaped over streets blocked up with ruins, in the midst of a shower of stones, — many times thrown down by the agitations, and expecting to meet his death at every step."

After this disaster had been somewhat repaired by the energy of Pombal, Manoel devoted himself anew to literature. Some of his works, being published by friends who thought more highly of them than he did himself, gave him much reputation. He studied the best models in the Latin, French, and English languages. His reputation excited the envy of the inferior writers; and the ridicule with which he treated the ignorance of the monks exposed him to the hatred of that powerful body. At length, a translation of Molière's "Tartufe" appeared, and was attributed to him. This determined the Inquisition to subject him to the punishment of their dread tribunal; and a familiar of the Holy Office was sent to arrest him, July 4, 1778. Manoel suspected his errand, seized a dagger, and, threatening to stab him if he uttered a word, wrapped himself in his cloak, locked up his enemy, and fled down the staircase. He remained concealed in Lisbon eleven days, at the house of a French merchant, and then made his escape on board a French ship bound for Havre de Grace. He took up his abode in France, living by turns at Paris, Versailles, and Choisy, actively engaged in literature. He published several volumes of odes, satires, and epistles, which show a high poetic talent. He died at Paris, February 25, 1819.

SONNETS.

ON ASCENDING A HILL LEADING TO A CONVENT.

Pause not with lingering foot, O pilgrim, here!
Pierce the deep shadows of the mountain-side;
Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to fear;
To brighter worlds this thorny path will guide.
Soon shall thy feet approach the calm abode,
So near the mansions of supreme delight:
Pause not, but tread this consecrated road;
'T is the dark basis of the heavenly height.
Behold, to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the hill!
Pure gales, inviting, softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides, — and wilt thou linger still?
O, enter there, where, freed from human strife,
Hope is reality, and time is life!

—

Descend, O Joy! descend in brightest guise,
Thou cherished hope to pining lovers dear!
More bright to me the sun, the day more clear,
For thy inspiring looks and radiant eyes.
When heard thy voice, — abashed, in anguish sad,
Cruel Melancholy quails, — unhallowed Woe
And Grief with doubting step together go,
Their bosoms heaving at thy clarion glad.
Through my tired frame a soft emotion steals,
And in my veins a vital spirit springs,
Chasing the blood, which cold and languid flowed;
The meadows laugh, and light the air now feels:
For Marcia's smile, when graciously bestowed,
To me and all around contentment brings.

—

As yet unpractised in the ways of Love,
The vale I sought, — my sole intent to hear
The nightingale pour forth those love-notes clear
Which to his mate his fond affection prove.
A tender imp I chanced encounter there,
With golden hair, and eyes with cunning bright;
His naked feet with travel weary were,
And, cold and pale, he seemed in piteous plight:

I took him to my breast and soothed his grief,
Kissed his sad cheek, and proffered him relief.
Who would believe that 'neath his dealing fair
Was hid such craft? — the wily boy infused
His poison, and, my confidence abused,
Laughed in my face, and vanished in the air.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE.

NEPTUNE TO THE PORTUGUESE.

WAVE-WANDERING armadas people now
The Antillean Ocean,
And strands for centuries that desert lay.
Lo! here D'Estaing the fearless,
And there the prosperous Rodney, cuts the plains
Subject to Amphitrite.
Already, at each hostile banner's sight,
Enkindles every spirit;
The sails are slacked, the cannon's thunders roll;
From numberless volcanoes
Death bursts, on scattering balls borne widely round.
The rocks that tower sharp-pointed,
Bristling the shore of many a neighbouring isle,
Are with the din fear-shaken
Of the hoarse brass rebellowing that roars.
Tremulously the waters
Amidst the placid grottos crystalline
Proclaim the news of terror.
Their green dishevelled tresses streaming far,
The Nereids, affrighted,
Fly to the shuddering ocean's deepest abyss.
Neptune, exasperated,
Flings on his biped coursers' necks the reins,
And in his conch upstanding,
With straining eyes the liquid azure field
Explores, — seeking, but vainly,
The bold, the conquest-loving Lusian ships.
Lilies he sees, and Leopards,
Of yore on ocean's confines little known,
Triumphantly now waving
From frigid Thule to the ruddy East.
He sees the dull Batavian
In fragrant Ceylon, and Malacca rich,
His grasping laws promulgate.
"Offspring of Gama and of Albuquerque!"
Thus Neptune, deeply sighing,
Exclaims, "encrimson ye with deathless shame!
Where is the trident sceptre
I gave to that adventurous hero, first
Who ploughed with daring spirit
The unknown oceans of the rosy morn?
No Lusitanian Argos,
With heroes filled, in Mauritanian schools
Created, trained, and hardened,
Now furrows with bold nimbleness my realm."

MANOEL MARIA DE BARBOSA DU BOCAGE.

THIS famous improvvisatore and poet was born at Setubal, in 1766. He showed in his early years uncommon talent, and his parents spared no pains with his education. Quitting school, he received a commission in the infantry of Setubal, and not long after entered the naval service. He spent three years in Lisbon, and acquired a high reputation as an improvvisatore. At the age of twenty, he left Lisbon and embarked for the Portuguese possessions in India. Arriving at Goa, he was appointed a lieutenant, and was wrecked on a voyage from that city to Macao, saving only the manuscript of the first volume of his works. His talents soon attracted the attention of persons in power; but the indulgence of his satirical vein exposed him to hatred, and even to the danger of losing his life, and he returned to Portugal after an absence of five years. He was well received on his arrival in Lisbon, but soon injured his reputation by associating with dissolute company, was thrown into jail, and imprisoned by the Inquisition. During this confinement, he translated the first book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." He was released at the interposition of the Marquesses of Ponte de Lima and of Abrantes, but returned to his old habits and associates. He died December 21, 1805.

The works of Bocage were collected and published at Lisbon, in 1812.

SONNETS.

SCARCE was put off my infant swathing-band,
Till o'er my senses crept the sacred fire;
The gentle Nine the youthful embers fanned,
Moulding my timid heart to their desire.
Faces angelic and serene, ere long,
And beaming brightness of revolving eyes,
Bade in my mind a thousand transports rise,
Which I should breathe in soft and tender song.
As time rolled on, the fervor greater was;
The chains seemed harsh the infant god had forged, —
Luckless the Muses' gift; — release I urged
From their sad dowry, and from Cupid's laws:
But finding destiny had fixed my state,
What could I do? — I yielded to my fate.

IF it is sweet, in summer's gladsome day,
To see the morn in spangling flowerets dressed,
To see the sands and meadows gay caressed
By river murmuring as it winds its way, —
If sweet to hear, amidst the orchard grove,
The winged lovers to each other chant,
Warble the ardor of their fervent love,
And in their songs their joyous bliss descant, —
If it is sweet to view the sea serene,
The sky's cerulean brightness, and the charms
Which Nature gives to gild this mortal scene,
And fill each living thing with soft alarms:
More sweet to see thee, conquered by my sighs,
Deal out the sweetest death from thy soft yielding eyes.

THE FALL OF GOA.

Fallen is the emporium of the Orient,
That stern Alfonso's arms in dread array
Erst from the Tartar despot tore away,
Shaming in war the god armipotent.
Goa lies low! that fortress eminent,
Dread of the haughty Nayre, the false Malay,
Of many a barbarous tribe. What faint dismay
In Lusian breasts the martial fire has spent?
O bygone age of heroes! days of glory!
Exalted men! ye, who, despite grim death,
Still in tradition live, still live in story,
Terrible Albuquerque, and Castro great, —
And you, their peers, your deeds in memory's breath
Preserved, avenge the wrongs we bear from fate!

THE WOLF AND THE EWE.

Once upon a time great friendship
'Twixt a wolf and ewe there reigned:
What saint's influence wrought such marvel
Has not rightly been explained.

She forgot the guardian shepherd,
Fold, flock, dog, she all forsook,
And her way with her new comrade
Through the tangled thicket took.

Whilst she with her fellows pastured,
Galless she as turtle-dove;
But her new friend quickly taught her
Cruel as himself to prove.

. . . . . .

And when the ferocious tutor
Saw the poor perverted fool
Make so marvellous a progress
In his brutalizing school,

Vanity with pleasure mingled,
Till his heart within him danced;
And his fondness for his pupil
Every murderous feast enhanced.

But one day, that, almost famished,
Master wolf pursued the chase,
Of the victims he was seeking
He discovered not a trace.

Mountain, valley, plain, and forest,
Up and down, and through and through,
Vainly he explored; then empty
To his den led back his ewe.

There, his weary limbs outstretching,
On the ground awhile he lies;
Then upon his weak companion
Ravenously turns his eyes.

Thus the traitor inly muses:
"Ne'er was known such agony!
And must I endure these tortures?
Must I, out of friendship, die?

"Shall I not obey the mandate
Nature speaks within my breast?
And is not self-preservation
Nature's holiest behest?

"Virtue, thou belong'st to reason, —
Let proud man confess thy sway!
I 'm by instinct merely governed,
And its dictates must obey."

Thus decided, swift as lightning,
Springs he on the hapless ewe;
Fangs and claws, deep in her entrails
Plunging, stains a crimson hue.

With a trembling voice, the victim
Questions her disloyal friend:
"Why, ingrate, shouldst thou destroy me?
When or how could I offend?

"By what law art thou so cruel,
Since I never gave thee cause?"
Greedily he cried, "I 'm hungry:
Hunger is the first of laws."

Mortals, learn from an example
With such horrid sufferings fraught
What dire evils an alliance
With the false and cruel brought.

If the wicked are your comrades,
I engage you 'll imitate
Half their crimes, and will encounter
Wolves like ours, or soon or late.

ANTONIO DE ARUAJO DE AZEVEDO PINTO PEREYRA, CONDE DA BARCA.

This nobleman was the contemporary, friend, and benefactor of Manoel do Nascimento. He was the ambassador of Portugal at several of the European courts, and was a person of prominent rank in his country. He united the study of letters with the cares of state. Among the services which he rendered to Portuguese literature, his translation of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and some of Gray's odes and his "Elegy," deserve to be specially mentioned. In 1807, he accompanied the Portuguese court to Rio de Janeiro, where he died in 1816.

SONNET.

You who, when maddened by the learned fire,
Disdain the strict poetic laws, and rise
Sublime beyond the ken of human eyes,
Striking with happiest art the Horatian lyre, —
Who streams of equal eloquence diffuse,
Whether new Gamas or the old you praise,
And with pure strain and loftiest language raise
Majestic more the Lusitanian Muse:
As the bold eagle in its towering flights
Instructs its young to brave the solar blaze,
Skim the blue sky, or balance on the wing, —
So teach you me to gain those sacred heights,
On famed Apollo's secrets let me gaze,
The waters let me quaff of Cabalinus' spring!

ANTONIO RIBEIRO DOS SANTOS.

Among the recent poets of Portugal, this author is distinguished for the spirit and purity of his style. His "Ode to the Infante Dom Henrique" is especially praised for its elegance. He was a member of the Arcadian Society, under the name of Elpino Duriense. His works were published in three volumes.

SONNET.

Here cruel hands struck deep the deadly blow,
Nor aught fair Ignez' beauty might avail, —
The spot, lest memory of the deed should fail,
Graved on this rock the marks of blood still show.
The mourning Nymphs, who viewed such hapless woe,
Did o'er her pallid corpse in sadness wail;
And fell those tears, which, telling aye the tale,
Caused the pure waters of this fount to flow.
Ye dwellers to this languid fountain near,
Ye shepherds of Mondego, ah, beware,
As of the stream ye taste! reflect in time!
Fly, fly from Love, whose rigorous fate decreed
That innocence should here in Ignez bleed,
Whose peerless beauty was her only crime!

DOMINGOS MAXIMIANO TORRES.

This poet was a contemporary of Francisco Manoel do Nascimento. He was a member of the Arcadian Society, in which he bore the name of Alfeno Cynthio. His works, though deficient in originality, are marked by purity and elegance. He died wretchedly, in the hospital of Trafaria, in 1809. He wrote eclogues, sonnets, and canzonets.

SONNET.

Marilia, dear, but, O, ungrateful fair!
Look on the sea serene and calmly bright, —
The sky's blue lustre and the sun's clear light
How on its bosom now reflected are!
A sudden storm comes on, — in mountains high
By furious gusts the silvery billows driven,
Seem as they would, while raging up to heaven,
Blot the fair lamp of Phœbus from the sky.
Dear one, how copied to the life in thee
The same perfidious element I see, —
The smile, the look, which fondest hopes can raise!
But let a false suspicion once arise,
Thy face indignant sullen wrath betrays,
Love claps his wings and all the softness flies.

BELCHIOR MANOEL CURVO SEMEDO.

Curvo Semedo is one of the authors included in the "Parnaso Lusitano" of Fonseca. He is specially noted for his dithyrambics.

SONNET.

"It is a fearful night; a feeble glare
Streams from the sick moon in the o'erclouded sky;
The ridgy billows, with a mighty cry,
Rush on the foamy beaches wild and bare;
No bark the madness of the waves will dare;
The sailors sleep; the winds are loud and high:
Ah, peerless Laura! for whose love I die,
Who gazes on thy smiles while I despair?"
As thus, in bitterness of heart, I cried,
I turned, and saw my Laura, kind and bright,
A messenger of gladness, at my side:
To my poor bark she sprang with footstep light;
And as we furrowed Tejo's heaving tide,
I never saw so beautiful a night.

JOAM BAPTISTA GOMEZ.

This poet, who died in the first quarter of the present century, was a writer of much merit, and his style is distinguished by elegance and harmony. He wrote a tragedy on the story of Ignez de Castro, which retains a high reputation. An analysis and criticism of this play may be found in "Blackwood's Magazine," Vol. XXIII.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

IGNEZ AND KING ALFONSO.

IGNEZ.

Advance with me, my children, and embrace
Your royal grandsire's knees; upon his hand
Plant your first kisses. Mighty prince, behold
The offspring of thy son, who come with tears
To implore thy pity for their hapless mother! —
Weep, weep with me, my children, — intercede
For me with your soft tears, — tears more expressive
Than words, of which your helpless infancy
Is yet incapable! Aid my laments,
My prayers, — obtain my pardon! — Clement king,
Of thy descendants, lo! the unhappy mother,
Embracing them, entreats that thou wouldst spare
To them her wretched life. Too well I know
Thou art prepared to doom my present death.
I, envy's victim, of intrigue the mark,
Timid, unfortunate, and unprotected,
Behold my death impending, — death unjust,
That tyrannous, infuriate counsellors,
Deceiving the compassion of thy soul,
Thunder against me. What atrocity!
For what enormous crimes am I condemned?
To love thy son, my liege, and be beloved,
Is that esteemed a crime worthy of death?
I dare implore, I dare attest, thy justice.
Merciful prince, consult thy clemency,
Consult thy heart; 't will tell thee that my death
Is undeserved.

KING.

Arise, unhappy woman!—
O nature! O stern duties of a king!—
Arise, unhappy woman! Fatal cause
Of all the cruel sorrows that surround me,
Thine aspect irritates, yet touches me.
The father would forgive,—the king may not.

IGNEZ.

Alas, my liege! to pardon the distressed
Is of a monarch's power the sweetest act,
And highest. Follow thine heart's impulses;
Let nature, let compassion, reign supreme;
Of pity thou shalt ne'er repent. O, rather,
Shouldst thou pronounce my death-doom, shall remorse
Torture thee evermore,—incessant anguish
Consume thee! Portugal's renown and hopes
Would moulder on my tombstone. To the grave
With me wouldst thou behold, in thy despite,
Thy son descend. My liege, destroying me,
See whom thou slaughterest! Our wedded hearts
Are so indissolubly joined, the blow
That pierces mine must needs transfix thy son's:
Neither without the other can exist.
For him, not for myself, life I implore;
Yes, once again I clasp thy royal feet,—
Have pity on the consort of thy son!
O, were it not for these sweet ties that force me
To live, though miserable, and value life,
I would not sue for 't,—but, unmurmuring
And calm, would wait my death-blow! But to leave
For ever what I love! I am a wife,
A mother!—Heavens! I faint!—My precious babes,
Unhappy orphans! thus deprived at once
Of a fond mother, of the fondest father,
What shall become of you?—O mighty king,
If, to my tears inexorable, my fate
Touch thee not, yet to nature's cry give ear!
Of these most innocent and tender victims,
O, pity the impending desolation!
They are not guilty of my crimes. My liege,
Forget that they 're my sons, remembering only
They are thy grandsons. But thou weep'st!—
O sight!
Kind Heaven has heard my prayers! Thy tears proclaim
My pardon! Let thine accents quell my fears!
Speak, gracious monarch! say thou pardonest!

KING.

Vainly I struggle. O, were 't possible
Now to resign my sceptre!

[Enter Coelho.

COELHO.

Gracious Sir,
The council waits, and prays thine instant presence;
The populace already mutiny.

IGNEZ.

O, I am lost!

JOSÉ AGOSTINHO DE MACEDO.

This author is known as a voluminous writer in prose and verse. One of his principal poems is an epic, entitled "O Oriente," on the same subject as the "Lusiad." Another poem of his, called "A Meditaçao," is praised by Garrett for its sublimity and erudition, its copious style and great ideas.

A MEDITATION.

Portentous Egypt! I in thee behold
And studiously examine human-kind,—
Learning to know me in mine origin,
In the primeval and the social state.
A cultivator first, man next obeyed
Wise Nature's voice internal, equal men
Uniting, and to empire raising law,
The expression of the universal will,
That gives to virtue recompense, to crime
Due punishment, and to the general good
Bids private interest be sacrificed.
In thee the exalted temple of the arts
Was founded, high in thee they rose, in thee
Long ages saw their proudest excellence.
The Persian worshipper of sun or fire
From thee derived his creed. The arts from thee
Followed Sesostris' arms to the utmost plains
Of the scorched Orient, in caution where
Lurks the Chinese. Thou wondrous Egypt! through
Vast Hindostan thy worship and thy laws
I trace. In thee to the inquirer's gaze
Nature uncovered first the ample breast
Of science, that contemplates, measuring,
Heaven's vault, and tracks the bright stars' circling course.

. . . . . .

From out the bosom of thine opulence
And glory vast imagination spreads
Her wings. In thine immortal works I find
Proofs how sublime that human spirit is,
Which the dull atheist, depreciating,
Calls but an instinct of more perfect kind,
More active, than the never-varying brute's.
More is my being, more. Flashes in me
A ray reflected from the eternal light.
All the philosophy my verses breathe,
The imagination in their cadences,
Result not from unconscious mechanism.

. . . . . .

Thebes is in ruins, Memphis is but dust,
O'er polished Egypt savage Egypt lies.
'Midst deserts does the persevering hand
Of skilful antiquary disinter
Columns of splintered porphyry, remains
Of ancient porticos; each single one
Of greater worth, O thou immortal Rome,
Than all thou from the desolating Goth,
And those worse Vandals of the Seine, hast saved!
Buried beneath light grains of arid sand,

The golden palaces, the aspiring towers,
Of Mœris, Amasis, Sesostris lie;
And the immortal pyramids contend
In durability against the world:
Planted 'midst centuries' shade, Time 'gainst their tops
Scarce grazes his ne'er-resting iron wing.

In Egypt to perfection did the arts
Attain; in Egypt they declined, they died:
Of all that 's mortal such the unfailing lot;
Only the light of science 'gainst Death's law
Eternally endures. The basis firm
Of the fair temple of Geometry
Was in portentous Egypt laid. The doors
Of vasty Nature by Geometry
Are opened; to her fortress she conducts
The sage. With her, beneath the fervid sun,
The globe I measure; only by her aid
Couldst thou, learned Kepler, the eternal laws
Of the fixed stars discover; and with her
Grasps the philosopher the ellipse immense,
Eccentric, of the sad, and erst unknown,
Far-wandering comet. Justly if I claim
The name geometrician, certainly
Matter inert is not what in me thinks.

JOAÕ EVANGELISTA DE MORAES SARMENTO.

Sarmento, a poet of the present century, wrote the following "Ode on War," during the French invasion of Portugal. It is included in Fonseca's "Parnaso Lusitano."

ODE ON WAR.

Shaken, convulsed with fear intemperate,
Breaks my hoarse-sounding lyre;
And sinking on the chords, in woful state,
See holy Peace expire!
Whilst yet far off tumultuously rave
The progeny of Mars, cruel as brave.

. . . . . .

Their hot, white foam is by the chargers proud
Scattered in fleece around;
Uprises from their nostrils a dense cloud;
And as they paw the ground,
A thick dust blackens the pure air like smoke,
Through which sparks glimmer at each eager stroke.

The stately cedar and the resinous pine
No more, on mountain's brow,
The feathered mother and her nest enshrine;
Felled by rude hatchets now,
The briny deep to people they repair,
And for green leaves fling canvass on the air.

. . . . . .

War, monster dire! what baleful planet's force
Towards Lusia marks thy path?
Away! away! quick measure back thy course!
Glut upon those thy wrath
Who joy in burnished mail, whose ruthless mood
With blood bedews the earth, banquets on blood!

. . . . . .

But unavoidable if war's alarms,
Lusians, our cause is just!
In battle will we crimson our bright arms;
To battle's lot intrust
All hope of future years in joy to run;
Only in battle may sweet peace be won.

The Albuquerques and Castros from the tomb
Arise on Lusia's sight;
Although for centuries they 've lain in gloom
Unvisited by light,
Portugal they forget not, of whose story
Their names and their achievements are the glory.

J. B. LEITAÕ DE ALMEIDA GARRETT.

Almeida Garrett is known in literature by a "Historical Sketch of Portuguese Literature," prefixed to Fonseca's "Parnaso Lusitano," and by a poetical romance, in four cantos, entitled "Adozinda," published in London, in 1828. An analysis of his "Adozinda," with extracts, may be found in the "Foreign Quarterly Review," Vol. X.

FROM ADOZINDA.

Lo! what crowds seek Landim Palace,
Where it towers above the river!
Sounds of war and sounds of mirth
Through its lofty walls are ringing!
Shakes the drawbridge, groans the earth,
Under troops in armor bright;
Steeds, caparisoned for fight,
Onward tramp; o'erhead high flinging
Banners, where the red cross glows,
Standard-bearers hurry near;—
Don Sisnando's self is here!
From his breastplate flashes light;
Plumes that seem of mountain snow
O'er his dazzling helmet wave;
'T is Sisnando, great and brave!

"Open, open, castle-portals!
Pages, damsels, swiftly move!
Lo! from paynim lands returning
Comes my husband, lord, and love!"
Thus the fond Auzenda cries,
Towards the portal as she flies.
Gates are opened, shouts ring round;
And the ancient castle's echo
Wakens to the festive sound:
"Welcome! welcome! Don Sisnando!"

. . . . . .

Weeps her joy Auzenda meek,
Streams of rapture sweetly flow;
Down the never-changing cheek
Of the warrior stout and stern,
Steals a tear-drop all unheeded;—
Stronger far is joy than woe.

APPENDIX.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Page 238.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GERMAN NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S SONG.

HARK, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Eight*, good Sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
When God the earth with deluge swept:
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Nine*, good Sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not; —
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Ten*, good Sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will; —
O, may we prove obedient still!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour *Eleven*, good Sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true; —
May we be like that faithful few!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Twelve*, good Sirs, has struck.
Twelve is of Time the boundary; —
Man, think upon Eternity!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *One*, good Sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all;
Naught can without his will befall:
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Two*, good Sirs, has struck.
Two ways to walk has man been given;
Teach me the right, — the path to heaven!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Three*, good Sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in one, exalted most,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord! through thine all-prevailing might,
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of *Four*, good Sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care; —
Thy heart with equal toil prepare!
Up, up! awake, nor slumber on!
The morn approaches, night is gone!
Thank God, who by his power and might
Has watched and kept us through this night!

Page 316.

SCHILLER.

FROM MARY STUART.

[*Scene.* — The Park at Fotheringay. Trees in the foreground; a distant prospect behind. Mary advances from between the trees at a quick pace; Jean Kennedy slowly following her.]

KENNEDY.

STAY, stay, dear lady! You are hurrying on
As though you 'd wings; — I cannot follow you.

MARY.

Let me renew the dear days of my childhood!
Come, rejoice with me in Liberty's ray!
O'er the gay-pansied turf, through the sweet-scented wildwood,
Let 's pursue, lightly bounding, our fetterless way!

Have I emerged from the dungeon's deep sadness?
Have I escaped from the grave's yawning night?
O, let me sweep on, in this flood-tide of gladness,
Drinking full, thirsty draughts of fresh freedom and light!

KENNEDY.

Your prison only is enlarged a little.
Yon thicket of deep trees alone prevents you
From seeing the dark walls that stretch around us.

MARY.

Thanks to those trees which, thus in dim seclusion
Conceal my prison, I may dream I 'm free.
Why wouldst thou wake me from the dear illusion?
Why call me back to thought and misery?
Does not heaven hold me in its soft embrace?
Do not these eyes, once more unfettered, rove
Far through immeasurable realms of space,
To greet each object of their earlier love?
There, northwards, are my kingdom's bounds appearing, —
There, — where yon hills their misty tops advance;
And these light clouds, with the mid-day careering,
Seek the far ocean of thine empire, France!

Hastening clouds, ships of the sky,
(Ah, could I sail in your ocean on high!)
Greet with a blessing my youth's cherished land!
An exile I weep, in fetters I languish, —
None nigh, but you, to bear note of my anguish.
Free is your course over billow and strand;
You are not subject to this queen's command.

KENNEDY.

Alas! dear lady, you 're beside yourself;
This long-withholden freedom makes you dream.

MARY.

A bark! a bark is in the gale!
She scuds down yonder bay!
How swiftly might that slender sail
Transport us far away!
The owner starves; — what wealth he 'd get,
Were he to waft us o'er!
He 'd have a catch within his net
No fisher had before.

KENNEDY.

O, forlorn wishes! See you not from far
The spies that dodge us? A dark prohibition
Has scared each pitying creature from our path.

MARY.

No, Jean! Believe me, it is not without
An object that my prison-doors are opened.
This little favor is the harbinger
Of greater happiness. I do not err.
It is Love's active hand I have to thank;
I recognize Lord Leicester's influence in it.
Yes! by degrees they will enlarge my prison,
Through little boons accustom me to greater,
Until, at length, I see the face of him
Who 'll loosen with his hand these bonds for ever.

KENNEDY.

I cannot reconcile these contradictions.
But yesterday condemned to death, — and now
To live, and in the enjoyment of such freedom!
Even so, I 've heard, the chain is loosed from those
Whom an eternal freedom is awaiting.

MARY.

Heard'st thou the hunters? Through thicket and mead,
Hark, how their bugles ring out!
Ah, could I vault on my spirited steed!
Ah, could I join the gay rout!
Sounds of sweet, bitter-sweet recollection, —
How glad were ye once to my ear,
When the rocks of my native Schihallion
Exultant sent back your loud cheer!

FROM DON CARLOS.

[*Scene.* — The king's bed-chamber. Two lights are on a table. In the background several pages asleep on their knees. The king, half dressed, is standing before the table, with one arm leaning over a chair, in an attitude of thought. On a table lie a miniature and some papers.]

KING.

THAT she was ever an enthusiast, — that
Is certain. Never could I give her love:
Yet seemed she e'er to feel the want? 'T is clear, —
She 's false.

[He makes a movement that rouses him from his reverie, and looks up with surprise.

Where am I? Is the king alone
Awake here? — What! the lights burnt down so low,
And not yet day? I have foregone my sleep.
Account it, nature, as received. A king
Has not time to repair lost slumber. Now
I am awake, — it must be day.

[He puts out the lights and opens a window-curtain. In walking up and down, he observes the sleeping pages, and stops for some time before them; he then rings the bell.

Are all
In the antechamber, too, asleep perhaps?

[Enter Count Lerma.

LERMA (starting, as he observes the king.)

Your Majesty 's not well?

KING.

In the left wing
O' th' palace there was fire. You heard the alarm?

LERMA.

No, Sire.

KING.

No? How? Have I, then, only dreamt?
That cannot be mere chance. 'T is in that wing
That sleeps the queen, — is 't not?

LERMA.

Yes, Sire.

KING.

The dream
Affrights me. Let the guards be doubled there
Hereafter, — hear you? — as soon as 't is night; —
But secretly, — quite secretly. — I will
Not have it that. — You search me with your looks?

LERMA.

I see an eye inflamed, that begs for rest.
May I be bold, and of a precious life
Remind your Majesty, — remind you of
Your subjects, who with pained surprise would read
In such looks traces of a sleepless night.
But two short morning hours of sleep ——

KING.

Sleep, sleep!
I 'll find it in the Escurial. The while
He sleeps, the king has parted with his crown, —
The man with his wife's heart. — No, no! 't is slander.
Was 't not a woman whispered it to me?
Woman, thy name is slander! Till a man
Vouches the crime, it is not certain.

[To the pages, who in the mean time have woke up.

Call
Duke Alba. — Count, come nearer. Is it true?

[He stands before the count, looking at him intently.

O, for one moment only of omniscience! —
Swear, — is it true? Am I betrayed? Am I?
Is 't true?

LERMA.

My noble, gracious king ——

KING.

King! king!
Nothing but king! — No better answer than
An empty, hollow echo? On this rock
I strike, and ask for water, water for
My fever-thirst; — he gives me molten gold.

LERMA.

What 's true, my king?

KING.

Naught, — naught. Now leave me. Go.

[The count is going; the king calls him back.

You 're married? Are a father? Yes?

LERMA.

Yes, Sire.

KING.

Married, — and dare you with your king to watch
A night? Your hair is silvered, — yet you are
So bold, and trust the honor of your wife?
Go home, — go home. You will just catch her in
The incestuous embraces of your son.
Believe your king. Go. — Startled are you? Me
You look at with significance? Because
I, I, too, have gray hairs? Bethink you, wretch!
Queens stain their virtue not. You die, if you
But doubt ——

LERMA (with warmth).

Who can do that? In all your realm,
Who is so bold with poisonous distrust
To breathe upon her angel purity?
The best of queens ——

KING.

The best? So, your best, too?
She has warm friends around me, I perceive.
That must have cost her much, — more than I knew
She had to give. — You may retire. And send
The duke.

LERMA.

I hear him in the antechamber.

[Is about to go.

KING (in a mild tone).

Count, what you first remarked is true. My brain
Is heated from a sleepless night. Forget
What in my waking dream I spoke. You hear?
Forget it. I am still your gracious king.

[He reaches his hand to him to kiss. Lerma retires, and opens the door to the duke of Alba.

FROM THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

[*Scene.* — A saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the background. — Wallenstein sitting at a table. The Swedish captain standing before him.]

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewe
And for your trouble take my thanks. T
morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you,
On your arrival.

[The Swedish captain retires. Wallenstein sits lost thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustain by his hand. The Countess Tertsky enters, stands bef him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, her and recollects himself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS.

My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften.
She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee altered too,
My brother! After such a victory,
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O, remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where 's
Thy husband?

COUNTESS.

At a banquet, — he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (rises and strides across the saloon).

The night 's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go; O, let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (moves to the window).

There is a busy motion in the heaven:
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower;
Fast sweep the clouds; the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. [A pause.] But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.

COUNTESS (looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand).

What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks,
If I but saw him, 't would be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou 'lt see him again.

WALLENSTEIN (remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess.)

Him again? O, never, never again!

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone, — is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future!
His life is bright, — bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O, 't is well
With him! but who knows what the coming hour,
Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us?

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view;
Let us look forward into sunny days.
Welcome with joyous heart the victory;
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down, I know:
What pang is permanent with man?[1] From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For, O, he stood beside me, like my youth;
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn!
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished, — and returns not.

COUNTESS.

O, be not treacherous to thy own power!
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (stepping to the door).

Who interrupts us now, at this late hour?

---

[1] A very inadequate translation of the original.

Verschmerzen werd' ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich,
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch!

Literally, —

I shall *grieve down* this blow, of that I 'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down? Tr.

It is the governor. He brings the keys
Of the citadel. 'T is midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

O, 't is so hard to me this night to leave thee!
A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

O, my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings!
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight, with thy first wife,
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 't was, which thou thyself hadst founded,
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interred.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, — so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the k[illegible]
Long ere Ravaillac armed [illegible]
His quiet mind [illegible]
Sta[illegible]

Sounded that coronation f[illegible]
And still with boding sens[illegible]
Of those feet that even the[illegible]
Throughout the streets of Pa[illegible]

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes [illegible]

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran[illegible]
Through a long suite, through man[illegible] hall;
There seemed no end of it: doors cr[illegible] clapped;
I followed panting, but could not o'ert[illegible]
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind, — the hand was c[illegible] grasped me, —
'T was thou, and thou didst kiss me, and [illegible] seemed
A crimson covering to envelope us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (gazing on him).

If it should come to that, — if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life ——

[She falls on his breast and weeps.

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee:
Alphabets wound not, — and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken:
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[Exit Countess.

FROM THE DUTCH.

Page 395.

JACOB BELLAMY.

JACOB BELLAMY was born at Flushin[illegible] the year 1757. His boyhood was [illegible] humble circumsta[illegible] trade of a bak[illegible]
A[illegible]

…ons were so well received,
…, by the generosity of a lib-
…at the University of Utrecht,
…part of his time to theology.
…owledge of Latin, studied the
…ith critical accuracy, and wrote
…f such excellence, that the Soci-
…he Hague incorporated them into
…ons. Among his poems, those
… esteemed are the "Vaderlandse
…" (Patriotic Songs). His later pieces
…ore melancholy tone. The death of
…guished poet occurred in 1796. The
… left behind him entitle him to be
… Bilderdijk, Helmers, Loos, and
…ng the restorers of Dutch poetry.

ODE TO GOD.

…Thee, for Thee, my lyre I string,
…by ten thousand worlds attended,
…est thy course sublime and splendid
…rough heaven's immeasurable ring!
… tremble 'neath the blazing throne
…Thy light eternal built upon, —
…hy throne, as thou, all-radiant, — bearing
Love's day-beams of benignity:
Yet, terrible is thine appearing
To them who fear not thee.

O, what is mortal man, that he
May hear thy heavenly temple ringing
With songs that heaven's own choirs are singing,
And echo back the melody?
My soul is wandering from its place;
Mine eyes are lost amidst the space
Where thousand suns are rolled through heaven, —
Suns waked by thee from chaos' sleep:
But with the thought my soul is driven
Down to a trackless deep.

There was a moment ere thy plan
Poured out Time's stream of mortal glory, —
Ere thy high wisdom tracked the story
Of all the years since Time began:
Bringing sweet peace from sorrow's mine,
And making misery — discipline;
The bitter waters of affliction
Distilling into dews of peace,
And kindling heavenly benediction
From earth's severe distress.

…en did thine omnipresent eye,
…ion million wonders seeing,
… of being

So, through this trembling ball of clay,
Thou to and fro dost kindly lead me;
'Midst life's vicissitudes I speed me,
And quiet peace attends my way.
And, O, what bliss it is to be —
Though but an atom — formed by thee, —
By thee, who in thy mercy pourest
Rivers of grace, — to whom, indeed,
The eternal oak-trees of the forest
Are as the mustard-seed!

Up, then, my spirit! soar above
This vale, where mists of darkness gather!
Up to the high, eternal Father!
For thou wert fashioned by his love.
Up to the heavens! away! away! —
No, — bend thee down to dust and clay:
Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee;
Thou canst not bear the awful blaze.
No, — wouldst thou find the Godhead, turn thee
On Nature's face to gaze.

There, in its every feature, thou
May'st read the Almighty; — every feature
That 's spread upon the face of Nature
Is brightened with his holy glow:
The rushing of the waterfall,
The deep green valley, — silent all, —
The waving grain, the roaring ocean,
The woodland's wandering melody, —
All, — all that wakes the soul's emotion,
Creator, speaks of thee!

But, of thy works through sea and land
Or the wide fields of ether wending,
In man thy noblest thoughts are blending;
Man is the glory of thy hand; —
Man, — modelled in a form of grace,
Where every beauty has its place;
A gentleness and glory sharing
His spirit, where we may behold
A higher aim, a nobler daring:
'T is thine immortal mould.

O wisdom! O unbounded might!
I lose me in the light Elysian;
Mine eye is dimmed, and dark my vision:
Who am I in this gloomy night?
Eternal Being! let the ray
Of thy high wisdom bear away
My thoughts to thine abode sublimest!
But how shall grovelling passions rise
To the proud temple where thou climbest
The threshold of the skies?

Enough, if I a stammering hymn,
My God, to thee may sing, — unworthy
Of those sweet strains poured out before thee
By heavenly hosts of cherubim:
Despise me not, — one spark confer
…hy of thine own worshipper;
…d worthier praises
…idst the strain

FROM THE FRENCH.

Page 432.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

HOME.

How my heart is ever turning
To my distant birthplace fair!
Sister, in our France, the morning
Smileth so rare!
Home! my love is on thy shore
For evermore!

Dost remember how our mother
Oft, our cottage fire beside,
Blessed the maiden and her brother,
In her heart's pride,—
And they smoothed her silver hair
With tender prayer?

Dost remember, still, the palace
Hanging o'er the river Dore?
And that giant of the valleys,
The Moorish tower,
Where the bell, at dawning gray,
Did waken day?

And the lake, with trees that hide it,
Where the swallow skimmeth low?
And the slender reeds beside it,
That soft airs bow?
How the sunshine of the west
Loved its calm breast!

And Hélène, that one beloved
Friend of all my early hours,
How through greenwood we two roved,
Playing with flowers?
Listening at the old oak's feet,
How two hearts beat!

Give me back my oaks and meadows,
And my dearly loved Hélène;
One and all are now but shadows,
Bringing strange pain.
Home! my love is on thy shore
For evermore!

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Page 582.

GIAMBATTISTA MARINI.

FADING BEAUTY.—SUPPLEMENTARY STANZAS.

The translation of Marini's "Fading Beauty," by Daniel, on p. 582, embraces little more than half of the ode. The following additional stanzas have been furnished by a friend, who has skilfully preserved the exact measure and the double rhymes of the

II.

A lamp's uncertain splendor
A wandering shadow hideth;
In fire or sun, the tender
Snow into water glideth:
Yet not so long abideth
Youth's swiftly fading blossom,
Which doth at once more joy and frailty too embosom.

. . . . .

V.

Foolish who sets his hoping
On nature's proud displaying,
Which falls in merely coping
With a light breeze's playing:
Passeth, passeth without staying,
To-day's delight unsteady,
Which shows itself, and, while we look, is gone already.

VI.

Flies, flies the pleasant bevy
Of amorous delighting;
And with weary foot and heavy
Follow sorrow and despiting:
To-day youth fears no blighting;
To-morrow the year rangeth,
And all the green of spring for winter's snow exchangeth.

VII.

How swift thou disappearest,
O treasure born for dying!
How rapidly thou outwearest,
O dowry, O glory lying!
The arrow swiftest flying,
Which the blind archer wasteth,
From a fair countenance's bow not sooner hasteth.

. . . . .

IX.

The sky's now bright sereneness
A sudden cloud-rack dashes;
The fire's high-blazing cleanness
Is now but dust and ashes;
The rude storm bursts, and crashes
The smooth glass of the Ocean,
Who only finds repose in his unresting motion.

. . . . .

XII.

Thus all its freshness loseth
The spring-time of man's living;
Morning its green uncloseth,
But night is unforgiving;
Flowers, whence the heart is hiving
Its honey, frost surpriseth;
Each falls in turn, and, fallen, never riseth.

XIII.

How many kingdoms glorious,
How many cities over,
Ruin exults victorious,
And sand and herbage cover!
What boots strength? or
A

XIX.

Of Time, with which she vieth,
Beauty 's the trophy after;
Irrevocably flieth
The sport, the joy, the laughter;
The cup, from which she quaffed her
Short bliss, leaves naught that 's lasting,
But sorrow and regret for that poor moment's
tasting.

Page 610.

IPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.

NIGHT.

NIGHT dew-lipped comes, and every gleaming
star
Its silent place assigns in yonder sky:
The moon walks forth, and fields and groves
afar,
Touched by her light, in silver beauty lie.
In solemn peace, that no sound comes to mar,
Hamlets and peopled cities slumber nigh;
While on this rock, in meditation's mien,
Lord of the unconscious world, I sit unseen.

How deep the quiet of this pensive hour!
Nature bids labor cease, — and all obey.
How sweet this stillness, in its magic power
O'er hearts that know her voice and own her
sway!
Stillness unbroken, save when from the flower
The whirring locust takes his upward way;
And murmuring o'er the verdant turf is heard
The passing brook, — or leaf by breezes stirred.

Borne on the pinions of Night's freshening air,
Unfettered thoughts with calm reflection come;
And Fancy's train, that shuns the daylight glare,
To wake when midnight shrouds the heavens
in gloom.
New, tranquil joys, and hopes untouched by care,
Within my bosom throng to seek a home;
While far around the brooding darkness spreads,
And o'er the soul its pleasing sadness sheds.

Page 612.

NICCOLÒ UGO FOSCOLO.

THE SEPULCHRES.

BENEATH the cypress shade, or sculptured urn
By fond tears watered, is the sleep of death
Less heavy? When for me the sun no more
Shall shine on earth, and bless with genial beams
This beauteous race of beings animate, —
When bright with flattering hues the future hours
No longer dance before me, and I hear
No more the magic of thy dulcet verse,
Nor the sad, gentle harmony it breathes, —
[illegible] within my breast the inspiring voice
[illegible] light
To mark my dust amid the countless throng
Wherewith Death widely strews the land and
sea?

And thus it is! Hope, the last friend of man,
Flies from the tomb, and dim Forgetfulness
Wraps in its rayless night all mortal things.
Change after change, unfelt, unheeded, takes
Its tribute, — and o'er man, his sepulchres,
His being's lingering traces, and the relics
Of earth and heaven, Time in mockery treads.

Yet why hath man, from immemorial years,
Yearned for the illusive power which may retain
The parted spirit on life's threshold still?
Doth not the buried live, e'en though to him
The day's enchanted melody is mute,
If yet fond thoughts and tender memories
He wake in friendly breasts? O, 't is from heaven,
This sweet communion of abiding love!
A boon celestial! By its charm we hold
Full oft a solemn converse with the dead;
If yet the pious earth, which nourished once
Their ripening youth, in her maternal breast
Yielding a last asylum, shall protect
Their sacred relics from insulting storms,
Or step profane, — if some secluded stone
Preserve their name, and flowery verdure wave
Its fragrant shade above their honored dust.

But he who leaves no heritage of love
Is heedless of an urn; — and if he look
Beyond the grave, his spirit wanders lost
Among the wailings of infernal shores;
Or hides its guilt beneath the sheltering wings
Of God's forgiving mercy; while his bones
Moulder unrecked-of on the desert sand,
Where never loving woman pours her prayer,
Nor solitary pilgrim hears the sigh
Which mourning Nature sends us from the tomb.

New laws now banish from our yearning gaze
The hallowed sepulchres, and envious strip
Their honors from the dead. Without a tomb
Thy votary sleeps, Thalia! he who sung
To thee beneath his humble roof, and reared
His bays to weave a coronal for thee.
And thou didst wreath with gracious smiles his
lay,
Which stung the Sardanapalus of our land,[1]
Whose grovelling soul loved but to hear the
lowing
Of cattle pasturing in Ticino's fields,
His source of boasted wealth. O Muse inspired!
Where art thou? No ambrosial air I breathe,
Betokening thy blest presence, in these bowers
Where now I sigh for home. Here wert thou
wont
To smile on him beneath yon linden-tree,
That now with scattered foliage seems to weep,
Because it droops not o'er the old man's urn,
Who once sought peace beneath its cooling shade.
Perchance thou, Goddess, wandering amo[illegible]g
graves

[1] Prince Belgiojoso, severely satirized in Parini's

Unhonored, vainly seek'st the spot where rests
Parini's sacred head! The city now
To him no space affords within her walls,
Nor monument, nor votive line. His bones,
Perchance, lie sullied with some felon's blood,
Fresh from the scaffold that his crimes deserved.
Seest thou the lone wild dog, among the tombs,
Howling with famine, roam, — raking the dust
From mouldering bones? while from the skull, through which
The moonlight streams, the noisy lapwing flies,
And flaps his hateful wings above the field
Spread with funereal crosses, — screaming shrill,
As if to curse the light the holy stars
Shed on neglected burial-grounds? In vain
Dost thou invoke upon thy poet's dust
The sweet-distilling dews of silent night;
There spring no flowers on graves by human praise
Or tears of love unhallowed!

From the days
When first the nuptial feast and judgment-seat
And altar softened our untutored race,
And taught to man his own and others' good,
The living treasured from the bleaching storm
And savage brute those sad and poor remains,
By Nature destined for a lofty fate.
Then tombs became the witnesses of pride,
And altars for the young: — thence gods invoked
Uttered their solemn answers; and the oath
Sworn on the father's dust was thrice revered.
Hence the devotion, which, with various rites,
The warmth of patriot virtue, kindred love,
Transmits us through the countless lapse of years.

Not in those times did stones sepulchral pave
The temple-floors, — nor fumes of shrouded corpses,
Mixed with the altar's incense, smite with fear
The suppliant worshipper, — nor cities frown,
Ghastly with sculptured skeletons, — while leaped
Young mothers from their sleep in wild affright,
Shielding their helpless babes with feeble arm,
And listening for the groans of wandering ghosts,
Imploring vainly from their impious heirs
Their gold-bought masses. But in living green,
Cypress and stately cedar spread their shade
O'er unforgotten graves, scattering in air
Their grateful odors; — vases rich received
The mourners' votive tears. There pious friends
Enticed the day's pure beam to gild the gloom
Of monuments; — for man his dying eye
Turns ever to the sun, and every breast
Heaves its last sigh toward the departing light.
There fountains flung aloft their silvery spray,
Watering sweet amaranths and violets
Upon the funeral sod; and he who came
To commune with the dead breathed fragrance round,
Like bland airs wafted from Elysian fields.
Sublime and fond illusion! this endears
The rural burial-place to British maids,
Who wander there to mourn a mother lost, —
Or supplicate the hero's safe return,
Who of its mast the hostile ship despoiled,
To scoop from thence his own triumphal bier.[2]

Where slumbers the high thirst of glorious deeds,
And wealth and fear are ministers to life,
Unhallowed images of things unseen,
And idle pomp, usurp the place of groves
And mounds. The rich, the learned, the vulgar great,
Italia's pride and ornament, may boast
Enduring tombs in costly palaces,
With their sole praise — ancestral names — inscribed.
For us, my friends, be quiet couch prepared,
Where Fate for once may weary of his storms,
And Friendship gather from our urn no treasure
Of sordid gold, but wealth of feeling warm,
And models of free song.

Yes, Pindemonte!
The aspiring soul is fired to lofty deeds
By great men's monuments, — and they make fair
And holy to the pilgrim's eye the earth
That has received their trust. When I beheld
The spot where sleeps enshrined that noble genius,[3]
Who, humbling the proud sceptres of earth's kings,
Stripped thence the illusive wreaths, and showed the nations
What tears and blood defiled them, — when I saw
His mausoleum, who upreared in Rome[4]
A new Olympus to the Deity, —
And his,[5] who 'neath heaven's azure canopy
Saw worlds unnumbered roll, and suns unmoved
Irradiate countless systems, — treading first
For Albion's son, who soared on wings sublime,
The shining pathways of the firmament, —
"O, blest art thou, Etruria's Queen," I cried,
"For thy pure airs, so redolent of life,
And the fresh streams thy mountain summits pour
In homage at thy feet! In thy blue sky
The glad moon walks, — and robes with silver light
Thy vintage-smiling hills; and valleys fair,
Studded with domes and olive-groves, send up
To heaven the incense of a thousand flowers.
Thou, Florence, first didst hear the song divine
That cheered the Ghibelline's[6] indignant flight.
And thou the kindred and sweet language gav'st
To him, the chosen of Calliope,[7]
Who Love with purest veil adorning, — Love,
That went unrobed in elder Greece and Rome, —
Restored him to a heavenly Venus' lap.
Yet far more blest, that in thy fane repose
Italia's buried glories! — all, perchance,
She e'er may boast! Since o'er the barrier frail
Of Alpine rocks the overwhelming tide of Fate

2 Nelson carried with him, some time before his death, a coffin made from the mainmast of the *Orient*, — that, when he had finished his military career in this world, he might be buried in one of his trophies.

3 Niccolò Machiavelli. 5 Galileo. 7 Petrarch.
4 Michel Angelo. 6 Dante.

Hath swept in mighty wreck her arms, her wealth,
Altars, and country, — and, save memory, — all!"

Where from past fame springs hope of future deeds
In daring minds, for Italy enslaved,
Draw we our auspices. Around these tombs,
In thought entranced, Alfieri wandered oft, —
Indignant at his country, hither strayed
O'er Arno's desert plain, and looked abroad
With silent longing on the field and sky:
And when no living aspect soothed his grief,
Turned to the voiceless dead; while on his brow
There sat the paleness, with the hope of death.
With them he dwells for ever; here his bones
Murmur a patriot's love. O, truly speaks
A god from his abode of pious rest!
The same which fired of old, in Grecian bosoms,
Hatred of Persian foes at Marathon,
Where Athens consecrates her heroes gone.

The mariner since, whose white sails woo the winds
Before Eubœa's isle, at deep midnight,
Hath seen the lightning-flash of gleaming casques,
And swift-encountering brands; — seen blazing pyres
Roll forth their volumed vapors, — phantom warriors,
Begirt with steel, and marching to the fight:
While on Night's silent ear, o'er distant shores,
From those far airy phalanxes, was borne
The clang of arms, and trumpet's hoarse response, —
The tramp of rushing steeds, with hurrying hoofs,
Above the helmed dead, — and, mingling wild,
Wails of the dying, hymns of victory,
And, high o'er all, the Fates' mysterious chant.[3]

Happy, my friend, who in thine early years
Hast crossed the wide dominion of the winds!
If e'er the pilot steered thy wandering bark
Beyond the Ægean Isles, thou heard'st the shores
Of Hellespont resound with ancient deeds;
And the proud surge exult, that bore of old
Achilles' armor to Rhœteum's shore,
Where Ajax sleeps. To souls of generous mould
Death righteously awards the meed of fame:
Not subtle wit, nor kingly favor gave
The perilous spoils to Ithaca, — when waves,
Stirred to wild fury by infernal gods,
Rescued the treasures from the shipwrecked bark.

For me, whom years and love of high renown
Impel through far and various lands to roam,
The Muses, gently waking in my breast
Sad thoughts, bid me invoke the heroic dead.
They sit and guard the sepulchres; and when
Time with cold wing sweeps tombs and fanes to ruin,
The gladdened desert echoes with their song,
And its loud harmony subdues the silence
Of noteless ages.

Yet on Ilium's plain,
Where now the harvest waves, to pilgrim eyes
Devout gleams star-like an eternal shrine, —
Eternal for the Nymph espoused by Jove,
Who gave her royal lord the son whence sprung
Troy's ancient city, and Assaracus,
The fifty sons of Priam's regal line,
And the wide empire of the Latin race.
She, listening to the Fates' resistless call,
That summoned her from vital airs of earth
To choirs Elysian, of heaven's sire besought
One boon in dying: — "O, if e'er to thee,"
She cried, "this fading form, these locks were dear,
And the soft cares of Love, — since Destiny
Denies me happier lot, guard thou at least
That thine Electra's fame in death survive!"
She prayed, and died. Then shook the Thunderer's throne,
And, bending in assent, the immortal head
Showered down ambrosia from celestial locks,
To sanctify her tomb. — Ericthon there
Reposes, — there the dust of Ilus lies.
There Trojan matrons, with dishevelled hair,
Sought vainly to avert impending fate
From their doomed lords. There, too, Cassandra stood,
Inspired with deity, and told the ruin
That hung o'er Troy, — and poured her wailing song
To solemn shades, — and led the children forth,
And taught to youthful lips the fond lament:
Sighing, she said, "If e'er the Gods permit
Your safe return from Greece, where, exiled slaves,
Your hands shall feed your haughty conqueror's steeds,
Your country ye will seek in vain! Yon walls,
By mighty Phœbus reared, shall cumber earth,
In smouldering ruins. Yet the Gods of Troy
Shall hold their dwelling in these tombs; —
Heaven grants
One proud, last gift, — in grief a deathless name.
Ye cypresses and palms, by princely hands
Of Priam's daughters planted! ye shall grow,
Watered, alas! by widows' tears. Guard ye
My slumbering fathers! He who shall withhold
The impious axe from your devoted trunks
Shall feel less bitterly *his* stroke of grief,
And touch the shrine with not unworthy hand.
Guard ye my fathers! One day shall ye mark
A sightless wanderer 'mid your ancient shades:
Groping among your mounds, he shall embrace
The hallowed urns, and question of their trust.
Then shall the deep and caverned cells reply
In hollow murmur, and give up the tale
Of Troy twice razed to earth and twice rebuilt;
Shining in grandeur on the desert plain,
To make more lofty the last monument
Raised for the sons of Peleus. There the bard,
Soothing their restless ghosts with magic song,
A glorious immortality shall give
Those Grecian princes, in all lands renowned,
Which ancient Ocean wraps in his embrace.
And thou, too, Hector, shalt the meed receive
Of pitying tears, where'er the patriot's blood
Is prized or mourned, — so long as yonder sun
Shall roll in heaven, and shine on human woes."

[3] In allusion to a prevalent superstition.

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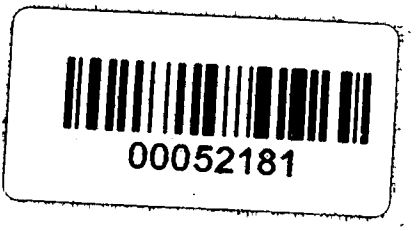
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